

THE CO-OPERATIVE ASSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED

Eighteen Months' Progress:

POLICIES ISSUED	7,890
SUM ASSURED	£336,037 0 0
ANNUAL INCOME	£20,933 0 0

Authorised Capital, £250,000.

Head Office: 16 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY.

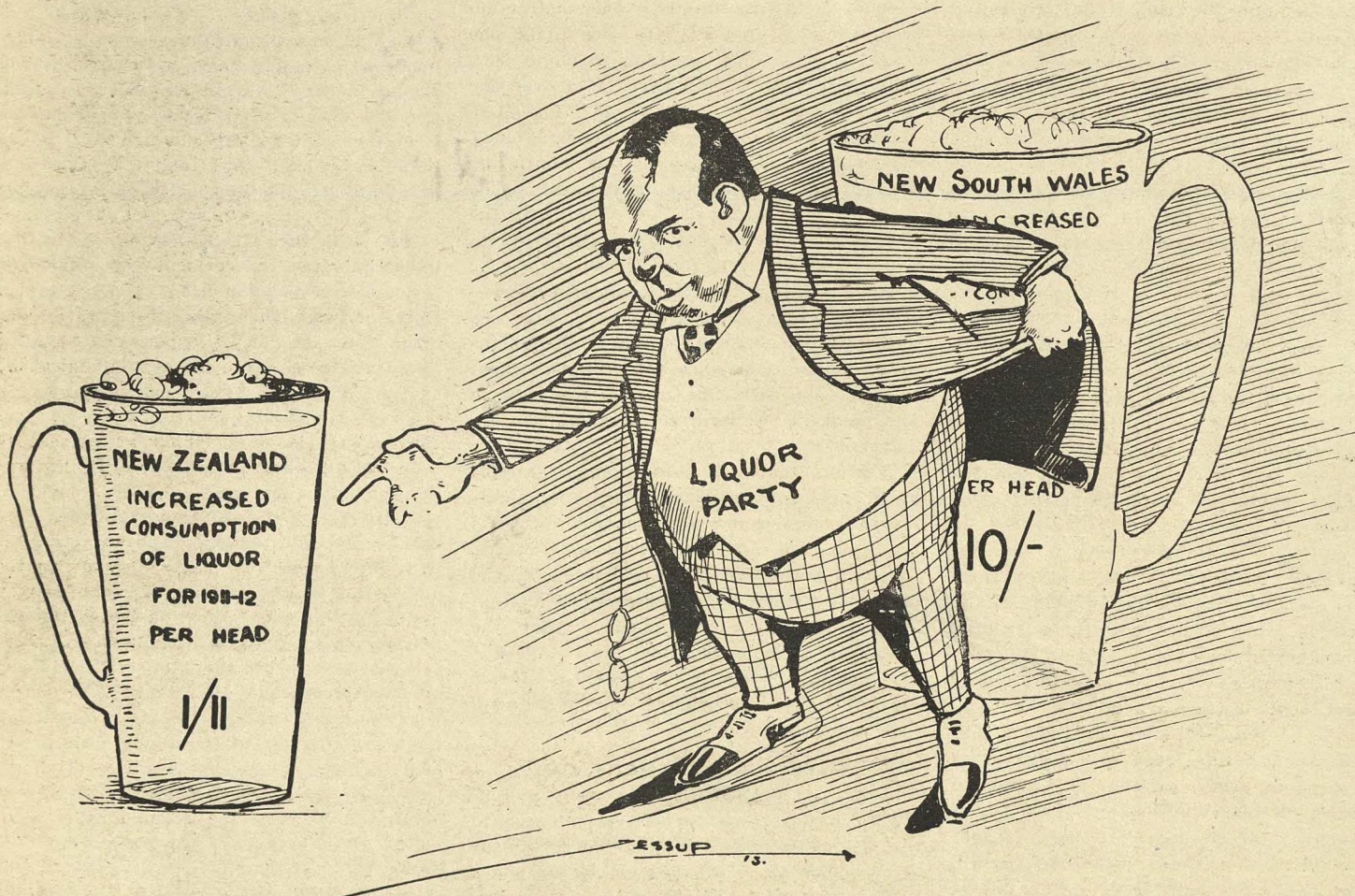


A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

VOL. VI. No. 11. Price One Penny.

THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1913.

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



A Two Years' Comparison.

The Demonstrator: "Torkin' about Prohibition in Noo Zealand. This is proof that it is a failure, and—
Inquiring Voice: "Yes! but what's that behind you about New South Wales that you are trying to hide?
The Demonstrator (with dignity): "I'm torkin' about Noo Zealand.

YOUR LUNCH SUPPLIED AT

SILVESTER BROS., The Strand.

ALL KINDS OF SANDWICHES MADE.

Phone 1092.



Psychotherapy and the Inebriate.

(By H. Crichton Miller, M.A., M.D., author of "Hypnotism and Disease.")

(Continued from last issue.)

There is yet one subdivision of the genuine dipsomanias that I have barely referred to—the elipeptic cases. These cases are recognisable in two ways: first, there is generally an epileptic strain in their heredity; and, secondly, there is often a slight degree of amnesia present. (I hardly need point out that this class has nothing to do with alcoholic epilepsy, which is a product of chronic drinking.) Now, it is interesting that at the last meeting of the British Medical Association held in Liverpool, the section of neurology devoted several hours to a discussion on epilepsy, and the amazing statement was made that there are no conditions such as we term "epileptic equivalents." The statement came from the man who probably sees more cases of epilepsy than anyone else in the kingdom. I venture to say that if he had had more experience in dealing with inebriates, criminals, and the like, he would soon change his mind. As I have already pointed out, this group supplies the most glaring cases of penal injustice and cruelty; it also provides the most disappointing class for treatment. Restraint is obviously useless; manifestly all drug treatment containing strychnine is contra-indicated. These cases have to be treated as pure epileptics, and all the good they can get will be from a purin-free diet, bromides, and arsenic. I am certain that dipsomaniacs of this class are responsible for many of the failures in every series of statistics, simply because they are not recognised as epileptic. They all tend to do well in a sanatorium or nursing home, because an epileptic does well when he is removed from excitement, but no permanent results need be expected from any treatment except such as is directed to the basic morbid condition.

We have now discussed all the groups of our classification, but there are certain special cases I should like to refer to at this point. Coriat's first group of dipsomaniacs—those cases due to mild depressive states—is a much larger one than we are apt to think. It contains, for instance, a class that is much larger than is generally supposed—those dipsomanics whose morbid psychic state depends on eye-strain. Uncorrected astigmatism may seem a remote cause for intemperance, and to some of you it may sound a wholly inadequate one, but I have seen enough in my own experience

to be convinced of the importance of investigating this factor. It corresponds in the dipsomaniac division to a group in the chronic division whose intemperance is caused by circulatory inadequacy. I have seen a woman of forty-five handed over to a doctor with a bad history of chronic drinking, chiefly in secret. He conceived the happy idea of taking the patient to Switzerland with his family—"the distraction was sure to help her." He soon found she was very lazy and unwilling to climb with the party, and before a week was over she had obtained drink and become intoxicated. Having learned nothing from this experience, repeated several times in the month, he brought the unfortunate lady home, to be made to work and walk every day, with the object of tiring her out and sending her to bed exhausted. When I saw the patient he did not mention—perhaps he did not know—that she had a well-marked aortic stenosis, with mitral incompetence, and obvious signs of inadequate compensation. Her treatment was revised with this new factor kept in view, and the results were astonishing to her doctor.

This is perhaps the most common example of alcoholic craving being largely, if not altogether, maintained by a morbid physical condition, but of course there are others. You will perhaps ask me what such a case has to do with psychotherapy, and I answer, "A great deal; for I believe that the failures of psychic treatment are largely due to ignoring some such physical factor in the etiology—circulatory embarrassment, epilepsy, and so on."

PSYCHIC TREATMENT OF INEBRIETY.

Let us now turn for a few minutes to the actual measures of psychic treatment at our disposal. They may be classed under four heads: (1) Restraint, (2) persuasion, (3) suggestion, (4) psycho-analysis.

We hear a good deal of loose talk about the moral value of institutional treatment, the psychic forces at work in a sanatorium, and so on, but it would be well to examine these things in detail. First of all, restraint is the great measure of penal psychotherapy, and wonderful power it has. It acts by giving time for the obliteration of mental and nervous habits; all paths of association tend to become resistant by dis-

use; the vicious circle of indulgence, leaving behind a malaise which is susceptible to correction by further indulgence, is broken by enforced abstinence; and so on. Further, restraint, as we have already seen, acts as a deterrent, because the individual fears the loss of his personal liberty apart from his freedom to drink. Now, from what I have already said, it should be clear that restraint is chiefly, if not solely, valuable in such cases as depend on opportunity for indulgence; therefore, restraint is the most important factor in treating the chronic inebriate. Without restraint such cases are able at any moment to render utterly useless any other form of treatment. Medicinal treatment which will reduce the craving of one chronic alcoholic who is at large will dispel it in ten who are removed from temptation. If hypnotic suggestion fails with one of these cases, it is most frequently because there has been no cessation of temptation. Similarly with the pseudo-dipsomaniac; but with him restraint has little curative effect, though it is not useless. With the genuine dipsomaniac, however, it is practically useless. We have seen that with him there is an almost complete independence of opportunity. Of course, he will remain sober while he is under restraint, but at the end of, say, one year under the Act, the genuine dipsomaniac will be as liable as before to an attack of drink mania, depending on the incapacity of his psychic mechanism to react normally to the stimuli of his daily life. It is therefore clear that indiscriminate enforcement of prolonged restraint, as recommended by Dr. Norman Kerr, and as constantly practised by our magistrates, is a cruel, expensive, and futile measure, in a large number of alcoholic cases.

The second therapeutic measure is persuasion. It is the fashion at present to refer to all psychic influences as suggestion. This is incorrect, and we should do well to realise the difference between persuasion and suggestion. The former deals with the reason; the latter depends on the elimination of the rational element—it may be by hypnotism, or by diverting the attention, or by deception, and so on. Persuasion deals with the higher departments of our intellectual life; suggestion deals with the lower functions, notably with habit. Each can effect what the other cannot; each has its place in psychotherapy, and should have its place in all treatment. As an example, let us take the chronic sober alcoholic. Here is a case for persuasion. He needs to be frightened; he needs to be shown the imperative reasons for bringing his entire resources of will and control to bear on the temptation; above and beyond that he may be helped by suggestion, but he should be made to feel that suggestion is a passive form of treatment, not intended for those who can help themselves. Suggestion and persuasion bear to each other in the psychic sphere very much that which massage and gymnastics bear to one another in the physical realm.

(To be continued.)

Yes! We Make Good Bread!

If you would like to try the Bread, ring up No. 192 Redfern, or 367 Newtown,
and ask us to send a Cart. YOU WILL CERTAINLY LIKE IT.

WILLIAM WHITE, Redfern and Newtown.

Who Was He?

(Written for "Grit" by Cora E. Rogers.)

It was late afternoon, and the sun was slowly sinking behind the western hills. He had done his rounds as faithfully as any policeman for many a year, and the grey hairs that come in the unswerving pursuit of duty seemed to add both to his dignity and attraction. Our eyes were caught simultaneously by a very striking individual. This interesting personage was very tall, indeed, I think it must have been his height that attracted my attention. His clothes were faultless, both as to style and cut; but more interesting than either his height or his apparel was his countenance. I say "countenance" advisedly. Had he looked an ordinary man I should probably have used the word "face." But his kind, yet wondering expression, his somewhat nervous manner, and an indefinable something else about him stamped him as a person worth noticing.

I saw him speak to a pleasant-faced young woman who was quietly making her way down the street, and fancied he might be inquiring the way. He was evidently a stranger in the town. I sauntered slowly down, not intending to be rude enough to eavesdrop, but wishing to hear if he spoke in a foreign language.

