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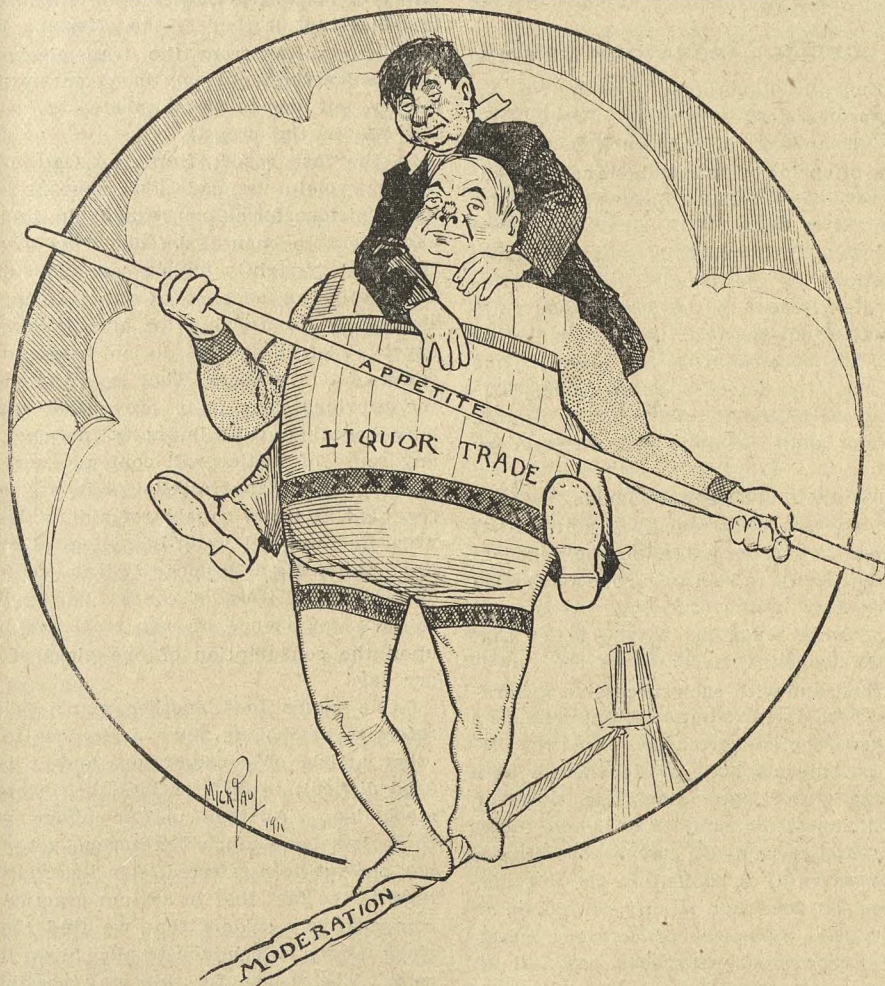
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VOL. V. No. 11.

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THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1911.

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



MODERATION.

"Be moderate in all things." This is true temperance, so says the liquor man when he masquerades as a Liberty Leaguer. He seems to forget that this can only be applied to good things or necessary things. They dare not argue in favor of a moderate liar, thief, or swearer because these things are not good. They do not plead for moderation in walking a tight rope, or in eating candles, though both things have been done. One to make money, the other to save life, but then he knows they are not necessary. Alcohol is not good or necessary, but it is fruitful of much evil and the promoter of many serious ills. Why should one run risks in trying to do what is not good or necessary? There is no way of fixing the limits of moderation. It is a tight rope which some have walked without immediate disaster, but they only keep their balance by permission of their appetite, and their performance deserves to be ranked as wonderful. Some will even call it fool hardy, since the way is marked by thousands who have tried and failed. Be moderate in all that is good and necessary, and abstain from all that is harmful and unnecessary. This is so sane that it is beyond criticism.

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The Verdict of Experts.

THE INFLUENCE OF PARENTAL ALCOHOLISM ON THE PHYSIQUE AND ABILITY OF OFFSPRING.

The earlier researches of Laitinen, to which reference is made by the same observer in his Norman Kerr Lecture and further contribution to the proceedings of the last International Congress on Alcoholism, have been very freely and exhaustively criticised by others. That he made no distinction between parents, one of whom drank, or both of whom drank, provides Professor Karl Pearson and Miss Elderton with matter for self-congratulation, in that they themselves distinguished between the father and mother, and arrived at the conclusion that the drinking of the mother had more influence than the drinking of the father, and that, slight as was the effect, since it influenced girls more than it influenced boys, it was unlikely to have been due to toxic action on the foetus. That the latter observers carried their observations a few steps farther than did Professor Laitinen cannot be denied, but, needless to say, this fact does not in itself render their conclusions any the more valid. Laitinen's previous researches on the effects of small quantities of alcohol on animals, and the degeneration which he claimed to have found in their offspring would, if correct, appear to have more direct bearing on the subject, inasmuch as it is not probable that the offspring inherited a parental neurosis or psychosis to which the effects of alcohol had been added and transmitted as such to the offspring. For our purposes we must merely take note of Laitinen's statement that the number of young of those animals that received alcohol was somewhat larger, but much weaker, than in the case of the young of animals not treated with alcohol. The truth of this statement will doubtless be fully investigated, and upon its verification much must necessarily depend.

For a long time past I have in many instances attributed mental and physical defects to parental alcoholism, but I must now confess that, after careful consideration of the data so much discussed by the members of the Eugenics Laboratory—Sir Victor Horsley, Drs. Saleeby, Basil Price, Demme, Bezzola, Laitinen, MacNicholl, and many others—I have endeavored to discard my previous conceptions, and I have sought diligently for an instance of defect which I could honestly convince myself as being due solely and entirely to parental alcoholism. Formerly I regarded epilepsy, some forms of insanity, mental enfeeblement and defective inhibition, deaf-mutism, and stunted growth, as being mainly due to parental alcoholism. All these conditions, however, fall under the category of defects in what has been aptly termed the "general controlling determinant," and I have as the outcome of much clinical

experience imagined I could diagnose parental alcoholism from the symptoms evidenced in the offspring. Now I feel that I cannot truly satisfy myself that in any one case there had not been also other factors than alcohol at work, and that the symptoms in the offspring might possibly have been due to the direct inheritance of a neuro-psychosis as well as alcohol.

It is obvious that instances of defective germ-plasm in the stock—which may evidence itself by alcoholic tendencies throughout the stock—are instances of heredity pure and simple, and they ought, for the satisfactory solution of the problem before us, to be rigidly excluded. Such a process of exclusion, however, might result in the elucidation of but half the truth, and, as we shall see presently, in order to obtain the whole truth, the question does really involve the consideration of the degenerate and the problems of heredity.

THE EUGENICS LABORATORY MEMOIR.

The Eugenics Laboratory Memoir, No. X., did not profess to deal with the direct heredity of alcoholism. It concerned itself only with the offspring of the alcoholic as children. Of the results that drinking produces in the offspring it is stated with a certain degree of truth that "alcoholism in the parent may, like insanity, be the somatic mark of a defective germ-plasm in the stock. The child is defective not because the parent is alcoholic, but because it is the product, like the parent, of a defective germ-plasm. The child may be physically and mentally fit, and yet, when adult, exhibit alcoholic tendencies."

This contention does not include, or even refer to, the almost accepted assumption that alcoholism in the normal, as in the degenerate, parent is apt to lead to earlier alcoholism or degeneracy in the offspring. At present my experience leads me to the belief that parental alcoholism accentuates the downward trend, and with each successive generation the period of exemption from alcoholism and degeneracy is shortened, so that the offspring become alcoholic or degenerate at a relatively earlier age. Doubtless, however, this will form the subject of some future memoir, and possibly it may be ascertained whether parental alcoholism in the degenerate does or does not modify, diminish, or intensify, the evidences of defective germ-plasm in the stock—i.e., does parental alcoholism alter the character or degree of the inherited degeneracy in the offspring? It would seem to me that alcohol as a complimentary factor to parental degeneracy does aid in the devolution of the stock, and

it is upon families which are prone to degeneracy that alcohol appears to put the finishing touches, and renders the physique and ability of the offspring more and more unsatisfactory with each successive generation.

ALCOHOL AND NEUROSES AND PSYCHOSES.

Certain it is that Nature does not permit any prolonged departure from its laws of health and the trend of evolution, as shown by the tendencies for neuroses and psychoses to spread and ultimately to wear themselves out in the course of time and with successive generations. This law holds good so long as other complicating factors, such as alcohol, do not add to the burden, and, by attacking the more or less attenuated neuroses or psychoses, keep them alight and thereby frustrate the efforts of Nature to render them abortive. Alcohol, as we all know, will readily set alight and determine the existence of a neurosis or psychosis which might otherwise be on the wane; and not only does it affect the individual and intensify his degeneracy, but it is also open to belief that it renders the offspring more liable to suffer from the transmission of such degeneracy, not only in its parental intensity, but also to be manifested at an earlier age in the progeny.

In the last report from the Galton Laboratory claim is made that alcohol is, in its pernicious forms, consequent on, and not antecedent to, mental defect. This may be true, and, if rightly understood and supplemented by an account of the influence of alcohol in intensifying an already existing nervous defect, it can do no harm to the cause of temperance. That it is the aim of the previous memoir to prove that alcohol may be taken with impunity, no one with any sense of justice will contend; nor need it be imagined that alcohol is in any sense regarded as being capable of aiding the onward and upward trend of biological evolution. Referring as it does to pernicious forms of alcoholism, it is, of course, hardly likely to take cognizance of any statistics based upon the consumption of one glass of beer per day.

"One man's food another man's poison" refers to alcohol as much as it does to any other article of consumption, and it is indeed difficult to differentiate the degrees of alcoholism. Another matter about which there has been much contention, yet which has not yet been referred to in its true bearings, is the fact that in asylum practice it is comparatively seldom that we find the various lesions so common to alcoholism in the sane. The reason for this may possibly be that alcohol selects for attack the least stable of the bodily systems in a given individual.

