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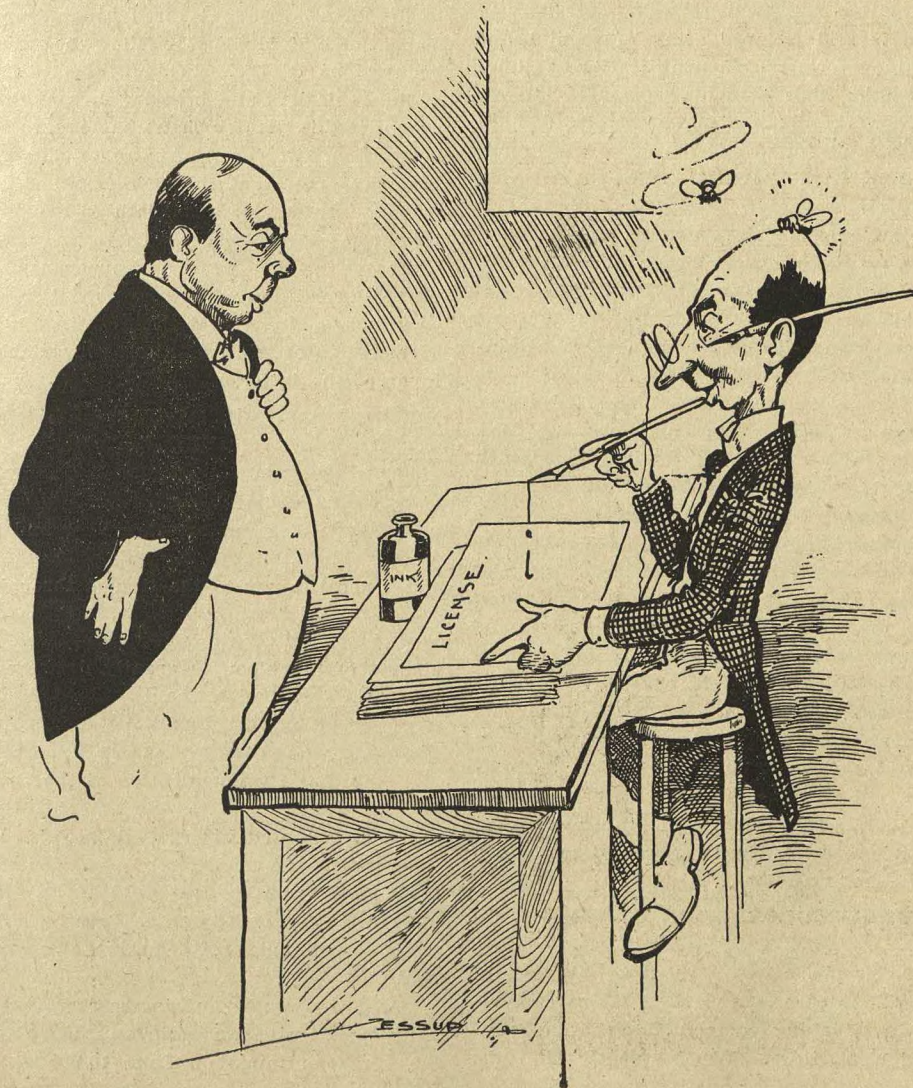
A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

VOL. VIII. No. 5.

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THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1914.

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



"NOT YET, BUT SOON!"

(A person applying for a publican's license has to produce evidence of previous good character.)

Authority: "You claim to have a good character?"

HAVE you ever poisoned a man with alcohol?

HAVE you ever robbed a man of his wages, and hunted his wife and little children into the gutter of starvation?

HAVE you ever stolen the gold of a man's honor and manhood, and replaced it with the dross of the cringer and the sneak?

HAVE you ever for a paltry sum strengthened the murderers failing arm to execute his dreadful deed?

Applicant: "No, your Honor! I've never held a license yet."

Authority: "Right! I find your character good, and here's your license. Bog right in."



DISEASES OF DEGENERACY.

COLONEL L. M. MAUS GIVES VITAL STATISTICS SHOWING HERITAGE OF DRINKERS' OFFSPRING.

Although Colonel L. M. Maus was unable to be present at the National W.C.T.U. Convention reports purporting to give statements made by him on that occasion appeared in the press, and attracted the attention of members of the United German Societies of the District of Columbia, from the secretary of which organization he received the following letter:—

"Colonel L. Mervin Maus,

"Medical Corps, United States Army,
"Headquarters Eastern Department,
"Governor's Island, N.Y.

"Colonel,—A short time ago an article appeared in the public press, stating that you had made, in a lecture before the Woman's Christian Temperance Union at Atlantic City, New Jersey, the statement that 76 per cent. of the children of German brewery workers are unfit for the duties of life on account of their parents drinking beer.

"At the last meeting of this organization, resolutions by the Columbia Brewers' Relief Association were adopted, one of which was to request you to furnish this body with proof of the existence of the statistics referred to, to the end that should such conditions exist, we may proceed with an investigation into said conditions, with the object of eradicating same, or materially improving the conditions of the men referred to."

"Please send to me any statistics and data, or reference thereto on the subject in question.—Very respectfully,

(Sgd) GUSTAVE BENDER, Secretary."

THE REPLY.

"Governor's Island, N.Y.

"Mr. Gustave Bender, Secretary United German Societies of the District of Columbia, Washington, D.C.

"Dear Sir,—For a number of years I have been deeply interested in the study of the effects of alcohol on human progeny, and am very glad to have this opportunity of presenting a few of my conclusions to the Columbia Brewers' Relief Association, especially as this information has been requested with a view to the improvement of the offspring of its membership.

ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES LARGELY RESPONSIBLE.

"Recent studies of our vital statistics have revealed an alarming increase in the diseases

of degeneracy, which has made it necessary to take an inventory of the moral, mental and physical stock of the people. From the very best information on the subject it is believed the United States contain the following number of adults and children suffering from insanity, feeble-mindedness, idiocy, epilepsy, tuberculosis, venereal diseases, deafness, dumbness, blindness, physical deformity, pauperism or criminality for which alcoholic beverages are largely responsible:—

"Insanity, 200,000; feeble-mindedness and idiocy, 150,000; epilepsy, 75,000; deaf and dumb, 100,000; blind, 50,000; physical deformity, 300,000; tuberculosis, 500,000; venereal diseases, 7,500,000; paupers, 100,000; and criminals, 500,000.

"Besides the abovementioned degenerates, there is still a large army of mental and moral perverts whose qualifications fall far below the high standards of good citizenship, as a result of drinking habits.

"The disorders of development among children from parental intoxication vary greatly in character. They range from moderate enfeeblement of mental and physical growth to the lowest grade of idiocy and monstrosity. According to Dr. W. C. Sullivan, 55 per cent. of the children of alcoholic mothers are stillborn or die before attaining their second year, while many of those who survive are epileptics, feeble-minded, insane, or suffer from some peculiar form of mental or physical degeneracy, which places them in that large but sad army of erratics and degenerates.

"Bezzola found that 35 out of 70 idiots were conceived during the wine harvest of fourteen weeks in which the Swiss carouse, while the remaining 35 idiots were conceived during the rest of the year. Leppich claims that he has observed 97 children who were conceived at the time one or both parents were intoxicated, only 14 of whom were born without noticeable defects. Dr. W. C. Sullivan reports 7 authentic cases of this character, and scores of other eminent physicians make similar observations which are beyond question or dispute.

TUBERCULOSIS AND PARENTAL INTEMPERANCE.

"Tuberculosis is a common result of parental intemperance and is far more common in drinking communities than in prohibition territory. We frequently find the



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children of the intemperate afflicted with hip joint disease, spinal affections, swollen joints, glandular enlargements, and scrofula, besides the active form of pulmonary tuberculosis. The International Congress on Tuberculosis which met in Paris in 1905 passed the following resolution:—

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

"Many who denounce ardent spirits, consider beer a wholesome and sustaining food. Beer drinkers are especially liable to fatty and enlarged heart, diseases of the liver and kidneys complicated with dropsy, arteriosclerosis, gout and rheumatism. As a sequelae of beer-drinking we find an infected and loaded circulation, embarrassed respiration, functional perversion, hepatic and renal congestion, and a diminished vitality which invites disease and death.

MORTALITY OF BREWERS.

"The mortality of brewers between the ages of 50 and 60 is about three times as great as that of individuals who follow the ordinary occupations of life. In fact, the mortality of liquor dealers and brewery men, with few exceptions, is greater than that of any other occupation. Doctors Bauer and Bollinger, of Munich, report that the beer drinkers' heart in that city causes one death to every sixteen from other diseases. There is a marked contrast in the general appearance and physical condition of the beer drinker at 40 or 50 years of age and the abstainer at the same period of life, and almost invariably in favor of the latter.

VERDICT OF SCIENTISTS REGARDING BEER.

"As a result of the continued use of beer post-mortems disclose a dilated stomach, fatty heart, diseased arteries, liver and kidneys, a yellow adipose deposit under the skin, and general injury to the tissues throughout the system. Besides, the immunity or resisting powers of the white corpuscles and plasma of the blood is greatly destroyed in beer-drinkers, which leaves the individual unprotected against infectious diseases and the poisonous toxins they generate. Graphically speaking, the constitution of the chronic beer drinker is 'shot to pieces' at 40 or 50 years of age, and his system may be aptly compared to the condition of a wooden structure in the Philippines which has been honeycombed by white ants. Insurance companies as a rule refuse this character of risk.

"A large number of interesting and exhaustive experiments have been made by the
(Continued on Page 10.)

IN PASSING.

A STORY OF THE DEGRADATION OF WAR.

By SAMUEL MERWIN, in the "American Magazine."

It was an odd little dinner, nearly yet not quite so simple and comfortable as had been designed. The baron was there by right; within the week he was to be married to little Elise Hunting. George Denbury and I were there partly for old time's sake, as middle-aged friends of the Huntings, partly also because Denbury had known the baron at Berlin and at London. The two or three other men and the four bright-faced young girls were all in the city as members of the wedding party.