"Excuse me," he said in perfect English, "I am a reporter from—" (the name was given in an undertone), "and as I have not the honor of any acquaintance here, I thought you might be good enough to furnish me with a few facts. I am on a flying visit this time, and as I happened to land in your town, I will collect what information I can from here in a few hours, and then commence my homeward flight. My people will be anxious about me till I return. On my next visit I hope to become more fully acquainted with your peculiar manners and customs."

The young woman bowed and smiled. She was superior, too.

"We are peculiar," was the frank admission. "We're the queerest race of mortals on any planet, I suppose. I don't wonder you're nervous amongst us. However, I think you'll be safe if you're careful."

"If you don't mind," went on the mysterious one, "I'll begin just here," producing a pocket-book beautifully bound in some material I had not seen before, also an eight-sided pencil that looked as if it would be years in wearing out. "Will you kindly tell me why these buildings appear to be so anxious to touch each other? There is not even a breathing space between."

"Oh that is because land hereabouts is so valuable. We cannot afford to let any of it go to waste."

"But," said the reporter, puzzled, "is not health more precious than money, and can you be healthy if you live and work so close together?"

The young lady was forced to admit that the question was a reasonable one.

As the questioner did not wish to hurt her feelings, he looked around for something to praise.

"Your buildings are certainly solid-looking, madam," he said politely. "Might I ask what this one is for?" indicating a large general store.

"The proprietor of that store" (the reporter noted "proprietor") "buys many things of the same kinds at cheap rates, because of the number he takes; then he sells them again to us for more than he gives for them. In this way he is enabled to build a handsome residence and make many friends."

"A good idea. I will enter the scheme in my book. Things are not so managed in my country."

Had the young lady wished to inquire how things were managed in that country, she would not have had the opportunity, as the interested gentleman was too busy asking questions to have time to answer any.

Swift-passing motors failed to excite curiosity, nor did much else beside the buildings and the people. The reporter, as he had announced himself to be, evidently intended to confine himself to a study of these two in the limited time at his disposal. Once or twice I saw him glance apprehensively at what I took to be his timepiece; it was not like a watch in appearance, but was cylinder-shaped, and emitted a delicate, ruby-like glow.

The mysterious gentleman's gaze travelled up and down the street on both sides, and the length and sweep of his vision was remarkable. Suddenly he started, and then for a moment looked thoughtful.

"I notice," he said curiously, "that there is a certain word occurring very frequently on your buildings. What it means I am at a loss to conjecture. It is h-o-t—(here he paused)—e-l. Do you call it hot 'ell'?"

His face was too profoundly innocent of any evil intention to suspect him of sarcasm. His informant tried to hide a smile.

"Oh no!" she said, "the name is more musical than that. It is pronounced ho-tel, accent on second syllable."

"I see. Might I inquire the nature of the business transacted in a place with such a melodious title?"

The young lady manifested, I thought, some disinclination to reveal it. The gentleman was a stranger, and might not under-

stand. When he courteously insisted, she said that the proprietor, or proprietress, as the case might be, was licensed by the Government to sell something that went to the brains of those who drank it; that took away their power, not only of walking, but of living straight; that transformed them temporarily—if taken long enough, permanently—into beings strangely but sadly akin to the lower animals, the advantage, of course, being on the side of the animals.

The look of incredulous wonderment on the face of the listener was almost comical in its thoroughness. He wanted to ask a dozen "Whys?" in one breath, but seemed not to know where to begin.

"Why did you say they sold it?" he at last managed to get out.

"Well, now you've asked me rather a difficult question, but if I were to launch a guess, I should say it is to make money. I have heard it's an exceedingly paying business, this liquor-selling. You see, there is a great demand for it. I don't know whether it is so in your country or not" (apparently not, if facial expression be any indication), "but the men here are so sociable and tender-hearted that they can't bear to see anyone going astray without help. So they step in and help him to go still further astray. They 'shout' him and show him by their example generally that he has their hearty support and sympathy."

The stranger's face was a study.

"How I should like to see one of these queer creatures you speak about. Are there any visible hereabouts at this time of day?"

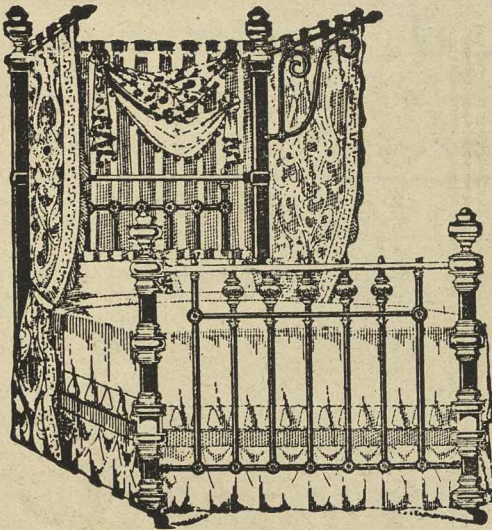
As if in answer to his question, a young fellow of about 20 came staggering up the street. His turned-down felt hat rested anyhow on his shapely head, and he appeared to be endeavoring to rival, if not eclipse, the achievements of the great Harley Davidson, in the latter's fancy skating exhibition.

Our friend watched him carefully as he doubled in and out in graceful 8's, zig-zags, curves, etc., and made a hasty entry in his note-book. The young man muttered something as he passed, then stamped one pedal extremity angrily on the ground, saying as he did so, "This foot won't go." Then he took to his heels in an imaginary Marathon race.

"Do they partake of this enlivening liquid so that lookers-on may see how talented they are about the feet?" was the query that followed his departure.

"Well, I believe they drink first of all to be sociable, and to show they are men, not goody-goodies. The latter, you must know, are quite devoid of any cleverness in the direction we have just witnessed. . . . Soon they drink because they can't help it. Ah, God!"—(the speaker's voice was rever-

(Continued on Page 10.)



This Handsome Black and Brass Bedstead, 4ft. 6in., with 5 Pretty Porcelain Spindles
4ft. 6in. Raised Side Treble-Woven Wire Mattress
4ft. 6in. Kapoc Mattress, Bolster, and 2 Pillows, in good Belgian Tick—

Complete for £7 12s. 6d.

NOTE THE ADDRESS:

Illustrated Catalogue Sent Post Free to Any Address.

JOSHUA HEATH,
549 GEORGE ST., SYDNEY.

New South Wales Alliance.

STATE COUNCIL MEETING.

There was an excellent attendance at the last meeting of the State Council. Several newly-appointed representatives attended and were heartily welcomed by the President. The appointments were as follows:—

Gordon Electorate.—Ald. F. C. Petrie, ex-Mayor of Willoughby.

Central Methodist Mission.—Rev. R. J. Williams, Messrs. G. W. Cocks and R. Bowmaker.

Methodist Church of N.S.W.—Revs. F. W. Hynes, F. T. Walker, and Alex. Stephen.

Y.W.C.A.—Mrs. B. Palmer, Miss Larcombe.

Y.M.C.A.—Messrs. Chas. Luke, J. M. Agnew, and T. Wills Pulsford.

Seventh Day Adventists.—Pastor Piper, Dr. T. A. Sherwin, and Mr. W. A. Cormack.

MRS. LAVERTY'S GARDEN PARTY.

Assisted by delightful weather, the special effort made by Mrs. Laverty at her residence, "Oaklands," Bexley, on Saturday afternoon, proved a great success. The Garden Party was both a social and financial success. Professor Clouston, D.D., opened the proceedings with a short address. The stalls were well patronised. The financial result was most encouraging, over £26 being cleared for the Alliance Campaign Fund.

SPECIAL CAMPAIGN CONFERENCE.

It has been decided to hold a Special Campaign Conference in Chalmers Church

Phone 3812 Central.

THE HOME MADE ATTRACTIVE BY

J. HEATH, Complete
House Furnisher
549 George Street, Sydney.

SPECIAL OFFER for

ONE MONTH only

TO READERS OF "GRIT."

Country Orders carefully packed and delivered free to Rail or Wharf.

tribution in the coming campaign. The Alliance is anxious to receive any suggestions that may be helpful in the preparation of the campaign literature.

Again we urge every person desirous of being well posted in No-License facts to secure "The Case for No-License," by Archdeacon Boyce.

GENERAL SECRETARY'S MEETINGS.

Crang.—At this important centre Mr. Marion concluded a ten days' campaign on the western line. The organization had unfortunately lapsed, but at the invitation of the organizer, Mr. R. L. Herps, there has been a hearty response and a new league has been started. Mr. Hamilton has taken the secretaryship. The two public meetings, one in the open-air and the other in the Foresters' Hall, were full of interest. The two local papers fully reported the proceedings.

Sackville Reach.—This is a live little temperance centre, and the General Secretary was motored down by the Rev. Gilsenan, of Windsor, on Tuesday evening. The hall was packed and an enthusiastic meeting was held. The editor will be cheered by the fact that eight new subscribers were secured for "Grit," and ten copies of "The Case for No-License" were sold. Miss Brown, the local secretary, is fully alive and can be relied upon to keep the flag flying at Sackville Reach.

Enfield.—This is part of the Burwood Electorate, and a fine committee meeting was held on Wednesday night, at which Mr. Marion delivered an address on "Organization." Rev. A. C. Moseley, rector of St. Thomas' Church, who is president of the local league, presided. Mr. Head is the secretary. A big membership campaign is being entered upon. We are pleased to hear that other parts of the Burwood Electorate are organizing for the coming fight.

THIRSTY PORTLAND.

Mr. R. L. Herps, the western district organizer, has gone forward to Portland to assist in opposing an application for a new license in that industrial centre. On May 8 there were no less than 13 cases before the Portland Police Court. The local police have had an exceedingly busy time. It is to be hoped that the application for a further extension of drinking facilities will be defeated.

MR. ALEXANDER GOW, J.P.

In the list of vice-presidents of the Alliance recently published the name of Mr. A. Gow was omitted. Although Mr. Gow is getting up in years, he still evinces the greatest interest in the No-License movement and the affairs of the Alliance.

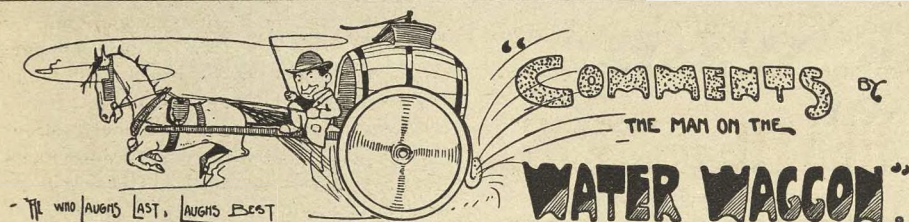
INTERNATIONAL ORDER OF GOOD TEMPLARS.

The Juvenile Temples in connection with the I.O.G.T. work in the bonds of Truth, Love, and Purity. The pledge is the four-fold one against Drinking, Swearing, Smoking and Gambling. If you are willing to give one hour per week to the children's work, would you send your name to

C. W. MITCHELL,
Grand Super. Juvenile Work, ROCKDALE.

LITERATURE.

The Literature Committee is now preparing a new series of campaign leaflets for dis-



WHY A NEW LIE?

The liquor advocates, who have worked off some faked pictures and who have had some of their "facts" literally torn to shreds, are using the faked interview with Mrs. Lee-Cowie upon the same principle evidently as animated the tramp who told a woman a hard-luck story about losing wife and family and home in an explosion.

"But," the woman said, "that isn't the same story you told me last week."

"I know, lady," said the tramp, "but you didn't believe last week's story."

CHAS. LAMB ON A DRUNKARD.

Once perused, few people can forget that excellent essay by Chas. Lamb under his old "nom de plume" "Elia," entitled "Confessions of a drunkard."

How true to life? How excellently portrayed? The bondage—one feels it almost entrancing us—the picture of the bitter outward and visible effects—how perfect.

Here is a brief specimen of this character sketch.

