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## A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

VOL. V. No. 50. Price One Penny.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1912.

Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for transmission by Post as a Newspaper.



**Boys  
at  
their  
Best**

(See page 6).



YOUR LUNCH SUPPLIED AT  
**SILVESTER BROS., The Strand.**  
ALL KINDS OF SANDWICHES MADE. Phone 1092.



# The Verdict of Experts.

## ALCOHOLISM AND TUBERCULOSIS.

By J. JOHNSTON, M.D., Edin.,

Author of "Wastage of Child Life," "Health in the Home," etc.

That alcohol was in some way antagonistic to, and even protective against, tuberculosis was a long cherished belief; and although, in the year 1864, Dr. (afterwards Sir) Benjamin Ward Richardson described a variety of consumption under the name of "alcoholic phthisis," it is only comparatively recently that the close association between tuberculosis and alcoholism has been definitely recognised.

### OPINIONS AND OBSERVATIONS.

It has now been demonstrated that alcohol acts toxically upon protoplasm and upon all cell life—including the germ cells and the tissue-forming cells, and that it paralyses the phagocytic and reduces the opsonic power of the blood. Thus, by lowering the vital forces of the body, does alcohol lessen its resistance against disease, invite bacterial invasion, and diminish the power of recovery from accident and illness.

"It was formerly thought," said Professor (now Sir William) Osler, "that alcohol was in some way antagonistic to tuberculous disease, but the observations of late years indicate clearly that the reverse is the case, and that chronic drinkers are much more liable both to acute and chronic pulmonary tuberculosis. It is altogether a question of altered tissue-soil, the alcohol lowering the vitality and enabling the bacilli more readily to develop and grow."

"So far from being antagonistic to tuberculous disease, as was at one time supposed," says Professor Sims Woodhead, "alcohol is looked upon as one of the greatest predisposing factors in its production."

"We may conclude, and that confidently," said Dr. Dickinson, in his Baillie Lecture, "that alcohol promotes tubercle, not because it begets tubercle, but because it impairs the tissues and makes them ready to yield to the attack of the parasite."

In the phthisical wards of a Poor Law hospital, Dr. Ralph Crowley, of the Education Department, tells us "the majority of the male patients will be found to have been heavy drinkers," and that after a careful inquiry into the alcoholic habits of sixty-two adult male patients admitted into a Poor Law sanatorium for consumption—including a considerable number above the "pauper" class—43.6 per cent. owned that they were heavy drinkers, 40.3 per cent. were classed as "moderate" drinkers, while only 16.1 per cent. were abstainers.

Dr. Bauderon has traced a direct connection between tubercular disease and the amount of alcohol consumed in certain districts in France—a district with an alcoholic indulgence of 12.5 litres per head per annum, having a tuberculosis death-rate of 3.3 per 1000; while in another, with an alcohol record of 35 litres per head per annum, the death-rate from tuberculosis is 10.8 per 1000.

Hoppe's statistics—compiled in the sanatorium at Loslau in the year 1889—show the following results:—

Excessive drinkers .....	30 per cent.
Moderate drinkers and very moderate drinkers .....	27 per cent.
Total abstainers .....	6 per cent.

Maurice Letulle, dealing with the frequent occurrence of phthisis among the workers of Paris, does not hesitate to express the opinion that "chronic alcoholism prepares the way for the development of phthisis, that it aggravates the tuberculous condition when established, increases the gravity of the prognosis, and enfeebles the therapeutic action of hygienic and dietetic measures."

According to Professor Rauta, alcoholism is most common in Lombardy, Piedmont, Venice, and the lower parts of Italy, and there, too, is tuberculosis commonest; while in Milan, Italy's chief industrial town, he says: "Alcoholism is widely spread, and the mortality from tuberculosis resembles that of England."

In our own country Dr. T. N. Kelynack has shown the close clinical association between alcoholism and tuberculosis. His observations in the post-mortem room of the Manchester Infirmary showed that 10 per cent. of the cases of cirrhosis of the liver appeared "to die directly from tuberculosis," while 80 per cent. of the fatal cases of peripheral neuritis occurring in chronic alcoholics suffered from pulmonary tuberculosis.

The deliberate judgment of Professor Brouardel, given at the International Congress on Tuberculosis, held at London, that "alcohol is the most potent factor in the propagation of tuberculosis," is thus but the echo of the aphorism expressed by the distinguished French doctor, who said that "L'alcoolisme fait le lit de la tuberculose."

### TUBERCULOSIS, ALCOHOLISM, AND THE JEWS.

It is curious to note the fact that the percentage of tuberculosis among the Jews living in London is less than one-half of that of the general population living under similar conditions; and curious, too, is it to trace out the main reason for this, which is not healthier environment nor superior hygienic conditions, but the fact that the Jew is not so much of a drinker as his Gentile neighbour, his bodily tissues being thus less under the vitality-depressing and tubercle-inviting influence of alcohol.

Much evidence of the comparative sobriety of the Jews in Manchester is given in Dr. Niven's Report on infantile mortality (1904), and of the markedly lower rate among them—this accompanying their comparative sobriety and their habit of breast-feeding.

### TUBERCULOSIS AND THE PUBLIC-HOUSE.

The relationship between alcoholism and tuberculosis is nowhere more clearly shown

than in the heavy tuberculosis mortality of publicans and their servants—statistics showing that the latter stand at the very bottom of the "occupational mortality" list from phthisis, in the returns of the Registrar-General.

A better culture ground for the tubercle bacilli it would be difficult to imagine than the close, ill-ventilated apartments of the public-house, with its vitiated air and its expectoration-befouled walls and floors, the sweepings from which have been shown by Dr. Niven to contain large numbers of living, active bacilli. In such places the danger to the alcohol-drinker is twofold: (1) From the lowering of the resistance power by the alcohol and by the foul air; and (2) from the inhalation of the bacilli in concentrated form.

According to Dr. Niven, Medical Officer of Health for Manchester, it appears that, as the result of a special investigation undertaken last year into the condition of the public-houses of Manchester, while a large number of them had been cleaned before the visit, 825 showed evidences of spitting—the floors in some cases being in a disgusting condition.

"There has been every reason to suspect," says the Report, "that public-houses are centres of infection in many instances. Many of the frequenters are consumptive, especially in the poorer parts of the City, and especially in those parts in which the common lodging-houses are situated. There is much spitting about, and a good deal of coughing. . . Innkeepers and their servants form a class among which phthisis is rife, and this suggests infection, since there does not appear to be any corresponding incidence on intemperate persons in that class who do not frequent public-houses." And here is the suggestion of a hitherto unsuspected medium of infection: "It may be questioned how far the glasses are freed from infection before they are transferred from one person to another."

The connection between tuberculosis and alcoholism is suggested by the fact that the public-houses are often found to be most thickly planted in the most densely populated parts of our large towns and cities—the very localities in which tuberculosis is most prevalent. "The death-rate from phthisis," says Dr. Niven, "bears a rough correspondence for the main divisions of the City to the number of public-houses per 1000 of population." "From inquiries into deaths from notified cases of phthisis," says Dr. Davies, Medical Officer of Health for Woolwich, "and from the Registrar-General's returns as to the phthisis death-rate of public-houses, I arrived at the conclusion that the public-house, after the home, is probably the most important source of infection." The conclusion came to by the Right Hon. John Burns, M.P., President of the Local Government Board, in his address at the Whitechapel Tuberculosis Exhibition in June, 1909, was that "in all probability at least one-half of all the cases of consumption are due to infection in the public-house"; and so profound was the impression

(Continued on Page 10.)



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## WILLIAM WHITE, Redfern and Newtown.

### The Harvest.

JEAN NABERS, Clinton, Miss.

For five years, "The Palace," John Boyd's saloon, had been the most popular resort of the kind in Hazleton. There was a reading room adjoining, with city dailies, sporting weeklies, and all the current sensational literature of the day that would attract the growing boy. In summer there was ice water and free lemonade, and in winter a lunch counter, where sandwiches and coffee were served for a song. The jovial, genial proprietor of the place had grown prosperous and influential.

One winter afternoon, as John Boyd stepped from "The Palace" on the way to the bank to consign his day's cash collections, he came face to face with a small, bent woman in black, who laid a detaining hand upon his arm.

"I've just a word to say to you, John Boyd, and I don't know when I'll get another chance."

"I'm hurrying to the bank, Mrs. Hoskins, and it will close at three. I have only ten minutes."

"I'll not detain you two minutes. I merely wanted to say—my boy—my only boy—has been getting whisky from your saloon, John. I've found the bottles with your label on them in his room, recently. He is—on the road to ruin."

"We are very strict in our rule not to sell to minors, Mrs. Hoskins. We have never sold liquor to Jim. We do not permit the boys who gather in the reading rooms to enter the bar room, and certainly don't sell them drinks."

"It's easy enough for them to get somebody else to buy it for them. You are prospering—growing rich, John, while other people are growing poor, but mark my word, the seeds you are sowing among the boys of this town will bring the harvest, some day, that will—"

"Now don't be harsh, Mrs. Hoskins. I'm really a philanthropist. While making a support for my invalid wife and delicate child, I am giving men and boys a chance at self-education. Why, my dear Madam, I spend fifty dollars a month on reading matter alone."

"Yes, and take in several hundred dollars from the public as a profit. You're training the boys of Hazleton to be our future criminals. Have mercy, John! You have no son to be dragged to ruin, but—spare the helpless women from heart-break!—Give up this awful business!"

"You forget that a man must make a living, Mrs. Hoskins. I must hurry to the bank or it will be closed. Good afternoon."

The saloon-keeper hurried away, smiling and bowing to friends as he walked, and the

widow returned to her shadowed home to bear her heartache as best she could.

Gradually a change came over Hazleton. The prosperous, law-abiding community was fast deteriorating. The criminal docket increased enormously, and at last a succession of fights and killings showed the citizens their danger. Moral, upright, peace-loving people were moving away and desirable settlers sought other locations.

One morning, after a gang of hoodlums had "painted the town red," Judge Greer stopped in front of John Boyd's saloon and asked a bartender to send the proprietor to the door.

"What can I do for you, Judge?" asked Boyd in his genial way.

"A great deal, John. Come on down to my office with me, and I'll tell you."