(Concluded Next Issue.)



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The Leisure of the Lord.

By DAVID LYALL.

(Continued from last Issue.)

"Not He. He's just waiting till you give Him a chance," said the minister, with a little touch of flippancy, which some found fault with, not realising that it covered a very deep and real feeling. "Just wait here till I speak to Mrs. Falconer. She's got a lady stopping with her who might be interested in all this."

He left the room, and Janet, too restless to sit still, began to pace up and down in it. There were many books on the minister's table, and beside the open Bible a small Book of Common Prayer, which by some impulse Janet lifted up. It might be that she was seeking a message. It happened to be open at the fifth day of the month, and Janet's eyes ran over one of the psalms for the day. They were arrested by these words: "O tarry thou the Lord's leisure; be strong, and He shall comfort thine heart."

She was sitting with the little book in front of her, when the minister returned, and asked her to come to the drawing-room and see his wife. "She has a visitor, Miss Turnbull, a Miss Gardiner, from Edinburgh, an old school friend, who has had to turn out in the world. She's looking for a business, oddly enough. It might just happen that yours would suit her."

"But there's nae business," said Janet, with a sort of dreary candour. "Yesterday I selt naething but a pennyworth o' needles."

"But a business might be made even yet," said the minister, cheerily. "And, anyway, two heads are better than one."

He left her with the ladies, then went back to his sermon. Ten o'clock had rung before Janet left the Manse, and then her step had a buoyancy, and the gloom had lifted from her face.

She was accompanied to the door by Mrs. Falconer's visitor, a tall, graceful, capable-looking lady, about thirty, who seemed immensely interested in her new acquaintance.

"Ten o'clock to-morrow morning, then, Miss Turnbull, and we'll go into everything," were her last words ere she said "Good-night."

Miss Gardiner walked across to Ardwell Street next morning, taking careful and serious stock of everything she passed. She decided before she had entered the little shop that there ought to be room for one in that well-populated neighborhood, but when she actually came to Janet's window,

and beheld its array, she gasped a little, and knew why it had failed. Poor Janet, who could clean a house and cook a meal with the best of them, had no more idea of how to set out her goods effectively than a baby. There was nothing pretty, nothing new, nothing, in fact, Alisa Gardiner concluded, that any human being could possibly want. She stalked into the shop, to find the interior just the same. Janet, very trig and tidy, with a somewhat wavering smile on her face, was trembling with excitement when she saw her, and immediately led her into the back room, round which Ailsa looked with genuine approval. Janet understood the art of home-making; that was undoubtedly her forte.

"Look here, Miss Turnbull, I've a great mind to try this. I'm looking for a little business, and I'd like to come here and be near Mrs. Falconer. There isn't room for me in Edinburgh. I'm clever at needlework. I know all about it, and I can make blouses, and do heaps of ornamental trifles. Will you take me in as a partner? You can keep house for me, and let me take over the business; and if you let me have the goodwill for nothing, I'll make myself responsible for the rent."

It was a woman's arrangement, of which Mr. Holland would hardly have approved; but Janet's eyes grew round and soft with gratitude. The bargain was struck that very day, and the next day Miss Gardiner transferred herself and her belongings from the minister's house to Ardwell Street. She also sent for the rest of her gear to Edinburgh. In a week nobody would have known the shop. She unearthed hosts of dainty trifles from her own boxes, bought some more, and early and late was at her needle, Janet Turnbull watching her with astonishment, not unmixed with awe. Very soon people began to look in at the windows, and, being interested, stepped inside to see what else there was new. And sales began to be made. Janet, very humble, very willing to be instructed, began vaguely to be conscious of her own presumption. She had lacked positively all the qualities necessary to the handling a successful business. Miss Gardiner and she became great friends, and at the end of three months they went into a committee of ways and means.

"We're going to do, Janet," said Ailsa,

gleefully. "We've turned the corner. The question is, are you willing to go on? You're my biggest asset."

Janet did not know what an asset was, but supposed it was something good.

"I mean, I couldn't live here without you. The furniture is yours; you make my comfort; in fact, you make it home for me. Let's go in as partners just as we are doing for another year."

Janet's eyes filled with tears, and she ran out to the little backyard and relieved her feelings with a "guid greet." That very evening she went to see Mr. Falconer to confide the good news to him. It rejoiced the good man's heart, and he congratulated her without stint. But still she seemed loth to go.

"Mr. Falconer," she said, hesitatingly, "last time I was here, the night I met Miss Ailsa first, there was a little book lying on your desk. It was very impudent of me, but I lookit intil it."

"Well, and what then?"

"It was a wee red book, a prayer-book, I think, and I read some words in it I never forgot. They went hame wi' me, and I sleepit on them, and rose up strong and able next day. I've hunted richt through the Bible, but I canna find them."

"Here's the book," said the minister; "do you think you could find them now?"

Janet was not long, and she read them out slowly and with a lingering cadence in her voice.

"O tarry thou the Lord's leisure; be strong, and He shall comfort thine heart."

Mr. Falconer pressed the little red book into her hand.

"Take it away, Miss Turnbull, and keep it on the table by your bed. They are words we need most of our days. But they are in the Bible, too, only differently expressed. You'll find them in the twenty-seventh psalm, 'Wait on the Lord, and be of good courage.'"

"I like this best," said Janet, as she tucked the little red book in the bosom of her gown, and went away.—"British Weekly."

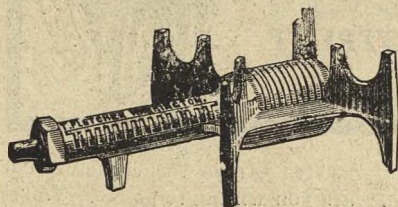
A BROKEN ENGAGEMENT.

They were sitting alone together in the moonlight uttering tender nonsense.

"Ah," said the girl bravely, "if poverty comes, we will face it together."

"Ah, dearest," he replied, "the mere sight of your face would scare the wolf away!"

And ever since he has been wondering why she returned his ring.



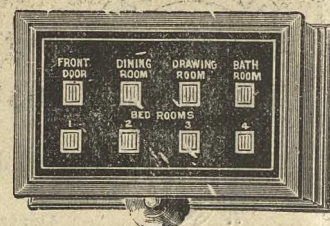
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New South Wales Alliance.

GOULBURN BRANCH.

The Goulburn "Penny Post" gives the following report:—

The annual meeting of the local branch of the N.S.W. Alliance was held in the Town Hall on Monday evening. The attendance was very sparse.

The Rev. A. H. Tolhurst presided, and the Rev. J. H. Lewin opened the meeting with prayer.

The hon. secretary (Mr. A. Ayling) read the annual report, which stated:—"The past year has been on the whole an active one, though since the date of the last State general election temperance workers have probably been resting after the work and excitement of the campaign. Though all our workers were naturally somewhat disappointed at our failure to carry no-license in Goulburn, we have nothing to be ashamed of in the result, as our electorate was one of fourteen to carry reduction. (The tactics of representatives of the opposing side were adversely criticised). A much larger number of votes was polled, the percentage being 71 as against 65 in 1907. During the three months preceding the poll £100 was spent, prominent speakers being secured and a vigorous campaign conducted, with the able assistance of Mr. J. Sabin and Miss Weymouth, who were engaged as organizers. The local workers deserve commendation for the work, which was done by them in many cases under great difficulties. The members of the branch are now urged to go forward and organise for the next fight, which may be near, and which will in Goulburn be more bitter than the last, as our electorate is considered by both parties as one likely to carry no-license, and will probably be the field on which one of the hottest battles will be fought. Our weakness last year was want of funds, and No-license supporters are urged to bestir themselves to raise a fund to put workers in the field to educate the people as to their responsibilities and thus strike a decisive blow on polling day. Our president (Mr. W. H. Wheatley) is to be thanked for his support during the year, and for granting the use of his rooms to the committee at all times when required by them."

Mr. J. J. Barrett, in moving the adoption of the report, said that it was a favorable

and faithful one; but one thing was missing—unbounded thanks to Mr. Ayling for the way he worked. The next fight might be more bitter, but he felt it would be better so far as their cause was concerned, as they would benefit by experience. The ladies had worked well.

Mr. John Walsh, in seconding, endorsed the remarks with reference to Mr. Ayling's work.

The Rev. Mr. Lewin asked some questions regarding a reference in the report to the agents of the trade who worked in the electorate prior to the election, and that portion of the report was re-read.

The report was adopted.

Officers were elected as follows:—President, Mr. W. H. Wheatley; vice-presidents, the Mayor, Mr. C. W. Furner, and all the clergy of the city; secretary, Mr. A. Ayling; assistant secretary, Mr. John Walsh; treasurer, Miss Pain; committee, Mesdames Burkitt, Morris, McCullagh, Roberts, R. Randall, and Mead, Miss Monkley, Messrs. J. Adam, J. J. Barrett, J. Myles, S. Harris, and C. J. McShane, with representatives from churches and temperance societies.

Mr. Marion, the organizer for the Alliance, was introduced by the chairman, who referred eulogistically to the work done in Goulburn by Mr. Sabin and Miss Weymouth. They should be thankful to those who helped in the fight. Goulburn had at any rate maintained its position. Mr. Marion was to explain the methods of the third campaign. It did not matter so much after all if they did not win on the first or second campaign so long as they were not foiled in their determination to win. When the Sydney friends had devoted much time to finding the best way to go to work, it would be unreasonable unless they adopted the lines decided upon and went to work on them.