Speaking of "his own condition" the drunkard writes:—

"Of that there is 'no hope' that it should change. The waters have gone over me. But out of the black depths, could I be heard I would cry out to all those who have but set a foot in the perilous flood. Could the youth to whom the flavor of his first wine is delicious as the opening scenes of life, or the entering upon some newly discovered paradise, look into my desolation and be made to understand what a dreary thing it is when a man shall feel himself going down a precipice with open eyes and a passive will, to see his destruction and have no power to stop it, and yet to feel it all the way emanating from himself; to perceive all goodness emptied out of him, and yet not to be able to forget a time when it was otherwise; to hear about the piteous spectacle of his own self-ruin; could he see my fevered eye, feverish with last night's drinking, and feverishly looking for this night's repetition of the folly; could he feel the body of the death

out of which I cry hourly with feebleness and feebleness outcry to be delivered—it were enough to make him dash the sparkling beverage to the earth in all the pride of its mantling temptation, to make him clasp his teeth,

And not undo 'em

To suffer wet damnation to run thro' 'em."

What a masterpiece, readers! Does not such a picture thrill you with fear and sympathy?

If not, we do not envy you your stoicism—we do not, indeed. And is this picture an exaggeration? Ask many thousands of fettered helpless souls? They can give you the answer. And here is another passage which answers most crushingly and with a master hand the query as to the safety of the moderate drinker.

Is there danger? Is there? Hark to this fine warning:—

"But is there," asks "Elia," "no middle way betwixt total abstinence and the excess which kills you?"

"For your sake, reader, and that you may never attain to my experience with pain I must utter the dreadful truth, that THERE IS NONE—none that I can find.

"I believe there are some constitutions, robust heads, and iron insides whom scarcely any excess can hurt. To them this discourse is wasted. It is to a very different description of persons I speak . . . to those who feel the want of some artificial aid to raise their spirits in society to what is no more than the ordinary pitch of those around them. . . . This is the secret of our drinking. Such must FLY THE CONVIVIAL BOARD in the first instance, if they do not mean to 'sell themselves' for their term of life.

"Again. Reader, if you are gifted with nerves like mine, aspire to any character but that of a wit. When you find a tickling relish upon your tongue disposing you for that sort of conversation, especially if you find a supernatural flow of ideas setting in upon you at the sight of a bottle and fresh glasses, avoid giving way to it, as you would fly your greatest destruction."

That Catalogue of Jewellery

that is brimful of good things to buy at "good-value" prices is awaiting your application. It will cost you nothing to get it, so you had better drop us a post card immediately.

EYESIGHT SPECIALISTS

F. Wickes & Co.
D.B.O.A. LONDON BY EXAM.
GOLDSMITH'S HALL
LISMORE & MACLEAN

We are well aware the above extracts from this weighty essay give but an unfair view of it in its complete beauty and symmetrical form.

But they do picture clearly the "GREAT DANGER" ever present in even the least indulgence in liquor. That the nervous and high-strung find some sort of anaesthetic in alcohol is, of course, a tremendous factor of risk not lightly to be dismissed from mind. How finely Lamb paints this picture? How realistic the danger becomes. We are well aware that "Fairplay" will hop right in and argue that all men are not of a highly strung nervous temperament. Quite so, but we are only dealing to-day with "one feature" of the great danger of alcoholic indulgence. Hundreds of other sets of circumstances and hereditary predispositions make alcohol equally dangerous to other temperaments. Sufficient to deal with one at a time. Every drunkard didn't turn to drink, because he felt like a stimulant. Scores are led to it by "shouting" friends.

In any case, reader, keep well out of danger's way, and don't be a starter in the "drunkard's stakes." You will be safe then.

And don't forget to inculcate into all the little ones you meet the horror of drink that you never may find one of your own family or friends attain the awful ending so faithfully pictured by Charles Lamb.

Take your part in this great educative work. If we can but lead the young of this generation to become the teachers of temperance to the next, we shall have gone a long way towards prohibition. Take your place in the ranks, live up to your privileges. It will be one of the things you will look with joy upon when you are counting up the few years left to you, and the far, far greater number flown.

NO-LICENSE ORGANIZER.

WANTED FOR METROPOLITAN AREA ORGANIZER, £3 A WEEK.

Apply by letter to the Secretary N.S.W. Alliance, 33 Park St., Sydney.

JAMES STEDMAN, LTD.



Manufacturing Confectioners,

and

IMPORTERS OF HIGH-CLASS ENGLISH, AMERICAN AND CONTINENTAL SWEETS.

The Home of Pure Confectionery

Be sure and ask your Confectioner for our FAMOUS "LION" BRAND SWEETS Every taste a Pleasant Thought. Every bite a Happy Memory. None other like them.

131 to 139 CLARENCE ST., SYDNEY.

"Prevent Human Waste"— BUT HOW?

Here is a Big, Fine, Red-Blooded Speech You Will Want to Read. It was Delivered by Invitation Before the Progressive Club of Hasbrouck Heights, New Jersey, March 28, 1913, by Will D. Martin.

The Progressive party, in National Convention assembled last August, laid down in its platform this principle:

"This country belongs to the people who inhabit it. Its resources, its business, its institutions and its laws should be utilised, maintained, or altered in whatever manner will best promote the general interest."

"PUBLIC WELFARE" FIRST.

I am not a member of the Progressive party, but I feel very much at home with you to-night, for I belong to a progressive party, a party which during all the years of its existence has held proudly to this as its guiding and governing principle, and which has never hesitated to advocate any measure or champion any cause, no matter how unpopular it may have been at the time, necessary to the carrying out of this high and noble principle to "set the public welfare in the first place."

I desire to draw your attention this evening to the subject: "The Liquor Problem and its Relation to the Principles of the Progressive Party."

THE MOST MISUNDERSTOOD QUESTION OF THE DAY.

The liquor question is strangely misunderstood. Most people think that if you let liquor alone, it will let you alone. They look upon this question as a personal one, having to do with a matter of personal choice, and that although a man may be foolish to drink, thereby unwisely spending his money, and possibly injuring his health, yet to them it is not a matter of public concern. The liquor manufacturers naturally are interested in creating and perpetuating this short-sighted attitude. Such teaching as the church and other non-partisan organizations have done on the subject, has been chiefly along the personal line, emphasising the effect upon the individual, rather than the effect upon society and upon government. It is perhaps natural, therefore, that the American people do not understand the real relation of the liquor traffic to their life at all. The losses from the liquor traffic that the public pays and knows or thinks nothing about are legion.

AFFECTS ALL FROM WHITE HOUSE TO TENEMENT.

The use of liquor affects deleteriously the life of every person in the land, from the President in the White House to the humblest child in the remotest country district.

Its direct cost is enormous, amounting to about two and a quarter billion dollars a year, all of which is diverted from the legitimate channels of trade and constitutes an absolute and complete economic loss; it is destructive of human life to an appalling

and staggering total; it is directly responsible for a large share of our poverty; it is responsible for a great part of the crime committed in this country; it is a factor of magnitude in insanity and its alarming growth; it is an essential part of the great social evil with its stream of death and disease; it is a school in which the high and lofty ideals taught in the church and public schools are neutralised; it is a teacher of low ideals and debased standard of morals; it is a chief cause, if not the chief cause, of political corruption; and the indirect cost through the loss of time to productive industries of those incapacitated through drunkenness, disease, accidents, etc., caused by it, through the insanity, incarceration, or premature death of its victims, after educating and rearing them to manhood; the increased fire loss due to the carelessness of those under the influence of liquor, the cost of the army of police, judges, jail, and asylum-keepers and attendants made necessary by it, and in many other ways too numerous to mention here, constitute a staggering economic burden that affects each and every citizen and which simply can not be indefinitely borne, rich as this country naturally is and great as our resources are.

Each one of these heads is so prolific, the loss under each of them to the nation is so great, the effect on society so alarming, that I could use the time allotted to me on any one of these phases alone, but time forbids more than a passing glance at each.

COST IN TERMS OF INDUSTRY AND SOCIAL PROGRESS.

The direct cost, that is, the amount of money paid for alcoholic liquors by the consumers, is, on the basis of most careful calculation, about 2,250,000,000dol. It is hard for the mind to grasp the full meaning of this tremendous total. Perhaps a few comparisons will make it clearer.

SEVEN PANAMA CANALS IN ONE YEAR.

The great Panama Canal will cost, exclusive of the amount paid to the original French promoters, about 325,000,000dol. Seven such canals could be built with the money paid for liquor in this country in one year. The entire cost of the Panama Canal could be defrayed with the money which passes over the bar for drink in less than two months.

A NEW YORK TO CHICAGO CANAL FOR THE LUSITANIA.

Utilising the Hudson River and Lake Erie, we could construct a ship canal from New York to Chicago with the money spent for liquor in a single six months and dock the Lusitania at the Clark-street Bridge in Chicago.

COULD BUY UP NATION'S RAILWAY SYSTEM.

The total receipts of all the railroads in the country for freight, passenger, and other service amounts to about two billion, eight hundred million dollars, so that the direct cost of drink in one year is nearly equal to the total receipts of the railroads. The total assets of all the railroads in the country are placed at about 22,000,000,000dol. Therefore, with the money spent directly for liquor in ten years we could duplicate all the track, stations, bridges, rolling stock, and all other property of whatever description of all the railroads in the country.

COULD PAY FOR THREE HUNDRED BATTLESHIPS A YEAR.

The question as to whether this country ought to build one battleship or two in a year has occupied much attention and has been the subject of much discussion. A battleship of the latest type costs not far from eight million dollars. Therefore, nearly, if not quite, three hundred battleships of the latest type could be built with the drink money of one year. In fact, this amounts to ten times the cost of all the ships in the American Navy to-day.

FIRE, FLOOD, AND EARTHQUAKE BOONS TO LABOR?

But, someone will object, this money is not destroyed. It will be pointed out to us that the liquor business creates a demand for raw material, for labor to manufacture and distribute it, and is not this therefore good for business?

Let us see.

The great San Francisco fire, following the earthquake, created a demand for about 300,000,000 worth of material and labor. Thousands of workmen, both skilled and unskilled, poured into San Francisco. Business in all lines connected with building operations simply boomed.

Therefore, was not this fire a fine thing for business, and would it not be a great thing to have every city burned up so as to create a demand for labor and material in rebuilding it? The question is too foolish on the face of it to require a serious answer.

ARSON AS A PAYING BUSINESS.

We have in this country a so-called business which economically is on an exact par with the fire loss, and people call it a good thing. The San Francisco fire added nothing to the sum total of property, but on the other hand destroyed nearly three hundred million dollars' worth of property value, and all the labor and material that went into rebuilding the city was simply replacing that destroyed by the fire, and constituted a tremendous drain on the economic resources of the country. The annual fire loss in the United States runs about two hundred million dollars a year, every dollar of which is lost and you and I are taxed, in our insurance premiums and in other ways, to make it good.

LIQUOR MAKES, NOT PAYS, TAXES.

And so it is with the liquor business. Every dollar spent for liquor is an absolute

and total economic loss. The money which is spent for food and clothing goes to sustain life. The money that is spent for the support of schools and churches goes to build up an intelligent and moral citizenship. But the money spent for liquor is worse than wasted. It does not in any way assist to sustain life, but rather to destroy it. The man who spends his money for drink has nothing of value to show for it. It is gone absolutely and completely, and the great number of persons engaged in the manufacture and sale of liquors are engaged in a non-productive manner and the cost of it all comes back, as the cost of the fire loss comes back, to you and me.

MULTIPLY THIS SMITH-JONES STORY A MILLION TIMES.

