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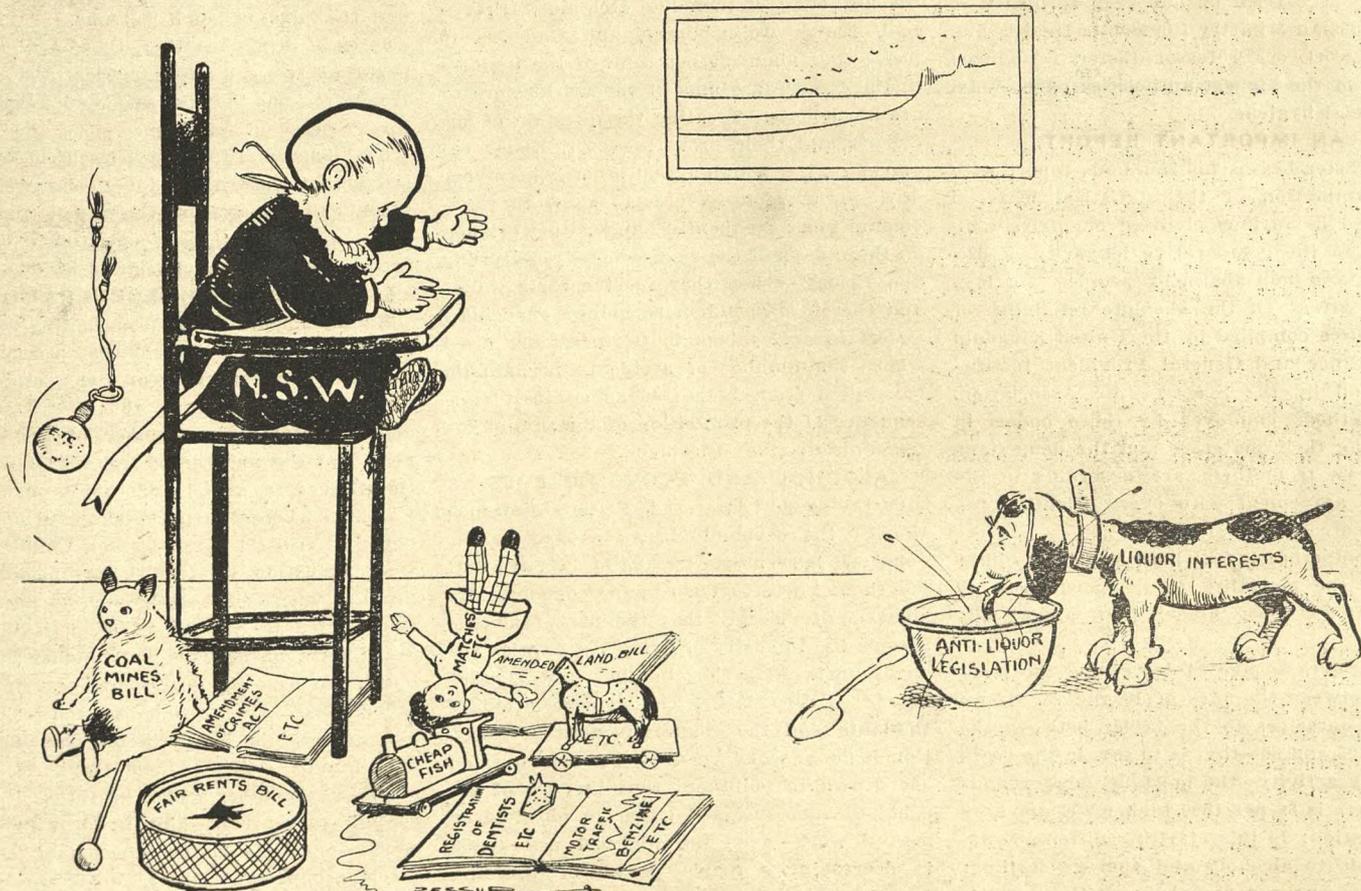
Grait.

A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

VOL. VIII. No. 21.

Price One Penny. THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 1914.

Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney, for transmission by post as a newspaper.



ANYTHING TO DIVERT HIM.

THE BABY ASKED FOR FOOD BUT WAS GIVEN TOYS.

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The Battle Against Alcoholism.

From the "Christian World" Berlin Correspondent.

Although it cannot be said that alcoholism in Germany exhibits such dangerous manifestations as it does in Great Britain, its ravages are so far-reaching, and the influence of those trading in it has become so pernicious, that the Governments of the various German States have begun to face the problems connected with its abuse, both from the point of individual hygiene and of national economics. One of the most interesting and valuable reports on the subject of alcoholism and how the battle against it is to be carried on has been furnished to the Prussian Ministry for Public Health, and is the work of Professor Elster, recognised as one of the highest authorities on national and social hygiene.

AN IMPORTANT REPORT.

Dr. Elster begins his luminous report with an examination of the statistical material compiled in various civilised countries with regard to the comparative longevity of abstinent and non-abstinent people. He lays special stress on the absolute reliability of the figures compiled by the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Institution, and by the Sceptre Life Association. The methods employed by these bodies in collecting their material, and the deductions they draw from them, are, according to Elster, in agreement with every scientific requirement.

The outstanding fact here brought to light is that the mortality of non-abstainers is about 36 per 1000 higher than among abstainers.

This refers to age tables giving the mortality between the ages of 10 and 95. If we confine ourselves to the tables between the ages of 25 and 60—that is to say, in the years of bodily activity—the mortality among non-abstainers is 66 per 1000 higher. Elster asks the question: Is this startling difference attributable to alcohol? and answers it thus: So far as one can see, the conditions of life for both classes are the same, and it is only in the use or non-use of alcohol that any difference exists. It is pointed out by Elster that a prize of £150 offered some years ago by friends of alcohol for the best essay controverting the above figures has not yet been written. At any rate, the prize has not yet been earned.

Turning to the question of alcohol and sickness, Dr. Elster points out that the relativity of the problem stands in the way of

obtaining perfectly clear conclusions, but he presents enough material to enable any but the most prejudiced observer to arrive at definite conclusions. From his material it is perfectly evident that alcohol attacks in undoubted strength the nervous system, the brain, kidneys, liver, heart and arteries.

There is hardly a known disease of any importance that is not, according to Elster's material, developed and strengthened by the patient's use of alcohol.

With regard to mental diseases, he quotes the authority of men like Helenius, Hirschfeld, Laehr, Juliusburger, and Gadelius to prove that about 30 per cent. of the inmates in the lunatic asylums of the world were or are alcoholists. Treating the question of accidents and their prevalence, Dr. Elster remarks that although actual proof is here very difficult, there are tables to show that accidents more frequently happen to workmen on those days of the week—namely, Saturday and Friday—when they receive their wages and therefore spend more money on drink.

Certain coal mines in Germany are cited where the number of accidents per annum has fallen from 130 to 40 as a direct consequence of the prohibition of the sale of intoxicants to the workmen.

ALCOHOL AND ECONOMIC LOSS.

Of the deepest interest is Elster's examination of the economic losses caused by alcohol. It is a subject treated by him at great length and with extraordinary cogency. He shows quite clearly that the use of alcohol lessens the intensity of labor, not only as regards muscular action, but in a still greater degree as regards intellectual association of thoughts and the consecutiveness of ideas. Conclusions which cannot be controverted are drawn to point out that the use of alcohol by men engaged either in physical or mental work—even the slightest use—tends to decreasing a man's power of deciding questions, to want of objectivity, to rash judgment, to trivial methods of speech in dealing with grave subjects, to feeble witticisms, to unclean conversation. In Germany, as in England, it is unfortunately the working classes which spend relatively the most on drink, and it is this fact which is at the root of much of the hopelessness with which many timid social reformers view their economic situation. It is calculated that the country communes of Germany, in their expenditure for sick and enfeebled persons,

spend as much as £2,400,000 on persons who have been brought to this state by the misuse of intoxicants. Among the items of curious interest bearing on this part of the subject I notice that the sick fund organization of the young clerks of Berlin is burdened with a yearly sum of over £100,000 for the support and cure of men rendered invalids by drink.

Dr. Popert, of Hamburg, from whose report to the Senate of that city Professor Elster quotes, says that over 50 per cent. of all cases of poverty dealt with by the Poor Committee are directly attributable to the misuse of drink, and that if we consider as well the indirect effects the percentage would certainly rise to 90, leaving only 10 per cent. for all other causes combined.

ALCOHOL AND CRIMINALITY.

The well-known statistician, Dr. Hoppe, is quoted with regard to alcohol and criminality. Certain classes of crime, such as special acts of cruelty, immoral assaults, crimes of negligence, are almost invariably committed when the criminal is intoxicated or to some extent under the influence of drink. Hoppe thinks that quite 75 per cent. of these crimes are the acts of such persons. Taking all classes of crime together, those against property as well as those against the person, Hoppe reckons that the drinker is responsible for 35 per cent. of them.

The eminent Professor Hirschfeld declared lately that were it not for alcohol we might safely close one-half of the prisons and other penal settlements, and one-third of the lunatic asylums and hospitals.

ALCOHOL AND DEGENERATION.

Simply appalling are the figures supplied by Elster in proof of alcohol as a degenerating influence, especially on the next generation. He clearly shows that the misuse of drink increases the number of those born dead and the number of infants who die in the first few weeks of their existence. Families where the parents use alcohol are never so fruitful as abstaining families, and the disposition of the single members of families whose parents have been known to be addicted to the use of drink is towards every form of nervous and mental disease, but in an especial degree to every form of tuberculosis. Dr. Laitinen, quoted by Elster, narrates that he has gathered particulars of 5845 families with a membership of 20,008 children, a number which he thinks is large enough to warrant him in drawing some conclusions. He divides these families into three groups—abstainers, moderate drinkers, and immoderates. At the end of eight months 86 per cent. of the babies of the first group were alive, 76 per cent. of the second, and only 67 per cent. of the third. The number of babies born dead in the first group was only 1 per cent., in the second group 5 per cent., in the third group 7 per cent. At the end of eight months 21 per cent. of the babies of the first group had no teeth, 33 per cent. of the second group had none, and 42 per cent. of the third. Another

(Continued on Page 10.)

An Unconscious Tempter.

PROLOGUE.

Mrs. Radlett was a washerwoman, or a charwoman, as opportunity offered. She also was a widow and the mother of one small baby, which for some months had been ailing and a source of worry. Mr. Radlett having died quite penniless, his widow was compelled, most reluctantly, to resume the profession she had so cheerfully given up upon the occasion of her marriage. Her clients resided, some in the suburbs of Edinburgh, but mainly in the immediate vicinity of the Castle.