The two most influential men of the town—the popular saloon-keeper, who was hail-fellow-well-met with the entire town, and the upright, cultured, Christian lawyer, walked down the street together, and entered the latter's handsome suite of rooms.

"What is it, Judge?" asked Boyd uneasily, as the lawyer closed the door of his private consultation room.

"Don't be uneasy, John. I'm your friend—your true friend—and only want a chance to prove myself such. You know as well as the rest of us that Old Nick was to pay in the town last night. The recent fights and killings which have opened up the season will give us an unsavory reputation abroad. I've never taken a decided stand against the saloon, but—whisky and the open saloon are at the bottom of this epidemic of crime and lawlessness. Last night when my Aubrey, who is barely sixteen, stumbled home drunk, I made a vow, which I'm determined to keep."

The Judge paused, his fine face working with emotions he strove to control. He continued forcefully:

"Saloons must go from Hazleton, John Boyd! I intend to put them out as I have vowed, and I need your help to do it. Will you give it?"

The saloon-keeper stared at the lawyer in amazement.

"What do you mean, Judge Greer? You know I have a helpless family dependent upon me, and I never had much chance at an education in my young days. I have no trade or profession, and I failed in the dry goods business."

"I know—I know, my friend. Your wife is an invalid, and you have a frail little girl to be supported. The trade or profession doesn't matter in the work I need you in. You have good, sound, common

sense, and you are brave and reliable, John. Give up the saloon and return your stock of liquors to the wholesale houses from which you bought them (I'll pay the loss, should there be any) and announce yourself as candidate for sheriff on a dry ticket. I'll see that you are elected, and with the help of the women and the best men in the community, Wayne county will be dry in less than a year. Have I made a mistake in my estimate of you, John?"

"I trust not, Judge."

"You are capable of better things than running a human deadfall, friend, and I want to help you to make a living in a way of which you need not be ashamed. Will you close your saloon to-day, and trust me to engineer your campaign?"

"I will."

"Here's my hand—with the promise to stand by you in sunshine or storm, John."

The sudden closing of John Boyd's saloon, his announcement as candidate for sheriff, the exciting campaign, the victory of the dry ticket, and the final banishment of the saloon, are recorded in the history of Wayne county, and have for years been the incentive of other saloon-cursed communities to make a similar struggle for prohibition. John Boyd came forth from the contest a hero. He proved himself in every way worthy of the trust Judge Greer imposed in him, and entered heart and soul into the duties of his office. A clean, moral town soon replaced the old saloon-blighted Hazleton, and the citizens prospered and were happy.

John was entering upon his second term as sheriff, when his wife died; a daughter, a fair young girl of fifteen, was all he had left. Upon her he lavished the most ardent devotion. Although it almost broke his heart to part from her, she was sent to a famous woman's college in the East. In three years she graduated with honor, and returned to Hazleton, beautiful, accomplished and winning.

How proud the father was of her and when young Aubrey Greer, who had become his father's junior partner, began to show a decided admiration for pretty Lillian, John Boyd's heart overflowed with gratified pride. In tactful silence he watched the progress of the sweet old story, and when one evening the happy lovers asked his blessing, he bestowed it with tears—tears of joy!

The ardent lover pleaded for an early date for the marriage, and the father consented.

Judge Greer, with advancing years and failing health, turned much of his legal work over to his son. The young man was spoken of as one of the most promising members of the bar in the state. During the term of court following the announcement of his marriage, the young lawyer gained fresh laurels by winning every case he represented.

(Continued on Page 10.)



**EDWIN LANE,****WATERLOO CHAMBERS,  
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LADIES' COSTUMES A SPECIALITY.

**New South Wales Alliance.**

NOTES AND COMMENTS BY THE SECRETARIES.

Message from the President (the Ven. Archdeacon F. B. Boyce) to all workers and friends of the temperance cause:—

In view of the clear probability of a general election in three or four months, we must be ready for the Local Option Poll that would be taken upon the same day.

All the forces making for sobriety should at once be placed on a war footing. To arms! To arms! I use the words given by Henry V. before the Battle of Agincourt: "Once more unto the breach, dear friends."

The aggregate vote for No-license in 1910 were no less than 212,889, which shows that its friends hold a very strong and encouraging position in the State. There are thousands of our fellow citizens who have fair and open minds, who will be ready to vote against the liquor bars with us if we prove to them that No-license is the splendid success that we are most confident it is. Fortunately, hosts of men and women are now alive to the misrepresentations and bogies with which opponents assailed our efforts at the last Poll, and by which their statements will ever be distrusted in the future.

For God and Humanity; for our Country in the morning of its life, I urge that we at once begin to earnestly organise, educate, and agitate; so that in this coming battle we strike an effective blow at the giant sin of intemperance with its attendant terribly corrupting evils and bitter woes.—(Signed) F. B. Boyce, President.

\* \* \*

**ANNUAL CONVENTION OF THE NEW  
SOUTH WALES ALLIANCE, SYDNEY,  
APRIL 28th to MAY 2nd, 1912.****Outline of the Programme.**

Sunday, April 28—Alliance Sunday.

All churches to be asked to observe. (Local lodges to attend in regalia).

Brotherhoods to be asked to hold special temperance meetings, at which Alliance will supply speakers.

Pledge signing in Sunday schools.

After-church meetings in certain centres.

Monday, April 29th, 7.30 p.m.—Bathurst Street Baptist Church.

Alliance Annual Meeting. Annual report, balance sheet, etc. Election of officers and State Council.

Conference: "The New Plan of Campaign."

Tuesday, April 30th, 3 p.m., in Bathurst Street Baptist Church.

Official opening and welcome of delegates.

Addresses by representatives of Temperance Bodies and Churches.

7.30 p.m., Bathurst Street Baptist Church. Conference: "The Ideal Alliance Convention." "How to Finance a League."

Motions pursuant to notice.

Wednesday, May 1st, 3 p.m., in Bathurst Street Baptist Church.

Conference: Preparation for the Coming Poll. Paper on "Individual Liberty and Obligations." Open Discussion, Questions, etc.

Summary of League reports and suggestions by League Secretaries.

Motions pursuant to notice.

7.30 p.m., in Bathurst Street Baptist Church. Conference: "The Model League President," "The Model League Secretary," "The Model League Treasurer," "The Model Electorate Organizer," "The Model Councillor."

Motions pursuant to notice.

Thursday, May 2nd, 7.30 p.m., in Protestant Hall, Castlereagh Street.

Chairman: The President. Addresses: "A World-Wide Movement." Address to women. "The N.Z. Campaign—a retrospect."

\* \* \*

The Rev. R. B. S. Hammond's lantern lecture on New Zealand was largely attended at Willoughby on the 19th inst. Mr. George Stevenson, president of the Gordon No-license League, was in the chair. Mr. Hammond entertained his audience for an hour and a half with a graphic description of the recent No-license campaign in New Zealand, in which he took a prominent part. The lecture was illustrated with about 200 splendid views depicting many interesting incidents in the campaign. A substantial offering was taken up. The lecture was repeated in the Mosman Town Hall on the 26th inst.

\* \* \*

As previously announced, Mr. Hammond has kindly consented to deliver the lecture in the following suburbs on the dates mentioned:—

Belmore, in the Church of England, on Monday, March 4th.

Strathfield, Methodist Church, March 18th.

Enmore, Church of Christ Tabernacle, March 19th.

Neutral Bay, March 25th.

Granville, Congregational Church, April 1.

\* \* \*

The winner of the gold medal presented by the Ven. Archdeacon Boyce (president of the Alliance) for the best essay on "The Advantages of No-license" has been won by Mr. L. D. Gilmour, of Dulwich Hill.

**RE "GRIT."**

1. Volume V. will be complete in a few more issues. We will be pleased to send you a bound volume for 7/6. Please order at once.

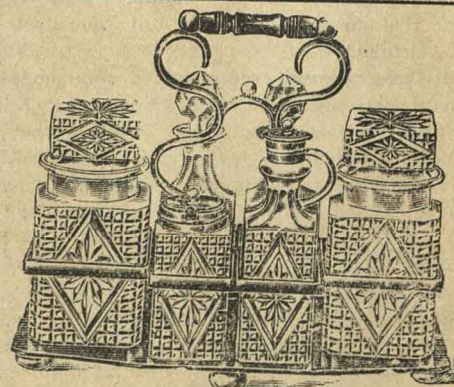
2. We have in preparation a special issue setting forth by map, cartoon, and article the position of New Zealand. Will you order a few extra copies of this issue, and gain an inspiration as you read the history of the fight in which Prohibition obtained a majority of 54,285.

3. Do you need any medicine memory? or have you failed to save a penny a week? We will be glad to have your subscription as soon as convenient.

Mrs. A.: "Your husband always dresses so quietly." Mrs. B.: "Indeed, he does not! You ought to hear him when he loses a collar-stud!"

**"GRIT" SUBSCRIPTIONS.**

P. L. Beames, 5s., 31/1/13; J. F. Turner, 5s., 16/12/12; A. G. Humby, 5s., 31/1/13; Miss F. Evans, 2s. 6d., 27/7/12; Mrs. Johnson, 10s., 2/7/12; Miss Halcrow, 5s., 16/12/11; S. Bardsley, 5s., 4/11/12; S. A. Beer, 2s., 17/4/12; W. M. McDinald, 6s., 15/12/9; Mrs. F. Geddes, 5s., 12/12/12; Mr. L. Aitkinson, 5s., 31/12/12; Mrs. Fenning, 5s., 30/1/13; G. E. Bodley, 5s., 1/1/13; J. F. Craddick, 10s., 31/12/12; W. Binks, 5s., 1/3/12; John Gray, 15s., 16/6/12; H. M. Reid, 5s., 22/2/13; Miss Weymouth, 6s. 6d., 26/10/12; A. E. Piper, 2s. 6d., 22/8/12; Mrs. Costello, 2s. 6d., 28/8/12; Mr. Ismay, 5s., 29/3/12.

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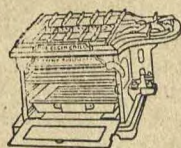
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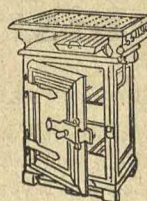


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## Comments by the Man on the Water Waggon.