We had done our best to create an atmosphere of old-fashioned friendliness, but the sombre magnificence of the mahogany-panelled dining-room and the utter sophistication of the two men servants worked against us. Every one of us knew that at the moment, on every newsstand in Greater New York and the suburbs for forty miles around, the names of Elise and the baron were displayed in black headlines. We knew, and we knew that every serving-maid and bootblack in the city knew, that the baron's attorneys had been in prolonged consultation with Jim Hunting's permanent counsel; that settlements had been arranged; that the baron's properties in eastern Prussia were to be rehabilitated with certain of the millions that Jim Hunting had sagaciously extracted from the consumers of renovated rubber.

So it was that despite our best efforts the talk flagged a bit. Only the young girls were quite themselves. And of them all, the widest-eyed, the brightest and freshest, the most beautifully unconscious of everything on earth save herself and the wonderful new life that was opening before her girlish eyes, was little Elise.

We who had seen her grow up always thought of her as little. Denbury and I had seen her dance through her childhood years like a fairy. We had seen the gentle wistfulness and the dawning wonder of the teens come into the big blue eyes through which a spirit of white innocence looked out on a white and innocent world. We had seen the long blond braids come up and arrange themselves about her head in a crown of spun moonlight. Elise was nineteen now. She was slender—almost slight. One little hand lay on the table as I looked at her—the left hand—and on the third finger was the baron's ring, a single perfect stone mounted on a circlet of platinum.

Yes, it was an odd dinner. My glance shifted from Elise to the baron, to the man who would very shortly carry her over the sea. He was more than twice her age, yet was distinctly what is termed good-looking. Speaking excellent English, mentally alert, even clever, with an expression of weariness about the eyes and an occasional smile that suggested a cynical sort of good humor, he qualified easily as a man of the world.

Dinner was over. The ladies rose, and left us to the liqueurs and cigars. Elise appeared

to my sentimental, middle-aged eyes fairly to float out of the room. I watched to see if she had a parting glance for the baron, but she seemed hardly to know that he was there. This, foolishly enough, bothered me. I wanted to be sure that she loved him. She did not act, in my opinion, like a girl who is, as we say, in love. She was excited, yes; but something was lacking.

I glanced at Denbury. We were standing about the table. The baron had just finished bowing in his graceful Continental manner, and was about to clip the end off a cigar. Jim Hunting already had his cigar in his mouth, and was lighting it. The other men were on the point of drawing up their chairs. But Denbury stood for a moment motionless, looking after Elise Hunting as she moved lightly and quickly out through the wide doorway. His face, tanned from exposure to sun and storm in the remotest corners of the earth, and with fine wrinkles about the eyes, was deeply thoughtful.

He stood there, his hand on the chair-back, until she had gone; then his glance flitted to the world-weary face of the baron, and a momentary expression came into his eyes that I did not understand at all. Then, recovering the composure that had carried him to Khartoum with Kitchener, through the Boer War, the Cuban and Philippine campaigns, the Graeco-Turkish and Russo-Japanese affairs, and that would shortly be called upon to support him amid the discomforts and dangers of the Tripoli coast (for he was sailing in the morning), Denbury seated himself and lighted a cigarette.

We fell to talking about war. The two or three young men were properly impressed by the presence at the table of a famous Continental diplomat who had seen much active military service, and of the greatest war correspondent America has ever produced; and, being impressed, they eagerly guided the talk.

"As a boy I had a chance to enter West Point," observed one. "I refused because it looked as if there wouldn't be any more wars. Peace talk was running high then; the The Hague idea appeared to be gaining strength; we were cutting down our army." He laughed lightly. "And ever since there has been the jolliest lot of fighting, with a fair prospect now that the whole world will be at it before long."

Denbury looked across at the speaker.

"Aren't you better off as you are? Why wish to become a military man?"

"I suppose—I never thought exactly—why, it is the oldest of the professions. It has standards of courage and honor. It offers brilliant opportunities." He broke off with an embarrassed little laugh. "I suppose it appeals to me because it is the most picturesque and attractive game in the world. Perhaps, too, because the soldier is the de-

fender of home and State, and as such commands respect everywhere."

Denbury slowly shook his head. His intensely serious manner struck me as rather out of tune with the occasion. Usually he was urbanity itself. I saw Jim Hunting glance quizzically at him. And the baron flashed a quick glance across the table.

"You think differently?" asked the young man, with surprise as well as respect in his voice.

Denbury looked thoughtfully about the table. His eyes rested last and longest on the famous diplomat with the tired eyes, the man who appeared so little like a happy bridegroom. He shook his head. "I think differently," he said. "To-morrow I leave for another war—a mean little war. There will be nothing glorious in it; just slaughter and loot and lust, just the lowest, beastliest instincts let loose to ravage as they please. It will be hell. War is hell. There is nothing to be said for it, nothing at all. My friend the baron knows what I mean. He, like me, has been through it."

At this the diplomat raised his eyes and gravely bowed.

"I never see a military parade now," Denbury went on, "I never see the flags waving, hear the bands playing, without wanting to step right out and tell people what it all means. I never see a young girl fall under the spell of a uniform and a trim West Point figure without wanting to take her aside and tell her what this business of killing really is. But the truth is so revolting that they won't listen. They wouldn't believe me if they did."

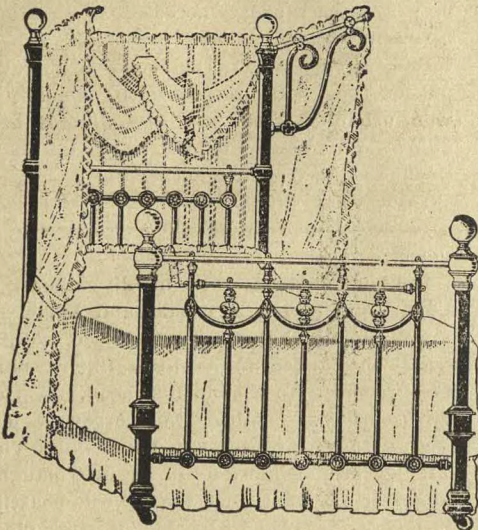
"Why don't you tell us?" asked the young man who had spoken before.

"I'm going to tell you," replied Denbury, "and in the form of a story. It was just a little episode of the Boxer row at Peking. But I have seen hundreds of other episodes that were as bad. This particular one happens to be interesting, that is all. The villain of my little story was not really a villain at all. He was, normally, a decent chap. I liked him. But the spirit of war had got him.

"After the relief of the legations and the flight of the court in 1900, you will recall that a number of 'punitive expeditions' were sent out from Peking. I accompanied the largest of them, the one that went south along the line of the railroad toward Pao-ting-Fu. The officer in command of one column of this force was a man I had seen a good deal of at Tientsin and Peking, and as he was a dashing and interesting person I travelled with him.

"We rested at noon one day in a typical little Chinese city, a square mile of grey-brown brick buildings enclosed within a thirty-foot wall. Our men went through the streets in small detachments, driving the inhabitants into their shops and houses, helping themselves to odds and ends of food, and incidentally looting a bit. There was a good deal of indiscriminate killing, of course. One group of soldiers, I recall, had found a headsmen's sword, and were having an amusing

(Continued on Page 15.)



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GRANVILLE LOCAL OPTION POLL.

This contest takes place on Saturday next. A vigorous campaign has been conducted by the No-License supporters, but nothing near the volume of work has been put in as that of the liquor party. It must be costing the brewers hundreds of pounds in their attempt to hold Granville. Those who have not rendered financial help to the Alliance in this fight should do so, and even if a little late it will help to meet the expenses of the campaign.

LIQUOR LYING EXTRAORDINARY.

About the extreme limit of liquor lying was reached at Lidcombe last week when a Liberty League orator declared that the Alliance was being backed financially by the British distillery companies, because, declared the speaker, they would be able to sell more whisky under No-License. This is very tall indeed, but it reveals the desperate straights of liquorites when such lying has to be resorted to in order to bolster up the traffic.

MORE BLOODSHED.

During the past week no less than six tragedies have been reported in the Sydney daily papers as a result of the liquor traffic. A woman at Auburn, when told this, said she "didn't care how many were killed so long as the psalm-singers got beaten at the poll." If it was her own son, such a person may think differently.

SERVING DRUNKEN MEN.

The law is being hourly broken in this State in respect to serving persons in a state of

intoxication. A publican, or one of his servants, who supplies liquor to a person in a state of intoxication is liable, under section 53 of the Liquor Act, to a penalty for the first offence of not less than £2, nor more than £5, for the second and subsequent offence to a penalty of not less than £10, nor more than £20, and in the later case to the forfeiture of his license.

According to decision given the prohibition in this case is absolute, and it is no defence that the licensee did not know the person supplied was drunk, if he was so, in fact.

It is no defence that the liquor was ordered and paid for by a sober man in company with the intoxicated person. The offence constituted is "supplying," whereas the English act it is "selling."

WHEN IS A MAN INTOXICATED?

According to legal rulings a person is in a state of intoxication within the meaning of the section if he has lost the normal control of his bodily and mental faculties. But the words signify something less than absolute incapacity from drunkenness.

ANTI-SALOON YEAR BOOK.

This Encyclopedia of facts and figures dealing with the Liquor Traffic and Temperance Reform for 1914, is to hand. The Alliance has a limited number of copies for sale. The price is 1s. 6d., postage 2d. extra.

This Year Book on the American Temperance position is an invaluable guide for work-

ers and speakers. It contains 244 pages, with many maps and diagrams.

VIGILANCE COMMITTEES NEEDED.

Throughout the State vigilance committees should be formed to see that drunken men are not supplied with liquor. An immense amount of good would result from such a crusade. Any two reputable citizens may report to a police officer any breach of the Act in respect to serving intoxicated persons, and almost any policeman will proceed against a licensee if evidence is available.

It is absolutely certain that nothing near the number of convictions for drunkenness would be registered in this State if the liquor sellers kept the law. But as a great writer once said, "The last thing on earth a liquor seller will do, is keep the law."

THE I.O.G.T. AND THE ALLIANCE.

It is gratifying to know that an attempt made at the Grand Lodge Session of Good Templars to sever from the Alliance was defeated. It is infinitely better for the movement that all Temperance organisations should be united in voicing their demands, and whilst the Good Templars stand for an aggressive prohibition policy, the Alliance is equally emphatic in its desire to eradicate the whole liquor traffic, but there are more ways of winning out than by a grand frontal attack. The straight-out declaration of the Alliance for State, and even National Prohibition, should satisfy all true anti-liquor workers.