En passant; those people who live in the gruesome looking flats of Edinburgh, especially in those which are at the top of a dingy building with something like one hundred and thirty cold stone steps, ought to be compelled to do their own "charing" and shopping, or, at any rate, they should have a little more consideration for the poor limbs of their domestics and "out-servants," to whom they are not, as a rule, over-lavish in the matter of wages.

Upon a certain hot afternoon Mrs. Radlett struggled to the top of one of these horrors. She had similarly "exercised" her legs probably ten times already upon this day in other buildings, and felt now completely "done up." However, Miss Moutell's washing had to be done, and properly, too, if she wished to keep her work. But, struggle as she would against her weariness, Nature had its way, and down went the poor tired body into a handy chair, at the same time almost sending the tub of "suds" and clothing spinning. The noise brought Mrs. Boutell into the scullery with a rush.

"My guide woman, what's the matter?" she exclaimed.

Poor Mrs. Radlett was more ashamed of than sorry for herself, and in tones of anguish begged the good lady's pardon for her clumsiness, but, as she said, a slight faintness had come over her and she had nearly fallen headlong.

All the kindness and softness in Miss Boutell's nature rose at the trouble, and she insisted upon a rest and a "drop o' something."

We pass over Mrs. Radlett's surprise at the suggestion and merely mention that it was gratefully accepted.

Now it should here be mentioned that since the day of her marriage Mrs. Radlett had scarcely tasted intoxicants. Funds had been far too low for her to indulge, though her guidman had been less scrupulous, or, it may be, more fortunate in his friends.

When the fiery liquor had run its first course, and Mrs. Radlett had had a "lie back" upon the couch for a bit, things seemed to be normal again, and she resumed her work, being "rewarded" at teatime with another "wee drap" in her cup of tea "to put her quite richt."

The little drama and details related above we learned from one of Miss Boutell's maids a day or two after Mrs. Radlett's sudden attack and not having any really intimate ac-

quaintance with the latter good lady we were not greatly impressed or interested. So, for a time she passed out of our ken. It may be well, however, to state that circumstances had rendered it necessary for Miss Boutell to "reduce her staff," and so poor Mrs. Radlett found herself with one patron the less.

EPILOGUE.

Two years passed, and good Miss Boutell, in spite of reduced circumstances, found time for much philanthropy and church work. She was greatly honored and respected by everybody, and carried her smiling and kindly face into many a poor attic—and Edinburgh boasts of many such.

The rector of the Episcopal Church, having finished his visiting one afternoon, called upon Miss Boutell.

"Good day, Miss Boutell," said he. "I have to-day had a special request for your kind presence. You will possibly remember Mrs. Radlett, who used to do odd jobs for you. Well, so far as I can tell, the poor woman is dying, and she has asked to see one or two people who used to be kind to her, and especially mentioned your name. I said that I was sure you would come and see her in a day or two, if you possibly could."

"Why, of course, of course! Puir thing. What's the matter with her?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, she's gone thoroughly to the bad. At present she is upon her back with a bad attack of pneumonia, and the doctor almost despairs of her life. I may tell her, may I not, that you'll call upon her soon?"

"Certainly. I'll be going to-morrow, if I can."

"Thanks, very much," and after a while he off went his reverence.

Hardened as was Miss Boutell by her visits to squalid surroundings, she nevertheless could not repress a shudder upon entering Mrs. Radlett's room. I am not going to attempt to describe it as she did to me. Suffice to say she found the poor woman a wreck, covered now—since the rector had visited her—with some warm clothing; but her bed was merely a badly-worn mattress laid upon dirty floor boards.

Nobody was in attendance when Miss Boutell arrived, for which she found reason to be thankful.

After the usual preliminary expressions of sorrow, etc., Miss Boutell inquired if she could do anything special by way of relief.

"Yes, guid leddy; ye can do something to relieve my mind, if no me body. Since the rector has been calling and talking to me I have seen what a wicked woman I have been for some time. I don't want to frighten ye, but I shall die happier if you will tell me that you will not cause anybody else to fall so low as ye have me."

Had the invalid risen and struck her Miss Boutell could not have been more surprised. An indignant protest arose to her lips immediately, but, being possessed of a large amount of self-control, she checked herself.

"Poor thing," she thought; "her mind's wandering, and she doesn't know what she's saying." So she held her peace.

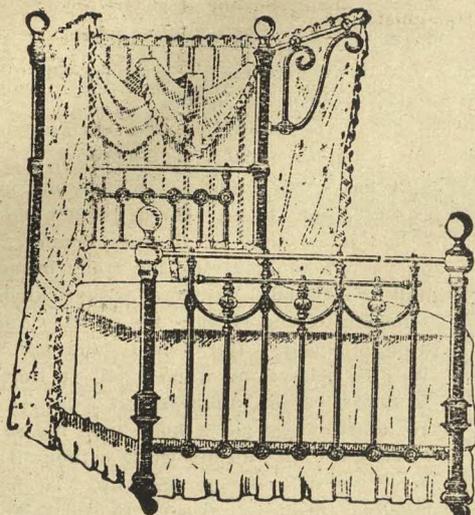
"Will ye give me yer promise, Miss Boutell?" pleaded the invalid.

"I'll give ye any promise within reason; but what ye mean I do not know."

"I have nae doubt ye thought me mazed at first; but I'm no. Dinna ye ken the time I had a fainting fit in your rooms? May be ye remember giving me some brandy to pull me round. Ye were always kind and considerate, and ye gave me at other times a drop o' spirits after I had done my work. Will ye believe me when I tell ye that that kindness was no kindness, but a curse? The gin and brandy got a hold upon me so that I felt I couldn't do my work without it; and when ye did not gie me any, I went and bought a drop for myself. In time my work got too hard for me, and I had to drop a lot of it; but I could not leave the sperits alone. I went down hill quickly enough, as you have heard from the clergyman. When I used to come to you I had a nice little room with furniture. That has all gone to get the drink, and I have come down to this dirty place. My puir bairn was forgotten and neglected for drink. Things went from bad to worse, and only a fortnight ago I reeled home to find the bairn crying. I picked it up, though I was still drunk, and went to sleep in my chair. When I woke up I looked at the chiel, and my hairt almost stopped beating. In my fright I called to the other people in the house, and they came in, only to find, as I had expected, that the bairn was dead. And I had killed him. From that time I believe I was mad, for I ran out of the place, and do not remember anything until I found myself back here. The neighbors and rector have been kind to me and have buried the chiel, and given me some bedclothes. They are kinder than I deserve. The rector has got my promise to sign the pledge if I should get well, and now I want you to gie me yer promise to never again gie your washerwoman sperits when she feels faint. I've learnt that it is too dangerous. Little did I, or you, dear leddie, know to what your kindness was going to lead me. I know your kindness of heart, and that you would not knowingly harm a soul. So that if you will say that you will not give the puir women drink again I shall be happy. Will you?"

Can you imagine Miss Boutell's feelings? She, of everybody in the city, the cause of harm. Aye, but "harm" is a mild word to use. It might have been the loss of a soul. There was no thought in her mind of "I didn't know"; self-reproach lashed the good lady. How she silently thanked God for the timely intervention of the rector. How she prayed that the death of the child should not be placed to her account. She admitted everything, made no excuses, "For," her thought ran, "I, with all my experience, ought to have known. Did I ever give myself time to think how a drunkard's career commenced?"

(Continued on Page 10.)



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New South Wales Alliance.

MEETING OF STATE COUNCIL.

The State Council held its monthly meeting on Monday last. The question of the financial position of the Alliance was discussed. It was decided that the effort to reduce the overdraft of £350 should be proceeded with on special lines. The original proposal to make the bazaar effort the sole one for raising the required money has been departed from to the extent of substituting garden fetes for the bazaar and planning a special straight-out-giving effort in both country and city.

HON. TREASURER'S AND GENERAL SECRETARY'S TASK.

It is proposed that the hon. treasurer (Rev. R. B. S. Hammond) shall take charge of an effort to raise £150 in the metropolis and that the general secretary shall visit country districts and raise £150 from those outside of Sydney. The treasurer had a very good start on Monday, when £50 was promised at the State Council meeting. The general secretary leaves at once on a country tour, taking in the South Coast towns. The tour is not only to be a money-raising one, but at each centre the policy of the Alliance in regard to bare majority, State option, and earlier closing will be vigorously pushed. Friends in both city and country will greatly encourage the officers of the Alliance by forwarding what help they can at once.

Those who are working for the bazaar are

also urged to continue sewing circles, etc., so that there may be a big return from the garden fetes that are being arranged.

DR. CHARLES M. SHELDON.

The great public meeting which is to be addressed by Dr. Sheldon on Thursday, August 20, at 8 p.m., will be held in the Pitt-street Congregational Church. It will be the only opportunity the people of Sydney will have of hearing this famous author, Christian and temperance leader. His statement of facts concerning prohibition in Kansas will be of great interest. Dr. Sheldon will, in addition to speaking on prohibition, refer to the questions of the world's peace and the union of churches, two reforms that he is vitally interested in.

METROPOLITAN LICENSING COURT.

The chief business dealt with during the present sitting of the Quarterly Licensing Court was that of dealing with fourteen applications from various parts of the metropolitan licensing district for colonial wine licenses. Of this number nine were withdrawn or struck out, four have been refused, and one has still to be heard. The first of the four refused was the Java Cafe, referred to a fortnight ago. The other three formed a most interesting and instructive fight.

THE DARLINGHURST CASES.

By a City Council resumption a vacancy was created in the Darlinghurst electorate,



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TRY OUR STEAM-MADE BREAD

and for this one license there were three applicants, as follows:—Boyce, who runs a cafe (represented by Mr. J. W. Abigail); Fry, a grocer (represented by Mr. H. Morgan); and Lopez, a fruiterer (represented by Mr. J. C. Gannon, K.C.). The hearing occupied four sittings of the Court. Strong objection was organized by the Alliance and Mr. James Marion, who personally conducted the case in opposition.

The case for the cafe seemed hopeless from the outset on account of there being no less than six hotel and wine licenses within 100 yards of the cafe. One of the witnesses in this case said that he had his meals at the cafe, but because there was no wine on sale went without, indicating how the supply creates the demand in liquor-drinking. Another witness wanted the license so that he could take a "lady friend" in for a glass of wine.

The case for the grocer was doomed, being in the immediate vicinity of a public school. The applicant said that he had ten inquiries a day for wine. In the course of an interview with a neighboring grocer, who had been 18 years in business in the same street, he declared that he had not had a single inquiry in that whole time.