### THE PANAMA CANAL.

This gigantic enterprise is now near completion—a lasting monument to the wonderful business enterprise of Uncle Jonathan. The opening of the canal to general trade, with certain limitations, will certainly revolutionise the sea trade of the Pacific. But these limitations are serious ones, inasmuch as they penalise all trade conducted by other than American ships, and this means that Australia, with other nations, will not benefit to anything like the extent expected.

The "Sydney Mail," in a recent thoughtful article, says: "Were congress to agree to a system of moderate tolls, the waterway would be thronged with the world's marine. The accession of business would not only pay for upkeep and more, but would favorably affect the contiguous region between the Atlantic and Pacific.

"This favorable effect would extend directly through the States of the Union, and introduce a new era of general prosperity. But the United States, by establishing tolls so excessive as to block vessels not of American origin, kill beforehand the goose that would have laid the golden eggs.

"The subject has not yet been finally determined by congress, and that is the reason why, at this stage, foreign countries should employ whatever pressure of argument they can master to induce the Government to serve, not only fair interests of foreign countries, but the direct and consequential commercial interests of America itself. It is the commerce carried, not the passenger traffic through the Canal, that will ultimately pay America for the treasure she has sunk in her splendid achievement."

With these opinions we heartily agree—it is a world-wide pity to find any parochial sentiments attached to a splendid policy like that of building the world's biggest canal.

It is not too late yet for America to alter her policy.

### ACCOUNTING FOR MAINE.

The following little sub-leader in our contemporary "Fairplay," under the above heading last week, is worthy of some thought:—

#### "Accounting for Maine.

"Explaining the vote in Maine and the Prohibitionist slump is now the favorite exercise of the 'temperance' leaders in the United States. We have already, in our columns, printed the best reason and the

reason most creditable to the people, viz., that they have resolved to become honest about the drink traffic. One reason also advanced for the slump was that too much dependence was placed on the law to enforce Prohibition, and too little allowance for human nature. An American clergyman, who is not without common sense and shrewdness, opines that it was neglect of the moral suasion part of the temperance propaganda that caused the slump. He says:—

The neglect of systematic educational work out of school in support of law enforcement, and also of total abstinence by which law enforcement would be made easier by decreasing the demand. The people have relied too exclusively on law, and the churches have not given due attention to gospel temperance and pledging among young or old. Especially should the new scientific discoveries as to the serious harm of even moderate drinking be made known to all.

We approve heartily of the appeal to the conscience of those who cannot drink in moderation. That furnishes one way of curing drunkenness. It will do a million times more good than all the hypocritical and unenforceable laws ever placed on the statute book, either of Maine or of New Zealand."

Now, it is extremely amusing to find our "friends" (?) advocating more "moral suasion"—yet they are right in their opinion that it is a very strong weapon when found in such forms as Temperance Bands and pledge-getting missions. As we have often pointed out, moral suasion is of practically no use with the confirmed drunkard. He needs a higher power to help him. But the youthful temperance reform bands do immense good, and should be fostered as much as possible.

"Fairplay," of course, advances these arguments in the hope of inducing us to drop our eyes for a moment from the goal of legislative reform, and keep them solely fixed upon the much-needed temperance work. Not so, friend "Fairplay." We will accept your hint and take it to heart and reawaken our slumbering interest in abstinence cards, but we will, with the stimulus gained thereby, redouble our interest in the advocacy of "No-license."

You have administered a catigation which we accept as a most "wholesome unction,"

and the after effects will be to set us after your extinction again like a good pack of football "forwards" after "half-time" has refreshed them.

"Faithful are the wounds of a friend," says the "wiseman." We would add that though not quite so "faithful," very "fruitful," sometimes, are wounds of an adversary.

### EVERYBODY'S BOSS.

Who is it bosses all the staff?

Who makes us swear and makes us laugh?

Who's too intelligent by half?

The office boy.

Who comes to work with shoes unshined

And, when reminded, doesn't mind?

Who, when he's wanted, none can find?

The office boy.

Who, when on errands he must go,

Delays his start, walks very slow,

And sees the moving picture show?

The office boy.

Who oft is told that he'll be fired?

Who, asked to work, is very tired?

Who's by stenographers admired?

The office boy.

Who is it that's not fond of soap?

Who's seldom known to sulk or mope?

Who knows the latest baseball dope?

The office boy.

Who whistles till we have a fit?

Who has surprising strains of grit?

Who's who, or, otherwise, who's it?

The office boy.

—"Canadian Courier."

### SWEEDISH PARLIAMENT AND TEMPERANCE.

The elections for the Upper House of the Swedish Parliament have resulted in the election of 87 Conservatives, 51 Liberals, and 12 Democrats. Thirteen of the members of the Upper House are Good Templars. All the Liberals and Democrats, and four of the Conservative Party, support giving to the borough voters a direct local veto power over the liquor trade. This direct veto power has for over half a century been conceded to, and made use of by, the rural districts, but has hitherto been withheld from the boroughs, which all work the Gothenburg liquor system. A Committee of eleven has been appointed by the Upper House to formulate Temperance legislation. Five of the eleven are Good Templars; the Grand Chief Templar of Sweden is chairman of the Committee, and its secretary is also a Good Templar.

### AN INTERRUPTED COMPLAINT.

"Now, if I were only an ostrich," began a married man at breakfast, as he picked up one of his wife's biscuits, "then—" "Yes," interrupted the wife, "then I might get a few feathers for that old hat of mine I've worn for three winters!"



# The Boy at his Best.

## THE ATTRACTION AND BENEFIT OF RECHABITISM.

Having tried a boys' club, football team, employment bureau, and other things, at last it dawned on me that the Rechabite order contained the solution of the boy problem. The longer a boy remains in a club the more chances there are of his growing tired of it, and the difficulty is not only to keep him but to blend his pleasure with a sufficient amount of improvement in him to warrant the workers going to the trouble always involved in such work. I confess to have known much failure, and I am encouraged to believe that nothing so completely meets the boy's need as the Rechabite order. The boy is an entirely delightful mixture of fun, appetite, and cruelty, while he is bold in a crowd he is much more shy than a girl when he is alone; hating to be noticed or caressed, he yet loves to be encouraged and approved of. He is not only the stuff you make men of, but he is most anxious to be a man, and many of his wrong doings are simply mistaken efforts to be a man.

## THE ATTRACTION AND HOLD OF THE ORDER.

In the first place the order, with its substantial financial benefits, appeals to both boy and parent. Ten pounds is payable in the event of death after six months' membership, and from the age of 16 members are eligible to transfer to the adult branch, with instant freedom to sick benefits. The maximum contribution is a penny half-penny a week. The longer a boy is in the order the more he has invested in it, and the nearer he is to large and immediate benefits. This constitutes a great hold on the members. Boys from 16 to 19 pay four shillings and tenpence a quarter, or fourpence half-penny a week, and obtain at once on sickness 10/6 a week for 12 months, those over 20 years of age pay a little more and obtain £1 1s. a week for a year, and 10s. a week for as much longer as the sickness lasts. In addition £20 is paid for funeral expenses, which amount increases by length of membership, and may be made £100 by a small quarterly payment. Free medical advice and free medicines are also a benefit of great worth. The order is thoroughly democratic, and the benefits are so arranged that you need not have the sick benefits, but only the funeral benefit if you so wish it.

## THE IMMEDIATE ATTRACTIONS TO THE BOY.

The order is entirely managed by the boys, who elect their own leaders, and they hold office for six months only. This rouses ambition, and holds the sweets of office before every boy. The business being dismissed the boys may indulge in any kind of amusement and music, games and occasional visitors' nights give all the diversion necessary. They are part of a great whole, and official visits to other lodges are of interest and benefit. The initiation of new members is conducted by the boys and helps to call out the best

in the officers who feel the dignity of their position, and naturally try to impress the new comers favorably. Those who have held office wear the badge of their past office, and the regalia, while simple, is sufficient to rouse a boy to live up to the traditions of his position.

## TOTAL ABSTINENCE.

A condition of membership is total abstinence, and for this there are many great examples. First it is proved to a boy what a waste money spent in drink is, and how his membership is largely responsible for his savings, apart from the other benefits it confers. The boy is taught to realise that as long as he is a member he may insure to advantage by virtue of his membership in any insurance company. He has pointed out to him that he is in the world's best company, for the abstainers are to-day the *creme de la creme* of the scientific, commercial, and social world. The explorer, the soldier, the athlete, the sailor, the brain worker, and the Labor men are leading in the matter of abstinence. It is a bar to no position, but a qualification demanded by thousands of employers.

## THE SCOPE OF THE ORDER.

The Rechabite order instituted branches for women as far back as the year 1836, and many thousands of women have found the order a good friend in time of need, so that, in addition to the part it plays in making big, strong, clean, thoughtful men of the boys who join it, it deals with girls and women, and the senior lodges hold the members in the most astounding way. The boys pictured on the front page are only half the members of a lodge started eight months ago, and are proving for themselves the value of the order, and are beginning to realise how big and good a thing they have got into.

## Bad Boys and Girls.

### WHAT PARENTS SHOULD DO.

Following is a record of business transacted at the Children's Court, Surry Hills, during the fortnight ended February 10:—

Sixty-three boys and girls appeared before the court for offences including the following:— Breaking and entering and stealing, stealing pigeons, stealing fruit growing in gardens, offensive behaviour, playing two-up, being neglected and uncontrollable children, and for breaches of their conditions of release as uncontrollable children. Of these, 40 were released on probation, 7 committed to institutions, and 16 cases were either not proceeded with or withdrawn.

Twenty-five other boys were fined small amounts for the following offences.—Assault, riotous behaviour, offensive behaviour, and not paying tram fares. Fourteen fathers appeared before the court in cases of mainten-

ance of children. Four orders were made, six cases of disobeying such orders were dealt with, 3 cases for orders were either withdrawn or not proceeded with, and the case against one father for maintenance of a child in an institution was withdrawn.

Two men were convicted, one of assaulting a child, and the other of a serious offence. Two men were committed for trial also for serious offences.

Parents are urged to bring their children before the court before they become confirmed in persistent disobedience, truancy, etc. If the children are dealt with before their misconduct becomes habitual they can, as a rule, be reformed without taking the extreme course of removing them from their homes.