EDUCATE! EDUCATE!

We acknowledge the following additional donations:—H.C., Newcastle, £4 14s.; A.C.W. 5s. (monthly); T. Chessell, 13s. 8d.; Mrs. J. Bramsen, 4s.; R. G. Allen, £1; Rev. W. Allen, £1; C. Basham, 14s. Total, £32 11s. 2d.

April 2, 1914.

To The Editor "Grit."

Sir,—It is somewhat discouraging to many interested in your forward movement to find the excellent educational effort dragging. Why? If we are up against the liquor traffic, why this holding back? Why this want of enterprise?

Surely the object is worthy of all support. If it were a campaign on behalf of bung and beer, the friends of bung and badness would very soon subscribe the amount you ask for—and much more; but being a movement for the betterment of our fellow man, we seem to be waiting for the other man to come along.

Fellow subscriber, that is yourself, please apply the axiom, and do not let the movement die for the want of the needful.

If, Mr. Editor, you can raise another £100 by the end of May, I will supplement my subscription by another £5. Will our temperance friends support this?—Yours, etc.,

H. CLAPHAM.

His Bible saved his life when an assassin shot at Dr. R. E. McClure in Blairsville, Pa., December 21st. The bullet did not pass through it. Drink was back of the deed.

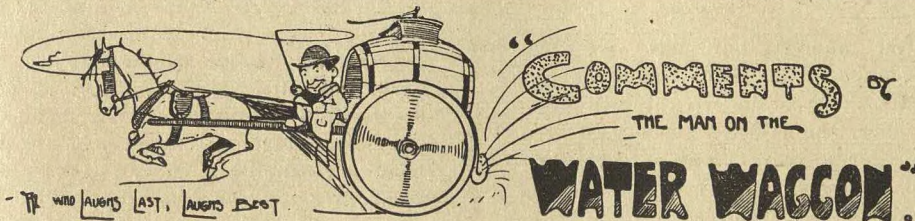
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A MORSEL FOR "FAIRPLAY."

Oh, yez; oh, yez; all ye who advocate strong liquor as a necessary adjunct to health and strength, and who are careful to elaborate that alcohol has nought but good tonic beneficial results, hearken to this cable in "Sydney Sun" last week (a paper to be banned in future by all good Liberty Leaguers):—

"ALCOHOL BANNED.

"OFFICERS TO BE ABSTAINERS.

"AMERICAN NAVAL ORDER.

"A tremendous sensation has been caused in naval circles in Washington by the promulgation of an order that on and after July 1 officers on the ships of the American navy will have to be total abstainers both at sea and in the houses and clubs within the naval yards on shore.

"It is explained that the Secretary of the Navy (Mr. Josephus Daniels) considers that alcohol is bad both for health and discipline.

"The popularity of the Administration is not likely to be prejudiced by its blue-ribbon tendencies, as the temperance movement in the United States is growing stronger.

"The army is fearful lest it should be treated like the navy."

But the part that stings is the postscript. (Put it in capitals, please Mr. Printer):—
THE POPULARITY OF THE ADMINISTRATION IS NOT LIKELY TO BE PREJUDICED BY ITS BLUE-RIBBON TENDENCIES, AS THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES IS GROWING STRONGER.

The Man on the Waggon feels that no notes of his could possibly help to embellish such a noble strain of music—discordant though it be to the ears of the "Leaguers"—and will leave this excerpt to both readers and Leaguers with his compliments.

ANOTHER TERRIBLE SMASH.

Right on top of the "Alcohol banned" episode, comes another smash at our liquor contemporaries, for a few nights later in the same evening journal appears the following cable, headed—

"TEMPERANCE IN AMERICA.

"MAY ALTER PARTIES.

"Legislation is being demanded in the United States Congress for an alteration of the constitution so as to forbid the liquor traffic.

"Politicians are anxious, because the tem-

perance movement is gaining ground in America, and may cause a re-arrangement of parties."

It is most significant indeed that POLITICIANS ARE ANXIOUS, for usually they find it an easy matter to buy over any faction that appears likely to give trouble.

It is the highest compliment to our fellow-fighters in America that political parties realise they cannot be bought. It is very generally recognised that he who comes out into the open and faces the armies of Bacchus has no axe to grind, and is led simply by a desire to stem the tide of woe, resulting from drunkenness. That America should be even considering such a step as prohibition is proof positive that Americans are being educated up to the uselessness of alcohol. One of our local doctors annihilated the arguments for its uses in cases of sickness within the last few days, and proved the GREAT DANGER attending its use in some cases. There is only one voice calling for the retention of free unrestricted drinking, and that an INTERESTED ONE.

Will the people of Australia still be beguiled by that unctuous voice? Or will they not consider, as have their brothers in America, how much the arguments of interested parties are worth. One cannot fool ALL the people ALL the time, and we think the liquor man's day is nearly done; his voice will soon cease to arouse a sympathetic chord in the hearts of an enlightened people.

THE WORLD'S MAGAZINES.

What a shock the booze magnate must get and how like a rat in a corner he must feel when he opens, says "Munzy's Magazine," to find that article lately reprinted in "Grit" on the "Poster Campaign," or when he takes up the "World's Work," the "Literary Digest," "Life," or that greatest of papers the "Saturday Evening Post," and finds alcohol condemned by such writers as Masson, Editor of "Life" on "Mr. Rum," or Jack London on "John Barlycorn," or Blyth on "On the Water Waggon." Perhaps we are wrong in thinking the liquor drinkers or boosters every read anything but "Fairplay." To them "Fairplay" must be like an old much worn slipper, no fear of touching the corns. Its "biff and bang" articles are quite delightful, and its advertisements most reassuring.

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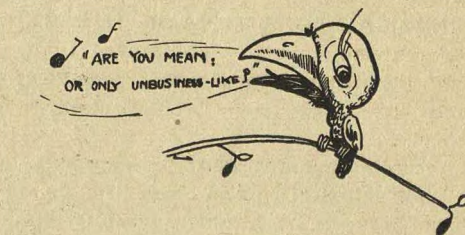
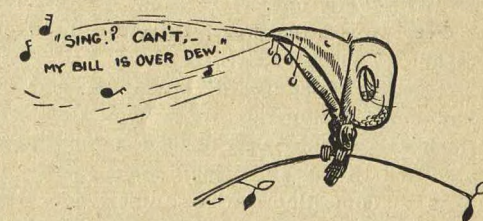
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What the Little Bird Told the Editor.



GRAINUS PORRIDGE FOOD.

The Cost of Forty-Two Liquor Traffic Victims.

The Facts of a Remarkable Investigation Conducted by Dr. Ernest Sigg, Volunteer Physician in the Munich Clinic for Nervous Diseases Directed by Prof. Kraepelin.—From a Special Translation for the "Scientific Temperance Journal."

How 42 alcoholic men, largely still in the prime of life, have already cost the public £103 each for mental disorders, crime, sickness, accidents and pauperism and are expected to cost £167 more each for future care, is explained in this remarkable study of cases. It gives a startling view of the avoidable burden of expense which the drink habit entails on the long-suffering public bending under "the high cost of living."

As a basis for estimating the saving that might be effected by timely treatment of cases that have developed into chronic alcoholism, the following study was made of 42 alcoholics admitted to the clinic for nervous diseases in Munich from January 1, 1911, to December 1 of that year.

PATIENTS IN THE PRIME OF LIFE.

Classified by age, the cases ran as follows:—Under 20 years of age, none; from 21 to 30, five; from 31 to 40, fourteen; from 41 to 50, fifteen; from 51 to 60, seven; and from 61 to 70, one.

Over two-thirds were, therefore, between 31 and 50 years of age.

It is to be supposed that these persons had been intemperate for a long time, although the greater part of them had not been admitted to the clinic more than twice.

As to domestic relations, nineteen of the men were single, fifteen were married, three widowers, and five divorced.

PHYSICAL CONDITION OF THE MEN.

Seventeen of them were proved to have descended from alcoholics; five were illegitimate, two-thirds had been backward in school.

According to diagnosis the cases were:—

Acute intoxication and alcoholism, 20; delirium tremens, 7; alcoholic insanity, 8; alcoholic epilepsy, 7.

With most of these cases the proper time for institutional treatment with any prospect of success had long passed. It is probable that if they had been put under treatment several years before a large part of them might have been made into useful citizens. Instead of that, they began, some earlier, some later, a vicious circle which took them from the clinic to the insane asylum and from there around again to the clinic until they were finally definitely put in the hospital, and only by running away appear again after a little while in the clinic.

THREE THOUSAND POUNDS FOR MENTAL DISORDERS.

If we reckon up the cost of the treatment of these 42 alcoholics in the clinic, in the insane asylum, allowance from the sick benefit treasury we have a total of 46,743 marks (£2337).

The numbers of days of treatment amounted to a year's maintenance of 57 persons. According to the sick benefit allowance, the cost of placing and maintenance for a year is put at 7000 marks per bed. Interest at 4 per cent. for 57 beds would be 15,960 marks.

The total cost of these 42 persons for treatment for mental disturbance alone would thus amount to 62,703 marks (£3135).

THE CRIME OF THIRTY-THREE COST ONE THOUSAND POUNDS.

But this by no means includes the total expense. We know that the criminality of alcoholics is no small item. Looking up the criminal record of our patients we found a total of 485 commitments. All except nine men had been condemned; eighteen less than ten times, four over thirty times, amounting in separate commitments from one day in prison to five years in the workhouse.

All, without exception, were condemned at the cost of the courts and of penal maintenance. Because of their inability to pay the State had to bear the burden of expenses of witnesses, of transportation, etc., to the extent at least of 10,000 marks (£500).

Altogether the number of days of detention amount to 21,086, which, at the rate of one mark a day (1s.), would cost the State 21,086 marks (£1054).

This sum shows us how great the burden of criminality imposed by alcoholism.

We know, in fact, that 45 per cent. of larceny, 85 per cent. of assaults, 63 per cent. of immoral acts occur in connection with alcohol and that 20 per cent. of all arrests have to do with drunkenness and that a very large percentage of recidivists are alcoholics.