Mr. Gannon, K.C., put up a big fight for his client (Lopez), whose fruit shop was opposite a private hospital. The applicant's case included a plea that it would be very convenient for patients at the hospital. This argument went very flat when the matron and Dr. Murray Orams came forward and objected on the grounds that it would disturb the locality. Mr. Gannon, who said that his client was willing to undertake to sell only by the bottle, asked Dr. Murray Orams if he would still object. "Yes," replied the doctor, "because it would increase drinking among women."

Another witness said that a license was necessary on account of the doctor ordering so much wine. Asked by Mr. Marion what knowledge he had of this, he replied that he had seen advertisements on the hoardings where a doctor was instructing a nurse to give a certain brand of wine to a patient.

The magistrates, Messrs. McFarlane (chairman), Mackenzie, and Galbraith, retired to consider the applications, and on returning to Court refused the whole three on the grounds that the reasonable requirements of the district were met by the existing licenses.

The Alliance is indebted to Revs. Whyte and Oakley, Mr. Creagh, and Miss Gates, who attended the Court daily as witnesses.

Mr. Thorne again did useful work in preparing petitions and securing witnesses.



COMMENTS OF THE MAN ON THE WATER WAGGON.

BE YOUR OWN DISTILLER.

In a page prepared by Dr. Wahl, president of the American Society of Brewing Technology, which appears in the Seattle "Sunday Times" of June 14 last, in an article advanced against national prohibition, is the statement that "a quart of ardent spirits can be made at a cost of fifteen cents, and it requires no skill or art to produce this liquor."

Dr. Wahl prepares his scenario thus:—
Scene: A kitchen and pantry.

Equipment: A stone jar, a teakettle, a rubber hose, a pail, and a quart bottle.

Material: One quart of black molasses, a penny's worth of compressed yeast.

We delete the doctor's detailed account of how to produce the alcohol.

Cost: A quart of liquor, about fifteen cents.

Distillers: Housewife or maid.

No wonder Barrels and Bottles, of Indianapolis, declares: "Most of the two billion dollars spent at retail for liquors is blackmail. Nine-tenths of it goes for licenses, excises, imposts, taxes, espionage, and collection, various species of graft, and excessive profit."

After Mr. Wahl's kindness in informing the American public how they can make liquors at fifteen cents a quart, we submit that no one but an unmitigated, unqualified, boiled-down, compressed and dried idiot will hereafter pay the liquor trust of the United States one dollar for a similar quantity of their fusel-oil, salicylic acid concoctions.

There seems to be a fair margin of profit in the distilling business, and the beer business also seems to be able to manage on a 300 per cent. profit basis.

A REMARKABLE CONFESSION.

Ignorant people are apt to say that those selling intoxicants should be as free to carry on their trade as other tradespeople, but the following words in the "Brewers' Gazette" for 1913 shows the consciousness of "the Trade" of the evils which compel legislators to load the liquor traffic with restrictions and, in many countries, prohibit, or allow the public to prohibit it:—"It is axiomatic that it is because of the potentiality for drunkenness, that unfortunately is a corollary to the sale of alcohol, that restriction exists. . . . Anyone may sell general provisions, anyone may vend

greengrocery, under conditions which he is almost at liberty to determine for himself, and if the sale of alcohol were as innocuous as that of biscuits or oranges, similar liberties would obtain for the licensed victualler as for the retailers of other commodities."

Let it soak in that the liquor business is unique among trades, it is a parasite, and cannot claim to be treated like any other since it is not like any other. On the plea of special treatment for special cases, we suggest that Pat's remedy is as unique as it is appropriate, viz., "Catch the liquor devil and cut his tail off close behind his ears."

A PIONEER DAILY.

There is no dust so blinding as gold dust, and we believe that the blindness of the daily press is not due so much to a moral squint as "dust blindness," the dust rising up from the advertising department, quite imperceptibly, and permeating the whole office and reaching out and affecting all the shareholders. We note with warm approval that practically all the monthlies and quarterlies of the United States and Canada have abolished all liquor advertisements, and now one of the great Chicago dailies, "The Record-Herald" has done the same.

In making the announcement of this change the following was printed in bold type on the front page of the issue for April 4th and 5th, 1914:—

"NO MORE LIQUOR ADVERTISING."

"The Record-Herald" has decided to eliminate liquor advertising from its columns. It will fulfil its existing contracts to print this class of advertising, and having done that, it will accept no more.

"In making this announcement 'The Record-Herald' desires to be rightly understood. The manufacture and sale of liquor are sanctioned by law, and the advertising is legitimate advertising. However, printing this class of advertising involves social questions that call for emphasis and increased consideration.

"The Record-Herald" goes into many thousands of homes. In virtually all of these homes there is an abiding sense of the need of protection against the abuses of the liquor traffic, especially for the young. In a constantly increasing degree there is ab-

stention from the use of liquor for the sake of the young. There is the haunting fear that from the first indulgence, the young and unformed character may unconsciously drift into an uncontrolled and destructive habit of excess.

"Liquor advertising does not discriminate between use and abuse. It commends without reserve what the best social sense of the day more and more disapproves as dangerous.

"The Record-Herald" does not deny the view that pure alcoholic liquors have their wise and proper use in individual instances, but contends that the responsibility for the advocacy of such use should rest with the family physician rather than the family newspaper, and declines henceforth to share this responsibility."

WORSE THAN WAR.

All the laughs are not gone yet, as the following extract from a letter in the "Oregon Journal" show:—"Lamb-like prohibition is a wolf in sheep's clothing, seeking whom it may devour. It makes every farmer a raging lion, and his wife as mad as a wet hen. Our united north and south will whip back into line the seven southern and two northern prohibition states that have seceded from our union. They are sneak thieves, profiting by the sale of their wheat, corn, and potatoes, the same as other states, locally robbing of revenues and establishing lawless blind pigs. Nation-wide prohibition is worse than war. It undermines the foundation of existence. It is the worst robbery the world ever knew. If all the world were a saloon, prohibition is worse. Vote wet!"

Worse than war? Surely this must have been written by the man who found himself with a river between him and the liquor shop, and exclaimed in horror, "Oh that I should die of thirst just because I never learnt to swim."

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO "GRIT."

A. S. Beer, for copies sent, 4/-; Miss A. Maclean, N.Z., 10/-; F. H. Perrott, N.Z., 14/-; G. Dennis (31/12/14), 5/3; Mrs. C. M. Hendren (31/12/14), 7/6; Miss V. Musgrove (31/5/15), 6/-; Rev. P. L. Black (31/10/14), 10/-; Mrs. R. I. Spinks (31/12/14), 12/-; Chas. Toms (Educational), 5/-; Mr. Wilkinson, Camborn (31/12/14), 7/6; C. W. Turner (31/12/14), 6/-; Rev. L. Hurd (31/11/14), 5/-; S. W. Horner (31/12/14), 6/-; E. T. Horner (31/12/14), 6/-; Mrs. R. L. Baldwin (25/7/15), 6/-; G. W. Kershaw (31/12/14), 6/-.

BE COLLARED BETTER AT 6d. BY
6d. THE KOLLAR KING 6d.
J. BURLEY, MERCER.
41 & 43 GEORGE STREET WEST (TOOTH'S IS OPPOSITE).

HOW KANSAS BOARDED the WATER WAGGON

By WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE.

(N.B.—This article is reprinted from "The Saturday Evening Post," a weekly paper founded in 1728. It has the largest circulation in the world, turning out over a million copies a week and is respected all over the world. This gives an unusual value to this article.—Editor "Grit.")

Prohibition, of course, does not prohibit. Nothing has hurt the cause of temperance in this country so seriously as the delusion that a law on the statute book will prohibit the sale of liquor in a city, a county, or a state. A prohibitory law in a community, whether the unit of population be large or small, is, after all, only a good resolution; and, like a good resolution, it has to be kept or there is not much to it.

A State or a county or a city, sobering up, getting the alcohol out of its system, goes through much the same process under the prohibitory law that a man goes through when he swears off with a mighty oath. When the man quits, after a high resolve and with more or less emotion connected with the performance, whether he lapses or not depends largely on the man, somewhat on the attendant circumstances of his renunciation, and a little—but very little—on the phraseology of his swearing-off pledge.

The case of prohibition is a close parallel. The State or the county or the town—take any group—sees the error of its ways. Perhaps the economic waste of liquor appeals to the judgment of the electorate; perhaps the moral obliquity of countenancing by law an institution, the chief business of which is to make fools and criminals of men, strikes the people as civic folly; or perhaps all the good people unite against those whom they deem the bad people in a highly moral yearning to hasten the millennium, and a law prohibiting the sale of liquor is passed either by constitutional amendment or by legislative act.

"Fine business!" declare all the good people and all the wise people and all the people desiring to strike out the economic waste. "Thank heaven, that job is done!" Whereupon the Rum Fiend laughs a low, hoarse, second-act laugh, and the devil is still to pay—for the cigars are on the highly moral yearners and their aiders and abettors. The truth is, the job has only begun. It takes from one to five years to get a prohibitory law passed in a State. In Kansas, the only State where the law really amounts to much, it has taken a quarter of a century to enforce it. It is possible—even probable—that the common business sense of the American people and their common business moral sense have so developed during the past generation that the time required to get a State thoroughly under a prohibitory law will be less now than that required thirty or forty years ago. Nevertheless, until a State has enough public will power to keep up the fight for at least a decade, and keep it up "through many a conflict, many a doubt," winning here and losing there—that State should try tapering off on local

option rather than to try swearing off on prohibition.

WHEN A STATE SWEARS OFF.

Yet, of course, swearing off is the only really effective way yet devised by man to break up the traffic in liquor. As with a man, so with a State; the whole affair is full of paradoxes. Human nature is a bundle of contradictions. Tapering off on local option may carry a man or a State through a week or a month or a year; it may reduce the poison in the system slightly—perhaps enough to give the will a better chance to assert itself. But sooner or later the man or the State must walk squarely up to the proposition that Mr. Booze and he are ready to have "the decree made absolute" that separates them forever.

If a man or a State has not the will, the sense, the emotional stability, the fundamental intelligence grafted on courage—oh, for the privilege to use the one short, ugly word needed to phrase what a State needs!—if a State has not the guts to quit, the prohibitory law will not help much. And that means that the people in a State, who see in its various iniquitous phases the stupidity of the saloon as an institution, when they swear off as a State must realize the size of the job before them. They must be keen to sacrifice themselves freely and gladly for the public good; to act not only as the conscience of the State but its will, its arms, its legs.

These people must be willing to endure personal hardships and privations, to undergo contumely and discomfort and more or less humiliation for the cause. Otherwise, without a public will, strong and well directed, the State cannot quit any more than a man can quit; for something of the same process goes on in a State that goes on in a man when he breaks the habit of a lifetime that has begun to corrode his stomach, to deteriorate his kidneys, and shake his heart. When he quits the affected organs all cry out. When a State quits a similar thing happens.