Mr. Marion said he believed he had done the best part of his day's work already in seeing workers and others who were sympathetic, placing boxes, and giving a word of encouragement here and there. He believed they had learned some valuable lessons from the last campaign. They made the pace for the other side, who seized on everything they said. As an old sport he found it a good thing to hang on to the other fellow and beat him on the post. That was what the Liquor party were able to do in the last

campaign. They were able to win because they had abundance of money, and were able to put a lot of workers in the field. Their workers worked with tremendous energy. He believed it was because they had before them the prospect of reward—that they were to receive a bonus. One lady said she had been promised a bonus of £10. The Liquor party thoroughly organized on polling day, and secured all the available motor cars and cabs. The temperance people, he thought, did not pay sufficient attention to the work of bringing electors to the poll. The liquor party's advertisements were effective. He believed that one of the great features of the campaign that enabled the Liquor party to win was that they were able to avail themselves of the political situation. A block vote was polled against the temperance people that should not have been given. He did not think the Liquor party's methods would be so effective next time. Thousands of women who had no sympathy with liquor voted for continuance because they were told the cost of living would increase. Of course the cost of living would not be increased. Storekeepers and others would, in fact, be able to sell cheaper. In No-license towns there were fewer bad debts, and by virtue of a larger turn-over storekeepers and others would be satisfied with smaller individual profits. There was much misrepresentation with regard to home drinking. He invariably found in this State that where there was no bar there was practically no home drinking. Look at the vast amount of home drinking there must be under license with places which catered for that. The story as to home drinking was not borne out by experience in N.Z. He believed that as time went on the people would be educated, as in N.Z., to the fallacy of the arguments used by the liquor trade. As to the future, he believed they had to go on with their policy of education, not only by distributing literature, but by educating the community as to the value of No-license. The Liquor party knew that if the thing were fought out on facts and the real position given, whether in N.Z. or elsewhere, wherever it had had a fair trial the answer would be undeniable. In the N.Z. No-license district the quantity of liquor had decreased to one-fifth what it formerly was. Could it be said that a lifeboat's mission was a failure when it saved four men out

(Concluded on Page 12.)

Comments by the Man on the Water Waggon.

THE WICKED BREWER AND THE PUBLICAN.

A week or two ago we dealt with the "Good Brewer" and his charitable deeds. We carefully considered his fatherly care of the poor publican—how he oftentimes raised him from comparative penury to the proud position of "boss of the house,"—and we noted the fact that such charity brought its own reward, i.e., the balance sheet of the brewer showed a very handsome profit indeed. But anyone reading of the many virtues of the Brewer as portrayed weekly in "Fairplay" could only expect such a commensurate reward—for kindly consideration for others welfare has a habit of bringing in its train a suitable recompense.

This week, however, we have to tell the tale of a very selfish brewer—a brewer of a nature foreign to most brewers—and here, too, the reward, or rather the punishment, fitted in a remarkable manner the crime, to borrow a phrase from the "Gondoliers." It all happened in a northern State a few years ago, and is not a mythical story (like some of the pretty picture stories in our contemporary), but a real solid fact, as more than one person can testify.

This "naughty" brewer was not content with the ownership of the brewery—plus several tied houses—he must needs have a large general store, and the poor publican found himself guarded

by two "chains." He must buy all his grog from the brewery and all his supplies from the store. This was not of itself any great injustice, but the prices charged by the Brewer were—and sheer, rank robbery into the bargain. Again and again one particular hotel changed hands, and each new lessee "went up" in turn.

Now, it is an old saying that the longest lane comes to a turning at last, and it is very true too. A new publican took the old rookery in hand, and decided to try his fortune with it. He was a very determined man, this publican, and when he scanned the first batch of the Brewer's invoices he did not turn white with dismay like his predecessors. Not he. He wrote his family solicitor, and made an engagement, and told him all the things he should like to have been able to say to the Brewer, had there not been such a binding agreement between them. The family solicitor nodded appreciation of his grip of "old English," and, after some agitation, gave him specific instructions which were to break the bond of iron wherewith he was bound to the Brewer. Acting upon these he next day sent an order to the Brewer's "store" for a general assortment of sundries, of such microscopic dimensions, that the language of the man of beer and his satellites easily established a record for the whole of Queensland. "What," said the Brewer in his letter, "do

you take me for, when you order 4 ounces of salt and a lb. of potatoes? I simply refuse to break cases for you, and that's the end of it." The aged solicitor smiled broadly as he gathered this sweet epistle amongst his treasures, and he gently purred: "Buy where you like now, my dear Mr. X—, for your agreement is no longer in existence," and the publican bought so well, and sold, too, for the matter of that, so well, that in a few years' time he had made a fortune.

So you see, although Brewers are as generous and affectionate as "Fairplay" paints them, yet sometimes you find a greedy man amongst them, and his punishment comes as suddenly as does the reward of the good Brewer.

THE GLEBE P.L.L. MEETING.

The Glebe Political Labor League provided members with a nice little assortment of picturesque personalities, and exciting episodes, at its meeting on Wednesday night last, when one member thought it advisable to draw a revolver to ensure proper protection for himself. It certainly ushered in a new era of things political when it established the precedent of "inducing" unfinancial members to leave the room. It is always the gentleman who creeps in under the canvass who is the severest critic of the circus—and the unfinancial member of any league is always the noisiest. We do not attempt to criticise the stand taken by either of the parties to the dispute. We simply wish to point out that, whilst regretting the somewhat unnecessary violence of expression shown, it is not a bad thing to find members of any league taking its little affairs very seriously. It is the prevailing general apathy that chills one. Look even at the last U.L.V.A. conference, when most members attended the show—and consider the dire and bitter lamentations of the president.

Consider hundreds of our own Temperance meetings when little interest is taken by the members of branches, let alone the general public. We can't imagine the secretary of the Alliance wielding a revolver over the heads of delegates, but we certainly wish he met as many "well meaning enthusiasts" each session as do the officials of any live Labor League. We should soon make the whole country "ring" with the "war cry" of our cause, and, finding us intensely in earnest, thousands would join our ranks who now stand aloof from us and our work. In this respect the Labor Leagues are an object lesson to the community.

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A TERRIFIC INDICTMENT.—A WORLD-WIDE EVIL.

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT, in the "Outlook," April 8.

An Australian writer, Mr. Beale, has written a work on "Racial Decay," not good in form, but in substance I believe better worth the study of every sincere patriot, not merely in Australia, Great Britain, and Canada, but in the United States of America, than any other book that has been written for years. It sets forth in detail, and illustrates by chart, certain facts which have long been familiar to students and thinkers who care to face the truth, and whose studies and thoughts are not superficial. But, unfortunately, the facts set forth, though of fundamental importance to the whole people, are so unpleasant that ease-loving persons who do not care for anything that causes them disquiet refuse to look them in the face, and the great bulk of good people are in ignorance of them, or at least wholly fail to appreciate their far-reaching significance.

Mr. Beale deals with the startling decline of the birth-rate in Great Britain, the Australian States, and France, this decline being due to the capital sin, the cardinal sin, against the race and against civilisation—wilful sterility in marriage. He only touches on the United States incidentally, but every student of the subject knows that the United States shares with the other English-speaking countries the melancholy and discreditable position of coming next to the people of France, among great civilised countries, in that rapid decline of birth-rate which inevitably signalises race decay, and which, if unchecked, means racial death. Mr. Beale shows that the decline of the birth-rate in France because of the wilful sterility in marriage began 50 or 60 years ago, and has continued to such a point that the French race in France for the last decade has been actually decreasing in numbers, the population of France being kept practically level only by the higher birth-rate among immigrants, chiefly Italians and Germans. Among the English-speaking peoples there has long been much complacent pointing at France as a nation that no longer held its own among the peoples of the earth. As a matter of fact, the English-speaking peoples have now all entered on the same course which France has followed until year by year she has become less and less able to rank as the equal of Germany. Moreover, the decline in the birth-rate among the English-speaking people has proceeded at an even more rapid rate than in France itself.

IN AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND.

One of the strangest and saddest things in the whole sad business is that the decline has been most marked in the very places where one would expect to see the abounding vigor of the race most strikingly displayed. In Australia and New Zealand there is no warrant whatever in economic

conditions for a limitation of the birth-rate, and the course of events in these great new countries demonstrates beyond possibility of refutation that the decline in the birth-rate is not due to economic forces, and has no relation whatsoever to hard conditions of living. New Zealand is as large as Great Britain and as fertile. Its population is between one-thirtieth and one-fortieth of that of Great Britain. It is composed of the sons and grandsons of the most enterprising and adventurous people in the Old Country, and the New Zealand people have realised to an extraordinary degree the institutional and industrial ambitions of democracy everywhere; yet the rate of natural increase in New Zealand is actually lower than in Great Britain, and has tended steadily to decrease. The Australians are sparsely scattered over the fringe of the great island continent. It is a continent which could support, without the slightest difficulty, tenfold the present population, and at the same time raise the general standard of well-being. Yet its sparse population tends to concentrate in great cities of disproportionate size compared to the country population, just exactly as is the case in England and the United States, and in so many of the countries of Europe; and it increases so slowly that, even if the present rate were maintained, the population would not double itself in the next century; while, if the rate of decrease of the last decade continues, the population will have become stationary by the middle of the century. If this is so, then the men who rally to the battle-cry of "A White Australia" have indeed ground for anxiety as they think of the teeming myriads steadily increasing north of them in Asia. In private life no man can permanently hold land of which he makes no use, and in the life of nations it is absolutely certain that in the end no race can hold a territory save on condition of developing and populating it.

The same causes that are at work in Australia and New Zealand are at work in just as acute a form among the English-speaking people of Canada, and in a less acute form, but in a form constantly growing more acute, in Great Britain. Moreover, they are at work here in the United States no less actively, and their effects are only partially obscured by the enormous immigration hither. In most of the southern States there is as yet a purer and higher standard of conduct in this matter; the men and women are truer to the old standards of duty and morality in these fundamental matters which touch the very life of a race, and therefore the birth-rate has not yet materially fallen. But throughout the North and West there has been the same shrinkage as in Australia, Canada, and Great Britain, and in the New England States the shrink-

age has been not only greater than in the British Empire but greater than in France itself. There has been much talk of the New England conscience. Most certainly in the past the New England conscience has been a mighty factor in the spiritual growth of this nation. But the New England conscience now sadly needs to be awakened to the frightful and fundamental immorality which it has ignored and condoned. It is utterly vain, it is a shameful thing, to be conscientious about minor and relatively unimportant matters, and yet unconscientious about one great and all-important matter. Entirely disregarding the effects of emigration, it is true that there are fewer New Englanders of old American ancestry in the New England States to-day than there were 50 years ago at the outbreak of the Civil War.