## DANCING MAN'S RECORD.

Mr. Horace Annesley Vachell, who presided at the annual dinner of the Authors' Club in London on December 18, told (says the "Daily Telegraph") this story:—No doubt you have all noticed that in most novels the hero or heroine—if they be truly heroic—express themselves sooner or later as willing, nay, eager to die for each other. Do men die for women in real life? No; they prefer to live for them. (Laughter.) Do women die for men in real life? Yes. A sad story illustrating this comes from California. A lady in San Francisco was giving a dance, and she noticed that one of the men was not dancing. In the Wild West men go to dances to dance; not to eat three solid suppers. You see, the dancing out West is superlatively good, and the suppers are not. I remember a supper given at a village dance, where the only refreshments were a salad of tinned oysters garnished with raw unions and doughnuts. (Laughter.) There was lemonade, made of citric acid, to cut (as the cowboys put it) the dough. (Laughter.) The hostess approached her man. "You are not dancing," said she. "Madam," he replied politely, "I am not." "Can't you dance?" she inquired. "Madam," he returned, "I am the champion dancer of America, and when I won the championship I danced for 27 hours without stopping. After the prize was awarded me I carried my partner to her mother. I remarked that she seemed somewhat limp and listless. A medical man was in attendance, and he said that she had been dead two hours. Since that regrettable incident I have not danced." (Loud laughter.)

## SHE DIDN'T HAVE TO STAND.

The car was crowded, but the conductor, with the sublime faith of his kind that there is always room for one more, stopped to take on a woman and a little girl. The mother stood by the door, but not so her daughter. She walked up the aisle, studied the faces of the passengers on either side, then called back in a high, penetrating treble of childish surprise: "W-e-ll, mama! I be'ieve my soul somebody's dot my seat!"



## How the Cobweb Becomes a Cable.

### THE NATURAL HISTORY OF A HABIT.

Why are some men found frequently drunk and others invariably sober? Why is one man an inveterate loafer and another a glutton for work? The answer is, "habit!" "How use doth breed a habit in a man!" An old English proverb says, "Habits are at first cobwebs, at last cables." By repeated decisions and acts the cobweb grows into a cable.

Recently the newspapers published the portrait of a clever fellow born without hands or feet who is a trades union secretary. His teeth and lips are hands and fingers to him. He conducts a large correspondence with the pen held in the mouth. Once at a country fair the writer paid two pence to see a man who had feet but no hands; sitting at table he carved and fed himself; he could put on and off his own hat and look after his own money.

Habit is everything. Much we possess we could do without if only we got into the habit of dispensing with it. We are all bond slaves. The tippler has bound himself to his glass with a cobweb that has grown to a cable and similarly the abstainer has fastened himself to his pledge-card.

Plato, we are told, once scolded a child for playing with nuts—the philosopher must have been himself at the moment poorly employed.

"Thou chidest me for a small matter," the child complained.

"Habit," replied the great thinker, "is no small matter." True, and for that reason a child should play as a child and a philosopher should unbend and join in the game.

But "habit is no small matter." In the end it is giant power. In the beginning it is small, a thought, a desire, an inclination. "The mother of mischief is no bigger than a midge's wing." The drink habit, the tobacco habit, the habits of tale-bearing and fault-finding, of honesty and industry all originate in the secret chambers of the mind; at the first they are easily checked and controlled, but indulged they grow into despots who brook no resistance.

I cannot blame heaven for my evil tyrant; I can only blame myself. I enthroned him. When the old man of the sea twisted and tied his legs around Sinbad's neck Sinbad could say nothing. He had given the old man a mount. We reap what we sowed in thought and wish when habit masters us.

But Sindbad got rid of the old man and so may we. "Habit is conquered by habit," said Thomas a Kempis. Good habits are almost as easily formed as bad ones, and we can set a habit to kill a habit. No victim of indulgence need despair. We are self-governing creatures, and equal diligence given to the development of a good habit is rewarded. Man is separated from the brutes by the range, variety and variability of his habits. He can change his tastes and so his ways. He can breed, rear and train a habit to fight a habit. He is himself the cockpit in which they fight, and himself the referee. He can put himself outside himself and pit his higher against his lower self. He can oppose habit, and by opposing end it.

If any of us has a bad habit that we want to break, what on earth are we waiting for? It means a fight, perhaps a long campaign, and the sooner it is begun the better, the sooner it will be over.

I knew a man on the north-east coast of England who got drunk as often as he could. On pay Saturdays, his creditors used to waylay him between the yard and the nearest public-house. He always said he was glad to see them, but the publican swore at them. One night when half-drunk he got the idea into his head, for the first time in his life, that he had played the fool. He called upon God, and from that night drank, betted, and wasted his substance no more.

It is not so much more difficult to do right than to do wrong unless wrong-doing is an established habit. Indeed, one has known people who would have found it very hard to behave badly, whereas it was quite easy for them to behave well. Practice had established the habit of "high thought and amiable words and courtliness."

When the serving-man answered his unclean mistress, "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?" he was simply expressing the invincible repugnance of a man whose habits were cables strong enough to resist an unusual strain. When I find myself in bondage to an unworthy thought or a coarse desire, to a loose tongue or a poor practice, I am in a woeful but not desperate case.

If our habits undo us we can undo them. The cable can be reduced to a cobweb and

snapped. Let the downcast cheer up and be of good courage.

"How shall I a habit break  
As you did that habit make.  
As you gathered you must lose;  
As you yielded now refuse.  
Thread by thread the strands we twist  
Till they bind us neck and wrist;  
Thread by thread with patient hand  
Must untwine ere free we stand."  
Ask God's help and fight the good fight and fight it to a finish.—"Great Thoughts."

### TEMPTATION.

The realisation of God's presence is the one sovereign remedy against temptation.—Fenelon.

Temptation is to finer souls  
Another name for opportunity.

—Canon G. E. Mason.

Temptations wait for all, and ills will come;  
But some go out and ask the devil home.

—John Boyle O'Reilly.

He who has no mind to trade with the devil should be so wise as to keep from his shop.—South.

Christian, thou knowest thou carriest gunpowder about thee. Desire them that carry fire to keep at a distance.—John Flavell.

Why comes temptation but for man to meet  
And master and make crouch beneath his foot,  
And so be pedestalled in triumph?

—Robert Browning.

No one can ask honestly or hopefully to be delivered from temptation unless he has himself honestly and firmly determined to do the best he can to keep out of it.—John Ruskin.

Mark Twain did not play golf himself, but on one occasion he played the part of "gallery" to a friend of his, who was rather a duffer. Teeing off, he sclafted badly, scattering the divots in all directions. To hide his confusion he turned to his guest, and said: "What do you think of our links here, Mr. Clemens?" "Best I ever tasted," replied Mark Twain, as he wiped the dirt from his lips with his handkerchief.

\* \* \*

The pot used to call the kettle black, but what will the fireless cooker say to the paper bag?—"Toledo Blade."

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 29, 1912.

## THE ALCOHOL PROBLEM.

By T. D. CROTHERS, M.D.

The theory so confidently asserted in many sections, and believed to be beyond question, that alcohol in small doses has a tonic action on the body, giving it additional strength and vigor, has no support in modern research; but, on the contrary, its so-called good effects are found to be due to its narcotic action and sleep producing properties. The progress of science has made it possible to measure and test the power and strength which comes from drugs and foods on the body, and alcohol, judged by this standard and modern instruments of precision, is found to be a narcotic.

Thus, for example, a man, temperate and well, is carefully measured from day to day to determine the capacity of his senses—sight, hearing, taste, smell, and touch; also his muscular power, fatigue sense, rapidity of thought, memory, and capacity of endurance. When these capacities are determined from an average of many days' examination, a basis of comparison is formed. Then the man is given a half ounce of spirits, usually ethylic alcohol in water, for the reason that this form of alcohol is the purest and most uniform of all spirit drinks. One hour after the use of the alcohol he is measured for the purpose of determining what effect, if any, the spirits have had on these various functions. It is found that they are all depressed and lowered, the senses are dimin-

ished in acuteness and capacity, and this can be stated in figures. Thus the eyesight is diminished in acuteness to the extent of so many inches or feet, the hearing the same. The muscular output is lowered by so many pounds, and the fatigue point is increased, showing diminished capacity for exertion and endurance. The brain has lost its quickness and moves more slowly, and this is measurable in seconds. The power of comparing one thing with another is diminished, and the percentage of mistakes in memory tests have increased to nearly double, and so on with every function of the body. The heart's action has been raised, but has fallen as far below the normal as it was forced above it.

These facts are all strikingly confirmed in intoxicated persons, but it is new to most persons that a small dose of spirits has precisely the same effect, only differing in degree and unobservable.

## SMOKERS AND NON-SMOKERS.

The French Anti-Tobacco League has been trying to figure out the popularity of the weed among the various nations, and the statistician finds that the Dutch head the list, the people of the United States come next, then the Belgians, then the Germans, and then the Australians; so that our people may rank themselves as among the redoubtable smokers of the world. The question naturally arises, "Does the Australian smoke too much?" We certainly think that he does—in the wrong places. Tobacco must have a very real value as a luxury and a nerve-soother, but is there any real necessity for the almost omnipresent use of it. There would not be much objection to it on the part of non-smokers, were it not for the inconsiderate smokers who insist on enjoying their pipe in all sorts of unsuitable places. Some men will smoke in lifts, at counters, and in crowds, where the reek of bad tobacco is a nuisance to all around them. Moreover, the "tobacco hog" is an aggressive animal; he will invade the non-smoking portions of steamers and tramps, and will trust to luck or to bluff to support him. The evil appears to be on the increase. What is wanted is not so much an anti-tobacco league as a smokers' society to see that the "hog" smoker with the rank pipe and the ranker manners does not create odium against the legitimate smoker who keeps within his rights, and respects those of the rest of the community.—"The Evening News."

[What indignation and prophetic utterance this would have stirred "Fairplay" to, if "Grit" had written this. Has the "News" become a "wowser," or is this evidence that "Grit" is sane in contending for more consideration by the "go-as-you-please-crowd." Only to-day in one of the first-class barbers a gentleman smoked while his hair was being cut; another, who also claimed to be a gentleman, puffed a cigarette in a lift in spite of the notice forbidding such a practice. Add to this the "hog-smoker" in a shop full of women and girls obtaining their lunches, and the creature who stands on the platform of the train and puffs his smoke

and bad breath into a non-smoking compartment, and you have reason enough for protesting against the gross abuse of my Lady Nicotine. Moderation and consideration in tobacco and prohibition of alcohol are beyond any sane attack.—Ed. "Grit."]

