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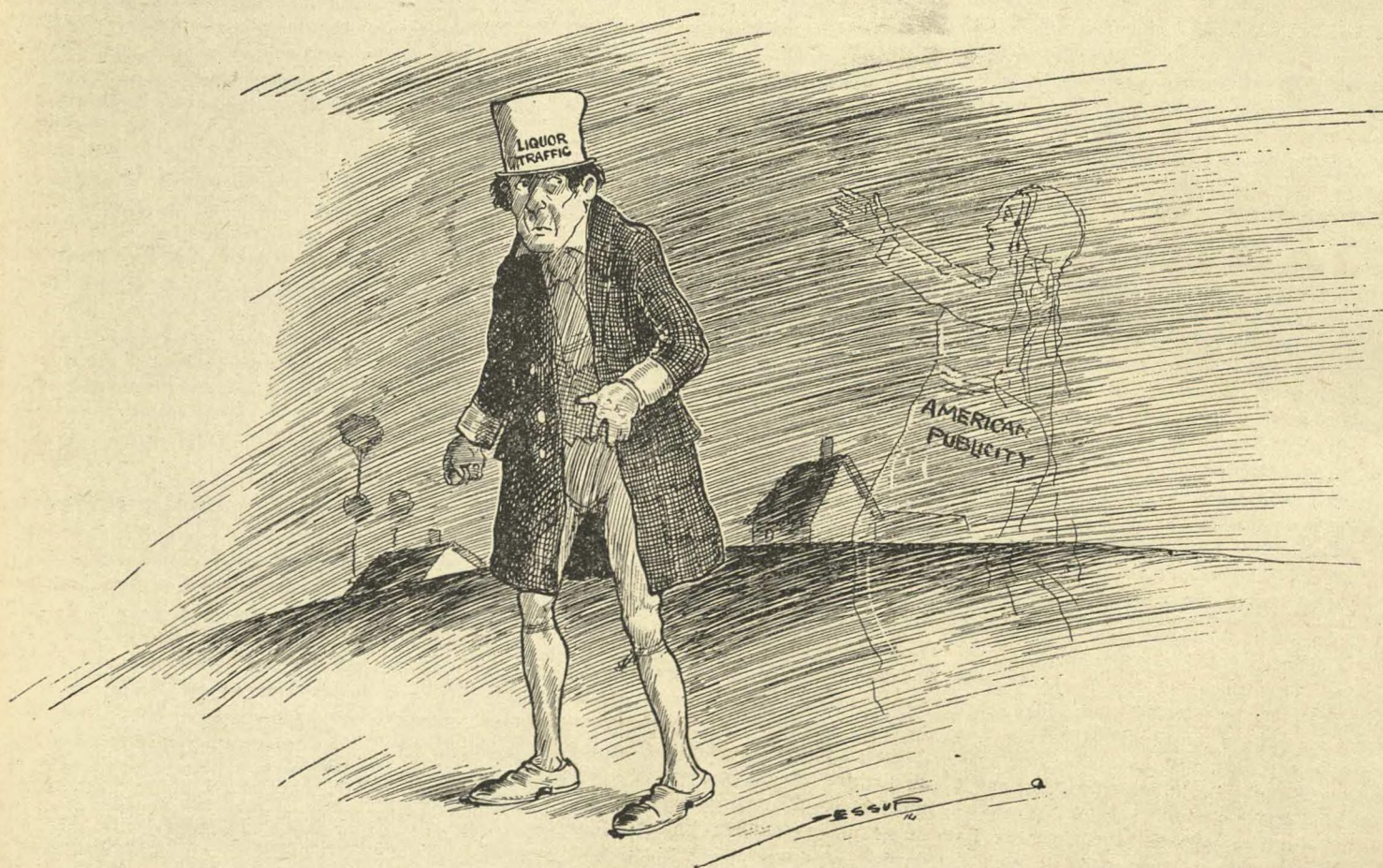
**A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.**

VOL. VIII. No. 13.

Price One Penny.

THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 1914.

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



**THE CONVERSION OF THE AMERICAN PRESS.**

The Press is no longer a guardian angel, but a spectre that haunts the liquor interests.





### PROFESSOR SIMS WOODHEAD IN MANCHESTER.

An interesting meeting was held under the auspices of the Society of Friends Total Abstinence Society, Manchester, in the Friends' Meeting House, on March 25 last.