THE CURSE OF STERILITY.

The American stock is being cursed with the curse of sterility, and it is earning the curse, because the sterility is wilful. It is due to moral, and not physiological, shortcomings. It is due to coldness, to selfishness, to love of ease, to shrinking from risk, to an utter and pitiful failure in sense of perspective and in power of weighing what really makes the highest joy, and to a rooting out of the sense of duty or a twisting of that sense into improper channels. Moreover, this same racial crime is spreading almost as rapidly among the sons and daughters of immigrants as among the descendants of the native-born. If it were confined to Americans of old stock, while it would be a matter of shame to us who are of the old stock, we could at least feel that the traditions and principles and purposes of the founders of the Republic would find their believers and exponents among their descendants by adoption; and in such case I, for one, would heartily throw in my fate with the men of alien stock who were true to the old American principles rather than with the men of the old American stock who were traitors to the old American principles. But the children of the immigrants show the same wilful sterility that is shown by the people of the old stock. It is almost unnecessary to say that the sterility is not physiological—of course, disregarding the naturally numerous exceptions—and is in no sense due to the change from Europe to another land. For over two centuries after coming here, the descendants of the European settlers were among the most prolific of mankind; and the same is true now of the whites of the Southern Appalachian region; while there is probably no race on the face of the earth more prolific than the French of Canada, who have become and continued such during the very centuries which have seen the sterility among their kinsfolk, the French of Europe, grow until the race is actually going backward in point of numbers.

During the last decade the increase in population of the United States was almost two-thirds by immigration, the increase by birth-rate showing a far lower percentage

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than ever before. Lincoln rarely ventured to prophesy. His chief prophecy, which looked far ahead into the future, was about our growth of population, and this has been lamentably falsified by the facts. He prophesied that by this time we would have over two hundred millions of people; and so we would have had if the United States had continued to increase at the rate that it increased during Lincoln's lifetime. As it is, if the present rate of decrease in the birth-rate continues, this country will have become stationary in population by the middle of the century; and so will the English-speaking peoples of the British Empire.

THE WARFARE OF THE CRADLE.

Men have striven to take comfort to themselves by saying that all civilised races are having the same experience. It is not so. There are some of the smaller States of Europe which have already begun to show similar decadence; but the people of Germany have as yet hardly begun to show it. The great cities, Berlin and Hamburg, for instance, do show it substantially, as it is shown in New York, Chicago, and London; and if this tendency is not checked, Germany, in its turn, will begin to travel the same road which France has long travelled, and which the English-speaking peoples are now travelling. It was the warfare of the cradle more than anything else which during the nineteenth century gave Germany its preponderant and dominating position in Europe. In this warfare Germany now shows signs of yielding to the Slavonic peoples, for the Slavonic races have been hitherto totally unaffected by the movement.

What I saw a year ago in East Africa was illuminating. In British East Africa the men who discovered the country, who annexed it, who started to settle it, who are governing it, who have made it what it is, are the English. But the men who are breeding its future citizens and masters are the Dutch! The Englishmen there are fine fellows; they are doing excellent general work; I like and admire them. But as settlers they are hopelessly behind the Boer farmers whom I met, because they have very small families, and most of them do not look on the country as their permanent home. Of 10 settlers of each nationality the 10 Englishmen will be the leading men in the present life of the colony; but most of them are looking forward to going "home," as they call it, to England; only three or four of them will be married, and those will among them have only five or six children. The 10 Boers think of Africa as their home; each is married, and almost every one has a good-sized, probably a large, family; and, unless conditions change, the future is theirs,

so far as the white race in that part of Africa is concerned.

Again, to quiet their uneasy consciences, cheap and shallow men and women, when confronted with these facts, answer that "quality is better than quantity," and that decrease of numbers will mean increase in individual prosperity. It is false. When quantity falls off, thanks to wilful sterility, the quality will go down, too. During the half-century in which France has remained nearly stationary, while Germany has nearly doubled in population, the average of individual prosperity has grown much faster in Germany than in France; and social and industrial unrest and discontent have grown faster in France than in Germany.

THE FUTURE OF THE WHITE RACE.

It is never safe to prophesy. Neither I nor anyone else can say what will happen in the future. But we can speak conditionally. We can say that, if the processes now at work for a generation continue to work in the same manner and at the same rate of increase during the present century, by its end France will not carry the weight in the civilised world that Belgium now does, and the English-speaking peoples will not carry anything like the weight that the Spanish-speaking peoples now do, and the future of the white race will rest in the hands of the German and the Slav. Are Americans really content that this land of promise, this land of the future, this abounding and vigorous nation, shall become decrepit in what ought to be the flower of its early manhood? Our forefathers were the heroes of the tremendous epic that tells of the conquest of a continent. The conquerors, the men who dared and did, with hearts of steel and thews of iron, looked fearlessly into the eyes of the future, and quailed before no task and no danger; are their sons and daughters, in love of effortless ease and fear of all work and risk, to let the blood of the pioneers die out of the land because they shrink from the most elemental duties of manhood and womanhood?

I am well aware of the extreme difficulty in getting any serious attention paid to this matter, although it is the most vital of all matters. Too often the average man treats it as a subject for jocular—often for brutal and vulgar jocular; while the men and the women who like to think of themselves as leaders of light and learning, and to earn their reputations cheaply, turn away from the subject as unpleasant, and busy themselves about what in comparison are unimportant futilities. Yet the importance of all other subjects depends absolutely upon treating this subject as of far more importance. As a nation we pride ourselves

upon taking great thought about education. But it is useless to waste time on education if there are not going to be enough children to educate. To spend thought and money in elaborate plans for the bringing up and cultivation of a young man amounts to nothing if we have also arranged that he shall commit suicide shortly after he gets of age; and so it is idle to take thought about the nation's future if the men and women of this generation are to leave behind them only a dwindling remnant to inherit this future. Surely, it ought to be obvious that no material prosperity and mental cultivation, that none even of the minor and subsidiary virtues, will count for anything in the life of an individual if he puts an end to that life; and surely it ought to be obvious that this is just as true of a race as of an individual; and yet there are any number of people, including men who delight to style themselves apostles of culture and adherents of schools of advanced economic thought, who will not see this perfectly plain and obvious truth. If men and women do not marry, and if there are not sufficient children to a marriage, the race will in a short time vanish—surely anyone can see this. If there are no children to a marriage, the race vanishes with the generation itself; and if there are only one or two children to a marriage, the vanishing of the race is only put off for a short time. Sterile marriages include those where there are but one or two children, just as they include those where there are no children; wilful sterility is as much a crime against the race in the case of the one-child or two-child marriage as in the case of the marriage where there are no children. From the standpoint of the race the average three-child marriage must probably also be treated as a sterile marriage, for the one extra child does not, on the average, cover the cases of death, the case where for proper and legitimate reasons the man or woman does not marry, and the cases where married people through no fault of their own fail to have children. The race cannot go ahead, it will not keep its numbers even, unless the average man and woman who are married and who are capable of having children have a family of four children. These, and these only, are the men and women with whom the whole future of the nation, the whole future of civilisation, rests.

CHEAP SOPHISTRY.

I know well every form of cheap sophistry which can be used in answer to this statement. I know well how certain it is that this statement will be twisted out of shape, and how some men, who for their own pur-

(Concluded on Page 10.)

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THURSDAY, JUNE 1, 1911.

THE YOUNG MAN.

On June 4th the Y.M.C.A. have called the Churches to a special effort to attract young men. This must have the sympathy of all, and yet comparatively little is done for young men, and a special Sunday a year is absurdly little in the interest of the best material in the Church. While the young man is shy, volatile, and easily side-tracked, yet he is capable of enthusiasm, hero worship, loyalty and good fellowship, and if these qualities are quickened and deepened the result will be good men and good fathers. We hope much will be made of young men's day on June 4th, and that clergymen may sympathetically appeal to the young man and incite him to admiration of the Man Christ Jesus, and that all will co-operate to give the clergyman an audience worthy of his theme.

PRIDE OF EMPIRE.

We confess to an enthusiasm for the Empire, and believe that it is a wise thing to encourage national pride, as such pride becomes an incentive to higher things. One cannot belong to a big thing without in some way, however small, reflecting its bigness. We rightly hear much disparaging talk of provincialism, which is only another name for narrowness, and we believe the way to correct this national selfishness and littleness is to take a hint from the wise mother, who wins her child to surrender the green and deadly apple with a smile by offering in its place the large and luscious orange; to have scolded, threatened, or grabbed would have stirred to fight, and incited to uproar. We do not wish Australians to give anything up, but rather to link up with the Homeland that has a history, traditions, and a bigness that we might well be proud of, and which will surely help us in our national infancy. Some

people sneer at patriotism, but then it is evident that they are not capable of anything beyond a cheap sneer. They are lacking in depth of nature and a knowledge of history which would have recalled the great part that patriotism has played in the history of countries of all times. It is very largely in the hands of parents to foster the pride of empire and to instil a spirit of patriotism, and we hope they will not treat lightly their responsibility in this matter.

WOMEN AND FASHION.