## J's.P. AND TEMPERANCE.

Our contemporary, "Fairplay," under the above heading, contends that no man who has any opinions adverse to the licensed liquor trade should be a stipendiary magistrate, such a person in their judgment being a "wowser." We suppose it is asking too much to expect our opponents to be both reasonable and fair, and yet on these two qualities hinge all our hopes of the future. We have no hesitation in saying that a man who has publicly expressed convictions about a great national question is more likely to come to decisions in the public interests and to see that justice is administered than those who have no convictions. We do not believe the public have anything to fear from the temperance J.P., but there is a real danger to be feared from those who hold brewery shares or rights in public-house property. It is, of course, extremely difficult to find unbiased people, but we have much less to fear from the man with convictions than we have from the man who has financial interests. However, we rest our cause on the decision of the people, and while the standards of the crowd are not high and the public is often fickle, yet on the basis of education we know we will win, it being only a matter of time, and the winning of our cause is the emancipation of hundreds of thousands.

## DID I HEAR YOU THINK?

I can almost hear some of the readers of "Grit" saying, "I think I will take the trouble to help myself and 'Grit' by dealing with those who advertise in its columns." The time for thinking is about past—do it now. St. Simon's Church, Surry Hills, was lighted by the Vesta Gaslight Company, 108 Pitt-street, just two years ago. With what result? We use less gas. We are incomparably better lighted, and in the two years we have only had to use one new mantle. As the Yankees say, "This is a frozen fact." You can't go wrong. Deal with any one who advertises in "Grit."

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# In Kindness to the Child.

THE AWFUL BURDEN ON THE LITTLE ONES.

GO AFTER THE MAN.

Three small children, almost starving, stepped from the Tamworth mail as it arrived in Sydney at 6.30 on Monday night last, and looked round in search of their brother or some person they knew. Failing to recognise anyone, they marched up to Constable Dobbie, who was on duty at the station, and presented him with the following letter, disclosing their mother's sad trials, and her reason for sending them on such a long journey (282 miles) alone:—

"Fitzroy-street,

"Tamworth, February 17, 1912.

"Sir,—I am sending my three children to Sydney for their brother to meet. Should he fail to meet them, I am in hopes they will be put in a home, and their father found, and made to keep them.

"Their father left me with them, and I find it impossible for me to drag along with them any longer. My health is so bad that I am going into a hospital to get cured, for I feel sure I will either go mad or die, as I have no means to pay anyone, and I have nobody here to leave them with, so they will be put in an orphans' home."

The letter was signed, "Ethel M. Goodwill," and concluded with directions to the police for locating the children's father.

Constable Dobbie interrogated the children, and learned that they were Richard Goodwill, aged 11, Arthur Goodwill, aged 7, and John Goodwill, aged 2 years. The latter is crippled in both legs, and is in a very weak state. The two eldest children were taken to the shelter in Albion-street, City, and the youngest to the Benevolent Society's Asylum, in Valentine-street, City.

They state that their mother placed them in the train, and paid their fares, about 30s. and told them their brother, aged 14, would meet them in Sydney.

## FILLING IN THE DETAILS.

If we use our imagination just a little we can picture the last few weary pain stricken years. A sickly woman, ill-provided for at the time of her maternity, the worry and semi-starvation having an undoubted prenatal influence, the children handicapped from the cradle, the final desperate effort to raise sufficient money to send the children on their long journey, the wrench at parting, the hopeless going to the hospital, the anxious looking for news of them which might not come for weeks, all go to make a tale of sorrow very hard to equal. The journey of these three half-starved children gives another chapter in this tragedy of a ruined home. Imagine the lad of eleven being called on to take charge of a boy of 7 and a crippled child of 2—no money, no food for the journey, no knowledge of the place or those they were going to. Could anything be more pathetic? It is impossible to do justice to the situation.

## IS IT EXCEPTIONAL?

There are many who, judging by their own very limited experience, will come to the conclusion that this is a very exceptional case. As a matter of fact, it is not so. The State for years past has been dealing with over 3000 children a year, and the record furnishes evidence of the hundreds of similar cases. The record reads:—Drink, neglect, poverty, sickness, ruined home, distracted, broken-hearted woman, and the child sometimes a physical, sometimes a moral wreck, often times both. The record for some years past shows an average of 600 deserted wives, and the story of their struggle, temptations, and hardships might move one with a heart of stone to tears. The child in such cases loses all that has been most potent for good in the life of other children. Thus the sin of the father falls heavily on the shoulders of the child and the woman. It is useless for the State to merely build homes for the children, or make grants to the wife, the person responsible for the whole thing is the man. You cannot compensate the child for the loss of its father nor the woman for the loss of her husband. No one can so well provide for child and wife as the man, and he must be made to do so.

## AFTER THE MAN.

There are no doubt many difficulties in the way of winning the man, but nothing really worth while is easy. The law can do much, and thanks to Dr. Mackellar, the law is being shaped in the right direction. The children's police court and the beneficent acts passed by the Wade Government some years ago are undoubtedly doing good. The real trouble is, however, untouched by the law—religion alone can establish the self-control, supply the motive, and give the spirit in which the home may be rebuilt. The Church has, unfortunately, neglected the man, and most of her ordinary services are of no attraction to him, nor of any power to help him. Once the reign of commonsense begins in the Church, when we can follow St. Paul's advice to the Corinthians, and "pray not only with the spirit but with the understanding also," then men will be dealt with as men by men, and the child, the wife and the home will reap the benefit.

## THE GREAT STUMBLING BLOCK.

The greatest enemy of the home is alcohol, the great opportunity of alcohol is the open bar. There is no rival a woman has to fear so often or so much as the bar; there is nothing will so drain the resources of the home as the drink habit. "Grit" stands for the removal of this, the largest factor in producing sorrow in child life, and disaster to women, and also for the religious effort that persuades a man to give God a chance to make a real man of him.

## How Environment Affects One's Work.

"To teach children habits of neatness, system, and order is to ensure some degree, at least, of success. Yet they are often brought up amid disorder and confusion, allowed to throw things just where they use them, and to form slovenly and slipshod habits. They are not taught to put things where they belong, and consequently they grow up shackled with handicaps which they can rarely throw off. How can a boy or girl ever amount to anything who is brought up in a home where the mother is careless in the matter of dress when only seen by her family, and where the father is slack and shiftless, and the entire home topsy-turvy? He must be a remarkable youth who can go through childhood surrounded by such slipshod ideals and turn out to be anybody. It is a rare mind which is not seriously affected by environment. Confused surroundings confuse the mind. If slovenliness constantly appeals to the mind, through the eye, there will be a tendency to reproduce the situation in one's mental attitude or in whatever one is doing. If strong men with highly disciplined minds say they cannot do good work amidst disorder, what can the man of ordinary mental drill, who has never been taught the art of concentration, produce but indifferent work? If confusion reigns in his environment, will it not be incorporated in his work? Our mental processes are more likely to be clean-cut and normal when system, order, and appropriateness govern our surroundings in home, office, or workroom."

## THE HEALTH-GIVING INFLUENCE OF ORDER.

"There is a great health-giving tonic in an orderly life. The mind is constructed for system. Something within us says 'Amen' to an orderly thing rightly done, and this sends a glow of satisfaction through the whole being. On the other hand, something within us protests against feeble and slipshod, careless work, and this protest out-pictures itself in a slouchy manner, a deteriorating character. There is a dignity in an orderly, systematic life which is entirely lacking in the person of slovenly habits. Our health is largely dependent upon our being satisfied with our work and with our lives. If there is perpetual discontent, a constant protest in the mental realm against the work we are doing, or the kind of life we are living, we cannot be happy; and without happiness we cannot get perfect health."—From "The Girl's Own Paper and Woman's Magazine."

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## THE VERDICT OF EXPERTS

(Continued from Page 2.)

made upon the members of the International Congress on Tuberculosis, held at Paris in 1905, by the recital of the facts brought before them in this connection, that they passed the following resolution:

"That, in view of the close connection between alcoholism and tuberculosis, this Congress strongly emphasises the importance of combining the fight against tuberculosis with the struggle against alcoholism."

Sir Harry H. Johnston, G.C.M.G., K.C.B., in a recent article, contributes valuable testimony, which may well be quoted here:

"According to the expert testimony of highly qualified medical men well versed in chemistry and pathology, distilled spirits are of no avail whatever, even in the most diluted form, as a stimulant to the flagging energies of mind and body in equatorial West Africa. On the contrary, the use of them is said—especially among negroes—to pave the way for the ravages of tuberculosis, besides producing cirrhosis of the liver and other more or less dangerous complaints. Indeed, the relations of alcohol to tuberculosis form a question of the utmost seriousness which has not been sufficiently investigated by British pathologists or politicians. The Congress of Colonial and Tropical Agriculture, held at Brussels in May, 1910, which included amongst its members some of the most advanced men of science on the Continent and in the Americas, decided that 'alcohol was the most active and widespread element in the demoralisation of the native races, and that everywhere it prepared the ground for tuberculosis.' Certainly tuberculosis (though it existed among negro and negroid races in the Egyptian Sudan three or four thousand years ago) has of late, and coincidentally with the introduction of distilled alcohol, increased its ravages amongst the negro population of the West Coast of Africa, and all those parts wherein spirits are sold to the natives. It is, perhaps, most of all in the United States of America, and the West Indies and Pacific Archipelagoes, that the coincidence of spirit-drinking and the increase of tuberculous diseases has been most clearly noted, as has been the diminution of tuberculosis quite recently within the areas wherein prohibition has had most time to take effect. Likewise in the United Kingdom, where there has been most alcoholism, and where there is most at the present day (parts of Scotland, Ireland, Cumberland, Lancashire, and Midland England, which are far more

shockingly drunken than the worst part of West Africa), the ravages of tuberculosis are such as to become a national question of the first importance.