#### PROFESSOR G. SIMS WOODHEAD

said that those who were interested in the great social problems of the day were looking forward to the time when those problems would not be complicated by the action of strong drink. It was sometimes charged to them that they were teetotalers and nothing else, that they placed teetotalism before their Christianity and looked upon it as a panacea for every evil. But he maintained that they were not so onesided as many people seemed to think. What they did was to regard total abstinence as a very important element in the uplifting of men, and that the alcoholic factor once out of the way many of the old problems with which they had to deal would be enormously simplified. Alcohol interfered with the religious life of the nation, with the physical life, and the social and intellectual life; but he would confine himself to that aspect of the problem with which he was most familiar—the pathological. The action of alcohol was distinctly pathological in producing disease or in preparing people for the attacks of disease. He would put before them points that had influenced him. Considering the influences under which the people lived at the present day, and the temptations to which they were exposed in the matter of using alcohol, he thought it a duty to point out the dangers involved. If alcohol was taken by anyone who knew its effects on the human body he considered they were taking it to excess, however much or little was taken.

#### ALCOHOL AND THE NERVOUS SYSTEM.

The Professor then dealt with the physiological action of alcohol upon the nervous system. The nerve centres, he said, were more affected by alcohol than any other tissues or organs of the body. This was generally accepted, and any man who took alcohol, it might be in comparatively small quantities, had his nervous system so altered that it was not capable of performing its functions in the ordinary normal fashion. After a time the system became to a certain extent injured to the presence of alcohol, and it required a much larger amount to bring about the same symptoms. Before that resistance was acquired there was a

marked change in the tissues and any immunity acquired was at the expense of some normal process or condition. A certain immunity could be acquired but not without a departure from the normal, and to that extent it was a process of deterioration. There was definite evidence that when alcohol was given to an animal, and if the animal were killed while under its influence, it could actually be determined by microscopic examination that the cells and fibres of the brain had undergone a very distinct change. In the brain there were millions of cells, and from these cells fibres or nerves branched out in all directions. These were all connected, and alcohol interfered with the passing of the currents from one to the other, thus affecting the actions, speech, etc. With alcohol present the currents no longer passed in their normal way from cell to cell, and there was a loss consequently of the fruits of experience, of practice, thought and training. This was why alcohol caused a drunken man to work unsteadily, why he could not say "British Constitution," could not judge properly; his experience was no longer of any or of little value to him.

#### ATTACKS "THE WEAKEST LINK."

Having dealt in a most lucid manner with the action of alcohol upon the kidneys, in the production of apoplexy, and upon the heart, the Professor went on to explain that alcohol always attacked the weakest organ of the body, the weakest link in the chain, whether it was the kidney, stomach, liver, or heart, and the individual could only live as long as the weakest organ would allow him. There were certain individuals upon whom alcohol seemed to have a minimum effect, but in the present-day life when they were assailed by so many things with consequent weakness at some points, it was a very unsafe thing to assume that they could imitate the example of anyone who had taken considerable doses of alcohol during long periods. It was the practice in certain quarters to hold up such instances, but it was their very rareness that made them noticeable. He did not say that alcohol was of no use as a drug, but it had to be regarded in connection with the amount of evil its use by the people produced, and it was to be remembered that better results could be got from other drugs. If alcohol were always kept as a drug it might be used as any other drug, but the temptations

to which the people were commonly exposed to use it, and the teaching of general experience rendered it unsafe to give alcohol as a drug if anything else could be properly substituted. Besides, when alcohol was given in diseases it often helped to damage the patient because there was another poison already acting.

#### OLD MEDICAL PRACTICES ABANDONED.

There was a variety of diseases for which only alcohol used to be given, but doctors had now come to realise that it was a poison and that acting accumulatively it interfered with the recovery of the patient. At one time there could be no doubt a great many patients suffering from typhoid fever were killed through receiving large doses of alcohol, which were acting in the same direction as the typhoid poison, helping that poison, which was also producing degenerative changes in the tissues. That time had now gone by, and people were not dosed with alcohol as they used to be. Experimental medicine had proved that if alcohol were given during the period when diseases like scarlet fever and typhoid were running their course, it interfered very materially with the production of what was known as immunity, or unsusceptibility, preventing the patient from acquiring the condition that was essential for recovery. Alcohol undoubtedly in many cases was responsible for the prolongation of disease, and in the old days was responsible for a considerable number of deaths of patients. It used to be thought essential that persons suffering from tuberculosis should receive support in the form of large quantities of alcoholic stimulants, whereas in the present-day sanatorium where people were made to live a simple life and take plenty of fresh air under wholesome conditions, it had been found that alcohol had the distinct effect of retarding the recovery of the tuberculosis patient. It was now generally recognised that alcohol should not be given, and even those doctors who administered it in rare cases allowed that for most patients alcohol was not a good thing.