A very fashionable woman some time ago, in all the glory of her costly attire, took a poor man to task for working what she described as "a miserable, half-starved, over-worked, half-dead animal." She went on to ask, "Have you no feelings? Are you so brutal that you don't mind working a half-dead animal?" The man kept his eye fixed on the beautiful stuffed bird in her hat, and at last he merely said, after looking from his animal to her hat, "Well, mam, he is not as dead as the bird in your hat." And the woman we hope was not so stupid that she did not catch his meaning. However, this is the serious side of fashion, this slaying of little birds, against which we have often protested. There is also a ludicrous side, and women have been making themselves a storm centre over the so-called harem skirt. After having stormed at men for not wiping their feet before entering the home, they calmly step in to the house after having swept the filthy footpaths with their absurdly long skirts carrying in much worse than mud, they now propose to go to another extreme. A very noted man has said what a clergyman dare not say, or if he had said it, he would have been held up to scorn as a wowsler.

M. Worth, who is still the greatest and most refined dress-designer, will not hear of such a garment, although he thinks it will find a certain amount of favor. His opinion on the matter is both sarcastic and instructive. Asked if he thought women would accept the trouser style of dress, he said "Yes, certainly they will. They will wear it because it is vulgar, ugly, and wicked—those reasons are sufficient to ensure the success of any article of women's wear. Since Adam's day, women have really worn the breeches, though they seek to disguise it; but in this latter day of vulgarity, they care not how fully this garment is displayed to public view. The world has gone mad? No one talks of art, literature, or public affairs; all conversation concentrates itself on this most detestable garment. But it will go, for the reason I have stated." Asked if he intended to present it to his customers: "I shall not endorse it, but if they demand it, they must have it," he replied.

We are glad, however, that the great majority of women are sane and dress reasonably, omitting the high heels at one extremity and the dirty and ugly hairpad at the other. Many women will find Isaiah, chapter 3, verses 16-26, a very startling commentary on dress, and 1st Peter, chapter 3, verses 3-4, a very fine expression of what finds favor in God's eyes.

"IF."

If you can keep your head when all about you
Are losing theirs, and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt
you,
And make allowance for their doubting,
too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,
Or, lied about, don't deal in lies;
Or, being hated, don't give way to hating;
And yet don't look too good, nor talk too
wise;
If you can dream and not make dreams your
master;
If you can think, and not make thoughts
your aim;
If you can meet with triumphs and disaster,
And treat both these impostors just the
same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've
spoken
Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,
Or watch the things you gave your life to,
broken,
And stoop, and build them up with worn-
out tools;
If you can talk with crowds and keep your
virtue,
Or walk with kings—nor lose the common
touch,
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt
you,
If all men count with you—but none too
much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the earth and everything that's in it,
And, which is more, you'll be a man, my
son.
—Rudyard Kipling.

WANTED:

We will be glad to buy a copy of the second bound volume of "Grit," some one having removed the only office copy.

SHORTHAND EXAMS.

The Students of the Metropolitan Business College still continue to secure the cream of the results in the important Shorthand Examinations conducted by the Incorporated Phonographic Society of Australia. Following are the places in order of merit in N.S.W. won by these Students at the latest Exam. (1st April, 1911):—Advanced Theory: 1st place, Ida Grice; 2nd, W. Steele; 4th, M. Colquhoun. Theory: 1st place, Marion Kark; 2nd, Dorothy Beveridge; 4th, Winnie Buckler. To date, the first place in N.S.W. in eight out of the eleven Exams, held in Sydney by the above Society have been won by Students trained by the Metropolitan Business College, a result of which, in view of the keen competition existing, they have every reason to be proud.

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WHO IS A HERO?

THE STUFF FROM WHICH THEY ARE MADE.

The world dearly loves a hero. He has been enshrined in novels, decorated on platforms, glorified in armies, lionised in society and enthroned in the hearts of the multitude in all ages. There is a fascination about a hero that is irresistible, and Carlyle, in his "Heroes and Hero Worship," has paid tribute to this fascination. The meekest of mortals have had their dreams of the heroic, and it is only owing to false ideas as to what constitutes a hero that has kept the ranks over thin. The essence of heroism is self-forgetfulness in the presence of danger. Unfortunately we usually limit the danger to the physical kind, and many thoughtlessly give the first place to heroism of the spectacular kind that springs into being with the startling brilliancy of a meteor, quite forgetting that the act that calls for prolonged endurance, and about which there has been time to think, calls for higher qualities, and therefore produces a finer heroism.

The "Century Magazine" has been publishing the stories of some heroes under the title of "The Bravest Deed I Ever Knew," and a very well-known doctor gives this vivid sketch of what he considers to be a unique instance of the spirit of unselfish heroism.

THE MINER HERO.

Dick T— was about 25 years of age, and in his short life had been in turn cowboy, rancher, and miner. Strong and active in body, quiet in speech and manner, he stood for all that was typical of that virile manhood commonly found among the workers of the golden West. Working a claim at that time at an altitude of 11,000ft. above the sea, on a bare and rocky hilltop, he and his two partners with much labor had sunk a shaft straight down to the vein of mineral-bearing rock a hundred feet below. Over the entrance of this shaft they had built a crude shaft-house. Rough and patched as it was, it sufficed to give the necessary shelter for the boiler, steam-engine, and windlass used to hoist the bucket in the shaft, and also as a place to store powder, tools, and fuel. During active work on the mine, two men were lowered to the bottom of the shaft, and one stayed in the house to keep the fire in the boiler and to stand by the hoist engine.

One morning Dick was in charge of the engine, and as he looked up at the roof he noticed a thin wreath of smoke curling up from the boards about the iron smoke-stack. He sprang to a water-barrel, and began to dash water at the burning roof above him, but found such efforts were useless. The flames, bursting through the cracks in the roof, and fanned by a strong wind, rapidly extended the entire length of the building. The only other claim being worked was about a mile away.

THE BURNING ENGINE-ROOM.

As a practical miner, Dick knew that the flames of the burning building would soon

draw all the air up out of the shaft and smother the men below, even if there was no danger from the fire itself. The idea of deserting them never for a moment occurred to him. He knew that their only safety was to be hauled up out of the shaft as soon as possible. So he ran to the hoist and pulled twice on the signal-rope to notify the men to get into the bucket and be hoisted up. There was some delay in answering his signal, and in his anxiety he shouted down the shaft that the shaft-house was burning. To his relief, he felt at last an answering tug on the line, and at once started the engine.

Things now began to move rapidly. The roof and one end of the building were now afire, and the overhead boiler roared and hissed, as the steam rushed out of the safety-valve. Fragments of burning wood fell about him as he stood at his post. He noticed for the first time near his feet a large box of giant caps used to set off the blasts in the mine. As he could not leave the starting-lever for an instant, without danger to the men in the bucket, he shoved the box with his foot across the floor, so as to be as far away from it as possible; but just as he did so, a flaming brand fell into it, there was a blinding flash, and explosion, which tore out one end of the building and half-blinded Dick, who had fortunately crouched down behind the hoist. Although shaken and confused by the explosion, he was virtually unhurt, and noted with relief that the engine was still working. The bucket, he judged, was now about halfway up the shaft. The side walls were blazing fiercely, and the heat was almost unbearable. A tongue of flame wrapped itself around his head, burning off the hair on one side, and part of his eyebrows and moustache. Fortunately, however, the smoke was blown away from him by the wind, so that he could still see and breathe freely.

A CLOSE CALL.

Another and more serious danger now confronted him. Over toward his left, near the corner of the building where the fire was thickest and the floor was burning, he saw a pile of sticks of giant-powder. Just as he caught sight of them he heard his companions calling in the shaft. He knew he must save them from the coming explosion, if possible, so he pushed the lever over, stopping the engine just as, with a few preliminary sputters of flame, the giant-powder exploded.

It tore the building completely to pieces. Dick was thrown into the air, only to fall doubled up across the drum of the hoist, where for a few moments he lay stunned.

He slowly regained consciousness, and managed to crawl over the drum to the floor. Deaf and half-blinded, with burned hands, he groped for the hot iron starting-lever, found it, and, almost by instinct, started the engine, which, wonderful to re-

late, had not been injured. In a few minutes the men reached the mouth of the shaft.

"NOTHING ELSE TO DO."

Dick was at once carried to camp, put on the first train, and sent down to me, and the same evening I treated him. With hair, eyebrows, and moustache half burned off, one eye swollen and useless, hands and face blistered, almost deaf, bruised in many places, and with hat and clothes charred full of holes, he presented a sorry sight. Thanks to his splendid physique and healthy life, he soon made a perfect recovery, and when I last heard of him was somewhere in the wilds of Canada working on a claim as usual.

When I suggested that he had done a brave thing, he replied quietly: "Oh, no, Doc. Anyone in camp would have done the same. You see, the boys were in danger below, and there was nothing else to do."

BORN OR MADE?

Many will tell you that heroes are born, not made. Well, if that is true, there is no doubt that many who are born heroes are spoilt badly in the bringing up. The indulgent parent will never have an heroic child, and the dare-devilry of some scamp is but heroism going to seed for lack of the principles a boy never learns so well as in his home and from his mother. Every social problem of the day is looking to the parent as the only solution. When the parents are capable of self-sacrifice that amounts to heroism then we may expect children who will do the grand big thing, and think nothing of it, since they have yielded to the pressure of the blood in their veins and the traditions of their home.

PARCELS OF CLOTHING.

Those who wish to help in the work among men and the poor of Surry Hills, are asked to send old clothing to 69 Reservoir Street, Sydney. The cost by rail is double if it is not prepaid. If parcels are left at the Railway Station, the ticket should be posted to Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, Box 390 G.P.O., Sydney.

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RACE DECADENCE.

(Continued.)

pose choose to pretend to misunderstand it, will cause it to be misunderstood by some good men and women who have not thought deeply. But it is a statement which not only must be made, but upon which all true lovers of their country and lovers of mankind should insist with their whole hearts.