The craving for the saloon comes from the property owner who needs his rent; the business man who needs the saloonkeeper's trade and the trade of his lady friends. The desire for just a small tippie in a State comes from those who think that perhaps it is all right to get it at the drug stores. All through the body of the State goes the fire of desire when a State swears off. Its weakened, unintelligent citizenship is angry; they are the tissues rotted by the poison, and their care hurts.

KANSAS IN THE DAYS OF ITS SPRIGHTLY YOUTH.

These citizens get on juries and prevent convictions of violators of the law; they elect

weak prosecuting officers; and the courts, like the heart of an inebriate, at first are weak in a State that swears off, and it would seem that a little giving in, a good dose of the oil of gladness, would restore the weakened parts for a better battle; but that is the old delusion. It is the sound tissues in the body, the good citizenship that remains unaffected, which must save the day and keep up the high resolve.

So, if there is not enough of that tissue; if the whole system is undermined; if the State has no—let us use the longer word out of deference to the kind editor—has no intestines on which to rely, it will take a good woman and a miracle to pull it through. Hence the hope of those of us who believe in the ultimate pulverisation of the rum power is in woman suffrage and the new religion with a social message. Kansas quit in its youth—in the twenties—and that was a hard job, heaven knows; but a lot of these States are middle-aged, and that is a harder job.

Kansas in the adolescence of its twenties was a sprightly community, as I remember it. Two or three scores of little towns dotted the broad expanse of the prairie. The cattle trail, which once went into the central part of the State at Abilene, then dropped back to Newton, had stopped at Dodge City. In every community the blue-clad veterans of the great war of the sixties marched in procession on festal occasions. The cowboy and the rowdy ever hovered on the edge of things, hoping, and not always vainly, for a disturbance to start in which they could show their prowess. Farms began to check-board the great undulating plain that sloped gently upward from the Missouri to the foot of the Rockies.

In the eastern counties there were settlers who had come in the proslavery days, who had sent their fathers and sons to war, and who felt the animosity of the great conflict deeply and personally. Into the western counties the German Dunkards and the Russians were coming. Here and there an Irish colony settled and captured some town, and a French colony nestled on the south slope of some warm hillside; but chiefly the population was from the Middle Western States. Men and women came from Ohio, from Indiana, from Illinois. The blood of Kansas was the blood of New England filtered through the pioneer stock of the Middle West. It was good blood; but it was young blood. In it were dreams and visions.

Away back in 1857 the land on which the town of Emporia stands was bound against the saloon; every lot deeded by the town company continued a clause which prohibited the sale of liquor on that lot under penalty of reversion of the title to the town company.

Kansas sent more soldiers to the Civil War in proportion to her population than any other Northern State.

In Kansas the Grange flourished and the Greenbacker rose and waxed strong. So when the prohibition movement swept the country in the first emotional phases of the temperance cause—the movement which gave

A WORLD-FAMOUS MAN.

Rev. Dr. CHAS. M. SHELDON

AUTHOR OF "IN HIS STEPS,"

WILL SPEAK ON

"THINGS THAT COUNT."

INCLUDING PROHIBITION, CHURCH UNION, THE WORLD'S PEACE.

On Thursday, August 20th, at 8 p.m.

IN THE

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH, PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

COLLECTION.

THIS IS DR. SHELDON'S ONLY PUBLIC MEETING.

us Ten Nights in a Bar-room, Francis Murphy and John B. Gough, the Horrible Examples, and the Rum Fiend with Horns—Kansas rose and welcomed prohibition as a long-lost brother. Kansas swore off with a mighty oath.

It was a grand day, that day when Kansas took the pledge; and there was rejoicing and praying and exhorting, and great emotional high jinks in every countryside, village and farm. And then, of course, came the reaction. There were breweries and distilleries; and there were saloons and wholesale houses, and property rights of many kinds to be adjusted. And there were the Germans and the Russians and the French and the Irish, who had come to the land of the free and did not propose to give up their personal liberty.

And then, separated from the rights of property and from those who objected to any curtailment of their personal liberty, there were those high-spirited young blades of the cowcamp, direct descendants of Robin Hood, who regarded life as a frolic and any death short of manslaughter as a humiliation. They were to be found in every community.

Sometimes the members of this gentry were gamblers and held exalted station in the imagination of the populace; sometimes they were hired killers, bought to defend the town's sacred honor in the ever-prevalent county-seat fight of a frontier State; and sometimes they were horse thieves resting from their loved employ in deference to the puritanical notions of a vigilance committee. This section of the community, which is the evidence of youth in any State, held the prohibitory law in low esteem. To beat the law became a noble and more or less exciting pastime, and its observance was regarded as a servile truckling to those low elements in a community that only paid its taxes and filled its churches.

HOW A LONG, HARD FIGHT WAS WON.

Not only the adoption of the prohibitory law in Kansas a third of a century ago had the effect of prohibiting the sale of liquor in towns where public sentiment already had discredited liquor; but in other communities

the prohibitory law started a twenty years' war. The law put the burden of defence on the seller of liquor; it gave the citizen who desired to get out into the open and fight the sale of liquor this advantage:

The taxpayers paid for his lawsuits; but that was about all, at first.

During the first ten years of the struggle juries refused to convict violators of the law in communities where there was a majority in favor of violation; public officers were lax in their duty; business men frowned on prosecutions because the prosecutions ran up taxes. The brave spirits who insisted on obedience to the law, who swore out complaints against offenders, who organized the friends of law and order, were treated as cranks and fanatical disturbers of the peace.

To these cranks, to the fearless, high-minded, patriotic men and women who kept up the fight for enforcement of the prohibitory law in the eighties and nineties in every community; who, enduring insults and often personal violence, day after day, year after year, aggressively attacked the illegal saloon in all its phases—the open bar, the drug-store joint, the back-alley dive, the livery-stable resort—and who kept fighting relentlessly until they won inch by inch a complete victory over the organized forces of the liquor traffic; to these cranks and patriots Kansas owes whatever social and economic gain the enforcement of the prohibitory law has given to the State.

Without such an element in a community the prohibitory law is a dead letter and worse than no law. These men and women of the crusading type correspond to the forces of will that rescue an individual from the alcohol habit. Unless a man has these qualities of soul his resolutions come to nothing. Unless a State has them whatever emotional heights register themselves into law are of little consequence in dealing with the whisky problem. Nothing in American politics is so discouraging, so disillusioning, so tragic, as the spectacle of a town, a county or a State, spurred by some fine emotional expression of its better quality, formally casting out the liquor traffic—like a possessing devil—at an election, and afterward growing dazed, then

cynical, when it is evident that good resolutions or good laws, unsupported by unyielding purpose, are of little avail.

The prohibitory law does not prohibit; it only gives men and women who desire prohibition an opportunity to secure it by long years of wise, brave, hard work.

The first fifteen or twenty years of the fight for prohibition under the prohibitory law in Kansas found the State in something like this condition: In one-third or perhaps one-half of the counties the law was fairly well enforced—that is to say, in most of the towns in these counties there were no open saloons; but the town drug store was selling more whisky than it should sell, and in livery stables and in the rear of mean restaurants those who were known could buy beer by the bottle or whisky by the flask.

Wine was unknown. In one-fourth, or perhaps one-third, of the counties remaining the law was badly enforced; liquor was sold back of cigar stores, behind screens in pool halls, behind imitation prescription cases, and at bars hardly more than half concealed in first-class hotels. In the ten or a dozen counties remaining the law was not enforced at all—saloons ran wide open. The law was merely a basis for blackmail.

It was at this stage of the fight—and it was a fight every hour of the day—that John J. Ingalls declared that the enforcement of the prohibitory law in Kansas was altogether unsatisfactory; for the liquor men had their whisky and the prohibitionists had their law. But, as a matter of fact, both sides had a fight on their hands. In every election in every little town the fight came up; the liquor question was the dominant question. Over the election of councilmen and mayor and city attorney and marshal they fought. There was no let-up; in the counties it was the same issue—wet and dry. And the offices for which both sides struggled were those of sheriff, district judge, county attorney, county commissioners and members of the legislature.

It was necessary to have the sheriff, district judge and county attorney to secure

(Continued on Page 14.)

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.

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THURSDAY, AUGUST 13, 1914.

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The sale of liquor is legal in only seven of the 67 counties of Alabama. Jefferson County, containing Birmingham, is one of the licensed counties, and can be set forth as an ideal example of how license works. "Mida's Criterion," the liquor publication, owns up in regard to Birmingham thus: "So great is the number of blind tigers in Birmingham that ten of them have been found in one block of the city, and there are in existence wholesale blind tiger supply houses."

ALLIANCE BAZAAR
NOVEMBER NEXT.

There will be a "GRIT"
Stall. GET BUSY!

A Personal Chat with my readers

THE WAR CLOUD.

The war cloud is hanging low over Europe just now and business is paralysed. No one knows what will happen next, and rumor hardly gains currency when a contradictory rumor starts out after it. It seems impossible that great civilised nations should go to war, and yet it seemed impossible that the great Titanic should sink on its maiden voyage. The rulers of the nations are held in many instances in the close bonds of blood relation, the great business houses are on terms of intimacy and trust, the travelling public have permeated society in every land, Christians of every country have in conference and convention so fraternised, that a war involving the principal countries of Europe would be not unlike a civil war. I cannot help believing that however hot-headed diplomats may combine to precipitate war that the horror, the unreason, the economic waste and the injustice to the non-combatants will rouse a world-wide feeling that will very soon bring the thing which ought to be impossible in the twentieth century to a finish. We must not allow war and rumors of war to unsettle our faith or cause a panic. We can't do anything to stop war, but we can quietly and with patience play a worthy part and help create the atmosphere in which war cannot thrive.

Some unknown poet has written:—

"If I were told that I must go to-morrow,
That the next sun
Which sinks should bear me past all pain
and sorrow
For one one;
All the fight fought and all the journey
through,
What would I do?
I do not think that I should shrink of falter,
But just go on
Doing my work, nor change nor seek to alter
Aught that is gone.
But rise and move and love, and smile and
pray
For one more day.
And lying down at night for one more sleep-
ing,
Say in that ear
Which hearkens ever, 'Lord, within thy keep-
ing
Why should I fear.
And when to-morrow brings thee nearer still,
Do thou thy will.'"

ALCOHOL AS A STIMULANT.