Here are two men. Smith spends his money for drink, thus creating a demand for labor and material going into the manufacture of drink. He drinks the liquor and has nothing of value left, but on the contrary is more than likely to be injured morally and physically. Jones saves his money and builds with it a home, thus creating a demand for more labor and materials (as proven by statistics) than Smith, and at the end has something of value, a comfortable home for his family. On this property Jones pays a tax, and thus does his share in educating his children and supporting the Government. Smith, on the other hand, has no property to tax, but his children must be educated, and so Jones has to pay not only his rightful share of the tax, but the share which Smith ought to have paid, as well. Here is just one little illustration of the thousand different ways in which liquor does not let you alone if you let it alone.

Mr. Edward Bunnell Phelps, the editor of the "American Underwriter," and an authority on insurance matters (an anti-Prohibitionist by the way) about a year ago published a work on "The Morality of Alcohol," in which he showed that scientific investigations have demonstrated that 66,000 deaths are caused annually by the use of liquor. The "Medical Record," in speaking of and commending Mr. Bunnell's work, said:—

"Without going into minute analysis of the methods used by Mr. Phelps, we may say that to a disinterested mind his use of the statistical tables seem to be correct, from the standpoint both of statistical science and of every day methods of arriving at approximations. His final result is that 66,000 deaths were directly or indirectly due to alcohol in this country during the year, or about 5 per cent. of the total mortality from all causes at all ages during the year. To the rabid Prohibitionist, it will appear to be too low a figure. To the medical man, however, this figure is large enough to prove the appalling waste of life due to the excessive use of alcohol."

THE "ACID TEST" OF POVERTY'S CAUSE.

It is a pet theory of some of the defenders of the liquor traffic that this traffic does not cause poverty, but that poverty causes

drinking. If we apply the "acid test" of common sense to this theory, its fallacy is soon apparent, for it is manifest that untold thousands do not become paupers until they drink. The conclusions of unbiased observers attribute a very large part of poverty to drink. An official investigation, conducted by the State of Massachusetts in the year 1895, after examination of every case of pauperism in the State, concluded that 45.44 per cent. of the pauperism of the State was due to drink. The so-called "Committee of Fifty," composed almost exclusively of men known to be opposed to Prohibition, in an examination conducted in 1898, after studying 29,923 cases of poverty, decided that 24 per cent. of them were caused by drink, with 6 per cent. unaccounted for. After studying 8420 cases of pauperism, this same committee concluded that 37 per cent. were caused by drink, with over 5 per cent. unaccounted for.

THE SPAWN OF CRIME.

The same "Committee of Fifty," after studying the cases of 13,402 criminals, concluded that drink was the cause of crime in 49.95 per cent. of them. The Massachusetts official investigation, just referred to, after studying the case of every criminal convicted in the State of Massachusetts in twelve months, reported that 65.89 per cent. of them were convictions for drunkenness, that in 81.97 per cent. the offender was intoxicated at the time of committing his offence, and that, disregarding the convictions connected with drunkenness, 58.88 per cent. of the crimes were committed "under conditions created by the intemperate habits of the criminal." A great mass of testimony of judges, sheriffs, and other competent authorities, supporting this testimony, could be cited.

THE SPECTRE OF INSANITY.

This same Massachusetts official investigation, after the study of every case of insanity in the State, reported that 25.43 per cent. of the cases in which the facts could be learned were cases in which the intemperate habits of the person were considered the cause of insanity, and a considerable percentage of the remaining cases were caused by the intemperance of parents or others. Here again, a great mass of supporting testimony could be cited. For instance, Dr. Britton D. Evans, medical director of the insane asylum at Morris Plains, New Jersey, has testified that fully 40 per cent. of the inmates were there through the drink habit, and Dr. H. A. Cotton, of the Trenton Insane Institution, fully concurred in Dr. Evans' testimony.

Mr. William Willard Howard, treasurer of the New York Society for the Enforcement of the Criminal Law, in a recent article said:—

"Take alcohol out of New York, and the disorderly houses will disappear of their own accord, through lack of demand and absence of supply. Take alcohol out of New York and no good girl will be trapped and sold into a life of shame. Take alcohol out of New York and no sane man will enter a disorderly house. Take alcohol out of New

York and the underworld will shrivel up and blow away."

We have heard a great deal of late of a minimum wage provision for women and girls as a preventative of prostitution. While this might help to a certain extent, it would not in any way be a solution of the difficulty, for the number of girls who deliberately sell themselves to a life of shame is small, no matter how low their wages, while the number enticed and trapped while under the influence of drink is legion.

WHAT MAKES THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC "POPULAR"?

In every fight for reform the liquor interests are found allied with the beneficiaries of other special privileges against it. A good illustration of this is given by Judge Ben B. Lindsey, of Denver, one of the leading Progressives of the West, in his work published a few years ago, entitled "The Beast and the Jungle." The liquor traffic is an integral part of the powers that prey, and in fact is the most important and powerful of these elements, for corrupt wealth must rely upon buying the corrupt and venal voter and legislator, but the liquor traffic holds within itself the power, not only to bribe the purchasable voter, but the means to create through the influence of the saloon, that purchasable voter, without which corrupt wealth would be powerless. Hundreds of millions of dollars are spent by the people, through taxes, or by voluntary contribution, for the support of the school and the church, in which to educate the children of the land and to inculcate into their minds the principles of truth and honor. What kind of teaching does the saloon give? Obscene and blasphemous language, low standards of political principles, low ideals and low morals, corrupt and debasing in every way. Theodore Roosevelt time and again in his addresses has emphasised the fact that no amount of material prosperity can make up for the loss of moral fibre in the citizenship of our country. The alcoholic drink traffic more than any other agency is breaking down this moral fibre of our citizenship.

WHY YOU AND I MUST FOOT THE BILLS.

I can do no more than suggest a few of the many sources of indirect cost. In addition to the material and labors lost in the manufacture and distribution of drink, there is an enormous loss of productive labor caused by the loss of time of those who are drunk or incapacitated in other ways through drink. Careful estimates have been made showing that some ten million men lose more or less time through the intemperate habits, either of themselves or others, many being totally incapacitated, while others lose only a few days each per year, the average being about one-tenth of the time, or the equivalent of one million men idle the entire time through drink. Add to this the cost of the extra police force required, the extra cost of maintenance of jails, asylums, poorhouses, etc., the cost of the accidents caused by it, the increased fire damage, and all the other

(Continued on Page 13.)

GRIT.

A Journal of Moral Reform
and No-License.

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

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Subscriptions may commence with any issue. The paper being posted for 52 weeks for 6/-, outside the Commonwealth 7/6. Remittance should be made by Postal Notes payable to "Manager of Grit," or in Penny Stamps.

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

Editor—ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.
Manager—J. BRADFIELD.
Address: Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.
Office: 33 Park Street, City.

NEW ZEALAND SUBSCRIBERS.

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

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

THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1913.

Important Notice.

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

The Greatest Compliment

is constantly being paid us. Our clients like our institution well enough to recommend it to their best friends. Our present big business has been almost entirely built up in this way—recommendation from friend to friend. We have now the largest staff of Shorthand and Commercial Teachers in Sydney enabling us to give proper attention to each student. We find positions for all competent students.

METROPOLITAN BUSINESS COLLEGE.

Robson House,
338 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.
Prospectus on application.

READ 'GRIT'

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

Write at once if your Copy does not
arrive on time.

A Personal Chat with my readers

ACCORDING TO MEANS OR MEANNESS.

I print a very interesting letter sent in response to my suggestion made a few weeks ago. I wonder will my readers perceive the evident happiness of my correspondent, and the real pleasure he finds in worshipping God with his means:—

In "Personal Chat" of May 1 last is a suggestion to send anonymously "principles that guide spending and giving, opinions as to whether we are . . . mean, opinions as to the value of teaching children economy."

Giving: This writer gives 10 per cent. of gross income; this includes, say, profit on a horse or real estate deal, or on occasional work, or on commissions earned in any way, regularly, or at intervals. This sum is put by, separate, not to be touched except as disbursed in church giving weekly, for foreign and home missions (a rather large proportion, say, one-fifth of the tenth), for temperance work, for institutions (e.g., Barnado's), for needy cases (widows, orphans, injured heads of families, and so on) a very large share. If anything is spent on self, such as a holiday trip, social customs, little personal enjoyments, football or cricket admissions, or the like, such amounts are as nearly as possible duplicated by buying concert or bazaar tickets, or giving to street collections, bottom square boxes, and the like, from ordinary income. This acts as a certain amount of brake on careless pleasure expenditure.

Spending: As if the Master was at one's elbow, as He really is. Comfort, health and respectability are sought. Nor is an offer of increased wages or earnings accepted at the risk of loss of interest in present residence, unless with clear Providential guidance. Aged, wages fair, only self to maintain.

Meanness: I regret to say that with experience of English, Americans, negroes, South Sea Islanders, and New South Welshmen, for frank, unabashed, selfish meanness, commend me to ourselves, the average New South Welshmen.

Teaching Economy: "Nurture them (your children) in the chastening and admonition of the Lord." Though without children, I have always tried to live where they are; I am certain that no greater hindrance to God's Kingdom can be thought of than to omit the training of the little ones as to responsibility with regard to their small money matters; yet only in the way a big brother like Christ would demand of them if with us.

MY MAIL BAG. Just now I dread opening my mail. The following is a sample of what makes a manager-editor feel like saying things: "I paid for one

year's subscription to 'Grit,' and was much surprised that when the year was up the paper was not stopped. I do not know very much about business methods, my friend, but when I pay for a thing for a year, I expect it to be for 12 months and no more. 'Grit' is well worth its price, and I wish it every success, but it is a luxury we must do without. I was rather amused at your circular asking for payment in advance to December 31. Please discontinue 'Grit' right away." The business side of a paper is based by law on the assumption that those who take a paper want it, and are liable in law for every copy they receive. It is natural to take it for granted that a year's subscription, when out, will be renewed if not countermanded. The objection to paying for what has been received is always more irritating when accompanied by expressions of appreciation and the warmest hopes for success. We have a "corner" in hope, and there is no room for anyone else, but there is still a heap of room in the "help" corner. However, while such letters are fairly frequent, they are only a very small percentage of the whole. Such a letter as the following puts the whole office in a good mood: "Your excellent paper is worthy of every encouragement. I read it and pass it on, and it gives me pleasure to pay for the next two years in advance." Then came a few hilarious moments as I read the following:—

"Sir,—My 'Grit' goes to all manner of Joneses—and sometimes it comes to me. It would always reach its proper destination if your clerk addressed it correctly. Some people think we Joneses are pan-humanistically merged into one community of homogeneous mass; that we are something like Chinamen, who all look alike and all sell cabbage and smuggle opium. But this is a scientific error. Each Jones has an individuality, and (though to a limited extent) a differentiation of name. It does actually make a real dislocation if one of us is allowed to possess himself of another's private letters and papers. Would you kindly impress on your clerk that I am not John Jones, nor William Jones, nor I.X.L. Jones, nor (as he most frequently holds) H. W. Jones. All these doubtless exist, but they mostly take the 'Fairplay' rag. I, sir, proudly and continuously take 'Grit,' and my name has been for 50 years, and I hope will be a little longer,—Yours in faith, hope and charity."

The Editor

The Social Consciousness of Jesus.

By Raymond Robins.

(Verbatim report for "Grit.")

I believe in the whole Gospel of Jesus. Unless you have redeemed men, you will never redeem the world. The first duty of every Church is to bring to the individual human heart the power of Jesus Christ for individual redemption and the power to live a clean and godly life. That's the first task. I believe just as much in the need of the knowledge of this book (the Bible) in the lives of men and boys. This book is a power in your life. No man who can say in the time of stress and strain, "The Eternal God is my refuge, and underneath me are the everlasting arms," and really mean it, who will not be strengthened and comforted and given power to live more as he should live under God.