"The races who have shown themselves most prone to abuse of alcohol have been the Nordic Europeans, the Northern Mongols and the Persians, the North American Indians, and the Negro; and these are the races most prone to tuberculosis."—"The British Journal of Inebriety."

## THE HARVEST.

(Continued from Page 3.)

Among the cases brought before the court was an indictment against Jim Hoskins for carrying concealed weapons, and disturbing public worship while drunk. For years Jim, a worthless drunkard, whose frequent quarrels and fights had given Sheriff Boyd many a dangerous tussle with the rough element had been the terror of the county. His case was in charge of a young lawyer who was glad to take anything that offered in the line of a client.

As Hoskins entered the court room, in a half drunken condition, he passed an ante-room where the district attorney stood in consultation with Aubrey Greer. The evidence was so strong against the offender, that the case was decided without delay. To pay the statutory fine did not suit Jim's fancy, and his dazed mind instantly connected Aubrey Greer with the verdict against him.

"If you'd kept your mouth shut," he grumbled as he passed Greer, "I would have come out clear. You put the district attorney on to some facts that needn't have been mentioned. I'll get even with you yet!"

Ignoring the half-drunken man's threat, Aubrey Greer busied himself about getting his business in shape for his absence. Two more days and he would leave the town.

Accompanied by his friend, who was to be his best man at the wedding, Aubrey was entering the court-house the next morning to procure his marriage license. Suddenly a wild-eyed, disheveled man rushed from the court room and fired, aiming his pistol straight at the young lawyer's heart. There was a shriek of agony—a fall—and the bright young life of Aubrey Greer, with all of its possibilities, was ended.

Almost instantly Sheriff Boyd and his deputies were on the scene. There was a brief struggle, and Jim Hoskins, manacled and harmless, was carried to the county jail.

The dead man had been removed to his father's desolated home, and the sheriff sat in his office, his gray head bowed upon the table in front of him.

"How can I tell her! How can she bear it—my darling—my poor bereaved darling!" he moaned.

A tremulous hand touched his arm. He looked up again to face the small, bent woman in black.

"It came at last, John Boyd! My boy—my only boy—is a murderer! You will hang him. I know there is no hope. But let me see him, John! You are the one who can grant me permission. Let me see my boy!"

The man turned upon her, his eyes blazing with anger. He opened his mouth as if to speak, but in his rage his lips gave forth no sound. The woman continued:

"Don't blame me, John. I did the best I could to keep my fatherless boy in the right way, but whisky dragged him down! Saloons planted the seed, John, and some of us have to reap the harvest. I'm not blaming you for putting my boy in jail. It was your duty as an officer of the law, but be merciful and let me see him while I can!"

"I'll give orders that you see your son as often as you wish, Mrs. Hoskins."

"I thank you, John. Oh if you only knew what I suffer—what I suffer!"

She passed from the room with a deputy. The strong man bowed his head and groaned in anguish of soul.

"If I knew what she suffered! It isn't for her to suffer remorse until her dying hour! That harvest is mine!"

## 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. ONE PENNY.



# From Seven to Seventeen

The BOYS' and GIRLS' OWN

(By UNCLE BARNABAS)

## I DON'T CARE.

I wonder do you know anyone who says "I don't care"? When I was a little boy I was told "don't care will be made to care," and the change was brought about by a stick. Of course lots of boys and girls say "I don't care," when all the time they care very much—and then they won't give in, and so "cut off their nose to spite their face." Dear me, how very stupid we are. It is always very sad when anyone really does not care what people say, or how they look, or whether they hurt people's feelings, or whether what they do is right or wrong. Such people nearly always come to **care** when it is too late, and their life is then shadowed with bitter regret and lasting sorrow, because they can't undo the harm of their "don't care." Most of our squabbles with all their unhappiness come from some one saying "I don't care." I think we might all pray that God will make us ashamed to say "I don't care," because often it is not true, and when it is true it is not right. There are three great big ugly sins that lie behind "I don't care." Do you know them? First, cowardice. We do care, only we don't like to own up; we have not the courage. So "don't care" is often another word for "I am a coward. Then there is selfishness. We "don't care" because we have no thought for others, and are so selfish that we only think what it means to ourselves. And last of all there is laziness. It is too much trouble to care. It means rousing up, and, oh, we are so lazy. Just fancy these three ugly monsters lying hidden behind "don't care." Why, I can almost hear you saying, "Oh, Uncle, I'll never say that again."

UNCLE B.

## FOR SUNDAY.

Find a text in the New Testament about a man who was a coward, and one who was selfish, and some who were lazy. Be sure and let me know.

## ON DRESS PARADE.

It is easy enough to obey, boys,

In the glittering ranks on parade,  
But the steady recruit gives a steady salute  
When his rifle is changed to a spade.

And whatever your place every day, boys,

There's play, and there's drudgery, too;  
To be ready for work, not a duty to shirk,  
Is the soldierly bearing for you.

It is easy to sing and to smile, boys,

When the sky's unclouded and blue,  
But to scatter good cheer when the weather  
is drear

Is a thing that is harder to do.

## MONDAY PUZZLES.

When is a fowl's neck like a bell?—When it is wrung (rung) for dinner.

What is most likely to become a woman?—A little girl.

What is most like a hen stealing?—A cock robin (robbing).

What is the lock a burglar can't pick?—A lock from a bald head.

Why is a person who never lays a wager like a regular gambler?—Because he is no better.

When would a blow from a lady be most pleasant?—When she strikes you agreeably.

What is the difference between electricity a and fool?—One is simply marvellous, and the other is marvellously simple.

What is the best thing out?—An aching tooth.

What is the largest jewel in the world?—The Emerald Isle.

## HOW I SPENT CHRISTMAS DAY.

ROSA JAMISON.

On December 25 I was suddenly awakened by a sound of loud laughter, and when fully awakened I realised that it was my nephew filling my stocking. So I jumped out to ascertain what was causing the laughter. When I took the stocking I emptied it, and saw some mysterious brown paper parcels. Upon opening them I found that they contained potatoes. I was disappointed, but, after searching again, I found a little pink box. Upon opening it I found, to my delight, that it was a dainty little brooch with a ruby in the centre, surrounded by a horse-shoe, from which a little heart hung suspended, and also two small chains stretching the ends to the heart in the centre. Also, I found a yard of nice blue ribbon.

At the Christmas dinner we had the usual Christmas fare, consisting of a roast turkey and a large ham, served with mashed potatoes, cauliflower, and sauce. After that came the plum pudding, which was delightful.

After dinner a couple of girls called for me, and we went for a walk to Prospect Reservoir. We followed the canal, which winds round the Prospect hills. They are such nice green hills, and it quite refreshes one to see them so green in the summer, when everything else is so dry. As we walk along we pass through white gates, which are placed each side of the small bridges. At the summit of the hill is the Greystanes House. It is a most beautiful edifice, surrounded by a well-kept garden. There is a carriage drive leaves the side of the house and winds down the hill, enclosed with large trees of different sizes and shape. On one side there is a lovely hedge of roses in bloom. The avenue continues to the Prospect-road, where the Greystanes Lodge and gate is placed. As we walked round the hill the embankment surrounding the reservoir. Then we arrived

at the last large white gate, and we were at the Prospect Reservoir. There is a nice garden, in the centre of which stands a tower. The canal starts just near the tower, and the water eddies up in a large whirlpool. It is continually whirling, and it is so nice to watch it. While standing there a gentleman explained to me the machinery within the tower. There is a clock, which registers the quantity of water which flows in the day. If at any time the water should be likely to overflow the clock rings an electric bell by the side of the caretaker's bed. He told me that very often, since the great demand for water in the city, he has been awakened by it.

Then we moved on, and went to look at the reservoir. Far away the water lay glistening in the sunlight. At the rear of the dam may be seen the faint blue peaks of the Blue Mountains. At the rear of us as we stand is a great wall of rock and the remains of a metal quarry in the side of the hills. To the right an avenue of pines commence, which continue to the Western-road. In the water stands another tower, to which a narrow bridge extends.

After having lunch in the shadow of the pines we returned home, after spending a very happy Christmas Day.

\* \* \*

## HOW I SPENT XMAS.

DUDLEY HOLLAND.

On the Friday before Christmas my cousin and I drove into Lismore, "The Queen City of the North," and I did my Christmas shopping. After having lunch, I had a good look through the many shops, which were beautifully decorated for the festive season. Seeing so many beautiful things it was hard to make a choice, but at last I got my shopping done, and, laden like Santa Claus, I left for home, pleased and contented after a good day's outing. Christmas Eve, which was kept up on Saturday, found me out again looking at all the pretty things young folk like myself like looking at. After I finished shopping I turned my steps homeward, and got under the clothes tired and sleepy, and quite ready for bed. Sunday seemed a very long time of passing, but I didn't forget to hang my stocking up. Of course the first thing I did on Christmas morning was to look into my stocking, and what surprises I found there. I hopped out of bed, dressed in a very few minutes, and hurried off to see what the others got. I could hear them talking and laughing over theirs. I went off in great glee to the milking, and was soon back again to breakfast. After breakfast I had a shower-bath, dressed for dinner, and did my part towards getting dinner ready by keeping the fire up to the pudding pot and to the poultry. Our guests arrived early. We talked and played until the bell rang for dinner. Then we sat down, and had a real good time. Some of my cousins were lucky in getting some threepences out of the pudding. Time passed merrily away, and the cows were brought in and milked. I was quite ready for tea. We all gave a hand to wash up the tea

# PASS "GRIT" ON



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things, and were soon in the drawing-room, where there was a Christmas-tree, decorated with red, white, and blue, and covered with presents. I received a monkey money-box, a pretty three-decker pencil-box, a tie, a cornet, stud case, a box of dominoes, and last, but not least, a half-sovereign. After chatting and skylarking with the other children who were present for the evening, bedtime came, so I packed all my presents in a safe place, and went to bed satisfied that this was the most enjoyable Christmas I had ever spent.

## HOW I SPENT CHRISTMAS.

DORA HOWELL.

On the Monday before Christmas we had our last Bible class for the year, and the Precentor, to our great pleasure, came and gave us a splendid lesson. Mr. Wilton is so nice, and seems to consider our class a special protege of his. We ended up the evening with supper, and then went home wishing it had been a little longer, although it was considerably after 10 o'clock when we broke up.