#### SURGEONS AND ALCOHOLIC SUBJECTS.

Surgeons were also beginning to realise that if they were to get good results, turn out the most workmanlike job, they must not give alcohol. It had become easy to do difficult operations if the patient could be kept healthy, living on plain food and avoiding alcohol. Under such conditions surgeons could succeed with operations that at one time were considered absolutely impossible. Surgeons did not like to have to deal with patients who had taken large quantities of alcohol, for another reason: alcoholic patients could stand such an enormous quantity of chloroform. They took it very badly, and from the constant difficulties with the heart, and respiration, and the patient's struggles, the position was exceeded—

(Continued on Page 10.)



## THE DRUNKARD.

Do you drink hard liquor? Moderately? To excess? And just for the fun of it? Surely. And just as surely you can stop—if you want to. Everybody can—or thinks so. But when a drunkard's fire runs in the family, it is not so easy. In this story, a young and inexperienced girl falls in love. She knows her fiancée takes an occasional drink. She does not know that the habit is inherited—and his mother keeps the secret. Do you think a complete knowledge of the circumstances would have made any difference? Or do you think it ever will? In any case, here is a plain, straightforward story of domestic tragedy, paralleled, in some degree at least, in all too many American homes to-day.

(By Virginia Terhune Van de Water, in the "Cosmopolitan.")

(Continued from last Issue.)

I was glad that Jack felt as he did about avoiding even the appearance of too much drink. I noticed that two men in the company this evening were more noisy than usual, and I was sure that they had been visiting the punch-bowl too often.

"I am sorry for Mr. Randall's and Mr. Denison's wives," I remarked to Jack, as we went home together.

"Why?" he asked.

"Because," I replied, "they behaved, to me, as if they had been drinking too much."

"Oh, they weren't really drunk," Jack said, "but just a little elated."

"Well, I wouldn't want to see my husband like that," I averred.

"I would not want you to see him like that," Jack replied gravely.

The next day chanced to be Sunday, and we were to have a late breakfast. After I had had my bath and was partially dressed, I went to Jack's door to awaken him; then, as I heard no stir within his room, I reflected that, as this was the only day in the week on which he could sleep late, I might let him lie still a few minutes longer. At last, when I was fully dressed and the maid had announced breakfast, I went again to his room, and, as he did not answer my tap on the door, I entered. The window was open, but the blinds were closed and the air was heavy with the smell of liquor. I recalled suddenly the punch of the night before and wondered that the odor should still linger on Jack's breath. What strong stuff that must have been, I mused, hurrying across the room to fling the shutters wide. Then I turned and glanced at my husband. He was still sleeping heavily, lying on his back, his mouth open, and his face flushed. As I looked, a shudder ran through my whole being. I had never seen Jack look bestial before. I laid my hand on his shoulder and shook him slightly.

"Jack!" I called. "How sound asleep you are! Come dear—it's almost ten o'clock."

He did not reply at first, then opened his eyes and gazed at me stupidly. He wet his dried lips with his tongue and swallowed several times before speaking.

"I don't want any breakfast," he said thickly, turning over as if to settle himself to slumber again.

I laid my cool hand on his forehead. It was hot.

"Dear," I asked anxiously, "aren't you well?"

I bent over him to look more closely into his bloodshot eyes. His fetid breath came full against my face, and I recoiled from the unmistakable fumes of whisky.

"Jack!" I exclaimed involuntarily.

My startled voice roused him from his lethargy.

"What's the matter, darling?" he asked.

"You are not well," I faltered.

"Nonsense! I'm all right!" he declared.

He sat up suddenly, and I saw him wince with pain and put his hand to his head. Then he laughed embarrassedly. "Getting up so quickly made me a bit dizzy," he explained. "Go on, dear; I'll be down to breakfast in a few minutes."

I left him and went slowly down-stairs. My feet and hands were cold, and fear went with me. It was still with me when my husband took his seat opposite mine at the table. I noted the heavy look about his eyelids and the sagging of the corners of his mouth—the look I had always observed the few times he had been obliged to stay away overnight on business, and which I had always attributed to weariness. Could it be? But I stifled the thought as I would have stifled a vile, unworthy thing that tried to come between myself and the man I loved.

"Do you know, Jack," I ventured, "that the punch we had at the Stanhopes' last night was a fearfully strong concoction? I believe that's what gave you such a headache."