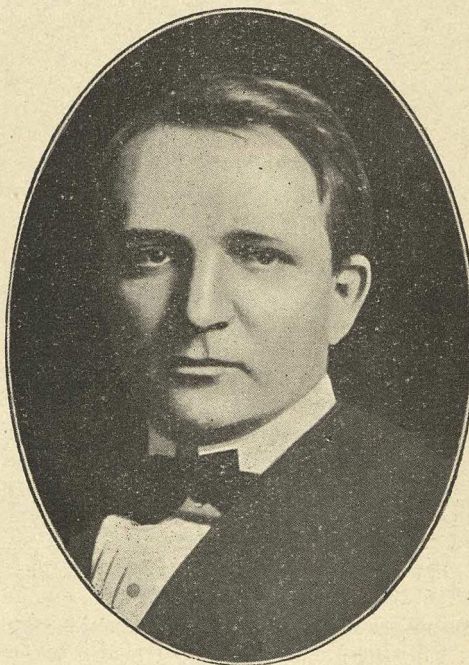
I believe in the old Ten Commandments. I believe "Thou shalt not steal," and I believe you do, too. I believe it has a social interpretation as well as a personal one.

I believe in work for boys. I believe we ought to have organized work for boys; more men ought to be willing to go out for boys' work in the community, I believe we ought to go out into the highways and byways and preach the Gospel. I like the thought of lawyers speaking to lawyers concerning the things of Jesus Christ; of carpenters speaking with carpenters; of professional men with professional men; and yet, when that's all done, there's something more, and that's where my special work comes in.

I am one of those men who believe that Christ died not only to redeem man, but the whole world. I think you will never bring that opportunity, in this modern age, to all children in this city until you supplement your individual appeal with the social appeal. That makes the institutions of society Christian as well as individual men. If a man in politics stands against the public welfare; if in industry he will stand with his Union, when the Union is wrong; that man is not a Christian in the great sense of the word. Although we can make all the forces of our life clean and wholesome, we cannot forget even individual morals, and as long as there is a single child in Sydney that is not safe, your child is not finally safe.

This gospel is a great power and deep reality in my thought. I have no patience with sham or humbug of any kind, and if you find me in any address talking what you think is sham, you get up and say so. I want reality in every way I can. I would increase 10 tons weight the sense of social responsibility upon the shoulders of the strong man. In going to this Bible to find out how I should meet the cross currents of the great city life and meet the issues that are tearing down life in my community, I went back to the Bible and I found that Jesus began His work with men, ordinary common or garden men. Jesus did not wait until a new generation had been born, a generation that were highly spiritual and pious, but he took those men just as he

found them. You will have to begin with the folk just as they are. He took for His disciples two fishermen, probably with the smell of the fish upon them. He took one man who was a doctor. He made a mighty wise choice, because there is no man that knows us better than a physician. Then Jesus started out to save the world with a lawyer. Just fancy, a lawyer! You will never save the world without lawyers. I know a lawyer in my country who has given months and months to argue in the courts of the State and in the Supreme High Court for the proper protection of children and women, from the sweating shops. There are 3,000,000 women in my country who, in-



RAYMOND ROBINS.

stead of being driven in the sweating shops, have a chance of earning a decent wage, through the self-sacrifice of this one lawyer.

And then Jesus took with Him a politician. Matthew was sitting at the receipt of customs. He took the tribute money from his own people to pay it to a foreign master. Through all the ages this task has been the most disreputable that a man has been called upon to do.

Two of the men that Jesus called so misunderstood him that they thought they were going to get high places, or as a friend of mine put it, they wanted a good seat at the pie-board. The ordinary human ambition was in their hearts even after they had been with the Master for some time. One was so cowardly that he denied Him three times, and yet upon that broken rock Jesus laid the foundations of the Church which has endured through all time, and has brought you together this evening to hear a little more concerning Him. One of the men whom

Jesus chose was a liar, a traitor, and a thief. I said to myself, I can get quite as good a group of men from my church, and I began to start to work with the people who were there.

Sometimes I think we overwork the proposition that "Man does not live by bread alone," but man does not live without bread. Jesus has taught us in the Lord's Prayer to say, "Give us this day our daily bread." There was no sham in all that glorious and heroic career. In every relationship you will find Jesus true to the human facts. Jesus preached pretty good sermons, I think we all agree upon that. There has never been anyone who could preach like Him. He had just been preaching to a crowd on the countryside and the disciples wanted to send them away, for they had no food to feed such a crowd as had gathered to listen to the Master. If spiritual food was enough, surely that crowd had a good feed, but no, He fed them with bread and fishes. And so I find in dealing with great crowds of homeless men in times of unemployment and during strikes, that I can preach with power to them if they have had enough to eat and a chance of doing work.

Is there any social application in individual sin? I have asked myself that question and tried to find an answer if I could. I went back to the old book. Let us think for a moment that we are not in this hall, but back in Palestine 2000 years ago, and in the Temple. In this corner Jesus is talking with a few of His disciples, and away yonder is a crowd gathered, and as we listen we hear the rise and fall of the voice of the crowd, that cadence which often spells trouble. They approach the Master, and the chief man says, "Master, this woman was taken in the act of adultery. What is your judgment?" An intense hush falls on the crowd in anticipation of His answer, but He does not speak, but stooping down commences to write on the sandy floor of the Temple court, "He that is without sin, let him cast the first stone." No one answers, but swiftly and silently the crowd disappears and the Master and the woman are alone. "Does no man condemn thee?" the Master asks. "No, Lord." "Neither do I; go and sin no more." What does it all mean? It means that "God sent not His son into the world to condemn the world, but that the world through Him might be saved. I believe that the Master threw back upon them the sense of guilt and implication in the conditions that caused the woman to be so tempted and to go down under that sin which betrays the family and race and will destroy the very heart of life if it becomes common to life. I think there are men in high places who have never done all they could to take from the faltering feet of the daughters of the poor those temptations into which they so easily fall. I wonder if that man, or those people implicated in any such institution, or any man who is paying wages that are not living wages—I wonder if everyone of you are not chargeable for everyone that sins in this city to-night, in so far as we have not used our full power? Will you read the last

verses of Matthew xxv., commencing at the 31st verse? It is the scene of the Judgment Day. It is the great final picture the Master painted at the end of our human life. He spoke in simple language, He dared to speak in the language of the people. We are gathered together, the sheep on the right hand and the goats on the left. It is the end of the world. All right. But why sheep and why goats? Listen. The Judge speaks, "I was an hungered and ye gave Me meat; I was thirsty, etc." Everyone of those items great in human need. I can imagine in this especially old Aunt Lena; she has been at the birth of more children, she has been by the sides of more beds of pain and sickness and death than perhaps any soul in the community. And she gets up and says with tears streaming down her face and a quiver in her voice, "Lord, I haven't done anything specially for you, but I did what I could for little children who were sick and mothers who were sad and in trouble." Listen: "Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of one of these, ye did it unto Me," and so to the end. Oh, men, my brothers, that we should never take the letter for the spirit, that we should never take the form for the substance, pretence for reality!

Then, so that there should be no mistake, Jesus puts it in the negative. He is John Smith, president of a great banking concern, good man in his personal life, member of a church, takes great interest in foreign missions; when a special mission comes to his church he goes to the station and meets the missionaries in his automobile, and gives them a banquet. But John Smith was a pretty hard man, he didn't pay good wages, he used his financial power to cripple smaller men, he used his power in such a way that many children were hungry and badly clothed. Through the 1900 years the great social judgment of Jesus rings out: "Inasmuch as ye did it not unto one of the least of these, ye did it not unto Me."

What does it mean to me? It means this: That we should not only be clean in our lives; not only have the gospel in the form of prayer and Bible and worship; but we are to go out with that power in the realm of life, political and business, for the form of organized life, with the purposes which answer to the mandates of Jesus and the principles of life, and if we do this, then we shall bring His kingdom down to the earth and His will will be done on earth as it is in Heaven.

Who Was He?

(Continued from Page 3.)

ent and her face sad and thoughtful)—"that's the time! I knew of one case where a poor little child lay dangerously ill. A kind-hearted friend of mine gave the mother some eggs for the child's nourishment. The eggs were sold and the money spent in drink by that same mother. In another instance, the doctor ordered stout for a sick woman; the woman's husband drank it all, then broke the bottle over his wife's head. What

think you of a man who brought spirits home and forced his wife by sheer physical strength to drink it? That woman became a miserable outcast and died a tragic death, blaming her husband—the one who had solemnly promised to love, honor and cherish her—as the cause of it all. Do you think it strange that in another case, where a woman was driven to drink by her husband, that woman should, when under its influence, murder that husband by cutting his throat?

"These things I know to be true. I know . . ." The speaker's voice died away into silence and I thought a tear splashed on her small hand.

There was a gleam in the reporter's eye that did not seem to have been there before. After a pause—

"Why are these things tolerated?" The words were scarcely more than murmured.

"Custom. Habit. What others do. Because the world wants arguments, not facts. Once there was a king named Solomon, highly esteemed in his day for wisdom, who protested against these things; but he is hopelessly out of date now. Folk haven't time for such an old molly-coddle."

"Never mind," said the other soothingly, "as long as your women do not drink there is hope."

A dumb reply was all the young woman gave. Stealing a hasty glance, I noticed that her eyes were full of tears. Perhaps that explained her silence.

Several young men passed, cigarettes in mouth, hats elegantly sideways. The reporter broke into fresh questions.

"You will pardon my ignorance," he said, "but I never in my life saw those facial deformities before. Were the young men born so, or have they had an accident? Can not your doctors help them?"

"I'm afraid it would be a case of 'Physician, heal thyself!' Those little white protuberances are called cigarettes. Here comes a man with a big brown one in his mouth. The brown things are called cigars, and are stronger-flavored and more expensive than cigarettes. They may not be so expensive in the long run, however. If you look across the street, you will see something we call a pipe. There goes a man looking as if life held out no higher enjoyment than the indulgence of this favorite luxury. Do you notice its peculiar shape and size?"

"My nose tells me more than my eyes," said our friend, with a displeased expression. "I suppose they use some disinfectant afterwards in order to remove the abominable odor?"

I expected to see her smile, but she didn't. Her thoughts were elsewhere.

"Cigarettes," she said, "are killing. A young fellow of my acquaintance smoked himself into a lunatic asylum. Another brought on consumption by the habit. Many I know of have had to be fitted with spectacles because of the damage thus wrought to their eyes. Digestive troubles are caused by it, and the heart is seriously injured. If you were to travel much in this country you would be surprised, perhaps, at the inferior

stature of our men-folk. Tall men are the exception rather than the rule nowadays. It is a common sight to see couples walking along where the woman can look down upon her male companion by virtue of her superior height. The latter is generally puffing away at a pipe, cigarette, or cigar. The breath becomes tainted by this habit, as well as the living apartments. But what is more important, medical men who know assert that the great decline in masculine stature is due to the habit of smoking, begun at an early age. And it cannot be denied that cigarette-smoking engenders and accompanies a taste for alcoholic liquor. A young man who died the other day stated not long before passing away that all his troubles had arisen from cigarette-smoking and drinking. He was sincerely sorry that he had ever begun either. Notice for a few moments the height and figures of the young men who pass us. Most will be adorned with their cigarette ornaments."

Both did so, and more went down into the unique note-book. Round shoulders were doubtless noted; sunken chests, projecting backs. Out of 13 who passed in a few minutes, two were tall, two moderately so; the rest varied from under 5ft. to 5½ft., the average range of the sex who wish to look up to instead of down on.

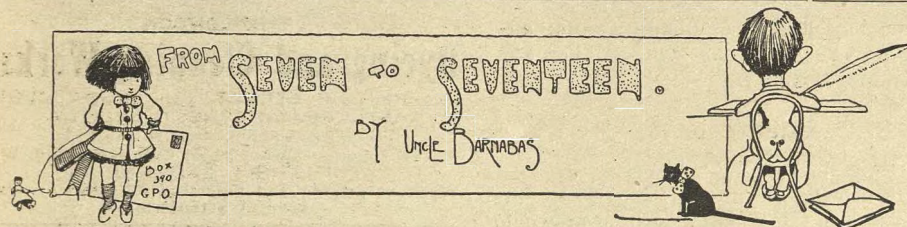
Out of the 13, three appeared guiltless of smoking, six had cigarettes in their mouths, two carried them in their fingers, while the remaining two had fingers that were yellow enough to be noticeable as they passed by.