ANOTHER THOUSAND FOR SICKNESS.

In the last ten years the total number of sick days of these persons was 28,598, one-sixth of which has fallen upon the hospitals. If we base our estimate on the Leipzig statistics we may credit 50 per cent. of the sickness to alcohol. That makes half of the cost for hospital care amount to 2383 days, which at three marks a day would be 7149 marks (£357).

The cost of medical attendance in the home at two marks a day amounts to an additional 4722 marks (£236).

The total burden imposed by our 42 patients upon the sick benefit treasury and the poor funds for sickness thus amounts to 11,871 marks (£593).

To this is to be added the sick benefits paid to these alcoholics by the Bavarian Insurance Society, 3500 marks, and temporary aid obtained from the poor funds, 5000 marks.

Summing up, then, we have for 42 alcoholics—

EYE STRAIN

So long endured,
So quickly cured
by consulting

Mr. A. M. MERRINGTON, G.S.O.I.

QUALIFIED OPTICIAN,
29 BROADWAY (near Grace Bros.),
GLEBE, SYDNEY.

	Marks.
For care for mental disorders	62,703
For criminality	21,086
For hospital treatment	7,149
For home treatment	4,722
Insurance benefits	3,500
Temporary aid from poor fund	5,000

Total 104,160
(£5208)

A WORSE BURDEN FOR THE FUTURE.

The question now arises whether this burden is to be continued or whether the demands made by these 42 persons in future will be smaller, for at the time the records cease, December 1, 1911, they had not run out their course. Unless observation and daily experience are entirely at fault, society will continue to be burdened by these persons for some time to come. With most of them it will be still worse in the future than it has been in the past.

In order to estimate the future we have to consider their life expectancy. Two have died since the records were completed, one each of tuberculosis and nephritis. The average age of the remaining men is 40 years, and they show at present no other physical defects than those of chronic alcoholism. We are safe in allowing an average of ten years to each. At the rate they have cost in the past they will yet cost 120,000 marks (£6000), of which one-fourth will fall upon the poor funds of Munich, the remainder upon the local sick clubs.

If those not confined make the same demands upon the judicial system, the poor funds, the insurance treasuries and the hospitals in the next ten years that they have in the past we shall have to add 20,000 marks to the above 120,000, making 140,000, and this to the past cost of 104,160 marks, a grand total of 244,160 marks (£12,208).

The average per individual is 5813 marks (£290).

This vast sum takes no account of the misery and suffering and brutal treatment which falls upon those most closely related to these drinkers, nor of the moral injury and pecuniary struggle of their families.

(The cost in New South Wales is very much higher than that quoted in this article, perhaps twice as high, and the number of liquor victims runs into thousands.—Editor "Grit.")

**ONLY ONE QUALITY,
THE BEST.
THAT DESCRIBES
KING TEA**
At a price within the reach of all, viz., 1/6 per lb. Why pay more?
ABSOLUTELY PURE
ALWAYS FRESH
RICH and REFRESHING.

Temperance Instruction in State Schools.

A PAPER READ AT THE AUSTRALIAN TEMPERANCE CONFERENCE.

By MRS. E. W. NICHOLLS.

The twentieth century is marked by what is termed "social consciousness." The study of eugenics is the study of the hour, and one of its leading exponents denounces the use of alcohol as "race suicide," and the fight against it has become war upon a race poison. Good health is the cry of our day till we are almost weary of health authorities and their rules, and science proves that alcohol destroys or paralyses the natural defences of the body against the germs of disease, and is the most potent cause of deterioration and death. This "social consciousness" demands good citizenship, the safeguarding of the community from the selfish exploiting of the few, and, alcohol being an enemy of public welfare, of the peace and good order of civic life; opposition to its manufacture and sale is no longer regarded as the fad of a few fanatical dreamers, but as a battle of the State against a deadly foe which the latest scientific research has unearthed and exposed. The utterances of statesmen, the lectures of medical doctors, articles in popular magazines, even the pages of novels by well-known writers, all contain strong denunciation of alcohol and its crimes.

Our topic for to-day is "Education," the discussions this morning relate to the education of young people. If this is well done, time need not be wasted in trying to make adults comprehend the first principles of temperance truth; and they will be ready, in early manhood and womanhood, for effective action. At present, reforms are delayed because the ignorant prejudices of voters have to be removed before they can be trusted at the ballot-box.

In America a generation has grown up with thorough knowledge of the scientific truth about alcohol, and the result is seen in a marvellous and widespread awakening in favor of National Prohibition, which is looked for in 1920. The enactment of compulsory scientific temperance instruction laws was largely due to the strenuous intelligent labors of the late Mrs. Mary B. Hunt, for 18 years the leader of this special phase of temperance effort, who also fought for and won scientifically correct text-books after bitter opposition from publishers and school authorities, whose eyes were closed to the deep need for saving the children from the alcoholic curse. Such pioneer work was not accomplished without self sacrificing concentration of purpose inspired by intense patriotism. A similar spirit animating workers in New Zealand and Australia may bring to us the prohibition of the liquor traffic in a few years, thus driving out a more deadly foe than and with which we are threatened by the promoters of war scares and militarism.

The British Empire is awake to the need for scientific temperance instruction, and is slowly coming into line with America on this phase of reform. A few years ago Great Britain made remarkable advance with the

adoption of a scheme for State school instruction in hygiene and temperance, including the truth about alcohol. This forward movement was made as the result of a petition from 15,000 doctors, supported by the appeals of all societies interested in the promotion of temperance. That temperance classic, "Alcohol and the Human Body," was supplied to the teachers as a text book. Canada is seeking better text books and the compulsory training of teachers.

South Africa is doing splendid work with posters, essay prizes, temperance readers, and is alive to the need for compulsory laws for scientific temperance teaching. In Australia and New Zealand good work is being done by means of wall sheets, essay prizes, regular lessons, the use of pledge books, while in two of the States, "Alcohol and the Human Body" is supplied to teachers as a text book, and scientific temperance instruction is more or less compulsory in all the Australian States. But the various systems need completing and perfecting, which is extremely difficult with ever-changing Ministers for Education, many of whom are quite ignorant on the whole question.

The great want is well-trained instructors, and if some of the money wasted in compulsory military training was spent in training teachers of scientific temperance truth, the gain to the young people of Australia would well repay the outlay.

In America the chief aim of the past few years has been the preparation of the teachers in the State Universities, the colleges, the normal and training school, and the summer schools. The summer school connected with the University of Pennsylvania has given a course of instruction in scientific temperance for three years. The University of Colorado, in its summer school, gave such a course last year. The Chicago Training School for Home and Foreign Missions last year began a course of scientific temperance instruction, as well as other phases of temperance work. At the last yearly meeting of the Western (American) Society of Friends, a resolution was unanimously adopted to endow a professorship in Earham College (Indiana) to be known as the Chair of Temperance and Social Ethics; 30,000 dollars to be raised for its endowment. The Department of Education of the University of California last year arranged a one unit lecture course of 14 lectures on the following subjects: "Physiological Effects of Alcohol and its relation to the Social Evil," "Alcohol and Heredity," "Alcohol and Public Health," "Relation of Liquor to Business," "Relation of Liquor to Labor Problems," etc. The writing of temperance essays has also become widespread and popular. The temperance societies support and employ lecturers on scientific temperance.

"The Anti-Alcohol Movement in Europe" is the title of a book recently written by Mr. Ernest Gordon, which tells of live and aggressive total abstinence societies in nearly every European University, and of courses of lec-

tures on alcohol in over twenty of these Universities. Thousands of students are enrolled in total abstinence societies that are not only trying to do away with student drinking, but also to change public sentiment with regard to the use of alcohol. In Sweden and Finland these student societies conduct anti-alcohol lecture courses and study classes among public school children, with government backing and popular support. Four hundred lectures by students were given in Stockholm in one winter. In Poland they conduct Miners' Temperance Institutes, in Germany they lecture on University extension courses and in Labor Union meetings, in Switzerland they operate travelling anti-alcohol libraries, give temperance plays and festivals, distribute literature and conduct temperance restaurants. Japan is keenly alive to the value of scientific temperance instruction, and the doors of all Government schools stand wide open for such teaching. One of the Professors of the Imperial University has lately translated "Alcohol and Health," and the book is used in the naval and military schools. Some of the leading Japanese doctors write and lecture against alcohol.

In China, scientific temperance instruction charts and translations of scientific temperance manuals are in some of the missionary schools, and the door is wide open for such instruction if teachers are available. Burina, also, is opening up to scientific temperance instruction in the form of essay contests, lectures and addresses.

For most of the information contained in this paper, I am indebted to the "Union Signal" and to the last Triennial Report—just published—by Mrs. Edith Smith Davis, A.M., Lit. D., "Worlds and National Superintendent of the Bureau of Scientific Temperance Investigation and Department of Scientific Temperance Instruction in Schools and Colleges," a very bright enthusiast in this phase of temperance work. Mrs. Davis has prepared a manual for the Public Schools, explaining the use of her graded set of charts, of which we have copies in this hall to-day. The manual and six of the charts have just been translated into Spanish. In the manual, supplementary lessons to aid the teaching are supplied by Mrs. Davis. In Rhode Island a "Child Welfare Exhibition" was kept open for a week, and scientific temperance charts were explained nearly all the time. Mrs. Davis says "The Greatest Missionary field in the world to-day is the Public School of the United States."

Newell Dwight Hillis said, "We need immigrants; the public school is the machine which digests them and turns them into good Americans." These sayings can be applied to Australia where compulsory systematic temperance instruction throughout the Commonwealth would reach every child as no other method can. The teaching given in Sunday schools, Endeavor Societies, Bands of Hope, Juvenile Lodges, and Loyal Temperance Legions is valuable, but it misses many a boy and girl who will be the future voters in this land.

(Continued on page 14.)

GRIT.

A Journal of Moral Reform
and No-License.

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

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1914.

A FREE BOOK ON ADVERTISING.

Write for it to-day. It explains the modern art of advertisement writing. Details the opportunities here in Australia. Shows how the profession can be learnt from experts on the spot—men with a world-wide experience. There's no reason why YOU should not take up this fascinating study.