My husband tried to smile. "Oh, my headache is probably due to some of the stuff I ate at supper," he said, and, as he spoke, he lifted his glass of iced water with a tremulous hand and carried it eagerly to his lips—nor did he set it down until he had drained the last drop. Then his eyes met mine. "I'm a bit thirsty," he remarked; "please ask Katie to fill my glass again."

I obeyed, still with that feeling of fear knocking at the door of my heart, accompanied by a sense of shame that I should let such a disloyal emotion approach me. An hour later, as I was passing through the upper hall, Katie came from my husband's room and stopped me.

"Please, ma'am," she said, "what will I do with this? Will I throw it away?"

She held toward me a bottle, and in a glance I recognised it as the quart whisky-bottle which had stood on the upper shelf of the butler's pantry. The afternoon before I had noticed that it was a quarter full; now I saw that it was empty.

"Throw it away!" I ordered sharply. "What else should you do with it?"

"I didn't know," she muttered, as she turned from me. And coupled with the fear that had ceased knocking at the door of my heart but had entered and taken possession of it, was the sickening wonder: Does the servant know—does she suspect the truth?

It is a remarkable fact that as soon as one recognises a condition which one has not heretofore suspected, one sees proof of it again and again and marvels how one could ever have been unconscious of it. Yet, at first I tried to blind my eyes to what I had discovered. I mentioned in a casual way to Jack that Katie had asked me what to do with the empty bottle she had found in his room; then I paused for him to make some explanation, if he would. He flushed hotly, but said quickly that he had not felt well the night before, had not wished to worry me about it, and had stopped in the pantry on his way up-stairs and taken the little whisky that was left in the bottom of the bottle standing there.

Impulsively I spoke. "But, Jack, the bottle was at least a quarter full."

He looked at me with a surprise that I could scarcely believe was feigned. "Quarter full! No, indeed!" he protested.

"That's strange," I mused, "for I was looking at the bottle only yesterday."

He shrugged his shoulders. "Oh, well," he said easily, "I suppose all servants take 'a sup of the crathur,' now and then."

His words shocked me. Was it possible that he would not only tell me what was not true, but that he would throw the blame of theft and, perhaps, of intemperance on a poor hireling?

"I have never suspected that either of the maids drinks," I said gently.

"I do not mean," he hastened to say, "that either of them takes more than she can stand. But, as the bottle is right there in the pantry, temptation may at times get the better of them."

I wanted to believe him, and pretended to myself that I did. I would be so much happier if I could trust him and doubt my servants. And, after all, I said to my frightened self, I knew next to nothing about Bessie and Katie—except what their references told me. Might not their former employers have been deceived in them?

Yet, constantly, away down in the bottom of my heart, I knew I was pretending to my true self. I often think that if women did not do this, they would go mad.

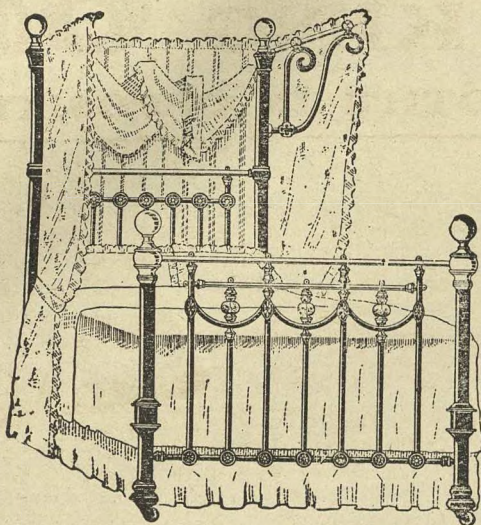
After I could no longer pretend, I tried to see matters from Jack's view point. Yes, I loved him so much that I even tried to persuade myself that it was all right for him to drink when he wanted to. In this I was partially right—always providing that he only drank in such a manner and in such quantities as were safe. But, all the while, I knew that the times when I would enter his room and see him lying with that gross, unnatural look on his face would increase.

Except for an occasional word of warning, I held my peace for many months. One of these words I uttered, one evening, when we had been married for over a year. We were planning a little dinner for some friends, and Jack suggested that we have champagne instead of the claret which we usually served on such occasions. I protested.

"Champagne is not only very expensive," I remarked, "but it is such a 'heady' beverage, and following upon cocktails before

(Continued on Page 10.)





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## New South Wales Alliance.