Many wilfully sterile people actually regard themselves as good citizens, and even look down on what they stigmatise as "vice." But in reality wilful sterility inevitably produces and accentuates every hideous form of vice. Nor is this all. It is itself worse, more debasing, more destructive, than ordinary vice. Every decent citizen must abhor vice; I rank celibate profligacy as not one whit better than polygamy; yet, after all, such vice may be compatible with a nation's continuing to live; and while there is life, even a life married by wrong practices, there is chance of reform. But the cardinal sin of wilful sterility in marriage means death; and for the dead there is no reform.

Most great results, for good or evil, are due, not to any single cause, but to a tissue of causation. There are doubtless many causes which have combined to bring about the condition of affairs so alarming in Great Britain, in America, and in Australia. Disproportionate love of luxury and of comfort is one. I do not mean absolute comfort or absolute luxury, for it would be hard to define either in certain terms; and I have seen men and women complete slaves to self-indulgence in squalid cabins, just as I have seen them such slaves in great, roomy, comfortable houses. It is not the having comfort or enjoying rational luxury which is the trouble at all; it is putting an improper and disproportionate value upon it as compared with other things more important. So I do not believe that, in itself, the growth of independence among women has anything to do with the trouble. By law and custom the Frenchwoman stands towards the man in a wholly subordinate and inferior position compared with the American woman, and yet it is in France that the evil has had its worst development; and there this development began before the causes which we are apt to describe as sufficient to account for it had operated to any extent. Any growth of freedom, whether of man or of woman, whether it takes the shape of the spread of democracy among men or the spread of liberty among women, is apt at first to be accompanied by vagaries of license, the recipients of the new liberty tending to abuse it, until they have become sufficiently accustomed to it to know just what it is worth, and to appreciate that it brings even more of responsibility than of privilege (and if they do not appreciate this they will speedily lose it again). There are American women who, in the thirst for their rights, forget their duties; but there are just as many American men who are guilty of the same offence. The majority of both men and women will, I believe, either keep

or regain their poise, and their sense of proportion.

Our appeal must be not only to the intellect and the reason, it must be to the heart and the conscience. In this great fundamental matter, vital to the life of the whole nation, our appeal must be to the plain people, to the average man and the average woman; and fundamentally it must be an appeal to character, an earnest prayer that in the souls of all of us the sense of duty may grow and not dwindle and may be guided by wisdom and inspired by courage. We honor the good man and the good woman who do their duty; and, above all others, we honor the wife and mother, for she is the high priestess of the race, who bears in her strong and tender arms the burden of the destinies of mankind.

AN INGENIOUS REBUKE.

A Highland minister found one of his parishioners under the vicious influence of drink. Next day he called on him, to rebuke him for his evil excess. "It is wrong to get drunk," said the minister. "I ken that," said the unrepentant sinner, "but I dinna drink as muckle as ye dae yersel." "How do you make that out?" he indignantly asked. "Well, sir," said the pawky Scot, "dinna ye aye tak' a glass o' whisky an' water after dinner?" "Yes, certainly," said the minister, "I take a glass of whisky and water after dinner, but merely to assist digestion." "Jist that," said Jeems. "An' dinna ye tak' a tum'ler o' toddy ilka night when ye're gaun tae bed?" "Yes, to be sure," again assented the minister, "but that's just to help me to sleep." "Aweel," proceeded the imperturbable Jeems, "that mak's jist fourteen glasses i' the week, and gey near saxty ilka month. Noo, ye see, I only get pyed my waages ilka month, and if I wis' tae tak' saxty glasses fin I got pyed, I wad be deid drunk for a week. Ye see, minister, the only differ between the two o' us is jist that ye time yours better than I dae."

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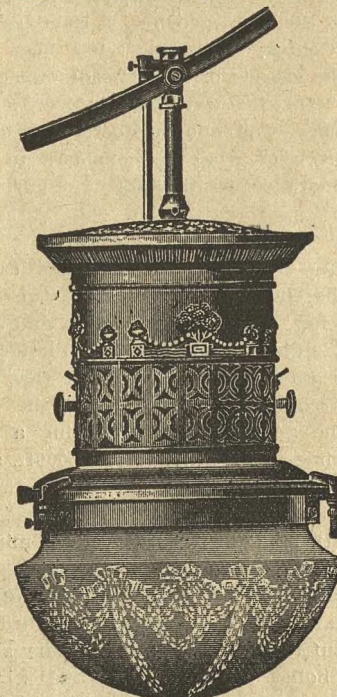
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The BOYS' and GIRLS' OWN

(By UNCLE BARNABAS)

BIRDS THAT ARE OUR FRIENDS.

A Prize Essay.

By GRACE HAWKINS, of Cooma.

Looking about, one can see the birds flying to and fro in the bush. We wonder what they are doing, but if we could get close enough to them we would see that they are hunting for food for themselves and their young ones. This consists chiefly of insects, which are not always our friends. Sparrows are supposed to eat the grub of the Codlin moth. Swallows eat mosquitoes, and the common fowl eats grasshoppers, so each of these birds must be a friend.

Again, every summer sportsmen go out shooting, and eat for their dinner what they shot after breakfast. Some of the birds, perhaps, might be wild ducks, quails, or plovers. It is true that these birds are our friends when they are killed. It is supposed that the parrot is an enemy, but in many ways he is a friend. For instance, he eats insects; he also makes the world brighter by his merry whistle. Even the crow is a friend, because he eats up household refuse which would otherwise decay and cause disease. The sparrow is a bird of the same sort. Then again, the jackass makes everybody laugh in tune with him. He is supposed to eat snakes, but I have not seen him do so. All these birds are friends, because they help us through the world.

HOMES FOR BAD HABITS.

A homeless Bad Habit was searching one day

For a spot where it snugly could settle and stay.

It hung round Fred's door for three hours by the clock,

But never found courage to step up and knock.

The place was too busy and crowded, you see;

There was really no minute that seemed to be free;

There were lessons and games, there were books to be read,

And no time to be idle from breakfast to bed.

But Jim's door stood open, not far down the road;

No crowd was about it; no bustle it showed; The hall was deserted, the study was bare, And the Habit stepped in with a satisfied air.

"Ah, here's what I want," it remarked with a grin,

"I can settle in peace, and grow into a sin. Jim's life is so idle and empty, I see,

It's just the right home for an inmate like me." "The Presbyterian Record."

CONUNDRUMS.

1. What is most like half an apple?
Answer: The other half.

2. What is it that grows bigger by taking from it? A hole.

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS.

To Lucy M. Miles, Lithgow, for June 6;
Dorris Warren, Alexandria, for June 8.

May your birthdays be bright days, bringing you some new gift of Heaven!

Born in June

Keep in tune!

(First four words of Psalm 33 for a motto for the year.—Uncle B.)

THE REAL UNCLE BARNABAS.

As there is still some doubt in the minds of two or three of our nieces and nephews as to whether Uncle Barnabas is the gentleman he is supposed to be, or whether he is someone else, it has been decided by the Proprietors of "Grit" to print a charming picture of him—head, body, and feet, and not mixed up either with other people as he was in that last picture, and without any tricks such as our photographer played on us in the other pictures. Just the plain, simple, innocent, happy-looking Uncle Barnabas will appear, and nothing, and nobody else.

FOR SUNDAY.

Alphabetical Bible Names.

The following names wanting begin with O, P, Q, R, S, T, U. What are they?

1. A woman whose tears did not mean much. (Book of Ruth).

2. A woman whose husband was a tent-maker. (Acts).

3. A brother who saluted. (Romans).

4. A girl who was frightened. (Acts).

5. A man who found honey in a queer place. (Judges).

6. A friend of Paul who lived at Lystra. (Acts).

7. A man who fell dead. (2 Samuel).

MISSING WORDS FOUND.

The missing words from Psalms are:—

"Seek ye the Lord while he may be found."—Marjory Llewelyn, Webber's Rd., Kogarah.

THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK.

How to Stop a Rooster Crowing on Sunday.

Kathleen Rankin, "Dalburrabin," Casino, writes:

Dear Uncle B,—No, we haven't any of those plants which you asked me about; even if we had I would not know them by those names. Perhaps putting a little salt on a rooster's tail would stop it from crowing on Sunday. I never tried that. The right way is to stuff it on Saturday night. The Kyogle show was on to-day, and will be on to-morrow, but I don't think any of us are going. We have seventeen different kinds of pot plants now, and they are doing well. Fred brought me a dear little pearl pen and paper knife, and a nice little purse. I am tired now, dear uncle, so I'll close. With best love from your affectionate niece.

(Dear Kathleen,—Hope you liked the dear little presents very much, and that the nice



VERA YATES.

It will be nice, Vera, if some day Emily W. or the Head Gardener, or Milcie, or one of your other ne's or ni's recognises you from this picture. I hope all those who have written to me will send their photo for this page. I promise faithfully to have a photo of Uncle B.—without any tricks, evasions, or obstructions—so watch this corner for Uncle B.

little purse will soon be fat with shining silver pennies. Your cure for noisy rooster makes my mouth water. I'll take a wing and a bit of the breast please; and don't forget the stuffing!—Uncle B.)

MAKING THE MELON JAM.

Daisy Hawkins, "Wyville," Cooma, writes:

Dear Uncle B,—I was very pleased to see in "Grit" that you had accepted me as a niece. I have been staying with grandma for a few weeks, and could not write before. Mother's only brother was married on the 10th May. My sister Bertha officiated at the organ. We have been cutting up melons for jam to-night. My sister, Stella, is away on holidays, and will not be back till Monday week. We have had frosts and fogs here this week, and it is rather like rain at present. The Nimitybelle railway line is going ahead. The iron rails have been laid out over half way, but no more can be done until a fresh supply of rails comes next month. Our water supply will soon be started; tenders have been called and received. The water is to come from the Murrumbidgee. Cooma is getting quite a lively place now, a picture gallery was opened recently, and the skating rink has been opened since Easter Monday night. It is opened in the morning at 10 a.m., and closes at 12.30 p.m. It is opened at 2.30 p.m., and closes at 5.30 p.m., and opened again at 8 p.m. and closes at 10. The first carnival this year is to be held on the 31st May. I have not been to the rink at all, but I hear a lot about it. The town band is going to the Harden contest this month. My uncle is one of the bandsmen. Well,

uncle, I must say "good night," with fondest love to all the cousins and yourself. I am, your ever-loving niece.