Even educated people cling tenaciously to the idea that "a bottle in the cupboard" is a comfort and a safeguard in case of accident. You might draw the at-

tention of your friends to the fact that at the Berlin International Congress of Physiotherapy, Professor Ewald, eminent clinical teacher in the Berlin University, said he had reached the conclusion that in no infectious disease has the value of alcohol been proved. It diminishes the natural resistance to disease. In the great hospital of which he was chief, alcohol is ordered only in two conditions: in severe collapse, and as a means of euthanasia, easy death, in hopeless disease. "Alcohol as a stimulant is dying as hard as did blood-letting as a panacea. The latter succumbed to an enlightened pathology and the former is now sharing the same fate," is the editorial comment of "New York Sun."

TO "POSTER" A CITY.

If we are to attract the attention and arrest the thought of the busy, bustling preoccupied public, we must do it in a big, businesslike fashion. No modern method of advertising the truth concerning alcohol and its dangers has been more effective than the poster method. Possibly you noticed the poster article in "Grit" some weeks ago, when we reproduced some of the striking posters being used so successfully in America. We need some seven by ten foot posters in two colors—they would cost probably about three shillings each to print—and place on the hoardings. We could do an effective thing for a start with about £30. One lady has promised £10. This "think-it-over" campaign is one of the most worth while things I know. Can you help?

THE "GRIT" STALL.

Please do not forget you can help "Grit" and help the Alliance by making an effort to provide something for the "Grit" stall. Maybe we will not have a bazaar, but then we are sure to have a garden fete, and the "Grit" stall in any case must be "the daddy of them all." The brightest spot in the "Grit" stall will certainly be the part provided and presided over by the Ne's. and Ni's. I want more promises and more ideas, so please let me hear from you.

The Editor

According to "The Vanguard," eight No-License districts in New Zealand gave 408 convictions for drunkenness last year, in a population of 101,734, while in one license district, with but 14,023 population, there were 404 convictions for drunkenness.

Lending a Helping Hand.

DRUNKENNESS: ITS SOURCE AND HORROR.

For eighteen months the Sydney Total Abstinence Society has been studying drunkenness as seen in the Central Police Court; it has traced it to its source, the licensed bar, and it has patiently tabulated many of the horrors that are inseparable from alcohol drinking. The third period of six months has just closed, during which time 3984 men and 779 women were convicted for drunkenness. Only of this number 760 signed the pledge. Most of those who signed were first offenders and quite young. It was sad to hear so many of them say "It is no good my signing. I am afraid I could not keep it."

Out of the 760 who signed the pledge only 81 are known to have broken it. Many of these tried hard, keeping the pledge for some time. As one man put it, "I have broken my pledge that I signed for twelve months, but I honestly kept it for five months. If I can do that I can keep it for good, and I am going out to try again."

Since the work started in January, 1913—just 18 months ago—no fewer than 13,020 men and women have passed through the Court and have been spoken to on the question of total abstinence. Out of this number 2892 signed the pledge and only 388 have been before the Court again. We can only hope and pray that the majority of the others will prove faithful.

We have a great amount of evidence that the pledge is kept. This information comes in various ways. Sometimes a policeman will tell of a man well known to him who is keeping the pledge; sometimes a man will show himself in person, and the difference in his appearance tells at once that some change has taken place. The way the older men and women urge the younger people to sign the pledge shows that they think well of it, and many express regret that some such effort was not made when they were locked up for the first time. The value of the pledge will never be fully known, but when one knows men who have kept the pledge, and have bettered their position in the world by abstaining from a bad thing, one can only give credit where credit is due, and, as one police sergeant said, "It is a very sensible thing to give a man or woman a chance to declare against the thing that has brought them to the Court."

DRUNKARDS' DEVELOPMENT.

It is the experience of Dr. C. G. Godfrey, medical officer of the Lara Inebriates' Institution, as reported in the "Daily Telegraph" this week, that the gradual development of habitual drunkenness arises from social habits such as the custom of frequenting hotels.

Conventional "shouting" is nearly always advanced by the patient as the reason of his

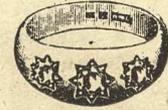
downfall. There are certain occupations, Dr. Godfrey finds, which appear to be, or are, alleged to be inevitably associated for business reasons with undue drinking. Undoubtedly depression, which accompanies worry or fatigue, he says, is a common factor; but an intrinsic deficiency of resistive power, mostly inherited, is a necessary concomitant in these cases. During 1913 there were admitted to Lara four physicians, four theatrical employees, three hotelkeepers, and two brewers. From July 1, 1907, to December 31 last, the largest figures were 28 hotelkeepers, 23 commercial travellers, 15 theatrical employees, and 14 physicians. For the same period 394 cases were attributed to "sociability," 94 to hereditary, 58 to business worries, 57 to neurotic temperament, and 44 to domestic causes. Only three were due to sudden prosperity.

The report of the inspector of institutions, tabled in the Legislative Assembly, shows that the number of persons admitted to inebriate institutions during 1913 was 120, as against 127 in 1912 and 121 in 1911. At Lara Institution 566 men have now been treated, 44 have died, 12 were sent to institutions for insane, 52 have disappeared, and 208, or 50 per cent., are regarded as having recovered. At the Brightside Salvation Army Institution for Women 47 patients were admitted last year, bringing the number of patients up to 65.

SERVING A DRUNKEN MAN.

There is no doubt that the most effective way to decrease drunkenness would be to enforce the law which prohibits the sale of alcohol to an intoxicated person. In the case of Brown v. Bowden (19 N.Z. L.R., 98) and also Laffey v. Magorian (22 N.Z.L.R., 577) it is laid down that "a person is in a state of intoxication within the meaning of the section of the Act if he has lost the normal control of his bodily and mental faculties. But the words signify something less than absolute incapacity from drunkenness."

It will interest our readers to know how this is laughed at throughout the State. Last Friday two gentlemen followed a very tipsy man into a bar. They ordered dry ginger ale to enable them to wait unobserved and watch. The barman twice refused the man a drink, saying, "You have had enough." Finally he served him. One of the gentlemen protested; the other went for a policeman. The policeman refused to take action. The two gentlemen insisted on the man being taken to the lockup. After much talk the medical officer was sent for, and a little more than an hour after the arrest the doctor arrived, asked the man some questions, told him to walk a chalk line, and put out his tongue. While his response to the test was not satisfactory, in spite of the fact that



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the man had sobered up a bit during the hour and under the stimulus of the proceedings, the doctor thought, after private consultation with the policeman, that he was not drunk within the meaning of the Act.

The man's last words to one of the gentlemen were: "I am drunk, all right, old chap, and this will teach me a lesson. I am going to swear off it."

All this is a farce, and it is high time the authorities took some action. We are quite sure they will do so when sufficient pressure is brought to bear on them.

A SHOCKING INCIDENT.

At Broken Hill on August 4, Charles Joseph Moore, license of the Denver City Hotel, Argent-street, was arrested and charged with the murder of Thomas Curran, on which charge Thomas Coulter had previously been remanded. Both accused appeared later before the Coroner's Court in custody.

The evidence tendered to show that when Curran was drunk the men forced him to drink a large quantity of alleged stale wine. The medical evidence was that death was due to alcoholic poisoning.

The Coroner committed both men for trial on a charge of manslaughter, granting bail in each case in £200 and a surety to the same amount.

We say that it is the gravest possible reflection on the general public that such horrors should cause no indignation and rouse no public interest. We might well pray for one live man in Parliament who would move the adjournment of the House to draw attention to the flagrant way in which publicans serve intoxicated persons. Will you send this article to your member, and urge

him to put "first things first," and ask the House to deal with drunkenness before it deals with teeth or benzine.

OUR GRATITUDE.

We acknowledge with thankfulness the following donations to the Pledge-Signing Work and Men's Home:—A. W. Reed, 20s.; Miss M., 20s.; Miss Price, £8; Mrs. Stanger Leathes, 20s.; collected by P. McDonnell, £2 3s.; collected by Mr. W. Fennelly, £1 2s. 6d.; Mr. A. Cocks, M.L.A., £2 2s.; Mrs. Harris, 20s.; Mr. W. Lawson Dash, 20s.; Mr. W. W. Sharp, £2 10s.; J. B. Morris, £1 1s.; Miss Miller, £5; Friend X, £2; collected by Miss Glanville, 10s. 6d.; Miss Richards, 18s.; Miss Curtis, 15s.; W. E. Wilson, £2 2s.; J. M. Sandy, £2 2s.; St. Paul's, Chatswood, £1 16s. 3d.; A. Gow, 20s.; Miss Hannam, 12s.

We need money and any kind of men's clothing. The demand grows each week, and we are always at our wits end to do needful things in desperate cases.

THE VERDICT OF EXPERTS

(Continued from Page 2.)

very striking set of statistics is furnished by the school doctors of the city of Vienna most valuable in that they come from a centre of population where there are so many varied nationalities. Only 7 per cent. of the children of abstainers were unable to obtain satisfactory school reports for diligence and ability, whereas 67 per cent. of children who either had alcoholised parents or used daily doses of alcohol themselves were unable to reach this standard.

TO COMBAT ALCOHOLISM.

In dealing with the best methods of combating the evils of alcoholism, Elster is very cautious and conservative. In his view the prophylactic treatment of the craving for alcohol raging in so many men and women is the best preventive of alcoholism. Such prophylactic treatment can only be the work of the social reformer, whose duty it is to replace low instincts with higher, to supply better food, better housing, better technical conditions in work, opportunities for healthy enjoyment in the open air, etc. It is absolutely necessary that associations for the spread of temperance should receive the heartiest official support, and especially the sympathy of leading men in municipal and communal work. Even in England, says Elster, this support is only given grudgingly; in Germany it is not given at all, or only in the slightest measure. Elster would like to

see communes taking up the supply of pure milk in suitable stalls or shops, the support of coffee and tea stalls, the supply of drinks as substitutes for alcohol.

He is convinced that nothing would result in the lowering of the rates so much as this limiting of the consumption of alcohol—there would be fewer police, fewer jails, fewer asylums and hospitals, fewer poorhouses.

Good dwelling houses, which would rob the gin palace of its charm, must be built, cooking schools where the future wives of poor artisans would learn to cook a tasty dinner for a trifle, communal houses of entertainment where the supply of drink would be limited to non-alcoholic beverages, and, above all, some legislative Act which would give the majority of each district the power to fix the number of licensed houses in their immediate locality. Acts of the Legislature with the object of effecting sudden reforms or of forcing abstinence on the people are not believed in by the German School Reformers represented by Dr. Elster. There is a German equivalent for the oft repeated English platitude, "You cannot make men sober by Act of Parliament." The best German point of view is this. "Alcoholism is a social disease." To cure it you must first remove the causes of the disease. The surest treatment consists in the giving to the victims of the disease and to those liable to fall into its clutches rational and pleasant home conditions, favorable opportunities for rest, recreation, and intellectual improvement. The abiding good sense of humanity will do the rest. The working men of all civilised countries will be only too glad to support all efforts thus made on their behalf.