On Wednesday, having a half-holiday, my mate and I determined to go for a good swim, so started off to Bronte, and found on reaching the baths that we were just about five minutes too late. But we were not going to be done out of our swim, so went on to Coogee, where we had a lovely afternoon.

On Saturday we worked until 10 p.m. Everyone had to serve in the shop. We were asked to do so as a favor, so at 2 o'clock all went downstairs, and I stood (or, rather, ran about) behind a counter for the rest of the day, demurely inquiring, "Are you being attended to, madam?" and getting a good deal of fun out of the work. It was such a novelty for me, but I ached all over on Sunday. Seven hours' standing is rather a strain after being used to sitting down all day.

On Sunday I went to Sunday-school, and that was about all.

On Christmas Day I went to church in the morning. Mr. Knox gave us a very nice sermon. After service I just rested, and had a good read.

On Boxing Day we went to Bronte, and had a good swim and plenty of fun. Got drenched a couple of times standing on the rocks to watch a couple of sharks (only small ones), which hovered round the place all day, seemingly taking a most mischievous delight in frightening the surfers.

To finish up the day, my mate and I commenced to walk towards Bondi, exploring, leaving the rest of the party to go home. We walked right round the rocks from Bronte to Ben Buckler, and derived considerable amusement from watching another party

trying to do the same. Only they were quite low down where the water could reach them, and as we watched a huge breaker rolled in, and went right over them. My mate aid I had to "went" our feelings, so we just sat down and laughed so long and so heartily that the drenched ones heard, looked up, and saw us holding our sides with laughter (we laughed just as much when we got wet ourselves), and then the humor of the situation became apparent to them, and they had to laugh as they made for higher ground. We went steadily onwards, discovering some cosy little nooks for picnics, and before long reached Bondi. After a couple of ices (a special weakness of ours), we caught a tram home, and reached there tired but happy. There was nothing further done that evening except a little talk.

Next day work again, and fervent wishes that holidays were not so short.

## HOW I SPENT CHRISTMAS IN NEW ZEALAND.

ARTHUR DAY.

I looked forward to Christmas for a long time, and at last it came. As Christmas Day was on Monday all shopping had to be done on Saturday, so on that morning I went into the town to see the shops and to buy a small present for everybody. I went to Mr. Isitt's Depot, and found it hard to choose out of so many pretty cards and books, as I had not very much to spend. I went into a large toy shop, where there were a number of things for a little money, and I was soon able to choose a squeaky ball for my baby niece, Hope.

I ought to have said that before the shopping began Auntie Kate took me to lunch, which I enjoyed very much.

The Sunday before Christmas Day we had our Sunday-school prizes given and Christmas hymns. I gained the fourth prize for marks, a nice book, "A Polar Eden." On Christmas morning I was up at 4 o'clock to see what Santa Claus had left in my stocking. After looking at the presents I had another sleep, and about seven I visited my mother's and sisters' rooms to see contents of their stockings. It was a very wet day here. In spite of that my sister, with little Joan and Hope wrapped in rugs and coats, came to breakfast rather late in the morning. Owing to the rain the day was very quiet. After Christmas dinner a fire was lit in the sitting-room, and in the evening we sang Christmas hymns until it was time for bed. Hoping I will be successful in getting a prize.

## A LITTLE HOUSEKEEPER.

Emma Rankin, Dalburrabin, South Casino, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I suppose the account of my holidays has arrived in Box 390 long before now. I'm very much afraid you'll have to clip a lot off it with those scissors of yours. I really couldn't make it any shorter, although I didn't have much to tell of. I'm housekeeping by myself now—have been for a week. Mater and the two children are in Ballina, and Kathleen goes to school every day.

I have three "Grit" cousin correspondents now—Milcie, Mavis, and Bonny. They're all so nice, and I do enjoy their letters. The rain we had a week ago was glorious. The paddocks everywhere are a perfect picture now. By the way, I wonder if you or any of my cousins know what is the longest word in the English dictionary? If you don't I'll tell you next time I write. I'm so glad our "grewed-up" cousin of Nowra is not too much so to write; aren't you? All the plants in the garden look so nice and fresh now. But, oh, there's such a lot of weeds, too, as I can't find time to look after the garden much. The pink and white crocuses all came out after the rain, and are very pretty. Our Sunday-school picnic is to be held on Wednesday, 21st, and so we're all looking forward to it. Isn't it a long while since we've had a letter from "Paul" on our page? Her letters are so bright and interesting that I'm sure we all miss them. We hope to be able to send you our photo next time we write. I must close now, dear Uncle B., as it's time to dress for Sunday-school. With love to you and all connected with Page Eleven.—I am, your loving Niece.

(Dear Emma,—Yes, your holiday account arrived safely. The accounts of Christmas are all in. The holiday ones have still a few days. I won't cut down a line of it. It is so nice to hear that you and Milcie, Mavis, and Bonny are writing to one another. What a corroborree you would have if you could all meet some day. Yes, I know that word, but you can trust me not to tell. We will see who else knows it.—Uncle B.)

## GLORIOUS RAIN.

K. Rankin, Dalburrabin, Casino, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I hope you will excuse me for not writing sooner, but really this is the first opportunity I have had since we received answers to ours in "Grit." And as it is Sunday I have more time now. We have had nearly four inches of glorious rain, which has made the grass and everything else look lovely. Before this rain the cattle would not touch the grass—if you would call it grass; but I think it was more like old dead roots than anything else. Em and I went to the moving pictures again last night. They were beautiful. And besides pictures there were two girl dancers called the "Royal Sisters." These were by far the prettiest dancers I have ever seen. They were also acrobatic. We had our photos taken at last, and as soon as they are ready

# PASS "GRIT" ON



we will send you one. I have started correspondence with Bonny Edwards. I just received another nice letter from her yesterday (Saturday). She also sent me a nice post-card of Avalon House and saw-mill. Since the rain the cows are giving a nice lot of milk. All the green grass and lucerne round the house is a picture to look at. It is so nice now all the children that ride or drive to our school leave their horses in a nice paddock below the school ground. There are only three girls leave their horses in it; two of us drive. Well, as it is late and I am tired, because we were out until 12 o'clock last night, I will close now.—I remain, your loving Niece.

(Dear Kathleen,—It is nice to read of the glorious rain, and all the difference it has made to plant and animal life. So you liked the pictures; so do I—once in a long while. It is very muggy in Sydney, and one never seems to be dry. So glad to hear you have had photos taken. I hope they are good.—Uncle B.)

\* \* \*

#### TO HELP FILL UP.

Mary Bailey, Kerringle, Mullaley, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Just a few lines to help to fill up page eleven. It is very dry up this part of the country just now. The grass is very dry, and the water is getting short. The names of the two cows which I had to milk last time I wrote to you is "Cherry" and "Strawberry," but do not milk "Strawberry" now. I milk another one, which I call "Bonnie." I am sending the rest of that verse which you asked me to finish if I could, so here it is—

"Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;

Do noble things, not dream them all day long;

And so make life, death, and that vast for ever

One grand, sweet song."

I cannot think of any more to tell you this time, so I now close.—From your loving Niece.

(Dear Mary,—Thank you very much for your letter. I wonder do the cows know their own names? You are quite right in finishing the quotation. I do not think very many others knew it. If they did, they kept very quiet about it. Your letters are always welcome.—Uncle B.)

#### A NEW NE'.

Clifford Lark, "Manning," Tracey-street, Hurstville, writes:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—Will you please have me for a nephew. I would like to belong to Page Double One. We have been taking "Grit" for a long time now, and we all enjoy reading it, and then send it to the country. I will be 12 years old May 14, and I am in fifth class at school. Last year I got second prize at Sunday-school. I missed some Sundays through sickness. I have two brothers—Ronald (nine years old) and little Bruce (one year and eight months). He is a darling, and we love him very much. My mother is secretary of our Sowers' Band. Hurstville wants to send out a missionary of their own, and mum says we can get the money. Our curate, Mr. Arnold, wants to go as a missionary. We will miss him very much, but we must try hard to raise the money to support him. I am sending you an account of how I spent my holidays. I must close now, with love to all.—Your loving Nephew.

(Dear Clifford,—I am very pleased you want to be a Ne', and hope you will often write. Will you remember to only write on one side of the paper. Don't you think Ronald might write sometime also? I am so glad to hear you were second in spite of the Sundays you missed through sickness. Will you write and tell us as much as you can about the Sowers' Band.—Uncle B.)

\* \* \*

#### NO LONGER A SCALAWAG.

Alice E. Wilkins, Wollongong-road, Arncliffe, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I suppose by this time you will think I have deserted Page Eleven and all my newly-found relations as soon as ever I was received as a niece," but although I have not been writing to you I don't think I have ever once missed reading "Grit" from beginning to end. Some time ago we had a Methodist rally at our church to see "are there enough Methodists in Arncliffe to fill the church." And the answer is most emphatically "Yes." But why can't we always have a full church like that? Oh, if we could only make them all enthusiastic workers, what a band we'd have to help in the No-License fight then. A short time after this we had a "Temperance Sunday," and I can tell you the moderate drinker and those who use the stuff for

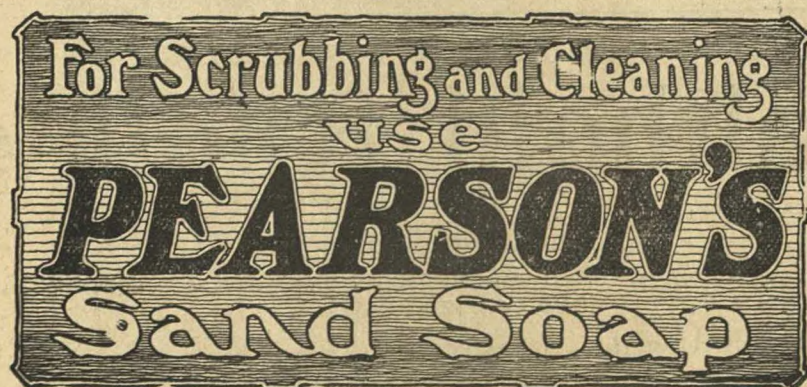
medicinal purposes were given a real good, straightforward talking to. Among the hymns sung on this Sunday was my favorite, which is "Onward, Brothers, Onward," especially that verse which says—

And can we rest contented,  
Whom His love hath freed,  
Careless of our brothers  
In their bitter need?  
Soldiers, up and onward,  
Lay the oppressor low,  
Bring the old glad tidings  
To these scenes of woe.