(Dear Daisy,—Cooma is coming along at a fine rate, sure enough. How nice it will be to have the water-tap and the Murrumbidgee water always at hand. I don't like those thousand gallon tanks. I like to feel that I can use 1000 gallons at a time, if I want to. And I always feel as if ma has her eye on me if I take a bucket or two from the tanks. Did you put a bit of ginger in the melon jam? And I hope you didn't throw out all the seeds — they taste so nutty! Did you make the jam on the gas stove, or out in the back yard on a log fire? —Uncle B.)

UNCLE B.—"YOU LOOKED VERY HARD."

Beryl Anderson, Bexley, writes:—

Dear Uncle B,—I wonder if you knew me that night at the No-License Conference. I was with mother and another member of the Bexley White Ribbon Union. You looked very hard.

I am enclosing p.n. for 5/- for the year's payment of "Grit." I don't know if we owe anything, or how much, as we never saw our name in the list of subscribers.

We had lovely services at Easter and during Holy Week. Last Sunday we repeated our Easter music, as it was so wet on Easter Sunday.

We are holding a Coronation Fair next week, so that will take up a lot of time. It is time for church now, so with love to self and all cousins.—I am, yours sincerely.

(Dear Beryl,—It is a habit I have to look hard. But I am not really as hard as I look. I should be sorry if I looked hard in your presence. I should certainly try to smile a faint smile under such circumstances I remember wondering at that No-License Conference if some of my nephews and nieces would know me. Were you sitting to the right of that gentleman who got up and spoke so loudly? Tell me, please, how the Coronation Fair fared. Thank you for the pretty little p.n.—Uncle B.)

WHY IS IT?

Should the Railway Lines Join?

Yesterday some of us were waiting to see the train pass, and we noticed that where two rails joined end to end they did not quite meet. There was a space of about a quarter of an inch between the ends. Could it be a mistake of the navvies who laid the rails? When the express had

passed, we looked out for the joinings of the others rails. There was always a little space left; so it seemed to be done on purpose. Could any of my young friends tell us why this is so if it is done on purpose?

ANSWERS.

By BERYL ANDERSON.

Acrostic (April 20th):—

1. Ruth.
2. Ephesians.
3. Malachi.
4. Philemon.
5. Habakkuk.
6. Amos.
7. Nahum.

Remphan—A God. Acts 7, 43 verse.

ALL SEVEN TO SEVENTEENERS.

Please send your photo. We want one every week. Send it to-day to Uncle B., Box 390 G.P.O., Sydney.

N.S.W. ALLIANCE.

(Continued.)

of five? A gentleman who had just come over from N.Z. after watching the fight for 35 years said the trade had given up the fight on the broad principles whether No-license was a success or not, and were appealing on the grounds of sympathy. Mr. Marion suggested various ways of conducting the No-license campaign, and warmly commended the scheme to raise money by means of boxes in the homes of the people. These boxes not only brought in funds, but linked up the people to the movement. In campaigns it was desirable that the organizers should have to devote their time to raising funds. The boxes were averaging 2/- per quarter, though only 1/1 was asked for. Referring to Mr. Lloyd, who had said he would inquire into the working of liquor legislation abroad, Mr. Marion said Mr. Lloyd had been in America before, and on his return he was engaged by the Tasmanian Alliance to fight in favor of prohibition as the result. The speaker also referred to Mr. Lloyd's connection with the Liquor Defence Union.

A vote of thanks was accorded Mr.

Marion, who in replying appealed for funds for the general work of the Alliance. A collection was taken, and the meeting closed with prayer.

The Goulburn "Penny Post" says:—Mr. Gregory Lloyd, the late lecturer to the Liquor Defence Union, was present at the meeting of Mr. Marion, the Alliance lecturer, on Saturday evening, and asked several questions. From the the nature of the questions it would appear that Mr Lloyd is still in active sympathy with the liquor party.

IF YOU HAD KNOWN.

If you had known how my heart ached to-day, I think you would have stepped a little way Out of your path, to smile and take my hand: You did not understand.

Your heart was full to do some wondrous deed;

Something to bless the great world in its need—

Mine was too small; yet, by one word or touch,

You might have helped so much.

Yet, while I speak, the swift thought runs me through,

That I, who blame, may be blameworthy too: That others round me needed help—and I,

Absorbed in self, passed by.

—Katherine Alison Brock.

* * *

"I suppose they serve wine at banquets to make the speakers witty?" "No. They serve it to make the other people think the speakers are witty."

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PRESIDENT TAFT'S ADVICE.

The letter written by President William H. Taft to the Sunday schools of the United States, which was read to approximately a half million Sunday-school scholars on the recent anniversary of Lincoln's birth, marks an epoch in the temperance reform.

The greatest medical scientists of America and the world have declared against even the moderate use of alcoholic liquors. The largest business men on this continent have taken the same ground. The best known and most trusted leaders of organized Labor in the United States have spoken with no uncertain sound against both the traffic and the habit, while college presidents and professors, magazine editors and writers of the first rank, governors of States, legislators, congressmen, judges, lawyers, and others by the hundreds and by the thousands, have lifted their voices in protest against the use of alcoholic liquors in any form. The liquor habit, in fact, has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. Public opinion has rendered an uncompromising verdict in the case. From that verdict there is no appeal; and even now in the nation at large, judgment is being taken.

How fitting it is, therefore, that the President of the United States should frankly pronounce the opinion of the public in the well-chosen words of the following letter:—"My dear young friends,—

"The excessive use of intoxicating liquor is the cause of a great deal of the poverty, degradation and crime of the world, and one who abstains from the use of such liquor avoids a dangerous temptation. Abraham Lincoln showed that he believed this in writing out for his boy friends the pledge of total abstinence, so often quoted. Each person must determine for himself the course he will take in reference to his tastes and appetites, but those who exercise the self-restraint to avoid altogether the temptation of alcoholic liquor are on the safe and wiser side."

The President's letter is strong in that it is simply an appeal to the truth—a truth, in fact, that even the friends of the liquor traffic must admit.

There may be some question as to the best possible way to promote total abstinence; there may be some question as to the different methods of dealing with the varying appetites of men and women; but there can no longer be a reasonable difference of opinion as to the "safe and wiser side;" nor can there be any doubt as to the final responsibility of the individual himself with regard to which side he should choose.

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC AND PAUPERISM.

Every standard economist and every student of social reform must inevitably come to the same conclusion about the effect of the liquor traffic on pauperism as that reached by Charles Booth in his book on "Pauperism and the Endowment of Old Age." After enumerating all the causes

contributing to pauperism, Booth declares that drunkenness is the most prolific of all causes, while at the same time it is the most unnecessary.

Professor A. G. Warner, in his scientific tabulation of the causes of poverty, which was published some years ago in "American Charities," gives to drink third place among the causes of poverty. Robert Treat Paine in 1893, in his enumeration of the causes of poverty, places intoxicating drinks second in the list.

A thorough investigation of conditions in the city of New York in 1891 revealed the fact that of all the pauperism in that city chargeable to causes indicating misconduct, 47 per cent. was due to drink. A similar investigation in Boston in 1891-92 showed drink to be the cause of 70 per cent. of all cases indicating misconduct. In Baltimore the records for the same year credited drink with 33 per cent. of all such cases.

An official investigation by the Massachusetts bureau of statistics of labor, made under the direction of the legislature in 1895, showed that 47 per cent. of all almshouse inmates owed their condition either directly or indirectly to the use of alcoholic liquors.

The report of the Committee of Fifty credits the personal use of liquors with 33 per cent. of the pauperism, and the intemperate habits of others with 9 per cent.

The fact that economists and investigating committees differ in the proportionate amount of pauperism which should be charged to the liquor traffic is not of such vital importance. The one point which is of the highest importance is that all agree that liquor is a prolific cause of poverty, and that even though the most conservative figures of the most conservative of investigators were to be taken as a fair basis, the part which intoxicating liquors play in the poverty of the nation would alone show just cause why the liquor traffic should die.

TEMPLE BAR TO CLOSE.

Temple Bar, the most famous college saloon in the world, is to be closed. Temple Bar is located at New Haven, Connecticut, and in the old days when the classes of Yale voted beer their favorite drink Temple Bar became not merely noted, but notorious. This place has doubtless ruined hundreds of brilliant young men. It is to be closed, as the proprietor says:

"Yale students vote water their favorite drink instead of beer, and that is what is the matter with Temple Bar and the reason why its doors will close the first of next September."

It is a pleasure to know that college boys and men have changed and that a place like Temple Bar must quit business because of lack of patronage.

SCHOOL AND SALOON.

In a report made by Superintendent Hawkins, of the public schools of Bellaire, Ohio, concerning the relief provided to indigent pupils, he shows that in 1908 the

amount of money expended for indigent children was 374.35 dol. The next year this amount dropped to 70.77dol., while for the past year it was only 54dol. Mr. Hawkins reports that during the year beginning 1908 there were large contributions of second-hand clothing for which there was constant call by pupils. Last year there was little call for relief of this kind, and so far this year there has been practically none. Bellaire has been without saloons since the fall of 1908.

ACCOMMODATION IN NO-LICENSE AREAS.

To the Editor.

Dear Sir, — The Liquor party have constantly and persistently affirmed that no-license means poor hotel accommodation. The result is that many people have come to believe it to be a fact, and thus many votes are lost to this reform. My wife and I have lately returned from an extended tour of New Zealand, and possibly our experience on this point may be useful to those who have honest doubts of no-license from the accommodation standpoint.

In the three no-license towns Masterton, Balclutha, and Invercargill, in which we required public accommodation, our experience was in every wise satisfactory, and the reverse of liquor advocates statements. In all good and ample accommodation is provided.