METROPOLITAN BUSINESS COLLEGE,
337 Pitt Street, Sydney
(Two Doors from Liverpool Street.)

THE CITY CHILD.

My small Suzanne, who has recently begun to study geography, came to dinner from her home work the other evening with a puzzled look. "Daddy," she said, "I don't exactly understand about the Rocky Mountains—what they divide, I mean. Will you explain it to me, please?" At the end of a rather detailed explanation she exclaimed joyfully: "Oh, now I understand. Thank you, daddy. You know I always supposed before that Fifth-avenue divided the East from the West."

BOUND COPIES.

Do you want a bound copy? Please order at once; only a limited number are available. We would be very grateful for any copies of July 31st, 1913, No. 20.

A Personal Chat with my readers

MISTAKES IN LIFE.

While we are all slow to learn from the experience of others, yet the wise always do so.

"The New York American" published a few weeks ago an interesting statement by Judge Paul J. McCormick on "Thirteen Mistakes of Life." He said:—

"To attempt to set up your own standard of right and wrong."

"To try to measure the enjoyment of others by your own."

"To expect uniformity of opinions in this world."

"To fail to make allowance for inexperience."

"To endeavor to mould all dispositions alike."

"Not to yield in unimportant trifles."

"To look for perfection in our own actions."

"To worry ourselves and others about what cannot be remedied."

"Not to help everybody, wherever, however and whenever we can."

"To consider anything impossible that we cannot ourselves perform."

"To believe only what our finite minds can grasp."

"Not to make allowance for the weaknesses of others."

"To estimate by some outside quality when it is that within which makes the man."

I would be very much interested, and so would the readers of "Grit," if any one would add to this list or criticise it.

A SMACK AT THE MAN.

Cora Harris, whose two books, "The Recording Angel" and "Eve's Second Husband," have delighted many thousands of readers, has been writing of men in the "Independent." She says:—

"Men are no longer husbands and fathers so much as they are citizens, financiers, wage-earners, persons who live outside the home, and whose interests are too much on the outside."

And that the woman:

"Does not want to stay in her home. Her companion has deserted her. Naturally she wishes to follow him. That is the milk in the cocoanut, and the reason why she stays upon the streets so much, why she passes the time dressing herself and just dancing, or in agitating for her rights."

I read with very real pleasure the two books mentioned, and am prepared to listen to what a brilliant writer and a deep student of humanity has to say, but these statements won't stand the strain of a close scrutiny.

When did man ever stay at home? Men have always gone to work or to war, leaving their wives behind them. Indeed, as a general rule, men and women are not very continuously companionable. When they are thrown together for any length of time they get restless in each other's company. Men and women are to each other like sweets which are best enjoyed after periods of abstinence. The breaking loose of women and their overflow into every walk of life is not to be accounted for by the shortcomings of the man so much as subtle changes in themselves. It may be, like the baby in the famous advertisement, they won't be happy till they get control of the world's affairs, and it is perfectly safe to say they won't be happy when they do get it. Women won't be content to be things of beauty, and men won't be content with a thing of beauty which is a jaw for ever, but between these extremes the great mass find happiness, for which let us thank God.

A needless surgical operation may be poor fun for the victim, but the surgeon himself sometimes has a sense of humor. This anecdote, printed in "The Open Door," throws its ray of light into dark places:

Mr. Roger W. Babson says that in looking up appendicitis cases, he learned that in seventeen per cent. of the operation for that disease, the post-mortem examinations showed that the appendix was in perfect condition. "The whole subject," he adds, "reminds me of a true story I heard in London recently. In the hospitals there, the ailment of the patient, when he is admitted, is denoted by certain letters, such as 'T.B.' for tuberculosis. An American doctor was examining these history slips, when his curiosity was aroused by the number on which the letters 'G.O.K.' appeared. He said to the physician who was showing him around:

"There seems to be a severe epidemic of this G.O.K. in London. What is it, anyhow?" "Oh, that means 'God only knows'; replied the English physician."

When the medical profession, with all its immense advantages of training and experience confesses to ignorance, how much less does the advertising quasi-medical quack know? It always pays to get the best and in nothing is this more evident than in matters connected with our health.

The Editor

Good Friday and Liquor.

A PITIABLE RECORD AND A NATIONAL DISGRACE.

By THE PARSON.

The Friday before Easter is known the world over as Good Friday, and while it is peculiar to the English Church it is now recognised and observed by all Christians. In ancient times the day was called "The Day of the Cross." It has always been observed as the most solemn day of the year, and in all English speaking countries it is a close holiday, because of its great religious significance. It is sadly interesting to note how a Christian land observes the day.

The Great Show attracts over 90,000 people, who evidently have no qualms of conscience in accepting the day as a religious holiday, and devoting it to secular pleasure. The Liquor Act permits liquor to be sold only between the hours of seven and nine, one and three, and eight and ten, and only for consumption off the premises. This permits of a great deal of drinking under the worst possible conditions. The record of the Central Police Court, as printed in this article, is most interesting.

GOOD FRIDAY DRINK LIST.

Thirty-seven men and seven women were before the court for Good Friday drunkenness, and more than that number might have been gathered in an hour from any of our public parks. The scene in the parks during the evening was disgusting, and the children were gathering empty bottles in bags until after eleven at night.

In the same court the following sheet was provided:—

Isabella Jane Cherry, age 52, offensive behaviour, 40/- or four days.
 Ella King, 23, insulting words, remanded.
 Nellie McMahon, 35, indecent language, 60/- or six weeks.
 Florence Collins, 28, offensive behaviour, remanded.
 May Watson, 22, offensive behaviour, remanded.
 Grace Bronson, 27, offensive behaviour, remanded.
 Chas. Anderson, 65, indecent behaviour, £2 or 14 days.
 G. D. Davidson, 30, neglecting order of court, remanded.
 John Harris, 38, drunk and disorderly, 30/- or 10 days.
 John Harris, indecent language, 60/- or six weeks.
 Martin Michaels, 46, idle and disorderly, remanded.
 James O'Brien, 55, begging alms, remanded.
 David Curtis, 27, offensive behaviour, remanded.
 Fred Seale, 18, malicious damage, remanded.
 Joe Dimmock, 24, malicious damage, remanded.
 Arthur Windin, 33, drunk and language, 25/- or a month.
 William Hargraves, 27, indecent behaviour, 40/- or 21 days.
 Albert Smith, 19, riotous, 30/- or 14 days.

James Marre, 22, stealing, remanded.
 Leslie Dale, 35, stealing, remanded.
 William Heffernan, 29, stealing, remanded.
 George Marshall, 26, riotous, remanded.
 Frank Earl, 27, indecent language, remanded.
 W. Franklin, 21, riotous, 40/- or 14 days.
 J. McNamara, 29, riotous, 40/- or 14 days.
 W. J. Lukeman, 28, indecent language, 40/- or 21 days.
 J. S. Quill, 19, indecent language, 40/- or 21 days.
 J. Newby, 21, indecent language, 40/- or 21 days.
 E. Brennan, 27, idle and disorderly, remanded.
 W. Mason, 21, assault, remanded.
 R. Jones, 20, stealing, remanded.
 Florence Taylor, 35, offensive behaviour, 60/- or one month.
 Ida Mitchell, 19, offensive behaviour, 60/- or one month.
 May Miller, 17, idle and disorderly, one month.
 Tottie Povey, 26, offensive behaviour, 50/- or one month.
 Alice Wilson, 25, offensive behaviour, 40/- or 21 days.
 Mary Smith, 46, drunk and language, 80/- or seven weeks.
 Violet Williams, 21, idle and disorderly, remanded.
 Robt. Rowell, 30, indecent language, 50/- or one month.
 Leslie Barry, 17, stealing, remanded.
 R. C. N. Skinner, 22, stealing, remanded.
 Syd. Roberts, 30, drunk and assault, remanded.
 A. Andrews, 25, riotous, 40/- or one month.
 Paul Schram, 20, riotous, 40/- or one month.
 J. Deeley, 38, riotous, 40/- or one month.
 S. Watson, 29, riotous, 40/- or one month.
 D. Hogan, 25, riotous, 40/- or one month.
 J. Stewart, 63, indecent behaviour, 40/- or one month.
 W. Smith, 19, drunk and language, remanded.
 A. Wheatcroft, 26, indecent behaviour, 40/- or one month.
 Nellie Parker, 20, indecent behaviour, £5 or two months.
 W. Horder, 25, indecent language, remanded.
 D. Swindles, 45, indecent language, 50/- or 21 days.
 G. Talbot, 20, indecent language, 50/- or 21 days.
 On Easter Monday a similar list was before the court, 49 men 8 women for drunk, and 37 men and women for offences in which drink was evidently the cause. This is surely a very humiliating blot on a great religious festival like Easter, more especially when it is remembered that this is the record of one court only. We may add the record from the Water Police, the Redfern, Paddington, Newtown, and Balmain Courts,



A PARACHUTE DROPPED BY CAPTAIN PENFOLD, THE SYDNEY AERONAUT- AVIATOR.

The Captain is a total abstainer, and finds this kind of little drop of 1000 feet or more much safer than the little drop dispensed at the bar.

and multiply it by ten to account for all who were deserving of the sentence of the court, though not brought before it, and we have the measure of our disgrace from liquor.

THE CHANGE OF A GENERATION.

Twenty-five years ago the clergymen were keen on total abstinence, and every church had its Band of Hope and Pledge Signing Meetings were the order of the day. It was difficult to get a medical man on the total abstinence platform then, but now the medical profession are everywhere proclaiming total abstinence as an essential to the health of the body, and the clergyman seems to have ceased to emphasise that it is equally necessary for the health of the soul. Take the following utterances as typical of the medical attitude. Professor Wilhelm Weygandt, of Wurzburg, said lately:—

"If really, for once, the entire civilised race of mankind should abstain from alcohol for thirty years, so that a completely sound generation could come into existence, there would result a transformation, a raising of the whole culture-niveau, a heightening of the happiness and welfare of men, which could easily be placed beside the greatest historical reformations and revolutions of which we know anything."