"I must be gone in four minutes' time," said the reporter. "Before I leave, could you tell me why, if cigarettes are so harmful, all these young men use them? Can they be aware of their danger?"

"Some are. Others refuse to be enlightened. As I explained before, the members of our male persuasion are exceedingly sociable in their instincts, and like to be in the fashion. You may not have heard, perhaps, of their fondness for laughing at us women over our fashions in dress, while at the same time they entirely overlook their own fashions in habits. If his friends developed a fondness for tearing out their hair by the roots, a young man would, of course, at once go and do likewise. As it is, they practice nothing so harmless. They are tearing up their health and any chances of long life they may have had at birth by the roots, instead. Some know. Some don't know. Some don't wish to know."

A light and airy something came speeding up the street. It reminded me of a wind-driven cloud. Our visitor, evidently a sadder and a wiser man, stepped into it after bidding his informant an appreciatively cordial good-bye. A moment or two later they had both melted from sight.

If Parliament closed up its doors,
And members went off to the wars,
It really wouldn't make us weep,
Or for one hour disturb our sleep.
But if we suddenly were deprived
Of Woods' Great Peppermint Cure,
'Twould be a world-wide calamity,
Of this I'm perfectly sure.



MAKING A NOISE QUIETLY.

Of course my Ne's and Ni's have no nerves; that is the peculiarity of "old fogies." I heard a little girl of about 12 tell a baby of two in a go-cart that the baby's crying was getting on her nerves. I smiled to myself, because, of course, little girls of 12 have no nerves, unless, of course, they are old little girls, who by going to bed later than 9 o'clock, attending more than one picture show a week, eating an undue amount of lollies, and spending more than a fair amount of time "dolling up," have grown pasty-faced, sharp-tempered, selfish, and self-willed; then, of course, they have ceased to be little girls and have become "old young fogies." Ordinary, or what are called normal, girls and boys have no nerves, and as long as they sleep plenty, eat wisely, and have lots of open-air fun, they will not develop nerves. Now, normal girls and boys never know how much noise they are making; noise does not worry them, but it worries others. Do you think you could learn to make a noise quietly? There is just as much fun for you, and a lot more for others, if you are thoughtful enough to put your foot on the soft pedal. Did you ever think of the following noiseless noises?—

Exploding a theory.
Breaking up a cold.
Smashing a record.
Shooting the rapids.
Forging ahead.
Firing with enthusiasm.
Fulminating in the press.
Barking up the wrong tree.

Well, I know you will have a try, and go on trying, because I know so many of you take notice of what is said by your mysterious

UNCLE B.

A CHALLENGE FROM MRS. LEE-COWIE.

Dear Brainey Bairnies,—Can you rhyme with reason this fighting season, and give us a verse, better or worse, our cause to speed, and make men heed our voting prayer for the bottom square?

We'll give you a prize that will gladden your eyes, if you'll give us a rhyme for this glorious time. It must make men care for the bottom square. It must make men fight for the cause of right. It must make wives work for the rights some shirk. It must win us mothers, sisters and brothers, the votes of the great all over the State; the votes of the weak who by ballots can speak; the votes of the strong against tyrannous wrong. You must make it plain, that our cause we'll gain, when votes rise, and in God's eyes, on ballots fair, mark the bottom square, and bring the answer to many a prayer.

For the best rhyme about the bottom square I will give our Seven to Seventeens a 5s. prize. I enclose two or three samples of rhymes to give you the idea.

B. LEE-COWIE.

Who killed King Alcohol?

"I," said the Pledge,

"With my sword's trusty edge,

"I killed King Alcohol."

By the People's will the giant we'll kill,
By the women and men, with the ballot pen,
We'll drive old Nick from the drinking den.

By the criss-cross square on the ballot fair,
On the lowest line we'll stake him there;
And the children all with spread his pall
And shout Hurrah! for the bottom square.

Who saw him die?

"I," said the sky;

"Each star was an eye.

"I saw him die."

The people were dying,
The children were sighing,

The terrible giant ruled over the State,
When voters in power
Rose up in that hour

And swept out the monster with ballots of weight.

It was the criss-cross sign on the bottom line,

That drove the enemy into the brine.
Now raise the banner of Freedom fair,
And shout Hurrah! for the bottom square.

THE CHILDREN'S ISSUE.

Hullo! I have had no messages by post or by wireless telling me that 50 of my Ne's and Ni's are going to help me with the 30,000 children's issue that we must get out—simply must get out. Please hurry up and let me know you will help. Shall I send a collecting card?

UNCLE B.

FOR SUNDAY.

Can you fill up the missing words?

"Seek ye — the Kingdom of God and —, and these things shall be — unto you."

FOR MONDAY.

How many different answers can you think of to the question, "What is earth?" I know of 19. Can you beat that?

A NEW NI'.

Marjorie Magnusson, 30 Read's Quay, Gisborne, New Zealand, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—We have been taking "Grit" ever since you came here. I meant to write long ago, but have been putting it



LILY PRESTON.

off. When I saw the puzzle in April 10 number I thought I would let you see that some one who has never written but is anxious to become a niece can solve it. I have two sisters and three brothers. Like Mary Bailey, I also have a nephew, but he is two years old. My two brothers say that they will become nephews later on if you will allow them. Next time you come to Gisborne I hope I will be able to hear you. Did you see our gift battleship? We all hope to see it Monday week. I will close now, so good-bye. My little brother says to put in a few saw-horses.—I remain, yours sincerely.

P.S.—Mother says that she is ashamed at not writing, but will do so soon.

(Dear Marjorie,—I am very pleased to have you as a Ni', and hope you will often write; and please tell us all about your gift battleship. I was not able to see it. If you write a lot about it I will then see it through your eyes. I never heard of "saw-horses" before. Are they nice? I wonder if any of my Ne's or Ni's know about them. I will be glad to hear from your mother.—Uncle B.)

A GRAND LITTLE NE.

Geoffrey Arnold, "Samarai," Kurrajong, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—This is my first letter to you. I always open Dad's "Grit," and he reads me part of it sometimes. I have a garden and grow roses, grapes, and peaches and pears, and sell them and give the money to missionaries, and as you are a missionary and I know you, I am enclosing 3s. of my garden money to help your work. I ride to school every day on a little pony called Hall. I always remember you when I say my prayers. Good-night. Love,

(Dear Geoffrey,—I was very pleased to re-

ceive your letter and hope to have many another one from you. Your 3s. was very welcome, and I used it at once to help a very needy person. I wonder why your pony is called Hall? I hope many more of my Ne.'s and Ni.'s remember me in their prayers. You must tell me when your birthday is and send me a photograph of yourself.—Uncle B.)

A TOM-BOY NI.

Vera, Campbell-street, Woonona, writes:

Dear Uncle B.,—I wrote a letter some time ago and it has not appeared in "Grit," so I think it must have gone astray. We had a little rain a few days ago. I like rearing looks very much. These are some of my favorites: "The Girls of Cromer Hall," "In Eastern Seas," "The Gorilla Hunters," "Astray in the Forest," "The Boy Hunters of Kentucky," "River and Forest," and a whole heap more that I could not mention. The sea has been roaring all day and night lately. My doctor has ordered me away to the Mountains. I am going first to Auburn and then to Lithgow, and when I come home I will write and tell you all about my travels. When I get there I will be climbing trees and fences, and all sorts of Tom-boy tricks. I'm the Tom-boy of our house. Of course I'll have old, wide dresses to climb. When are you going to put your photo. in "Grit," Uncle? Wouldn't it be fun if somebody got a snapshot of you when you were not looking? This is all the news this time, Uncle. With best wishes from your loving niece.

(Dear Vera,—I am sorry about that letter. I wonder did you ever post it, or did it fly away when you were running to school on the top of a fence? You will find it very cold at Lithgow. Look out for me; I might be there any time, as I roam about a great deal. You will easily know me, because I am a man, and look just like myself. Now don't you think that is a good description? I will be quite eager to have the account of your troubles.—Uncle B.)

WHEN I AM GROWN UP.

Mervyn Edwards, Beaucroft, Avalon, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—As Bonny has got over her "tired feeling," and was writing, I thought I would write too. It's getting cold now at night. Mark and I went to the Nabisac Show the second day; we had a good time, only it was awfully wet and muddy. Eccott was coming out for the show, but it was too wet. We were sorry we couldn't go to Nabisac to your lecture. We told a lot of people about it, and they said they would go. I won't drink whiskey when I grow up. I had a few days at Glen Ora in the Easter holidays. I enjoyed myself down there. We have had a dreadful lot of rain, but I think it is going to clear up now. I hope it does, anyhow. No more news, so good-bye. I remain your loving nephew.

(Dear Mervyn,—I am glad to hear what you say about when you are grown up. The fellows who go wrong are the ones that drift and wait to see what will happen. The boy who makes good is the one who is definite, knows what he will do, and what he won't do, and asking God's help, he will ont

go under to folly. Keep Bonny awake; another long sleep, and we will call her Rip Van Winkle.—Uncle B.)

EMPIRE DAY.

Lily Preston, Brooklet, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Don't you think it is time I wrote to you? If I didn't write you would be putting me among the scallywags. We are going to have our Empire Day on May 23, because the 24th comes on a Saturday. We are going to wear badges. We will have races and lollies. Then at night we are going to have a big bonfire and a lot of crackers to set off. So you see I intend to have a good time. My birthday is tomorrow, May 7. I will be 13 years old. We had a darling little parrot; he was a lovely whistler and was beginning to talk, and one morning he took a fit and died. We were all very sorry to lose him. I am sending you one of my photos. I would like to see my letter and photo. in "Grit." I am sending in the text which you asked to be found in the 18th chapter of Matthew. I think I will close now, wishing "Grit" every success. I remain your fond niece.

"For when two or three are gathered together in My name, there am I in the midst of them."—Matthew xviii., v. 20.

(Dear Lily,—Thank you for the photo. I think it is a very nice one. So you are going to have a good time on Empire Day? Races, lollies, and crackers, and a bonfire sounds like lots of fun. Why is it called a bonfire? I like to think of the Empire; it is so big and grand, but it is much bigger and grander to be a Christian, for Christians have an Empire Day once a week and it is proclaimed in over 500 different languages.—Uncle B.)

ALL ABOUT THE ARGENTINE.

Lenore Wingfield, 82 Prince Albert-road, St. Kilda, Dunedin, N.Z., writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am going to write to you about the Argentine Republic, as I am on sick list. Mum said I had better write to you while I am full of my subject. I came by my information in this way: We had a visit at out home from a lady and gentleman who had been working as missionaries in the Argentine for fourteen years. First the Argentine Republic is in South America, as you know. It is a vast plain of over a million square miles, and thickly populated by people of nearly every nationality. Spanish is the language principally spoken. The people, as a rule, are wealthy, and are wholly given up to pleasure, Sunday being a regular gala day with them—a day on which they hold regattas and races and every sort of amusement. They seem to have forgotten altogether that it is the Lord's Day. It is only of late that the labor laws have

THE LONDON

Dyeing and Cleaning Works,

100a PHILLIP STREET, opp. UNION CLUB.
205 CASTLEREAGH STREET, SYDNEY.
DRY-CLEANING A SPECIALTY.
SUITS Vacuum Cleaned and Tailor-Pressed, 5/-
ALTERATIONS AND REPAIRS.
Work called for and delivered. Letters receive prompt attention.

compelled business men to close their shops at least half a day on Sunday. The children go to school on Saturday and often on Sunday; the mothers find it the most convenient day to do the washing and cleaning. The father usually does his gardening or any little bit of carpentering he may have on hand. The women of the country take a lot of trouble about their dress, and our friends say they really do know how to dress. They have a grace about them which English women would covet. In this country little value is placed on life. They have no idea of forbearance. It is with them "an eye for an eye."