With the evils of alcoholism abolished there is no end to the vista of prosperity and happiness opening up to those who are now wrongly regarded as the submerged and the hopeless.

AN UNCONSCIOUS TEMPTER

(Continued from Page 3.)

Tears of joy and anguish flowed; of joy that she was not too late to attempt, at any rate, a remedy; of anguish that she had unintentionally caused one of God's children pain.

The poor woman upon the mattress read

pretty correctly her friend's thoughts, and although very weak after her long talk—which, of course, had taken a long time to utter—stretched out her hand to take that of the other. The contact seemed to break a spell, for Miss Boutell suddenly knelt down, and in a heartbroken sob burst forth with "God, be merciful to me, a sinner."

The promise was, of course, given, and this helped a good deal towards the recovery of Mrs. Radlett. Not only this, for Miss Boutell herself took her late washerwoman to the rector before whom both signed the pledge of total abstinence.

To in some measure make amends the single lady took the widow into her establishment and made a closer friend of her, both working together, even into the centre of the Cowgate, for their Master and the church.

It is years since both passed away; and although the Cowgate and the other dreadful slums of Edinburgh will probably remain as long as the city stands, there are many still living there who remember, with perhaps the only tender feelings they were ever and are capable of retaining, the truly loving work of these two women when in their midst.—F.R.W., in "The Pioneer."

Take this for a fact: There are plenty of men who honestly believe that prohibition is a bad thing, but when you hear one say that prohibition increases the consumption of liquor in the territory where it operates, he is either an out-patient of a lunatic asylum or a person qualifying to rank with Baron Munchausen. No man who is both honest and sane will make a statement of that character.

* * *

Sir Thomas Clouston, M.D., has recently said that at least nine-tenths of his 2000 alcoholic cases who had become insane had taken to excessive drinking before they were twenty-five years of age. He urges that of all ages adolescence is most affected by alcohol.

They sing its songs of gladness,
They chant its hymns of praise,
Upon its lyric gaities
With gratitude they gaze.
They win thro' wan, wild Winter,
From coughs and colds secure,
Because they know what blessings flow
From Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

HAVE YOUR CLOTHES TAILORED BY AN EXPERT.

TAILOR, COSTUME
and
BREECHES MAKER.

W. NICHOLSON

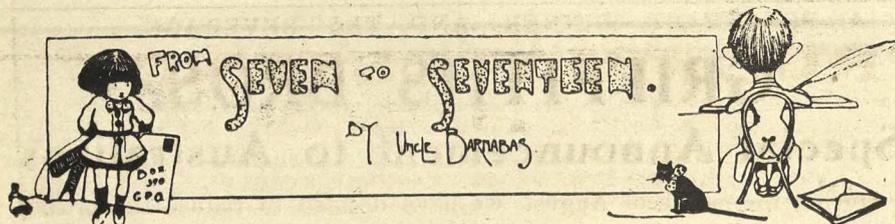
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HEROES.

I wonder did you read about the great meeting held in the Town Hall on Monday night? I did wish I could have taken all my Ne's, and Ni's, there to have seen and applauded the brave people who received a public recognition of their bravery. Do you know any of them? I will give you their names, because the daily papers put them in such small type you may have missed them.

Silver Medal and certificate of merit: Charles E. Barnes (Sydney); bronze medal and certificate of merit, Lima Iris Bradley (Bowraville), Mrs. Roseline F. Cremen (Wyong), Stanley R. Neath (Brunswick Heads), Denis Boland (Bellinger), Charles W. Newman (Bellinger), James Glew (Little Coogee), Leonard W. Hunt, Hine Lockard, William C. Barry, Harry D. Black (Lavender Bay), Ernest J. Thomas (Kiama), Ernest J. Mantora (Kiama), James Olsen, Thomas Olsen, Wallace Hoyg, William Burrell.

Stanley R. Neath received a bronze bar with a medal received last year.

Silver watches and certificates were received by John E. Taylor and James W. G. Brown.

Marine glasses and certificate: Captain James P. Barker.

Certificates of merit: Daniel Rowles (La Perouse), Sydney W. Cronshaw (Sydney), Charles Mason (Stockton), Horace Stephen Devereux (Stockton), Frank M. Scobie (Stockton), Robt. M. Stalker (Balmain), Constable A. F. Davis (Thirroul), William G. Stack (Sydney), Richard Orr (Leichhardt), Reginald A. Parker (Eden), Keith W. McLaren (Sydney), John J. K. Taylor (Sydney), Harold T. Duckworth (Sydney), Leslie James F. Childs (Sans Souci), Francis Eilersen (Sydney), Harold Henry (Dapto), George Smith (Sydney), Phillip Moyes (Tuggerah Lakes), Robert J. M. Clarke (Sydney), Geraldine M. Archbold (Orange), Stanley W. Bagnall (Newcastle), Thomas Dowle (Bellinger), Norman Ahrens (Tweed River), Hugh P. Loenard (Forbes), Charles K. Crisford.

I will give a prize for the best account of the bravest thing you have ever seen done or that has been done by someone you know. Now have a try and send it to me as quickly as you can.

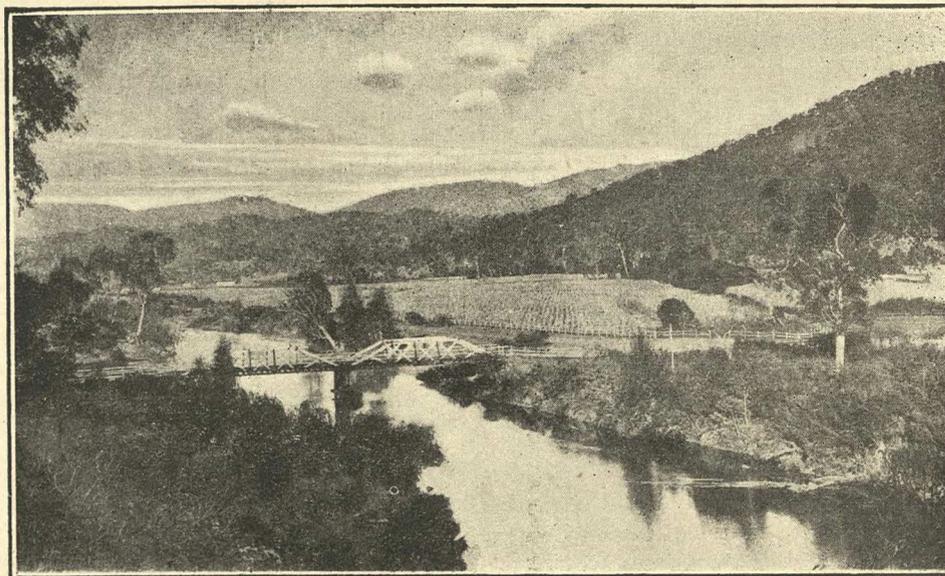
UNCLE B.

CONUNDRUMS FROM OBJECTS.

The game of "Guessing Conundrums from Objects" has the advantage of being played by either a small or a large company. Narrow ribbons, in various colors, are prettily tied on the objects, which were then pinned to curtains, pictures, etc., or laid in prominent places throughout the room. Most of the articles required can be found in the home, or purchased inexpensively, so that very little outlay is necessary. Those that could not

be purchased can be cut from magazine advertising pictures, and pasted on heavy paper to make them more firm.

When the company has gathered, a card with a guest's name on one side and the conundrum on the other is passed to each, and the merry hunt for the answer is begun. From room to room move the laughing throng, examining such articles as pear, pigs, a shoe, etc. At such an evening no one could answer the question on one card, till all at once a shout went up, "I have it!" and the lucky one came, bearing a sausage neatly wrapped in wax paper and bedecked with ribbons. He was met with much laughter and hurried queries as to what question was on his card. When he finally satisfied them by reading, "What is the most deceiving age?" the other guests decided he had guessed correctly, and hurried away to hunt for answers to their own conundrums.



BLOWERING BRIDGE, TUMUT. Sent by CLARICE CLOUT.

A few sample conundrums may help you start an evening's fun:—

What is a sure sign of a cold winter?—A Thermometer.

What is higher and handsomer with the head off?—A cushion.

Where can one always find happiness?—In the dictionary.

What is the oldest piece of furniture?—The multiplication table.

What city is drawn more frequently than any other?—Cork.

PLACE I LIKE BEST.

Doris Sinclair, 113A Campbell-street, Surry Hills, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—This is my first letter to you, and I want to know if I may become

one of your little Ni's. I read page 11 in "Grit" every week. I am 12 years of age, and my birthday is April 25. I do not know if it is too late to enter your postcard competition, if not, I am sending you a postcard of the place that I like best in Surry Hills, and know a lot of people that think the same. Do you know a man named Mr. Hammond? I know him very well, and I think he is very good at guessing riddles. I will write you a longer letter next time, and hoping you will have me for a little Ni, with love.

(Dear Doris,—It will seem a long time to you waiting for an answer, but that is unavoidable when there are many letters and not very much space in which to print them. I am glad to have you as a Ni., and very, very pleased to find you love your little church. I often wish more of the girls from this happy little church would adopt me as an Uncle and write me nice, interesting letters, and I wish thousands more found their church a happy and bright place. Thank you for your card. Yes, I know Mr. Hammond. Many a time we have had some fun together. Could you get some one else to write, and don't be long before you write again.—Uncle B.)

THE FIRST PROMISE.

Joyce Eipper, Warrak, Willow Tree, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I saw my letter in "Grit" this week. You asked to tell you what we would do for "Grit" stall. Well, I am going to make some teapot holders; we have the wool for them. It has been very wet, windy, and cold here lately. Two or three weeks ago we all went out to a place called the Muck Heap; it is a sort of hill out on the middle of the plain; there are a lot of stones all round as if it has been a volcano. Some of these stones have six sides, some five, and some are square. We saw seven emus. They are such pretty things when they run; their feathers waved up and down. We also saw twenty-two plain turkeys; they flew

away when we got close to them. I will stop now as I am going for a walk. I don't think I told you, Uncle, that one of my sisters has gone to China as a missionary. She was a nurse, and has gone to her station now. Love to all my cousins and yourself.

(Dear Joyce,—Thank you for your promise to help the "Grit" stall. If everyone does a little we will have a stall to be proud of. I know your sister has gone to China, and I hope many of your "cousins" will pray for her. When she writes home, be sure and tell us what she says about that wonderful people. Uncle B.)

BEAUTIFUL PALMS.