### BOWRAVILLE LICENSING CASE.

It is remarkable to what extent interesting situations are created when there is competition amongst liquor sellers for licenses. Whilst liquor men shout loudly to be protected from No-License voters on the grounds of "Liberty," they vigorously oppose anybody else getting the equal "liberty" to have a license in their district.

At Bowraville an application has been made for a new license. The Special Court of Inquiry has adjourned to await the ruling of the Supreme Court on a point of law.

In the meantime the licensee of an existing hotel has applied for permission to add 16 bed-rooms, parlors, etc., and otherwise renovate his premises. By doing this he would, of course, weaken the case of the new applicant.

The two lay members of the Bench wanted to postpone the application. The Police Magistrate, however, pointed out that the application was in order, and it was imperative for the Bench to grant it. He dissented from the decision of the local justices and told the applicant that it was open for him to apply for a mandamus to compel the Bench to grant the application.

It certainly seems a new procedure for a Licensing Bench to stand in the way of an hotelkeeper enlarging his premises.

### MR. AND MRS. PHILLIP SNOWDON.

Mr. Phillip Snowdon, M.P., the well-known Labor leader, orator and author, who is

going to devote two months to the New Zealand Prohibition fight, may yet be heard in Sydney should this distinguished politician be touching Australia. The Alliance is determined to secure a lecture from him. A cable has been despatched to London, and in the event of arrangement being made, it is proposed to have a monster meeting in the Sydney Town Hall.

### OPEN AIR MEETING.

For a wintery evening the open-air meeting held at Ashfield on Friday night was a great success; over 400 people were present. Mr. J. B. Youdale presided. The speakers, Mr. J. Marion and Mr. Francis Wilson, had a good hearing. The scientific contention antagonistic to alcohol found a ready acceptance with the audience. Of course, there were (as usual) a few "wets" who were willing to acclaim the virtues of whisky. Some of them had seen better days.

### GENERAL SECRETARY'S TOUR.

Mr. James Marion left Sydney on the 10th inst. for the Northern rivers, where he is now conducting a three weeks' campaign. The balance of the tour is as follows:—

Alstonville, Saturday, Sunday, Monday, 21st, 22nd, 23rd; Rous, Tuesday, 24th; Coraki, Wednesday, Thursday, 24th, 25th; — Friday, 26th; Ballina, Saturday, Sunday and Monday, 27th, 28th, 29th; Nashua, Tuesday, 30th; Bangalow, Wednesday and Thursday, July 1st and 2nd; Newrybar, Friday, July 3rd.

### DEPUTATION TO THE PREMIER.

At the last executive meeting it was decided to write to the Premier asking him to fix a date and time for receiving a monster deputation from the Alliance on the question of Bare Majority, State Prohibition, and Earlier Closing. All friends of the movement are cordially invited to accompany the deputation. As much publicity as possible will be given as to date when it is fixed.

### THE ALLIANCE BAZAAR.

It will be remembered that the proposal to hold a big bazaar before the Last Local Option Poll was deferred, and many friends of the Alliance who started work for the same have been wanting to know when the bazaar would be held.

At the State Council last week it was definitely decided to have the bazaar next spring. At a meeting of the executive held last Friday the location was fixed. The bazaar will be held in Chalmers Church Hall, opposite the Exhibition, where the last big bazaar was held.

The hall is 95ft. by 50ft., with fine supper and ante-rooms, and is specially suitable for such an event. The date is not definitely fixed, but October is the most favored month.

Will all the friends of the Alliance do their utmost to make the great bazaar a success and start early with sewing circles, etc., to prepare for a record achievement.

### ODDMENTS.

"It is a regrettable fact that so many boys were drunkards. Every time he travelled in the trains he saw drunken boys, behaving in a deplorable way."—Judge Rogers, Quarter Sessions, Parramatta, 3/6/14.

After having built and furnished an hotel at Port Kembla, costing £9500, a license for the same has been refused.

An attempt is being made to secure a license for South Kensington. This includes the new workers' suburb, Daceyville. The applicant can anticipate vigorous opposition from the residents.

There are two reasons why some people don't mind their own business. One is that they haven't any mind, the other that they haven't any business.—Havard Lampoon.

The great doctor sat in his study there,  
And leaned quite calmly back in his chair;  
The shivering patient sat before him—  
Frightened, you'd own, if you only saw him.  
"Friend," said the doctor, "have no fear,  
Pluck up your courage, be of good cheer!  
Woods' Peppermint Cure's the thing for you,  
And soon you'll confess my words are true."