The country is very fertile and wheat grows abundantly. This country is sometimes called "the granary of England." The people go in largely for sheep farming and large numbers of carcasses are frozen and sent to England every year. Nearly every flower that grows in New Zealand grows there. The country abounds in millionaires and we cannot have any idea of the magnificence of their mansions. They have all the comfort and luxury that money can give. Thus it is very hard for the missionaries to reach them with the gospel. The Y.M.C.A. are forming a branch, by which they hope to interest the students of the University, and by this means reach the homes and the parents of the upper classes. The towns are very up-to-date, having all the latest in electricity and railway constructions.

Dear Uncle B., I must draw this to a close. My little brother's name is Gower Ewart. He is called after father. We all look forward to that visit of yours. With love to all the cousins, not forgetting Uncle B. I am, your affectionate niece.

(Dear Lenore,—Your letter is most interesting and will teach us all a little we did not know. The Spanish are a very wonderful people. I have just read a book called "The Shadow of Power." It tells much of Spain in the bad days of religious persecution, and is most interesting. I hope you will be soon quite strong again. We all thank you for your letter.—Uncle B.)

LOTS OF LETTERS.

I have some lovely letters for which there is no room this time. So look out for them next week. Write only on one side.

UNCLE B.

DIABETES.

We specialise in suitable Foods for those suffering from Diabetes. The following are highly recommended:—GLUTEN BREAD, GLUTEN BISCUITS, AND DIABETIC BREAD AND CRISPS, GLUTEN MEALS, etc. . . . "Diabetes": Its Cause and Treatment. Post free, Price 3d. Write or call for descriptive Booklet and Price List.

THE SANITARIUM HEALTH FOOD COMPANY, 45 Hunter Street, Sydney.

"Prevent Human Waste"

(Continued from Page 7.)

indirect cost, and you have a tremendous financial burden for the people to bear, and a most potent factor in the high cost of living. For do not think for one moment that you are not bearing your full proportion of this burden. The nation is only a large family. If in your family you have a dependent, a consumer but not a producer, the cost of your living is increased. If in the nation we have a million or two men engaged in a non-productive, so-called industry, and another million incapacitated by the use of the products of that industry, we, the productive forces of the community, must and do pay for it.

ROOSEVELT CRIED "PREVENT HUMAN WASTE," BUT HOW?

Theodore Roosevelt, in his "Confession of Faith" speech in Chicago, said:—

"The first charge on the industrial statesmanship of the day is to prevent human waste. The dead weight of orphanage and depleted craftsmanship, of crippled workers, and workers suffering from trade diseases, of casual labor, of insecure old age, and of household depletion due to industrial conditions, are, like our depleted soils, our gashed mountain sides, and flooded river bottoms, so many strains upon the national structure."

Ladies and gentlemen, I ask you in all fairness what other single thing, traffic or custom, is so destructive of human resources, so causative of human waste, so productive of orphanage, of depleted craftsmanship, of industrial accidents, of casual labor, of the necessity of child labor and night work and long hours of women and young persons, of involuntary unemployment, and of the high cost of living, as the alcoholic drink traffic, which, as we have seen, on the low estimates of anti-Prohibitionists, costs this country every year at least 66,000 lives, 50 to 60 per cent. of its crime, 25 to 40 per cent. of its insanity, and from 25 to 45 per cent. of all poverty and pauperism?

SIX QUESTIONS THAT MUST BE ANSWERED.

How can the Progressive party conserve our human resources and prevent human waste if it ignore this great destroyer of human life and efficiency? How can it prevent industrial accidents if it take no heed of the cause of such accidents as the D.L. and W. railroad wreck at Corning last summer, in which scores lost their lives, because the engineer was drunk? How can it ease the strain on the national structure caused by the crippling of workers if it continue to ignore what manufacturers generally will agree is a chief cause of industrial accidents? How can it lighten the terrors of insecure old age, if it leave undisturbed the one traffic that more than all makes old age insecure? How can it effectively put a stop to child labor and long hours for women and young persons without working greater hardships and injustice than the evils which it is sought

to correct, if it allow to continue that organized and licensed robbery which more than any other one cause makes it necessary that children should work and women should work long hours? How can it stop boss rule and secure good government if it allow this great source of political and personal corruption to remain unmolested?

STATESMANSHIP AND CHILD SLAVES.

Wise statesmanship, not the suppression of the symptom, but the correction of the cause. Is it wise or of any real benefit to forbid the child of tender years to work if the prohibition simply causes the child to suffer for food and clothing, while the father who should support his family is still allowed to spend his money for drink? Is it justice to load the cost of industrial accidents, through employees' compensation acts, upon the consumers of the product, while leaving the saloon a free hand to produce in the workingman a condition prolific of accidents?

Is it fair to set up a system of social insurance, the cost of which must be borne by the sober and industrious, and at the same time allow the organized greed of the liquor traffic to go on robbing the workingman of his earnings, out of which otherwise in hundreds of thousands of cases he could save enough to render such insurance unnecessary? No.

THE ARCH STANDPATTER OF THEM ALL.

The liquor question can not be ignored. It must be met. This traffic is an integral part of the age-old system of the pillage of the weak by the strong. It has no useful place in society. In every feature and every phase it is at war with the progressive programme of social and industrial justice. It is the keystone in the arch of political, social, and industrial injustice. It is the binding link in the chain of special privilege, and that chain can not be broken without attacking it. Many of the reforms advocated by the Progressive party are absolutely impossible of realisation, and most of the others can only be realised in an incomplete and imperfect manner so long as the liquor traffic shall live. It must die.

But, you say, Prohibition does not prohibit. It has been tried and it has failed. My only answer is, so has prohibition of child labor and prohibition of unfair business combinations been tried, so far as legislation constitutes a trial, and have failed. And why? Simply because within the ranks of each of those old political parties to which the enforcement of these laws have been entrusted are men, whose support is essential to that party for a continuation of its power, numerous enough and politically and financially strong enough to procure the non-enforcement of those laws.

The solution, in the case of the liquor traffic, is the same as the solution proposed by the Progressive party in the case of child labor and the case of unfair business corporations, namely, the placing of the powers of the Government in the hands of a political party owing no favors to those corrupt in-

terests, and dependent not at all on their good favor for success.

REVENUE AND COMMON SENSE.

But how would we get along without the revenue? Need I discuss that question in a body of men and women like this? I think not. Stop the waste of two and a quarter billions of wealth every year in this country, and the question of revenue will take care of itself.

THE POLITICS OF STARVING CHILDREN.

My friends, I have not spoken to-night of wrecked manhood, of outraged womanhood, of the maudlin and blear-eyed drunkard, of starving children, of orphans' tears, of ruined homes, of broken hearts, of wrecked lives, but rather of those phases of this problem having more especially to do with society, for it is here that it becomes a question of government, of statesmanship, a question for political parties. But I have not refrained because these other features are not deserving of attention, for no man whose heart is not of stone can contemplate them and remain indifferent and at ease. Permit me, once again, to quote the words of Theodore Roosevelt. In a speech delivered at Louisville, Ky., on April 3, 1912, he said:—

"None of us can really prosper permanently if masses of our fellows are debased and degraded, if masses of men and women are ground down and forced to lead starved and sordid lives, so that their souls are crippled like their bodies and the fine edge of their every feeling blunted. I ask that those of us to whom Providence, to whom fate, has been kind, remember that each must be his brother's keeper, and that all must feel their obligations to the less fortunate who work beside us in the strain and press of our eager modern life. I ask justice for the weak for their sakes, and I ask it also for the sake of our own children and of our children's children who are to come after us. This country will not be a good place for any of us to live in if it is not a reasonably good place for all of us to live in. The sons of all of us will pay in the future if we of the present do not do justice in the present. If the fathers cause others to eat bitter bread, the teeth of their own sons shall be set on edge. Our cause is the cause of justice for all, in the interests of all. Surely there was never a more noble cause; surely there was never a cause in which it was better worth while to spend and be spent."

THE VERDICT OF HISTORY.

There is room in this country for a great political party standing as the champion of human rights. If the Progressive party will study this question fearlessly and impartially, will recognise the inseparable relation of this evil to those other evils against which it has already flung down the gage of battle, and will have the courage to fight unto the death this most ancient and cruel of them all, then indeed will the future of the party be glorious, and its place in history be secure.

May you have eyes to see.



Griffiths Bros.
TEA MERCHANTS
Melbourne, Sydney,
Adelaide.

GOING —

EXPRESS

TO

Griffiths Bros.

FOR

SIGNAL BRAND

TEAS

ALL RIGHT.

This is Where You Laugh.

© ©



A SOFT ANSWER.

Senator Tiluman was expounding on the efficacy of mildness in debate, and to illustrate his views, told of a man who turned to a stranger in a theatre and caused a violent row because the other had sat on his silk hat and ruined it. The offender looked at the hat, which was truly a wreck, and said:

"I am sorry. This is too bad. But," he added, "it might have been worse."

"How might it have been worse?" exclaimed the first man, with an oath.

"Well," was the unexpected answer, given so mildly that it placated the owner of the tile, "I might have sat on my own hat."

* * *

WHERE WOULD HE BE?

"Yes," said the storekeeper, "I want a good, bright boy to be partly indoors and partly outdoors."

"That's all right," said the applicant; "but what becomes of me when the door slams shut?"

* * *

Once an Englishman, Frenchman, and an Irishman were to be hanged, and they were to choose what tree they would be hung on.

The Englishman said he would be hung on the good old English Oak. And the Scotchman said I'll be hung on the good old Scotch furr.

Then he asked the Irishman. "To be sure," he said, "I'll be hanged on a gooseberry bush."

"Oh, my man, it is not big enough." "Oh, to be sure, but I don't mind waiting."

WHY HE WAS A SOCIALIST.

Upton Sinclair tells this story about a school address he once made.

"It was a school of little boys," said Mr. Sinclair, "and I opened my address by laying a five-dollar bill upon the table.

"I am going to talk to you boys about Socialism," I said, 'and when I finish the boy who gives me the best reason for tuning Socialist will get this five-dollar bill.'

"Then I spoke for some twenty minutes. The boys were all converted at the end. I began to question them.

"You are a Socialist?" I said to the boy nearest me.

"Yes, sir," he replied.

"And why are you a Socialist?" I asked.

"He pointed to the five-dollar bill. 'Because I need the money,' he said."

* * *

WHERE THEY WERE ALIKE.

A doctor who had a custom of cultivating the lawn and walk in front of his home every spring engaged O'Brien to do the job. He went away for three days and when he returned found O'Brien waiting for his money. The doctor was not satisfied with his work and said: "O'Brien, the walk is covered with gravel and dirt, and in my estimation it's a bad job."

O'Brien looked at him in surprise for a moment and replied: "Shure, Doc, there's many a bad job of yours covered with gravel and dirt."

* * *

GEORGE'S TELEGRAM.

George was famous for being late at his appointments. He was engaged to be married to a young lady in a neighboring city, and when the day of the ceremony arrived George, as usual, did not appear. The bride was on the verge of nervous prostration when the following telegram was received from the missing bridegroom:

Dear Helen: Missed the early train. Will arrive on the 4.31. Don't get married until I get there.—George.

TOMMY'S INVITATION.

Little Willie wanted a birthday party, to which his mother consented, provided he asked his little friend Tommy. The boys had had trouble, but, rather than not have the party, Willie promised his mother to invite Tommy.

On the evening of the party, when all the small guests had arrived except Tommy, the mother became suspicious and sought her son.

"Willie," she said, "did you invite Tommy to your party to-night?"

"Yes, Mother."

"And did he say he would not come?"

"No," exclaimed Willie. "I invited him all right, but I dared him to come."

* * *

"Never see any more sea-serpents around here?"