Dr. R. W. Philp, founder of the Royal Victoria Hospital for Consumption in Edinburgh, recently wrote:—"Twenty years ago it was quite common for a patient to be ordered alcohol once or twice daily in varying amounts. Now, contrariwise, it is a comparatively rare thing for any patient to have alcohol prescribed, and that only for some definite reason. Thus I find to-day that out of a total of 112 patients under treatment at the Royal Victoria Hospital for Consumption not one patient is having alcohol in any form."

The need of to-day is an awakening of the clergy to co-operate with the medical men to rope in the growing portion of the community as total abstainers.

THE VERDICT OF EXPERTS

(Continued from Page 2.)

most celebrated scientists in Germany, Austria, and Scandinavia to determine the effects of alcohol in moderate quantities on the mind, body, and heredity. Beer was used in many of these experiments. Voit and Schaeffer found that alcohol neither increases brain energy nor muscular power. Kurz and Kraepelin have shown that less than three ounces of alcohol (two liters of beer) daily for twelve days lessened working capacity from 25 to 40 per cent. Furer tells us that the moderate use of alcohol affects memory and ability to add figures.

BEER AFFECTS HUMAN PROGENY.

"Exner has proven that it decreases the rapidity of receiving and sending telegraphic messages. Bager has shown that children who drink one or two glasses of beer daily stand lower in their classes than abstinent children. The effects of alcohol on the human progeny has been one of the most prominent studies of German and Austrian scientists during recent years, the majority of whom have advocated its abandonment, not only on account of its effects on the individual, but on his progeny.

"Professor Lang, of Vienna, says: 'Parents who are saturated with alcohol poison their children in the germ. If anyone doubts this let him come with me to Kierling. There in the hospitals you will see children who will make your heart ache: deafness, blindness, deformities, nervous convulsions, feeble-mindedness, idiocy, 50 per cent. of which is due to parental alcoholism.'

"In his address before the Thirteenth International Congress against Alcoholism at The Hague in 1911, Dr. Wlassak, of Vienna, states that Dr. Roese has statistics to show that 57 per cent. of the sons of brewery workmen were unfit for military service. Assuming that the same percentage of the daughters was likewise defective, we have good authority for believing that 57 per cent. of the children of brewery workmen of Vienna was mentally or physically defective on account of beer-drinking parentage.

"The German Ministry of Education recently approved the following notice, which has been distributed by certain departments of the Board of Health: 'Give your children not a drop of beer! Not a drop of beer! Not a drop of brandy!' Why? And then in detail outlines the effects of the use of beer on parent and child. Professor Hahnel says that 300 of every 1000 babes are born dead among the Bavarians, the greatest beer drinkers in the world, and that 69,000 of them die annually in the first year of life.

"Great difficulty has been experienced by the War Department in securing a suitable number of recruits to fill existing vacancies on account of the mental and physical degeneracy of the young men who present themselves for examination. During the year 1912 only 35,837 recruits were accepted from 159,673 applicants examined, a rejection of 76 per cent. I am thoroughly satisfied that

the defective condition of the majority of these young men was largely due to the alcoholic habits of their parentage.

"But why submit further evidence on the subject, for has not the German Emperor advised his people, and especially the army, to abstain from beer? Emperor William, in my opinion, is the greatest and wisest ruler that ever occupied the German throne, and certainly has had every opportunity to study the degenerating influences of Germany's national beverage. Besides, I am quite certain that your splendid society contains many eminent physicians who are abundantly able to confirm all of the above statements from personal study or observation.

"I am proud to confess, as my name indicates, my German origin. My parental ancestors came from the Rhine during America's colonial days, and, like thousands of brave and honest colonists from the Fatherland, have materially assisted in the creation of our Great Republic. I am deeply interested

in the success and prosperity of Germans everywhere, and if the information in the above letter will be of assistance to them I will feel amply repaid for writing this letter.

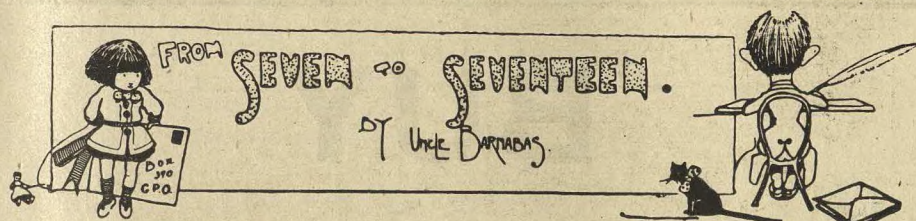
"In conclusion, I desire to state that I was not present at the meeting of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union at Atlantic City, New Jersey, nor did I address the association on that occasion.—Yours very respectfully,

"(Sgd) L. M. MAUS,
"Colonel Medical Corps, U.S. Army,
"Department Surgeon, Eastern Department."

Most people avoid a room where there are ghosts, but it is a difficult thing to keep them out of the room where there are spirits.

SUNDAY SCHOOL AND RELIGIOUS BOOK DEPOT.

CHAS. C. MIHELL,
Bible House, 242 Pitt-street, Sydney.



CIGARETTES.

I wonder if any of my Ne's. and Ni's. read the remarkable article on cigarettes in "Grit" a few weeks ago? I hope they did, and that they gave it to some of the boys who smoke because they don't know all that article teaches. This week the Parents and Citizens' Association showed much concern over the cigarette-smoking habit; and equally so regarding some of the picture advertising cards enclosed in each packet of the "destroyers." At the conference in the King's Hall, it was resolved—"That the Minister for Public Instruction be urged to cause arrangements to be made whereby the systematic teaching, by competent persons, of the harmful results following upon the use of young persons of cigarettes and other forms of tobacco, may be regularly imparted in school hours, as part of the scheme of public instruction. That steps be taken to secure an amendment of the laws—Federal and State—relating to the manufacture, importation, and sale of tobacco, and of the Juvenile Smoking Act, which will make it an offence punishable by fine or imprisonment for any person whatsoever to include, pack, give, issue, or otherwise distribute in or with any package, tin, or other container of cigarettes or tobacco, any card, picture, or any device whatsoever, other than the name, trade mark, and address of the manufacturer of such cigarettes or tobacco, for the purpose of any competition, or as a gift or reward or by way of advertisement whereby children or young persons may be induced or attracted to the purchase of cigarettes or other forms of tobacco."

Now, dear Ne's and Ni's., the Association would not pass such a resolution unless there was a very real evil, and so I hope you will play your part in discouraging the use of the harmful cigarette. Tell any boy you see smoking that he is advertising the fact that he has not got a brain-box on his shoulders, only a chimney. Any young fool can smoke cigarettes, and most young fools do, but it sets a mark upon them very quickly that bars their progress.

UNCLE B.

BEAUTY SPOTS.

I have only one picture postcard so far—please hurry up. I want 50 beauty-spot postcards for the competition.

UNCLE B.

DO YOU THINK A BOY WROTE THIS?

One predicts a future for the school-boy who wrote the following terse narrative about Elijah:—

"There was a man named Elijah. He had some bears and he lived in a cave. Some boys tormented him. He said: 'If you keep on throwing stones at me, I'll turn the bears on you and they'll eat you up.' And they did and he did and the bears did."

GLORIOUS WEDDINGS.

Bella Jamieson, West Wyalong, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—In my last letter I wanted you to have me as a niece, but I suppose you will be putting me amongst "The Scallawags," if I don't write to you oftener. Well, you see, I work in my cousin's jewellery shop, and I haven't very much time to spare. The Presbyterians are getting up a "Butterfly Fair" on the 13th and 14th of May. They are going to have nine or ten stalls, namely, Arts, produce, plain and fancy work, bachelors, lollies and biscuits, 6d. stall, post office, fishpond, and the refreshments stall. The lollie stall is to be managed by two other girls and myself. We had 59 points of rain on the 25th of March, and 111 on the 27th. A lot of fences were washed down, all the gutters were flooded, and quite a lot of people had to bail the water out of their houses. I was just thinking that I couldn't find enough news to bother writing, but when I remember I went to two weddings in a month there is plenty of news.

Well, the first wedding was Miss Amy Marshman and Mr. Horace Knight. They were married on the 25th of February at 2.30 p.m. in the Methodist Church. The church was very nicely decorated by the friends of the bride, and a wedding bell hung just over the happy couple's heads. After the ceremony the guests adjourned to the bride's parents' residence, seven miles out of town, where there was a good breakfast spread. After we had the usual toasts, the bride (who was and is still a good Sunday school teacher) was presented with a handsome Bible from the Sunday school scholars.

The Sunday school teacher's and friends gave her a silver jewel case. The wedding cake was a very nice one, and after having a piece, we adjourned to the drawing-room, where the handsome presents were. After playing games in and out of doors until it was midnight, we had supper and drove home. It was 2.30 a.m. when I reached home next morning, and oh, I was so sleepy next day. The bridesmaids were dressed nicely, and wore nice greenstone brooches, gifts of the bridegroom. The happy couple left to spend their honeymoon at Tumut. The other wedding was the 21st of March. The bride was Miss Eva Clements, and the lucky bridegroom was Mr. Jabez Golder. After the ceremony was over we adjourned to the hall, where the breakfast was nicely spread.

After doing justice to the goods provided, we had the usual toasts. Then the bride cut the cake, which was a very nice one. The bride had been a Sunday school teacher, and was presented with a Bible from the Sunday school scholars and a jewel case from the teachers and friends. The bridesmaids were dressed nicely, and one wore a gold curb

bangle and the other a gold brooch, gifts of the bridegroom. After the breakfast was over the happy couple left per motor for the train to Sydney. They are to live at Mimosa. They received many and useful presents. Confetti was plentiful at both these weddings, and more than the couples got showers of it. I suppose I had better close, or I will be taking up too much space, so Good-bye. I remain, your sincere niece.

(Dear Bella,—I welcome your letter. We have not had a wedding described for ages, and had almost forgotten there were such ceremonies. It will be a great day for Page Double-one when the first Seven to Seventeen gets married. We will have special photos, a special report, and a special present from Uncle B. and all the "cousins." I do not want to hurry any of you up by such alluring prospects, but I am just telling you what to expect.—Uncle B.)

AMONG THE FLOWERS.