Vera Marsh, Ipswich Nursery, Thornstreet, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am finding myself again writing to you, but I suppose it is time. I am sending you a view of a portion of our bushhouse. (It now holds 30,000 pot plants, including 15,000 different kinds of palms.) There is also a rough view of the nursery, which appears weekly in the "paper." I am sending you these, because you hinted that you thought our garden would be a "beauty spot." Father says to tell you, "Don't you dare to come to Ipswich again without coming out to see our garden." I have left school now at last. I am also writing to tell you I have secured another customer for "Grit," so will you please forward "Grit" on weekly to the under address. This friend of ours is a Good Templar. There are six in our house, and we all belong to the same order. I suppose you were pleased with our local option poll results. The temperance people had a great win—five to one. On the Friday night preceding the polling day we had a procession. The adult and juvenile Temple of the L.O.G.T. took part. I painted some little bannerettes (suitable for the occasion), which were carried by our members. I have only one brother (who is a cripple) and no sisters. He takes great interest in the temperance cause. I think this as all my news for the present. With love to all "Grit" cousins, and not forgetting yourself.—I remain, your loving Niece.

(Dear Vera,—I am afraid very few of your cousins will be able to believe that there are 15,000 different kinds of palms. Is that quite true? Did you hear of the man who stayed at a lovely hotel? The vestibule was full of beautiful palms, but he said he was even more impressed with the palms (hands that showed everywhere on his leaving. I hope your brother will write to me. Thank you so very warmly for getting another subscriber to "Grit."—Uncle B.)

FIRST PRIZE.

Ray Waters, Denison-street, Narrabri, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Just a few lines to let you know I'm quite well, and I hope you are the same. The two last "Grit" pictures are

GRIFFITHS BROS.'

Special Announcement to Australians

During the month of August, we have decided to reduce the price of our delicious

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From 2/6 to 2/2 per lb.
From 1/4 to 1/2 per 1/2 lb.

to encourage everyone to test the excellence of an Australian manufactured Cocoa. Buy now to your own advantage.

Address: OPP. TOWN HALL; also WENTWORTH AVENUE, SYDNEY.

just "bosker." If we would only strive to put on the gloves and a good army of people to give a hand, I think we would soon get rid of the drink. I'm pleased to tell you that I got first prize at Sunday-school, and also two nice text cards. I'm going to try hard this year for it again. The name of my prize is "From Log Cabin to White House," so I will be ble to read about President Garfield. I see one of the beauty spots in this week's "Grit." Here is my answer to that riddle about the toper's nose and a good book: Because it is read (red) to the end. Love from your affectionate Nephew.

(Dear Ray,—So glad to hear from you, and we all congratulate you on winning first prize, and hope you will do it again. I am sure you will enjoy reading that book. It is lovely. Thank you for the answer to the riddle.—Uncle B.)

TIRED OF WAITING.

Doris Bannerman, Sherwood, Macleay River, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Just a few lines to let you know I am pleased that you accepted me as a niece. On the 5th we had a harvest festival, and it was a great success. We sold everything, and after expenses were paid we had £19 for the church. I have just finished reading a very nice book, "Walter and His Nurse." I am learning to play the piano, and my favorite tunes are "Moss Rose Waltz" and "Fairy Visions." My sister is down at Belmore now, staying with her aunt. I suppose she is on the "scallawag" list by now. We are having lovely fine weather at the present. Well, Uncle, I am tired of waiting to see one of your photos in "Grit," but, really, I hope that I won't have much longer to wait. I must close my short letter, and wishing "Grit" every success.—I am, your loving Ni'.

(Dear Doris,—I am sorry my photo is such a long time coming, but I get so mixed up as to who I am and the photographer never seems to be on hand when I feel like being

"took." Your sister is on the way to be Queen of the "Scallawags." Kindly let her know her danger.—Uncle B.)

A NEW NE'.

George Bannerman, Sherwood, Macleay River, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Just a few lines asking you would you please accept me as a nephew. I am 13 years of age, and my birthday is on January 13. I am going to the Sherwood Public School, which is two miles away from home. My sister and I go regularly, and both of us are in fourth class. We have had a few large frosts up here, which killed the weeds in our farm. We are milking about 33 cows, and I can tell you our cream cheque is very acceptable. Doris was afraid she was on the "scallawag" list, and I thought so, too, for she has not written to you for weeks. Last Empire day we had a very nice little picnic at our school. We were playing all kinds of games till nearly dark. I am nearly always first to open "Grit." I am so fond of reading page 11 that I can scarcely leave it till I get home from school. Well, as I have my home lesson to do, I will bring my short letter to a close, and hoping to be able to write more next time.—I remain, your would-be Nephew.

(Dear George,—You are very welcome as a Ne', and I hope you will often write and tell me the best part of a country boy's life. I am pleased to hear you are eager to open "Grit." It is worth being Uncle B. when so many are so keen and helpful as his Ne's and Ni's are. Give Doris a gentle "jog." If she says, "What for?" say "With your Uncle's compliments."—Uncle B.)

The aviator takes his seat
All clad in fur-lined leather,
To dare a flight by day or night,
Whate'er the wind and weather.
His biplane soars up like a bird,
His salary is sure,
Because he flies to advertise
From Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

GRAINUS PORRIDGE FOOD.



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Robust people love the cold plunge or shower on frosty mornings, but medical men forbid other folks to likewise indulge.

Those who can't take it cold, must do one of two things to get the necessary warm bath—either boil a pot or instal a good bath heater. Think before doing the latter, as there are many heaters that give trouble. The Fletcher-Russell doesn't. It heats one to four gallons of water in a minute, to from 60 to 105 degrees with a minimum use of gas. It is the quickest, safest, and most economical.

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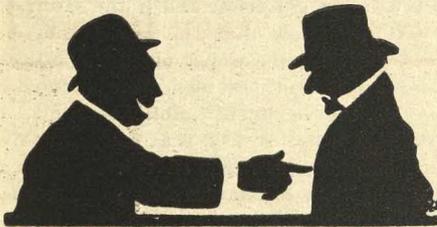
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WHERE THEY SLEEP.

An American tourist was being shown an old Cathedral in England, wherein hundreds of people were buried. "A great many people sleep beneath this roof," said the guide, indicating the inscription-covered floor with a wave of his hand. "So!" exclaimed the American. "Same way over in our country. Why don't you get a more interesting preacher?" * * *

HIS DEFINITION.

Natural history had been the subject of the day's lesson in school and the teacher asked:

"Now who can tell us what an oyster is?" A small hand, gesticulating violently, shot up into the air and a shrill voice called out: "I know—I can tell, teacher."

"Well, Bobby," said the teacher, "you may tell us what an oyster is."

"An oyster," triumphantly announced Bobby, "is a fish built like a nut."

* * *

FIXED IT BOTH WAYS.

A man noted among his friends for his politeness, was hurrying home one night, also in great haste, rushed out of an office building and the two collided with great force.

The second man exhibited anger, while the polite man, taking off his hat, said:

"My dear sir, I don't know which of us is to blame, but I am in too great a hurry to investigate. If I ran into you I beg your pardon; if you ran into me don't mention it."

So saying he continued home with redoubled speed.

NO IMPROVEMENT.

Jane had just returned from her first day at school and was asked how she liked it.

"I don't believe I care very much about it," Jane replied. "That teacher talks back to me almost as much as my mother does."

* * *

AN UPSETTING SIN.

Mr. McCosh, President of Princetown College, tells the story of a negro who prayed earnestly that he and his colored brethren might be preserved from what he called their "upsettin' sin." "Brudder," said one of his friends, at the close of the meeting, "you ain't go de hang of dat ar word. It's be-settin', not upsettin'." "Brudder," replied the other, "if dat's so it's so. But I was prayin' de Lord to savé us from de sin of intoxication, and if dat ain't a upsettin' sin, I dunno what am."

ONE DREAM REALISED.

"Strange," said the first tramp meditatively, "how few of our youthful dreams ever come true!"

"Oh, I dunno," said his companion; "I remember I used to dream about wearin' long pants, and now I guess I wear 'em longer than any one else in the country."

Australians——!

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It's up to every man—woman, and child to keep themselves fit against the day when physical health is necessary. And—the first step is—perfect teeth. Get REANEY to make your teeth fit. Have those little faults corrected NOW, and give your teeth the attention they need.

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THE REASON.

"What is the reason," asked the gallant captain, of a young lady, "that men never kiss each other, while women waste a world of kisses on other feminine faces?"

"Because," was the reply, "men have something better to kiss and women haven't."

TRUE TO HIS JOB.

An American travelling man was being shown around by an English guide.

"In this room, sir," said the guide, "is where Wellington received his first commission."

"Indeed," said the drummer, "and how much commission did he get?"

BRIGHTENING THE HOME.

"How's the baby?" inquired the neighbor, of the new father.

"Fine," said the proud parent.

"Don't you find that a baby brightens up a household wonderfully?" pursued his friend.

"Yes," said the parent with a sigh; "we have the gas going most of the night now."

THEY WOULD FINISH HIM.

"Is he a finished musician?" asked a man of his neighbors.

"Not yet," was the answer; "but he will be if the neighbors have their way about it."

DON'T BE ONE-EYED

READ

THE WORKER

IT GIVES ALL THE POLITICAL NEWS OF THE WEEK.

ITS CARTOONS SIZE UP THE SITUATION.

ALL NEWSAGENTS. TWO PENCE.



Wedding Cakes
Wedding Receptions

SPECIALITIES.

The Blue Ribbon Bread
Wheatmeal Bread

HAWKINS & ABBERTON

447 PARRAMATTA ROAD,
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Prize Winners:
1911, 1912,
1913, 1914.

HOW KANSAS BOARDED THE WATER WAGGON

(Continued from Page 7.)

convictions of violators of the law; the county commissioners to keep the violators of the law in jail; and the legislature to prevent backward steps in legal machinery needed for enforcement. It was a great fight. Through good times and bad, the rise and fall of Populism, the years of drought and the years of plenty, through panics and prosperity—in Kansas the issue never changed. In the beginning of the new century the tide began to turn. The open saloon, which flourished in a score of counties, disappeared from all but half a dozen.

Juries began to convict the livery-stable joint keeper with unvarying regularity in all but a dozen counties; and occasionally the whist club in some Kansas town noted the vacant chair of one of its members and knew he was in the county jail for selling whisky in his drug store. So the keeper of the whisky drug store lost a certain social caste. Nothing is so disconcerting in high social circles as to have a vacant place at the whist table, and society passed its annoyance on to the recalcitrant member, and to his wife and daughter. Whereupon prohibition took a forward stride longer than had been taken by the law under the goadings of those who held up horrid pictures of the Rum Fiend to frighten the populace.