I think that picnic which you suggested last week is just a splendid idea. I hope you are able to carry it out. I went to hear Mr. Tennyson-Smith when he was lecturing in this district, and I enjoyed his lectures thoroughly, especially "A Flashlight on the Liquor Trade." Isn't he full of fun? But what a lot of sin he has seen which has been caused through drink. It was awfully sad to hear him relate some of his experiences with people who have been affected by the terrible curse, and yet some people say there will be more sin under No-License. I don't think so. Do you? I have no more news just at present, but I promise you it will not be so long before I write again, as I think some of us rightly deserve that name you gave us some time ago for not writing, but from to-day please put me among the other class of nieces. I am enclosing a photo with this letter, and I would very much like to see another one of you appear on Page Eleven. It is time to get the tea now, so hoping you will not be cross with me for not writing for so long.—I remain, with lots of love, your scalawaggy Niece.

P.S.—Please send me a Bottom Square Box as soon as you can, and I will do my level best to get it full.

(Dear Alice,—You are quite forgiven, and your letter is very welcome. I often ask why can't we always have a full church, and I reason, if we did, we would build it bigger, and then it would not always be full. You see the tree does not bear fruit all the year, only at special times, and your full church was a harvest only possible at special times. But many of us are praying that our special times may become our ordinary ones. Glad to hear you liked Mr. Tennyson-Smith. I will put you down for that picnic. Thanks for photo.—Uncle B.)



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**JOHNNIE'S EXCUSE.**

A school teacher once received a note like this:—

"Dear Mum,—Please excuse Johnnie today. He will not be at school. He is acting as timekeeper for his father. Last night you gave him this ixmple, if a field is 4 miles square, how long will it take a man, walking 3 miles an hour to walk 2½ times around it. Johnnie ain't no man, so we had to send his daddy. They left early this morning, and my husband said they ought to be back late to-night, though it would be hard going. Dear Mum, please make the next problem about ladies as my husband can't afford to lose the day's work. Everybody knows I don't have no time to loaf, but I can spare a day off occasionally better than my husband can.—Respectfully yours, Mrs. Jones."

**A GENTLE HINT.**

Just as the minister was about to begin his sermon the woman remembered that she had left the gas burning in the range oven. Visions of a ruined dinner and a smoky kitchen stared her in the face. She borrowed a pencil from the young man in the next pew and scribbled a note. With a murmured "Hurry," she thrust it into the hand of her husband, an usher, who came up the aisle at that moment. He, with an understanding nod, turned, passed up the aisle, and handed the note to the minister. The woman saw the act in speechless horror and shuddered as she saw the minister smilingly open the note and begin to read. But her expression of dismay was fully equalled by the look of amazement and wrath on the good man's face as he read the words: "Go home and turn off the gas!"

Talk about your high cost of living! Italy is paying 100,000,000dol. for just one slice of Turkey.—"Baltimore News,"

**OUT OF COURT.**

There is a lawyer in Chicago, for some years a police magistrate, who was a natural peacemaker and always endeavored to smooth over any slight differences between the persons brought before him. Once, when the charge involved was for technical assault, it came out in the course of evidence that the parties were neighbors, and had formerly been on the best of terms. "This is too bad, too bad!" commented the judge. "And between such old friends! Is this not a case that might be settled out of court?" "I'm sorry to say that it can't be done, your honor," remarked the plaintiff, seriously. "I thought of that myself, but the coward won't fight."

**WHAT DO YOU THINK?**

If a saw-horse saw what a sea-horse sees  
Would a see-saw see what a wood-saw saws?

Bill with a bill-file filing bills—  
Bill may file for a long, long while,  
But who can guess at the size of the pile  
Bill with his bill-file  
Will file?

**THE BALDHEADED MAN.**

The baldheaded man is a happy old guy—  
Though some persons never can understand why.

It's because his decided capillary lack  
Enables his mirth-loving fellows to crack  
Rare wheezes and jests on the glistening state  
Of his jollity-superinducing old pate.  
Thus he spreads joy and sunshine wherever he goes,  
And the debt the world owes him just he alone knows.

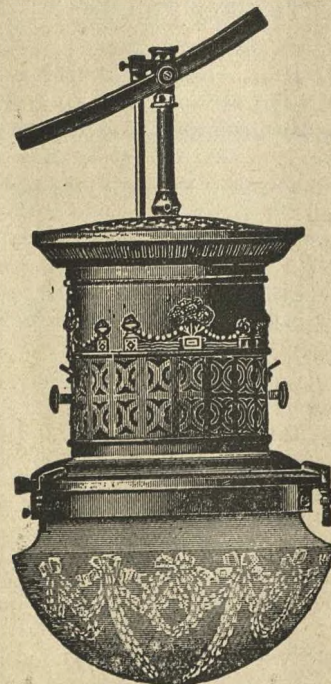
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# For Fathers and Mothers.

## SCHOOLS FOR PARENTS.

The subject of medical inspection of schools aroused a good deal of controversy in its initial stages. Its strongest critics, however, are gradually becoming convinced of its far-reaching influence for good upon the whole community. The mass of statistical data which has already been collected supplies valuable and necessary information as to the physical condition of the children. It was of importance to know that 10 per cent. of the elementary school children suffered from defective vision; that 80 per cent. of the children required dental and oral attention; and over 15 per cent. suffered from disorders of the throat, nose, and ears. These figures are steadily decreasing every day. Every medical examination brings forth fewer cases of physical defect.

One of the best results of medical inspection of schools has been the steadily increasing interest of parents in the work. From 50 to a 100 per cent. of the parents, when informed of physical defects, obtain medical aid for their children. School medical officers all over the country declare that the sense of parental responsibility is increasing every day. The fact that children are especially clean on inspection days is proof of the moral effect of medical inspection, and a great many of the mothers honestly try to aim at a higher ideal of cleanliness and hygiene in the everyday management of their children.

### THREE MAIN POINTS.

Unhygienic conditions are largely the result of ignorance. The ultimate solution of the problem of physical deterioration is the widespread education of the public concerning the elementary laws of health and hygiene. Parental ignorance is responsible for 90 per cent. of defective children (writes Dr. Elizabeth Chester in the London "Daily Express"). Physical defects are more prevalent among neglected, dirty, unkempt children. A child from a clean, well-ordered home is far less likely to require medical treatment.

The three points concerning which parents require instruction are:—(1) Cleanliness: The inestimable value of soap and water is not grasped adequately in any class. (2) The healthful properties of fresh air and open windows. And (3) The need of a simple, more nourishing, and more economical dietary for children.

Mismanagement rather than poverty is the root of the evil. A large number of the parents say they cannot afford milk for the children, and spend its equivalent on pickles or ready-cooked meats and fish, which are expensive, of no nutritive value, and quite unsuited to the digestion of children. "Best" white bread is invariably preferred to brown bread, which is cheaper, more nourishing, and more easily digested. Cooking is a neglected art among the working classes. A great deal of money spent

on tinned and preserved foods and potatoes which could be far more profitably expended on oatmeal, peas, and beans.

### BAN ON PICKLES.

The majority of children suffer from wrong feeding rather than from too little food. The consumption of tea and bread and butter, rendered "tasty" with the addition of pickles, shrimps, etc., is a frequent cause of the anaemia of school girls. As a rule, such diet is taken from choice rather than necessity.

If children, teachers, and parents generally were better educated as to the importance of pure, fresh air in the school and the home, the number of colds and chest ailments in the community would be reduced by 75 per cent.

The gospel of cleanliness requires more urgent expression. Clean food, clean air, clean clothes, clean homes, all make for health. Cleanliness is very much a matter of habit in all stations of life, and among the poor dirt prevails as the result of ignorance and custom. They get into the habit of being dirty, and habits, good and bad, are difficult to break. They have never learned to be clean. Cleanliness and self-respect can be inculcated. Nobody has ever taught the housewife of the slums that soap and water are the best of all doctors; that cleanliness in the home is the secret of comfort and economy.

### IMPORTANCE OF SOAP.

The quickest method of ensuring parental co-operation is by instituting "parents' evenings," as has been done in some parts of Germany with wonderful success. On stated evenings the parents of the school children attend school, and are given simple instructions in hygiene. Very soon an interest in the subject is awakened, and the method has been found an excellent means of spreading the principles of hygiene among the people and ensuring their practice in daily life. Personal cleanliness has such an immense bearing on health in children that every effort should be taken to influence parents in this respect. Half of the infectious skin ailments might be prevented if the parents could be induced to realise the importance of daily washing and clean clothes.

A great deal of time could be saved if there was universal cropping of hair of schoolgirls in the elementary schools here as in France. If hair is kept short up to the age of 12 or 13, it grows all the more luxuriantly. From the hygienic point of view the advantages of short hair are obvious enough. By teaching hygiene to the parents we should best ensure that the children are sent to school with neat, clean clothes. The wearing of a hygienic dress ought to be made compulsory in the elementary schools. Torn and dirty finery is

more expensive than a hygienic blue serge dress and woollen jersey. The self-respect and moral tone of the children would gain materially if some such dress reform could be instituted.

The teaching of parents would have to include the subject of food. Mothers should be given instruction about the nutritive value of different foodstuffs, the best ways of cooking food, and the importance of good clean milk. The education of parents would solve the physical degeneration problem. Medical inspection in school must be associated with improved hygiene in the home if the best results for the child and the community are to be obtained.

### CABINET MINISTERS AT PRAYER.

The marvellous day that gave the news of Lee's surrender at Appomattox arrived. An hour earlier than usual, a Cabinet meeting was held. There was a hush over every heart, and there was silence on every lip. How shall that silence be broken? All waited for Lincoln to break the silence. He suggested that all the members of the Cabinet fall upon their knees in silent prayer before God.

Seldom has there been such a moment in the history of any nation. There are men who have made immortal history. Now nothing is remembered but that they are before Almighty God, offering Him their humble and sincere gratitude for the triumph He had given to the nation's long-imperilled cause.

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