Vera Marsh, Ipswich Nursery, Thornstreet, Ipswich, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Please find enclosed 6s. in stamps, being my subscription for "Grit" for 1914. I must apologise for not having written before, but I have been away for a holiday, and have not had time before. I think "Grit" is a very interesting paper, and I look forward to Saturday, when it arrives. I live in a nursery, and it is very nice. We have been having some rain up here lately, and it has done a deal of good. I see in "Grit" that you sometimes receive letters from Myrtle Luxton. She is a friend of mine, and used to be in the same class at school as I was. I think this is all for the present.—I remain, your loving Ni.

(Dear Vera,—I was pleased to hear from you, and received the subscription alright. I wonder what your favorite flowers are? So you know Myrtle? I hope this catches her eye and stirs her to write another letter.—Uncle B.)

A MINISTER, A BUTCHER, OR A POLICEMAN.

Olive Wells, 2 Richard's Avenue, Surry Hills, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I was pleased to see my letter in print, as it was my first, but I made up my mind it was not going to be my last. I gave my address, Richard's Avenue, but you had Richland's Avenue, but all the same it found me out. Thank you very much for the good advice you gave me the other day, and no "6s. 8d. please." Now, about the answer to your important question. I do not like to be disobedient, but I am like many others. I don't like my age to be known to everybody, but I will give it to you in confidence. I will be 10 on May 31 next, so you see, Uncle, I am getting on the ladder of time—am now on the 9th rung. I read this evening Cousin Vera Chapman's letter, and it was very interesting. We had a concert at St. Michael's Hall on February 24, a cantata entitled "The White Garland." My sister and I took part in it, and it passed off very well. By the way, my sister was going to write to you but she is older than I am, and

is perhaps frightened you might ask her age. Don't give it up though, for Mr. Hughes will coax her. We would like to see your photo in "Grit." How about putting it on the front page? We don't know whether you are a minister, a butcher, or a policeman. When I am in town I will call upon you at your address, Box 390, G.P.O. I hope you will be in. Please reply soon.—I remain, your loving Ni.

(Dear Olive,—I am very pleased to hear from you. Now you have told me your birthday I will tell you mine. Uncle B. was born on December 5, 1907, and came into the world wrapped in "Grit." So next December I will be seven years old. I am quite a big fellow for my age, and many people think I look nearer 40 than 7, yet the fact remains I am only a young Uncle B., and I am not a policeman, though I am often with them, and I am not a butcher, because I have never been on strike, and I am just Uncle B.)

HOLIDAYS IN THE HOSPITAL.

Olive Newman, Daisybank, Rous, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I hope this letter will find you and all cousins quite well. I suppose you have classed me with the "scallywags" by this, but really, Uncle, I did intend to write as soon as the holidays were over and tell you how I spent them, but I suppose it is not too late yet. I spent seven and a half weeks in the hospital with scarlet fever, then I was home three weeks, then went back to the hospital again with tonsillitis. I was there a little over a week. It was New Year's Day when I went there first, so that is the way I spent my holidays. But I hope, dear Uncle, that you and all my cousins spent pleasanter holidays than I did. The matron and nurses at the hospital are so good and kind, that no one could help loving them. While I was in the hospital the Inspector was at the school, and I was disappointed that I was not there. They also had an examination, which I also missed. We have been having plenty of rain lately, and everything looks fresh and green. It is Sunday School Anniversary next Sunday. Then the School picnic is on April 15. I have a small garden with a nice lot of balsams and shamrocks in it, which are looking real well. Father has to go into Lismore on Monday; he is on the jury. I say, Uncle, when are you going to have your photo put in "Grit"? We are anxiously waiting to see it. I think there is plenty of room in the corner of page 11. Are you going to the Sydney Show? I wouldn't mind going, and I would keep my eyes open to see if I could see you. This circuit is giving the Rev. and Mrs. Bembrick a send-off to-night. We are sorry he is going away, for he is thought a lot of. The Rev. Mr. Hunter is coming in his place. I hope we will like him as well as Mr. Bembrick. I am sending father's "Grit" subscription, which I hope you receive alright. Am also sending you 2s. which I collected some time ago. I think it time I left off, or you will be tired of reading. So with love to yourself and cousins, I remain your loving Ni.

P.S.—Please, Mr. Hammond, will you give this letter to Uncle B.

(Dear Olive,—We are all sorry to hear of

you spending so much time in the hospital, and hope this year you will get quite strong and well again. Thank you for father's subscription. Mr. Hammond had no difficulty in giving your letter to me. If you had seen how he did it you would have laughed. I think I will get a photo of him doing so for "Grit." I was too busy to go to the Show.—Uncle B.)

ALTOGETHER NE'S. AND NI'S., PLEASE.

Gladys Brittain, 49 Marlborough-street, Surry Hills, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Will you, please, let me be your little Ni., if you think me good enough. I would like to know you, and to know where you live. They tell me you would like to take all the "pubs" down to the harbor and leave them there, of course. Well, Uncle, I think you have plenty of Ne's. and Ni's. to do that easily if you only said "altogether, please, Ne's. and Ni's.," and we will be with you. I go to Bourke-street Public School. Will give you more news next time. Please reply soon.—From your loving Ni.

(Dear Gladys,—I am so glad to have you as a Ni. I will look for many letters from you. When is your birthday? I think it is a splendid idea of yours that I should say "Altogether, please, Ne's. and Ni's." If we all pulled together to get more people to take "Grit," it would help very greatly, because people must know about the way to close the bars. I do not live at Box 390, as Olive Wells thinks, but I am often at 33 Park-street, and often pass near St. Michael's.—Uncle B.)

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THE ILLUSION OF WAR.

War,

I abhor!

And yet how sweet

The sound along the marching street
Of drum and fife! and I forget
Wet eyes of widows, and forget
Broken old mothers, and the whole
Dark butchery, without a soul!

Without a soul, save this bright drink
Of heady music sweet as hell.

And even my peace-abiding feet

Go marching with the marching street.

For yonder, yonder goes the fife,

And what care I for human life?

The tears fill my astonished eyes

And my full heart is like to break,

And yet 'tis all embanner'd lies,

A dream those little drummers make.

O, it is wickedness to clothe

Yon hideous grinning thing that stalks

Hidden in music like a queen

That in a garden of glory walks

Till good men love the thing they loathe.

Art thou hast many infamies

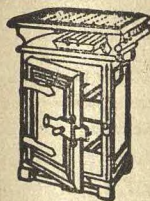
But not an infamy like this.

O snap the fife and still the drum,

And show the monster as she is!

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

A woman goes to the palmist to get her hand read. A man goes to the pub to get his nose red. Both are foolish and wasteful practices.



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This is Where You Laugh.



POOR WOMEN.

Flossie is six years old. "Mamma," she asked one day, "if I get married will I have a husband like papa?" "Yes," replied the mother, with an amused smile. "And if I don't get married will I have to be an old maid like Aunt Kate?" "Yes, Flossie," "Mamma," she said, after a short pause, "it's a hard world for us women, ain't it?"

A REPEATER.

"You are the manager here, eh? Well, years ago I dined here, and, being unable to pay my bill, you kicked me out."

"Very sorry, sare; but business, you know—er—"

"Oh, that's all right, old chap—but—might I trouble you again?"

NEVER FORGOTTEN.

"There are some spectacles one never forgets!" said a lecturer, after describing a terrible accident he had witnessed. "I'd like to know where they sell 'em," said an old lady in the audience, who had a habit of mislaying her glasses.

PERFECT CANDOR.

Tom McPherson, a Scotchman who does carpentering for a living, asked his foreman for a day off, which was readily granted. Later the latter was informed that the workman had taken the holiday to get married, and upon his return to work questioned him about it.

"Aye, sir; I was awa' gettin' marr'd."

"That's fine!" replied the foreman. "I hope you got a richt good wife, Tom."

"Weel, I maun say she is God's handiwork, but she is nae His masterpiece," answered the bridegroom, with the air of one determined to do perfect justice and yet adhere to the truth.

PENALTY OF DISTINCTION.

"I represent the dignity of labor," said the man in his shirt-sleeves.

"Yes," replied Mr. Dustin Stax; "and you can work in your shirt-sleeves and speak your mind, and quit work when your regular hours are through. I've got to wear a high hat and guard every word I speak, and keep busy sixteen hours a day. I represent the labor of dignity."

HE KNEW.

A Washingtonian, who was touring the Shenandoah Valley, stopped his motor-car in the road one day and asked an aged darky who was painfully proceeding in the opposite direction whether he knew where Mr. Simpkins lived.

"Yessuh," was the reply; "he live heah in de valley."

"Do you know where his house is?"

The aged negro chuckled. "'Deed I do, boss," he said. "I only wisht I had as many dollahs as I knows where dat house is."

"What is your greatest wish, doctor, now that you have successfully passed for your degree?"

Young Doctor: "To put 'Dr.' before my own name and 'Dr.' after the names of other people."

QUITE SUPERIOR.

Lady: "Now that you have had a good dinner do you feel equal to the task of sawing some wood." Tramp: "Madam, equal is not the proper word; I'm superior to it."



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MARY L. MOPPETT.

(Continued from Last Issue.)

CHAPTER XI.

THE MARRIAGE.

"And now," said the Fairy, "I hear the sound of the Broom beating up the waves outside, and as the witch had a great deal to do with the fall of this Palace, I think that she and her son should do their part in restoring it to its former position. But this can only be effected by the Princess, and the only way for her to receive her sight and be perfectly happy is for a Prince to be willing to marry her."

So the Prince (like all his brother Princes in all the fairy tales that we have ever read) declared that "he had been so charmed with her beauty and good sense and sweetness of disposition that he was sure of only one thing—that he was not worthy to be treated so kindly, but that if she would consent to marry him he would reckon himself the most fortunate prince in the universe!"

Just then, as black as night, and only equalled in ugliness by her son, in flew the witch, wondering and exclaiming about what had happened to the Beautiful Palace. So you see that with all her cleverness she did not know much about the effect that her potion would have upon it.