The ostracism of the whisky druggist really did more to pulverise the rum power in Kansas than any other one act of the quarter century. Every Kansas county had in jail at least one genial and urbane pill-pounder who was the life of the company at the card club. The State cinched its victory by passing a supplemental law absolutely prohibiting the sale of liquor of any kind for any purpose—medicinal, religious or mechanical. That law is enforced wherever the prohibitory law is enforced, at all.

The prohibitory law is now enforced in a hundred of the one hundred and five counties of the State, and it is enforced as rigidly as any law on the statute book. So rigidly is the prohibitory law enforced that juries in those hundred counties convict men on evidence for violating this law who are known as second offenders and whose conviction sends them not merely to jail but to the penitentiary.

The battle is won. The wet-and-dry issue now rarely comes into a contest in a Kansas town or county election. Formerly, in the days of the eighties, the suspicion that a man consorted with the prohibitionists handicapped a candidate. He had to explain that he ran with the decent element merely for the purpose of deluding the good people out of their votes. Now even the faint suspicion that a man has a friend who drinks, or a brother-in-law who is married to the third cousin of a man who kept a drug store in the nineties, is a load that few men in politics can carry successfully.

Any one who wants to win makes votes by abusing the whisky crowd. It is as safe a political diversion as lighting into the Turks, and infinitely safer in Kansas than going after Wall Street; for the Great Red Dragon has some friends, but no one defends the Rum Fiend. He is paralysed beyond recovery. His tail quit wriggling at sundown away back in 1909.

THE WORKINGS OF THE OUSTER LAW.

In one hundred counties Kansas is as dry as a bone. The colored bootlegger winging his fleeting way up the alley purveys a home-made brew to a few adventurous spirits, keener for the excitements of the chase than for a drink itself; but the life of the bootlegger is of few days and full of trouble. He is as negligible as the chicken thief or the man who forges a five-dollar cheque, and has about the same status as a professional criminal. He had no standing in the profession; no organisation works for his release; no lawyer unmasked comes to plead his case. The path to the jail and the rock pile is greased. Arrest means conviction.

In three counties—Leavenworth, Atchison and Sedgwick—there are sporadic convulsions of the Rum Fiend that seem to indicate vitality; but it is mere alcoholic reaction in the dead muscles. These were the last counties to surrender their inalienable right to whisky. In two counties in the small mining town there are open saloons—Crawford and Cherokee—but in the larger towns even these counties enforce the law; for after the law absolutely prohibiting the sale of liquor for any purpose, and after the law sending confirmed offenders to the penitentiary, came a law called the ouster law.

This law permits the attorney-general of the State to bring before the Supreme Court of the State officers whose duty it is to en-

force the law in counties and in towns where the law is not enforced; and if the attorney-general can show that the law is not enforced the Supreme Court ousts the officers of the county and new men are appointed in place of the negligent public servants. It works! It works so well that now, after five years of the operation of this law, as a capsheaf of the legislation that has preceded this ouster law, it may be said that the resolve of Kansas to quit and stay quit is definitely and finally achieved.

Kansas has sworn off and has made the swear-off stick; and the swearing off is effective and permanent for exactly the same reason that it becomes effective in a man. The old tissue of the State degenerated by alcohol has disappeared; a new citizenship dominates the State. No vestige of property right remains in the Kansas liquor traffic. The brewery has been a crumbling ruin for twenty years. The wholesale liquor house has vanished.

The store owner who rented to the saloon long since found another tenant. The craving for the business stimulation of the saloon and the wide-open town is unknown to this new generation. The financial disease of the saloon, with its waste and folly and crime, has been cured in Kansas, and the body of the State knows its pangs and tortures no more. The rising generation of the nineties and of the first decade of the new century has risen. I am in my middle forties. I was born and grew up in Kansas.

As a little boy in El Dorado I remember Jim Riley's saloon. I used to hunt bottles back of it and sell them at the drug store—trade them for marbles. I used to find long corks for my fishing line in the alley back of Jim Riley's saloon. Also I remember there was so much broken glass there that it was dangerous to go barefooted in the alley, and that there were other dangers—notably of running plump into some drunken man, either lying in a stupor by the side of the house or staggering aimlessly about the alley seeking trouble. We boys also knew there was a gambling room over the saloon, and that across the alley there was a house, with drawn shutters, which, when we were out at night, we could stone with impunity if we could run fast enough to escape being caught; but that was thirty-five years ago.

(To be continued.)

Safety, Certainty and Enjoyment.

IF A BELIEVER WHY NOT SURE OF SALVATION? IF SAVED WHY NOT HAPPY?

(Continued from last Issue.)

Presently the postman calls, and the farmer's heart beats fast as he breaks the seal of the letter; for he sees by the handwriting that it is from the Squire himself. See his countenance change from anxious suspense to undisguised joy as he reads and re-reads that letter.

"It's a settled thing now," exclaims he to his wife; no more doubts and fears about it; "hopes" and "ifs" are things of the past. "The Squire says the field is mine as long as I require it, on the most easy terms, and that's enough for me. I care for no man's opinion now. His word settles all!"

How many a poor soul is in a like condition to that of the poor, troubled farmer—tossed and perplexed by the opinions of men, or the thoughts and feelings of his own treacherous heart; and it is only upon receiving the word of God as the word of God that certainty takes the place of doubts and peradventures. When God speaks there must be certainty whether He pronounces the damnation of the unbeliever or the salvation of the believer.

"For ever, O Lord, Thy word is settled in heaven" (Ps. cxix. 89); and to the simple-hearted believer His word settles all.

"Hath He said, and shall He not do it? or hath He spoken, and shall He not make it good." Num. xxiii. 19.

"I need no argument,
I want no other plea,
It is enough that Jesus died,
And that He died for me."

The believer can add—

"And that God says so."

"But how may I be sure that I have the right kind of faith?"

Well, there can be but one answer to that question, viz., "Have you confidence in the right person; i. e., in the blessed Son of God?"

It is not a question of the amount of your faith, but of the trustworthiness of the person you repose your confidence in. One man takes hold of Christ, as it were, with a drowning man's grip. Another but touches the hem of His garment; but the sinner who does the former is not a bit safer than the one who does the latter. They have both made the same discovery, viz., that while all of self is totally untrustworthy they may safely confide in Christ, calmly rely on His word, and confidently rest in the eternal efficacy of His finished work. That is what is meant by believing on Him. "Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on Me hath everlasting life." John vi. 47.

Make sure of it then, my reader, that your confidence is not reposed in your works of amendment, your religious observances, your pious feelings when under religious influences, your moral training from childhood, and the like. You may have the strongest faith in any or all of these, and

perish everlastingly. Don't deceive yourself by any "fair show in the flesh." The feeblest faith in Christ eternally saves, while the strongest faith in aught beside is but the offspring of a deceived heart; but the leafy twigs of your enemy's arranging over the pitfall of eternal perdition.

God, in the gospel, simply introduces to you the Lord Jesus Christ, and says: "This is My beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." "You may," He says, "with all confidence trust His heart, though you cannot with impunity trust your own."

Blessed, thrice blessed, Lord Jesus, who would not trust Thee, and praise Thy Name!

"I do really believe on Him," said a sad-looking soul to me one day, "but yet, when asked if I am saved, I don't like to say yes, for fear I should be telling a lie." This young woman was a butcher's daughter in a small town in the Midlands. It happened to be market-day, and her father had not then returned from market. So I said, "Now, suppose when your father comes home you ask him how many sheep he bought to-day, and he answers 'ten.' After a while a man comes to the shop, and says, 'How many sheep did your father buy to-day?' and you reply, 'I don't like to say, for fear I should be telling a lie.'" "But," said the mother (who was standing by at the time), with righteous indignation, "that would be making your father the liar."

Now, dear reader, don't you see that this well-meaning young woman was virtually making Christ out to be a liar, saying, "I do believe on the Son of God, and He says I have everlasting life, but I don't like to say I have, lest I should be telling a lie." What daring presumption!

"But," says another, "how may I be sure that I really do believe? I have tried often enough to believe, and looked within to see if I had got it, but the more I look at my faith the less I seem to have."

Ah, friend, you are looking in the wrong direction to find that out, and your trying to believe but plainly shows that you are on the wrong track.

Let me give you another illustration to explain what I want to convey to you.

You are sitting at your quiet fireside one evening, when a man comes in and tells you that the station master has been killed that night on the railway.

Now, it so happens that this man has long borne the character in the place for being a very dishonest man, and the most daring, notorious liar in the neighborhood.

Do you believe, or even try to believe, that man?

"Of course not," you exclaim.

"Pray, why?"

"Oh, I know him too well for that."

"But tell me how you know that you don't

believe him. Is it by looking within at your faith or feelings?"

"No," you reply, "I think of the man that brings me the message."

Presently a neighbor drops in, and says, "The station master has been run over by a goods train to-night, and killed upon the spot." After he has left I hear you cautiously say, "Well, I partly believe it now; for to my recollection this man only once in his life deceived me, though I have known him from boyhood."

But again I ask, "Is it by looking at your faith this time that you know you partly believe it?"

"No," you repeat, "I am thinking of the character of my informant."

Well, this man has scarcely left your room before a third person enters, and brings you the same sad news as the first. But this time you say, "Now, John, I believe it. Since you tell me, I can believe it."

Again I press my question (which is, remember, but the re-echo of your own), "How do you know that you so confidently believe your friend John?"

"Because of who and what John is," you reply. "He never has deceived me, and I don't think he ever will."

Well, then, just in the same way I know that I believe the Gospel; viz., because of the One who brings me the news. If we receive the witness of men, the witness of God is greater: for this is the witness of God that He hath witnessed of His Son. He that believeth not God hath made Him a liar; because he believeth not the witness that God gave of His Son. 1 John v. 9, 10. Abraham believed God, and it was counted unto him for righteousness. Rom. iv. 3.

An anxious soul once said to a servant of Christ, "Oh, sir, I can't believe." To which the preacher wisely and quietly replied, "Indeed, who is it that you can't believe?" This broke the spell. He had been looking at faith as an indescribable something he must feel within himself in order to be sure he was all right for heaven; whereas faith ever looks outside to a living Person, and His finished work, and quietly listens to the testimony of a faithful God about both.

It is the outside look that brings the inside peace. When a man turns his face towards the sun his own shadow is behind him. You cannot look at self and a glorified Christ in heaven at the same moment.

Thus we have seen that the blessed person of God's Son wins my confidence. His finished work makes me eternally safe. God's word about those who believe on Him makes me unalterably sure. I find in Christ and His work the way of Salvation, and in the word of God the knowledge of Salvation.

"But, if saved," my reader may say, "how is it that I have such a fluctuating experience, so often losing all my joy and comfort, and getting as wretched and downcast as I was before my conversion?"

(To be continued.)

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