**ALLIANCE BAZAAR**  
**OCTOBER NEXT.**

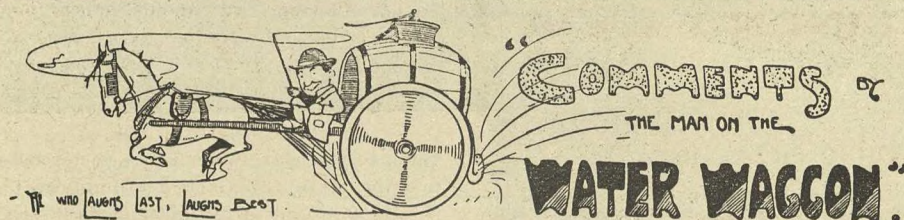
There will be a "GRIT"  
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BY  
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### OUR OLD FRIEND "FAIRPLAY."

Occasionally we allow us the pleasure of scanning the pages of our contemporary—the Brewers' journal, as a year or two ago one could always rely upon finding therein some more or less offensive reference to ourselves. "That insect," "Grit," or some such title continually emanated from the freedom-loving journal, and we can testify to many hours of jocularly at our own expense.

Latterly, however, all is changed. "Fairplay" has ceased to be offensive, and we give her due credit for it—and the "leaders" and "other articles" border upon such sedate and aldermanic subjects that we are afraid there will be a mighty kick coming soon from the publicans and "fight-fans" who don't pay one penny for what they would call "wowser talk." Here is a little epitome of the items in bill of fare, dated 5th inst.:

"The Revenue Boom."—A warning to our statesmen to provide for the lean years.

"The State Government and Literature."—A regret that the latter is receiving little attention from the former.

"Spare the Trees."—A moan at the destruction of fig trees.

"Railway Profits."—Anti-exploration and many other topics the publican doesn't care a tinkers anathema about fill up the pages of "Fairplay," and each one is as mild as the other, and not a kick for the wowser amongst the whole bunch.

Ah, "Fairplay," you are wasting opportunities: your clientele want something hot and heavy, and you will be getting a warm dose for yourself if you don't continue to abuse, and abuse stoutly—that's all there is to it.

### THE BURGLAR BOOM.

If any one particular class of citizens should feel no immediate call to throw bouquets at themselves it is our police. We are as overrun with burglaries as a pantry with mice, and there is nothing doing with the tall men in white helmets. No one knows

when he or she will awake to find themselves squinting down the revolver of a night visitor, and it would seem as if the old song were echoed, "Nobody knows and nobody cares." The general public are very easy going and the heads of police are not overworried with the turn of events, and who then ought to get excited about things? That is the question. That very clever criminals are in our midst is self-evident, but whence came they? Like the birdies in spring they came from nowhere, and they carry their bird-like qualities to the extent of getting away also without attracting any particular attention to themselves. The police arrive monotonously after the event, and with sportsmanlike qualities cheerfully allow that the coup "was very cleverly executed." Truly our police are very broad-minded. There is nothing at all narrow about them.

What the public want to know is when some of the burglars are likely to be caught.

### THE CLOSING UP OF HOTELS.

Many of the smaller hotels are at last experiencing the "deathknock," sentence of which was passed upon them years ago. They are now "down and out." Therefore, it comes to pass that we shall soon be able to testify of the "results" of the local option vote, and we do not think any right-minded citizen left entirely to his own judgment would ever vote for their resurrection.

We say "left to his own judgment" advisedly, as what would be told the voter by the Liberty Leaguer should there be a vote on the subject passes comprehension. He would probably be lead to believe his suburb, since it parted with one or two small and grimy pubs., was on the way to ruin, and that sly-grog shops existed on every block. He would be assured that half, or more than half the male population carried home bottles of beer, and were being steadily transformed into inveterate drunkards. Without these "aids to the art of thinking" any sensible man would come to the conclusion it was a wonder his home suburb

had put up with the evil-smelling eye-sores as long as it did and feel a trifle annoyed about it, but so many men who show little regard for nice moral adjustments in home and business get easily warmed up in the vassers pitches them the wildest stories of defence of "liberty" when the brewers' can—"injustice" and moral wrong.

### CRIME, DRUNKENNESS, AND INSANITY. "A PERFECT FARCE."

There have been several cases tried lately at the Central Criminal Court in which accused persons have been charged with shooting with intent to murder, and invariably the defence of insanity and irresponsibility for actions, or abnegation of reason or self-control through drunkenness, or so-called "irresistible impulses," or other forms of alleged abnormality of mental condition have been pleaded in defence of the accused.