The Magician took upon himself the task of explaining everything. He also explained the presence of the blind Princess and her maids of honor, and also that of the Prince and the Fairy. And now, as they are all grouped together on the Red Carpet, we will take a look at them. The ugly old witch, with her shabby broom and her surly-looking son, with his bat-like wings folded closely, on one side; on the other, the gay, laughing Prince, with golden hair and clothing bright and beautiful; the silver-spangled fairy, with her star-topped wand; and in the centre the patient, beautiful Princess, with her eight maids, resplendent in their varied attire, and the Magician, who, all unseen, had slipped into his court dress of red and blue velvet, so that he might be more in keeping with the majority of the company.

And now the Witch speaks, but not to utter words of imprecation, for the patient sweetness of the Princess has touched her hard heart, and she is saying in broken tones how "sorry she is that all these misfortunes have happened to the Princess, and that, with the kind help of the Magician, she will try to undo all the mischief."

She then turned to the Prince, and desired him to unlock the telephone bureau

with the same key which had been so useful in the release of the Princess.

"Go," said she, "straight down the Two-penny Tube, and at the end of it ask the way to the Great Pump. The door leading to that is the one which you must open. Inside you will find innumerable imps, who, at your bidding, will run along the golden wires and, at a given signal from you, will right the Palace and free it from all the consequences of my sad blunder."

So it came to pass just as the Witch had said, and in a very short space of time the wonderful Palace was standing up in all its old-time glory.

Back again at the side of the Princess stood the Prince, flushed with his exertions and with pleasure at the thought that all was turning out so splendidly.

"Are you willing to marry the Princess?" said the Magician. And the Prince saw that he held in his hand a roll of parchment. He also saw that the Princess was quietly crying, and, being so very much in love with her, he wanted to get away from all these other folk and see if he could not make her smile again.

So he answered "that he was only too willing to do so."

Then the Magician told the Princess what he was like, and asked "if she would take him for her husband?" And in a low, sweet voice she answered "Yes."

Then the Magician raised his wand, the Fairy raised hers, and the Witch, for lack of a wand, raised her brooms and all the ladies-in-waiting bowed their heads.

A deafening clap of thunder vibrated through the Palace, and as it died away the sun shone out brighter than it had done for many a long day. The clouds rolled away and packed themselves into a dark cavern which just suited their disposition. And then was heard the hum of insects, the singing of birds, and the sound of sweet strains of music, which, as they floated nearer and nearer, resolved themselves into the strains of the "Wedding March." Then the register was signed and the marriage lines were given to the bride, and the happy pair moved towards their own apartments.

But what had happened to the Princess? She walked away, leaning on the Prince's arm, because that sort of thing is customary at weddings, but with a firm confident step, and as she walked she was looking about with pardonable curiosity at all the strange

surroundings, for the clap of thunder which ushered in the sunshine and the sweetness at the conclusion of the ceremony had shaken the scales from her eyes so that she no longer had to walk with the uncertain step of the blind.

This was the form of wedding present that was thought would be best appreciated as the united gift of the Magician, the Fairy, and the Witch, whose combined efforts alone could procure it.

(To be continued.)

TO THE YOUNG READERS OF THE "COAT OF GOLDEN MAIL."

Mr. Printer made a mistake! Ha! ha! Only one letter, though. But as that makes all the difference to the "thread" of the story we must tell him of it.

Chapter ix., column three, please read "golf" instead of "gold." Your sisters know how easily a golf coat unravels. I have never tried to unravel a "gold" one, for gold is rather scarce where we live.—Your faithful servant,
M.L.M.

Temperance Instruction State in State Schools

(Continued from Page 6.)

Dr. Helennis, of Finland, tells of a student addicted to drink whom he tried to save, but the young man said, "You cannot help me, for you come too late. Why did not some one tell me when I took my first glass that it could bring me to this?"

There are lads in this community who might make the same sad and hopeless reply—drunk at 15—in spite of laws prohibiting the supply of drink to those so young. Such facts should nerve us to more strenuous endeavor for the protection of the sons and daughters of Australasia, and of those who make their home within our shores.

The mind of the child is so plastic, the influence of the teacher so strong, the opportunity so brief, yet overflowing with blessed possibilities, that to use the chance of saving our sons and daughters is a duty and a privilege. Systematic compulsory scientific temperance instruction given in the State schools by well-trained teachers will lay the foundation of a nation saved from the race poison of alcohol.

"If you are afraid of making enemies, do not try to lead, for the moment you step out of the crowd and show originality you will be criticised, condemned, caricatured. It is human nature to throw stones at the head lifted above the crowd,"—O. S. Marden,

Ought We to Abolish the Collection.

A PLAIN TALK TO MEAN PEOPLE.

By PROF. DAVID SMITH.

A correspondent in the "British Weekly" wrote as follows:—

"I am the secretary of a little church in this village. Last Sunday evening one of the members asked if I thought we could do without the usual collection on Sunday evenings. I asked his reason, and his reply was that on the way to the service he saw four young men, and invited them to accompany him, and they said they could not afford to, as they had nothing to put in the basket, and they did not like the basket passed to them if they had nothing to put in. The majority of our members do not think it wise to do away with the collection, as we are, for the most part, a working-class community, and are at present a few pounds in the treasurer's debt."

To this Professor David Smith replies:—

"It was just an excuse. It was not the basket that deterred those young men, and if it were abolished they would find some other pretext. The evidence of this is that a young man who has so little self-respect as to plead poverty would have no delicacy in passing the basket. If there was a football match on the Saturday afternoon, depend upon it those impecunious youths paid their sixpences at the gate. There should be a collection at every church service, and its omission would be an injury to the worshippers. As the world is constituted, nothing is got for nothing, except, as a wise man has remarked, the three things which we cannot do without—sunshine, love, and the grace of God and obviously, with these exceptions, whatever one gets is got in one or other of three ways—by payment, by charity, or by theft.

"We are poor creatures if we are content to receive charity and owe to others what we might earn for ourselves, especially in the matter of religion. The Gospel is indeed free, but churches are not built or maintained for nothing, and it is the duty and the privilege of every worshipper to bear his part according to his ability. A plain Scotchman of the shrewd, intelligent, self-respecting type, alleged as his reason for not belonging to the Established Church that he would 'as soon be on the parish for his daily bread as for the Bread of Life.' That is the spirit which has made Scotland what she is. By the way, what a baseless fiction it is that a Scotsman is mean! He works hard, to be sure, and if he takes care of his earnings it is that he may pay his debts and look the world in the face.

"In your discussion of the question you and your friends seem unconscious of the true significance of the collection. It is an act of worship, and you have no right to omit it. Some years ago wealthy congregation in a Scottish city built a mission church in a poor and neglected quarter and undertook

the responsibility of its maintenance. A saintly old minister, whose name is still fragrant, was invited to conduct the opening services, and on his arrival he observed a large-lettered intimation on the notice-board: 'No collection.' 'What?' he cried, 'No collection?! You might as well intimate "No prayer" or "No praise."' Giving to the Lord as He has prospered us is an act of worship; it is one, and not the least, of the means of grace.

"This is the New Testament conception. You remember how St. Paul put it to the Corinthians: 'As ye abound in everything, in faith and utterance, and knowledge, and in all diligence, see that ye abound in this grace also.' And a congregation which fails in 'this grace' will be lacking in the rest, for it is a matter not of theory, but of observation, that anti-liberal church is a dead church. John Strathesk tells a characteristic anecdote of a thriving farmer in the old days, who on the way to church asked his neighbor for 'change for a shilling,' explaining that there was to be 'a collection for the missionaries, and he would have to give them a sixpence.' Next week he presented a silver medal to the curling club. This was not meanness; it was irreligiosity, and the good man only needed to have Christ's claim brought home to him that his heart and his purse might both be opened.

"It is right, therefore, that, whenever we meet for public worship, we should have an opportunity for the exercise of this Christian grace. Of course the rule is 'according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not'; and if we have nothing, the Lord requires nothing of us. This should be understood; nevertheless, we are poor, indeed, if we cannot give something, and the widow's mite is a rich offering if love go with it. 'People,' says St. Bernard, 'can love equally, both the rich and the poor, even if they cannot give money equally. The will, however, is not good if it do not what it can.' What we give to the Lord with a loving heart sanctifies our store; and it is a cruel wrong to deny the poorest worshipper the opportunity of consecrating his possessions and winning 'the blessing which maketh rich, and wherewith no sorrow is added.'"

"Experience was not a simple thing which everybody understood or ought to understand."—A. J. Balfour, M.P.

IN PASSING

(Continued from Page 3.)

time trying to chop off heads in the native fashion."

"Oh, I say!" protested a man who had hitherto been silent. "You don't mean to say that white troops were killing wantonly, merely for sport?"

Denbury bowed. "I mean precisely that, and a lot more. Mind you, I'm not going to tell the worst things, the things that I have repeatedly seen done to old people and children—and to women. Oh, the things that I have seen done to women! It would be no use trying to tell you. Even if you wish to believe me, your minds would close themselves to the facts. You gentlemen who move in respectable commercial and suburban circles simply cannot conceive the facts, the literal, brutal facts. The psychology of war, I tell you, is not normal. It lies close to the realm of pathology.

"On this occasion the captain in command rode through the narrow streets of the city, I with him, until he found what appeared to be the richest house in the place. Outwardly it was like all the others, merely a grey-brown wall and a little gate house, with a tiled roof, but over the wall we could see trees.

"The captain called a sergeant and indicated this house. The sergeant took six or eight men, and after a preliminary shout battered in the heavy wooden gate, and entered, followed by his men. Soon we heard sounds of a general fight and a few shots; then for a little time there was silence. When the sergeant returned he was wiping the blood from a skin wound on the side of his head.

"All clear, sir," he said, saluting.

"Very good, Sergeant," replied the captain.

"A Chinese house of the better class is never more than one story in height but may have a considerable number of open courtyards each surrounded by porches and rooms. There were five such quadrangles in this house connected by corridors. As we passed along one of the corridors we came upon some broken furniture and other evidence of a scuffle. The sergeant, with a muttered apology, stepped ahead of us to close a door that had swung open; but I was close behind him, and before the door closed I saw the bodies of several men that had been thrown in there, presumably with the idea of removing such unpleasant objects from our sight. For an officer to be disturbed by the spectacle of dying and dead men on the field of battle or of pillage would be thought unmanly, but when at luncheon in a beautiful dwelling his superior taste as an educated being is a quality that sergeants may reasonably recognise and respect."

(To be Continued.)

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