"No," replied the coast dweller.

"What do you suppose killed 'm off?"

"I dunna. But I have my suspicion it was local option."

* * *

"See here, young man," said the stern parent, "why is it that you are always behind in your studies?"

"Because," explained the youngster, "if I wasn't behind I could not pursue them."

* * *

"I am willing," said the candidate, after he had hit the table a terrible blow with his fist, "to trust the people."

"Great Scott!" yelled a little man in the audience, "I wish you'd open a grocer's shop."

* * *

"Our boy has left us," wept the mother, as their only son waved good-bye from the car window.

"Yes," said the old man, whom the boy had just touched for a loan, "but he hasn't left us much."

This Beautiful Silver HAIR BRUSH

20/-

This is an excellent value, and very handsome for the Dressing Table. We import Silver Toilet Goods of all kinds for both Ladies and Gentlemen, in very large quantities, and supply at very tempting prices. The designs are very rich and in great variety; and the quality, being that of leading makers, can always be depended upon.

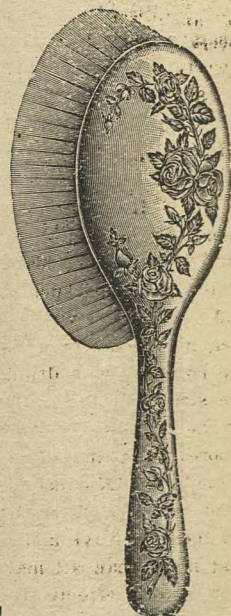
Many Choice Styles at 12/6, 15/-, 17/-, 30/-.

Country Orders, we pay postage.

Illustrated Catalogue Post Free.

W. KERR,

House of Genuine Jewellery Values.
542-544 GEORGE STREET,
Opp. Town Hall.



What the Parson Says.

SOMETHING FOR THE INNER MAN.

We have already considered the three words, "I am," "I ought," "I can," and have seen how the realisation of each confers dignity, responsibility, and buoyancy. The last word, "I will," completes the flawless circle of a noble life. So far we have a ship finely equipped and full of possibilities, and needing only steering gear to insure it a safe and happy voyage. "I will" is the rudder of the human ship; it settles the direction in which we go. I will be good and not evil; I will be true and not false; I will be honorable and not base; I will be pure and not depraved; I will be a soldier of Christ, not a slave of the devil; I will—God helping me—leave my life a contribution to the great cause of all that makes life holy and happy.

THE QUESTION.

A master in the world of industry, asks what you have done, what you can do, a friend asks you what you like, but Christ asks "What wilt thou?" What do you will, and nothing else is of so much importance. The one who wills to do a thing can never drift. The man who drifts into evil, and whose life is slowly but surely being eclipsed by the blackness of doubt or engulfed in the slime of sensuality, must surely recognise that the original yielding of the will has been his sin, and its permanent weakening is his punishment. In the gospel of St. John, chapter vii., we read, "if any man willet to do my will, he shall know." This might be strengthened by many other passages of Scripture which emphasise the supreme value of the will, the rudder of the human ship.

"Oh, well for him whose will is strong!

But ill for him, who, bettering not with time,

Corrupts the strength of heaven-descended will,

And ever weaker grows through acted crime.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Whether we look at it in the realm of bodily action, intellectual attainment, or the affairs of a country, the will is emphatically in evidence as the one quality that is indispensable to success.

It was will that made the lonely runner to accomplish in 48 hours the 150 miles between

Sparta and Athens in the hour of need. It was will that made weak women and men hold out for faith and virtue on the rack and in the flame. It is will that has been the principal equipment of the pioneer and made possible the clearing of forests, the tunnelling of mountains, and the crossing of oceans. It was the will of Leonidas that saved Greece at Thermopylae. It was the will of Bruce that rescued Scotland at Bannockburn. It was the will of Arnold of Winkelried that delivered Switzerland at Sempach. It was the will of Napoleon, of Wellington, and of Gordon, that alone accounts for all that the wrote or rather ploughed into the history of the human race.

Will means force, speed, inventiveness, and persistence. In the realms of science, in the ranks of the explorers, in the parliaments of the world, will has crowned men with success, who have lacked every outward quality and every natural fitness.

THE PRODIGAL.

We can well imagine the Prodigal saying again and again, "I am going to turn over a new leaf," and yet he drifted on to further disgrace. We can think of him as saying "I hope, some day, I will be different," and yet no change came to his life, but rather did his hope mock him. How frequently he must have said "I wish I could be different, for I am sick of all this life" and yet his wish brought forth no fruit. There came a sane moment when he said "I will arise and go to my father," and before the strong purpose of his will all the difficulties in the way melted as the fog before the rising sun, and he made his way back through the jeers, over the long, weary miles, and to the open arms of his father.

Just as the muscles are strengthened by exercise, just as the intellect is polished by diligent study, so is the will educated and strengthened by being put into force. Shall we find a quiet spot and there on our knees declare to God—"I will take heed to my ways, I will keep Thy statutes; I will not forget Thy word; I will run the way of Thy Commandments. I have sworn and am steadfastly purposed to keep Thy righteous judgments."

THE PARSON.

The Case for No-License

IN NEW SOUTH WALES.

By ARCHDEACON F. B. BOYCE.

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

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

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

PLEDGE-SIGNING CRUSADE

The week has been full of interesting and hopeful cases, while nothing could exceed the pathos and sorrow that each morning's batch represents.

A fine soldier of about 45, with the D.S.O. medal and four other medals, was among the pledge signers. In every way a fine fellow, and yet a victim to our silly system of licensing poison for profit. A week's experience in the court would win the most callous person to the side of No-License. Can you not imagine the sorrow, disgrace, and privation in the 166 homes that were touched last week by the cases that came before the one court? Can you not realise what an untold blessing it would be to restore these people to home, work, and society as we might do by closing the bar?

RECORD FOR THE WEEK.

	Men.	Women.	Pledge.
May 16	17	4	7
May 17	38	11	10
May 19	37	13	17
May 20	7	5	2
May 21	9	5	3
May 22	16	4	9
	124	42	48

Total up to date, 987; 19 weeks' work.

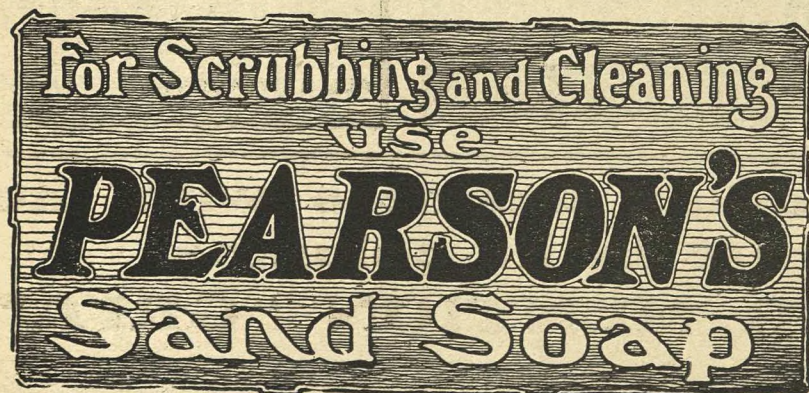
The following firms have helped by giving cast-off boots, hats, etc.: David Jones, Farmer and Son; Lowe's, Ltd., Callaghan and Son, Hordern Bros. By this help many a man is helped to look tidy, which makes all the difference in his chance of getting a job.

T. Dobney 5/3, Mrs. Service 5/-, J. Pascoe 9d., Wm. Scott 15/-, H. Charleston 15/-, Mrs Travis 1/-.

Man wants but little here below,
But wants that little long,
If life he wishes to enjoy
Among the gladsome throng.
But if he would long life enjoy,
And be from colds secure,
Then he must take the remedy—
Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

VERY BEST FUEL AT LOWEST RATES.
"Grit" Readers, Order From
WARBURTON AND SON.

Telephone: City 4515, or 106 North Sydney.
Head Office: Warburton's Wharf, Bathurst-street, and Branches, North Sydney and Neutral Bay.



S. P. BRAY, HIGH-CLASS PASTRYCOOK AND CATERER,

Head Office: 498 George Street, Sydney.

Branches in Principal Suburbs.

New Factory at Paddington.

TELEPHONE: CITY 1923.

TEA-MEETINGS, SOCIAL FUNCTIONS, WEDDING RECEPTIONS catered for on shortest notice.

HAMPERS and PICNIC PARTIES specially attended to.

Manufacturer of PURE VANILLA ICECREAM and various WATER ICES.

Price List on Application.

Mr. Bray catered for last Church Society Festival and C.M.A. Anniversary.

PIANOS, ALL PRICES.

For Very Best Value and Easy Terms

J. L. ESTENS,

53 AND 55 FLINDERS-ST., SYDNEY
Is unequalled. Established 28 years.

Coogee Tram stops at door.

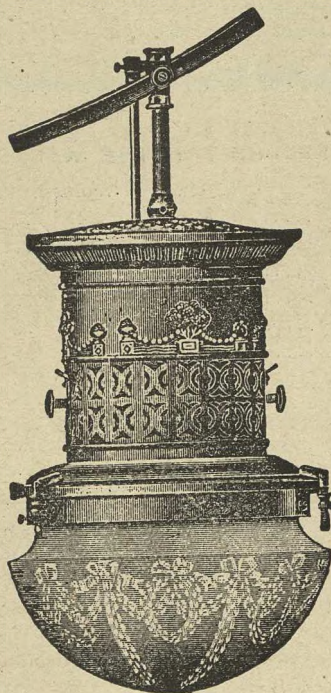
SUNDAY SCHOOL AND RELIGIOUS BOOK DEPOT.

CHAS. C. MIHELL,

Bible House, 242 Pitt-street, Sydney.

VESTA.

Increased Light at Less Cost.



A Delight in the Home—A Necessity in Business—A Luxury in Church or Hall.

Vesta Gaslight Co.

Offices: 108 PITT ST o/p. G.P.O.

Telephone 63 City.
Send for Descriptive Catalogue.

HEADACHE CURE

There may be a dozen things that cause you to suffer from Headache or Neuralgia.

HALF HOUR HEADACHE DEALERS

Give almost immediate relief and cure the worst of these complaints in half-an-hour. They are of great value for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Influenza, Sleeplessness, Brain Fag, and all Nerve Troubles.

They contain nothing that is harmful.

PRICE, 1/- PER BOX.

E. FARIS-INGS,

City Pharmacy,
BURWOOD, SYDNEY.

GEO. WIELAND,

THE CHEAPEST BUTCHER ON EARTH.

For Satisfaction Try Him.

'Phone 563 Redfern.

23 Abercrombie St.

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 DEEPENING



JAMES COOK,
Baker,

32 Victoria St., Paddington

TEL.: PAD. 111.

TRY OUR STEAM-MADE BREAD.

H. BETHEL & CO

242a
PITT ST

Punctuality. Quick Despatch.

PRINTERS.

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.

The Randle Photo-Engraving Company, Ltd.

The makers of the

BEST BLOCKS IN LINE, TONE, AND COLOR

for all illustration purposes, have removed to more commodious and up-to-date premises in the

N.S.W. COUNTRY PRESS CHAMBERS,

178 CASTLEREAGH STREET
(Near Park Street).

They can give you the best service.
Call on them, or 'Phone City 451.

YOUR LINEN

Snowy White and Dressed in First-class Style
if sent to

The American Steam Laundry

432 OXFORD STREET, PADDINGTON,
TELEPHONE, 141 EDGECLIFFE.

DON'T BE ONE-EYED

READ

The Worker

IT GIVES ALL THE POLITICAL NEWS
OF THE WEEK.

ITS CARTOONS SIZE UP THE
SITUATION.

ALL NEWSAGENTS. ONE PENNY.

**Help "GRIT" by doing business with those who advertise in its columns.
BE SURE AND MENTION "GRIT."**