Yesterday a man was before Mr. Justice Pring and jury on a charge of wounding his wife with intent to murder. The evidence showed that accused was addicted to heavy bouts of drunkenness, during which he acted like a maniac. His counsel, while a youthful hospital doctor was in the witness-box, produced a ponderous tome, which proved to be Quain's "Dictionary of Medicine." A passage under the section "Alcoholism" was read, and witness was asked whether he "agreed with it." Of course he did, the work being a standard compilation by authorities of eminence and repute.

His Honor then said that it was "a perfect farce" to read a passage from a book known to be the work of an eminent medical authority, and then ask if the witness agreed with it. It had as much application to this case as a passage from Shakespeare. He saw those things day after day, in which attempts were made to make out that a man charged with a crime was insane. It would be monstrous if a court of justice excused a man merely because he got drunk, reached an insane state, and killed someone. There would be no security to life or limb if such a doctrine became established. If this man were acquitted on the ground of insanity it would be a travesty of justice.

The jury returned a verdict of guilty, with a recommendation to mercy.—"Daily Telegraph," 10/6/14.

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## Keeping John Barleycorn off the Train

By RUFUS STEELE, in "Saturday Evening Post."

(Continued from Last Issue.)

"I've arranged a thirty-day lay-off for you, Tip," he said. "Here's the wages you asked me to look after and here's a round-trip pass to Memphis."

"What does all this mean?" asked the astonished Tip.

"I thought maybe, now that you have a good job and money and a pass, you would be wanting to go back and look up that boy in Tennessee."

### TIP'S NEWS FROM MEMPHIS.

Tip Bunter said nothing; he just grabbed the Old Man's hand as though it were the throttle of a train about to be run into from behind. Four weeks later Tip came back to the office. He had undergone a facial transformation.

"Did you find the boy?" the superintendent asked when he had made sure of his caller's identity.

"Aw, say," Tip Bunter answered, "you ought to see that lad! Tall as I am—and they say he looks like me. His mother died years ago; but he's had a good raising. Why, he's the brightest boy in the old town! Last month he graduated from the high school. He was to go to work in a foundry, but the school principal got him to take the entrance examination for the university anyway—the professor told me he just wanted to show off his prize pupil. The boy made ninety-seven per cent."

"When I found him he was already an apprentice moulder; but I got the foundry people to let him off. I took him to the university myself, got him started and left him about all the money I had. I must get over to the round-house now. You see, I'm going to make a great railroad builder out of my son; and I've got to keep the money orders going back there regularly every month for the next four years. Do you want my promise for that length of time?"

"No," smiled the Old Man. "Your promise for the rest of your life happens to be written in indelible letters across your face."

Eight years ago a young man from San Francisco presented a letter at the New York office of Edward H. Harriman.

"This note from the vice-president says you bring something he wishes me to consider. What is it?" said the head of the great railroad system as he tapped impatiently with his pen.

"A scheme for saving ninety per cent. of the breakage on Rule G," confidently answered the caller.

The magnate gazed at his visitor. His face undoubtedly was the face of a dreamer, but sanity looked out of his eyes and purpose fastened the corners of his mouth. Mr. Harriman let his pen fall to the blotter.

"Do you mean you have discovered why railroad men drink?" he asked.

"Yes. They drink for the same reason that workmen in countless other trades drink." "And that reason is what?"

"So they can forget for a little while our artificial social distinctions," the young man replied.

"You don't think they drink for the love of the drink, then?" asked the railroad president.

"Men have to learn to love the kick in liquor. They drink primarily because they have found that alcohol wipes out the sense of inequality. With three jolts under his belt one of your section men feels himself equal to the head of the road—equal to you."

"How do you know so much about our section men?"

### EXPLAINING TO MR. HARRIMAN.

"I have worked for you as a section man, as a section foreman and in other capacities. Also, I have gone up and down the right-of-way as a tramp. The railroader is the most interesting worker in the world. I have spent several years studying him in order to help him."

"And what has your study taught you about the railroader?"

"That he is subject to the same four instincts that govern all men—the fear instinct, the play instinct, the social instinct, and the mating instinct. He is going to give these four instincts expression. The saloon flourishes because the saloon caters to the last three."

The head of the system showed his interest in the ideas of this unusual young man.

"By what process does the saloon get hold of the railroad employee in order to

cater to the play instinct, the social instinct and the mating instinct?" he inquired.