In Masterton, for convenience, we stayed at a coffee palace adjacent to the Railway Station. For cleanliness, comfort, attention, and a good hotel at a very moderate tariff this house left nothing to be desired by any reasonable person.

At Balclutha, the "Crown" Hotel—where we stayed—is worthy of special mention. At a charge of six shillings a day the accommodation given was equal if not superior to any other obtained by us in the Dominion, though we often paid as high as ten shillings a day. At some of the larger towns such as Thames, Westport, and Greymouth, we stayed at what we were informed were the leading hotels, but though the tariff was higher the accommodation was inferior to the "Crown."

With regard to Invercargill, a gentleman whom I met at one of the tourists resorts, informed me that the accommodation was wretched. Afterwards I discovered that he was a traveller for a brewery. His charge was not borne out by our experience. The town is well supplied with first class hotels. Where we stayed we were well pleased with the accommodation provided, and none but a confirmed grumbler or prejudiced person could take exception to it.

I am convinced that the hotels in no-license towns supply the needs of the travelling public at least as well as those of licensed towns, and that it is not lack of good accommodation but lack of drink, a prejudice, which has led to their scandalising.

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Alstonville, 1/5/11.

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**Of Every
Description**

OBTAINABLE AT

Griffiths Bros., 534 George St., Sydney.

This is Where You Laugh.

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A QUESTION OF HEARING.

The burly farmer strode anxiously into the post-office.

"Have you got any letter for Mike Howe?" he asked.

The new postmaster looked him up and down.

"For—who?" he snapped.

"Mike Howe!" repeated the farmer.

The postmaster turned aside.

"I don't understand," he returned stiffly.

"Don't understand!" roared the applicant.

"Can't you understand plain English? I asked if you've got any letter for Mike Howe!"

"Well, I haven't!" snorted the postmaster. "Neither have I a letter for anybody else's cow!"

* * *

A WRONG DATE.

When Farmer Fairweight came to London on a flying visit he discovered many things—that 'busses could go without horses, that you could walk for a whole hour without striking a field or an acquaintance, and, finally, that you couldn't hit a policeman simply because he compels you to move out of other people's way. As he was being taken to the station, he inquired what the policeman intended doing with him. "You'll find out soon enough," said the policeman grimly, "seven days, probably." "Seven days! Ah! that's where I have ye, old bluebottle!" exclaimed the farmer, triumphantly, producing the return half of his ticket. "I've got to go back on Monday!"

* * *

"Why do you consider women superior to men in intelligence?"

"A bald-headed man buys hair-restorer by the quart, doesn't he?"

"Er—yes."

"Well, a woman doesn't waste time on a hair-restorer, she buys hair."

THE BOY'S DILEMMA.

"Remember the example of George Washington, my boy," said the father.

"Who was George Washington?" queried the hopeful.

"Why, he was the man who couldn't tell a lie, of course."

"What was the matter with him? Couldn't he talk?"

There is now a great deal of anxiety in the parental mind as to the youngster's future.

* * *

A SOFT ANSWER.

"Always remember, Ferdinand," said his loving parent, "that 'a soft answer turneth away wrath.' So if any little boy or girl hits you, be your mother's own sweet darling, and don't lose your temper."

Then Ferdinand trotted off to school, and when he came home to lunch his mother asked him:

"And did my boy remember what he was told?"

"Yes, ma. A boy called me a fool, but I did as you said."

"And what soft answer did you make?"

"I hit him in the eye with a soft tomato!"

* * *

THE WISE WIFE.

It was noticed that every pay night the wife of a young mechanic went to meet him at the foundry gates, and, taking his arm affectionately, walked home with him.

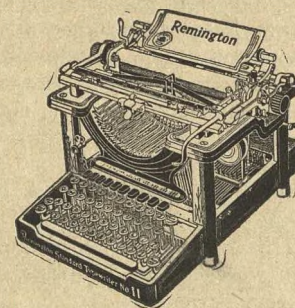
"What a beautiful sight it is to see you and your husband walking along so loving together!" remarked her tender-hearted landlady. "I suppose you are really very fond of each other?"

"Oh, we rub along pretty smoothly, Jim and me," the woman answered, with a slight blush. "But it ain't for love altogether that takes that long walk every week-end, ma'am. When a man has 33 public-houses to pass on his way home, with a week's wages burning a hole in his pocket all the time, it's just as well to keep a tight hold of his arm. Us workin' women have to realise that we've married men, ma'am, not angels."

* * *

"I don't see any difference between you and a trained nurse except the uniform," said her sick husband. "And the salary," she added, thoughtfully.

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Bible House, 242 Pitt-street, Sydney.

For Fathers and Mothers.

HAPPINESS versus WEALTH.

A Famous Magistrate's Talk to Men.

Mr. A. Chichele Plowden, who for twenty-two years has presided at the Marylebone Police Court, has earned for himself a reputation for wisdom and justice which extends far beyond the bounds of his magisterial area. He very rarely takes any part in what is commonly known as "religious work," but he recently consented to address a men's meeting at the Claremont Mission. We quote from his eminently practical address:

What is it as a whole the human race in every country under the sun is ceaselessly striving for? Happiness. It has been symbolised by one of the greatest poets of the present day as a blue bird always flying before our imagination, never coming actually within our reach.

Nobody can be always happy, nobody would care to be always happy. Try to imagine yourself being absolutely happy—you would be miserable in a week! You could not stand it. It sounds like a paradox, but nobody in this world can be really happy unless they know what it is to be miserable. It is a law of our being. You cannot enjoy pleasure without pain; you cannot enjoy food or drink without hunger and thirst; you cannot enjoy health unless you have known what it is to be ill. The moral is: Don't let your troubles too easily cast you down. Have patience, have courage, and you will see your troubles melt away and disappear. The clouds will roll away and the sun be bright again. Many people are inclined to despair too soon. Only yesterday I had before me a poor fellow, who, despairing of getting work, tried to drown himself in a canal, and was rescued. Within an hour I had not only discharged him from the police court, but, thanks to our police court missionary, the work was found for him for which he was best fitted. Remember, we are not the creatures of fate. It is our business to try and be happy and to make others happy.

Happiness and Pleasure.

But in the search for happiness let us never confuse happiness with pleasure. Pleasure many contain happiness up to a certain point, but it does not last. It is not possible to improve upon the recipe for happiness of the old Roman: A sound mind in a sound body. That is the best prescription for happiness. One constantly hears people saying, "If only I were as rich as So-and-so," "It is a detestable thing to be poor." Do not, however, confuse wealth with happiness. They are not the same thing. I think of two of the richest men in the whole world—multi-millionaires. One of them spends all his money collecting works of art from various countries, and he does not care what price he pays for them. He might get pleasure from them, but nothing like the pleasure of the collector who has not got a bottomless purse.

Do you suppose that man is to be envied for his happiness? Poor fellow! He has got a disfigurement in his face of so painful and trying a nature that it is to him, I know, a matter of ceaseless anxiety and worry and regret. All the wealth in the world will not make that man happy. If he could get rid of the disfigurement with which he was born he would give millions cheerfully. Another man, possibly richer still, a great American, cannot enjoy a single honest meal! He cannot digest it. There is hardly a single thing he can eat or drink. He would give some of his millions for a good appetite.

Now, my advice to you is: Cultivate your bodies and keep as well as you possibly can. Don't sin against your conscience. Listen, whenever you get an opportunity, to anything that may be said to you upon great subjects by wise and thoughtful men. Listen to them with respect, patience, and tolerance. Don't give up your judgment; weigh what they say. If you want an infallible guide you can never go wrong: the best men and women never neglect the mandate of their own conscience. There are all sorts of theories about what conscience is. Some people say there is no such thing. All I say is, follow yours. It will give you a contented mind. Cultivate your mind. Don't put a strain on it by reading that which will bring you no profit. Keep abreast of the movements of the day, associate with your fellow creatures, exchange opinions with them, listen to what they say. Read your newspapers diligently, read books, and choose them with care. You will find your happiness in life enormously increased. There is a sermon for you!

What a Police Court is For.

You must forgive me if I do not talk about the police court. I like to forget it when I get away from it. People say to me, "I wouldn't be you for the world! How can you sit there, day after day, leading such a wretched life, seeing the worst side of human nature, everybody more or less unhappy?" Yes, I see a great many sad things, but I see a great many cheerful things, too. If I see the bad side of human nature, I see the good side—a great deal of

it. I have seen instances of devotion and sympathy and affection brought out in the police court not to be matched in any other circumstances in any part of the world. I hope you will think well of these courts. They do not exist for the sake of punishing people. Owing largely to our invaluable police court missionaries, they are the means of saving them." z

THE SMOOTHERS OF THE WAY.

"She always made things easier," was the tribute paid a little while ago to a quiet woman not much known outside the four walls of her household and in a charity or two, but who left an aching void behind her when she passed on into the larger life. No one who knew her could help recognising the simple completeness of the statement. From her husband to her housemaid, everyone in the family felt his or her daily way smoother and straightened by her tact and system and gentleness. She was a living example of George Eliot's saying: "What do we live for if it is not to make life less difficult for one another?"

To some girls and women perhaps this seems a small end to live for. Yet that it is so often approached makes the hope and happiness of home. Life is increasingly difficult, increasingly complex in many communities to-day. The husband, the children, the friends, of the woman who "makes things easier," more and more rise up and call her blessed. Her work is worth living for, because it continually makes every life within its influence seem better worth living. And when she is gone—how rugged the way, how heavy the burden, without her gentle ministry! We hear a great deal nowadays about the superfluous woman. Some branches of woman's work may be overcrowded—but never, never, surely, the high vocation of the smoother of the way."—*"Harper's Bazaar."*

"I suppose your new baby is a delicate pink?" chaffed Brown.

"No," said White; "she's a robust yellor!"

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