"By an offer of equality that cannot be felt outside the swinging doors. The ordinary saloon is the home of the only true democracy. Any one who enters puts himself on a parity with every other man who is there or who may come in. A total stranger denies your right to refuse to drink with him. You must play the game or get out."

"The workman doesn't want to get out, because he finds the saloon catering to instincts within him that he could not analyze if he tried. He has the blessed feeling of being mentally comfortable. Equality breeds real congeniality. The social instinct finds agreeable expressions. Every drink adds to the sense of equality and sociability. The machinery for gratifying the play instinct is at hand. The pictures in saloons are not landscapes; they cater to the mating instinct."

### A HIGHLY DEVELOPED INSTITUTION.

"There is no doubt the saloon employs an admirable though unhappily directed intelligence in carrying on its business," the railroad president agreed.

"The saloon is the most perfectly developed of our institutions," the young man pursued. "It is the finished product of experience. It does nothing haphazard. The salt pickles and dried herrings on the lunch counter, the glint and shape of the glassware, the nature and location of the conveniences, the lights, pictures, music—all are dictated by a system in which the crude and the uncertain have no part."

"Sit down," said Mr. Harriman, "and tell me how we can knock the saloon off the track and rescue Rule G."

The dreamer rested his elbows on the great man's desk and unfolded his plan. What are known as the Harriman railroad clubs, of which fifteen are in operation on the Pacific System, grew out of that conference. The young man, often fighting for enlargement in funds and in specifications, put his idea into vigorous practice; and after several years, when his institution had outgrown reliance on its founder, he heaved a sigh of satisfaction and went into the practice of law.

The first club-house was established at a railroad division town in the California mountains. The town had a rough-and-ready reputation. It had twenty-six saloons, all within sight of the depot and the shops and the round-house. An attractive building was constructed on a site a little closer to the railroad yard than the nearest



saloon. The rooms were comfortably furnished for lounging and recreation purposes. There was plenty of light and warmth. There was a library of interestingly chosen books and a reading table containing many papers and magazines; there were games and pastimes; there was a writing room with stationery; a tobacco shop; and a little room where a barber waited with razor and shears.

A secretary was in charge. His function was to supply any reasonable want that was brought to him. There were no admission cards, no dues, no rules, no special privileges. Every man who had been in the employ of the company for ten years or ten minutes was invited to use the club as he would his own home, without any expense whatever—except for a shave or a smoke.

The experiment was on. Could the hundreds of railroaders be enticed into their club? Would it supply some of the human necessities that the twenty-six saloons were accustomed to supply? Predictions were made that the men would be afraid of the new concern because it was free. At first the men came timidly—then boldly; then they took possession, as a matter of course, and began to give the place an atmosphere.

From the first they hung up their titles with their hats, and were equal. They began to draw up their chairs round the great fireplace of an evening and in congenial and smoky council to discuss the day's work swap tales of experiences, regulate all traffic problems and criticise the officials of the road. In six months the club-house was railroad headquarters.

"There isn't a darned rule on the walls," an engineer told his wife. "You can do anything you want to—though the men have agreed among themselves not to play cards for anything but cigars. You never saw so much light as fills the rooms! It makes a fellow want to sing. Why, the place is just like a saloon with the booze cut out."

#### LADIES' NIGHT AT THE CLUB.

"Why can't you arrange to have ladies' nights occasionally?" asked the wife. "Parties and dancing would be mighty nice for the firemen and brakemen and shop-boys who are not married. Ask the secretary about it."

What the secretary replied was that the men were boss—that the club belonged to the men. The ladies' nights began. They have never ceased. When a party is on at the club you need not look anywhere else for the railroader who is off duty. Half the matches in the town have their inception beneath the club-house roof. The mating instinct is served.

Soon after this first club-house opened, the vice-president of the road arrived in his private car to inspect it. Standing on the porch that evening, he pointed across to the sparkling necklace of twenty-six saloons and said to the division superintendent: "I hope you understand that we have given you this weapon so you may fight those places to a finish for possession of our men." At the end of a year there were twelve saloons in the town. To-day there are seven.

By the time the second and third railroad clubs were in operation in substantial buildings erected for them in division towns the railroad company had conferred on its young man with the idea the title of social engineer. He was given an office on the same floor with the superintendent of transportation and the general passenger agent. He was no longer a theory occupying a pigeon-hole. He was very busily social engineering. He hired a chemist and requisitioned a chef from the dining-car service and a doctor from the chief surgeon.

He was moving scientifically toward other big discoveries. He knew the mental reason for drinking; now he was after the physical reasons. When the little laboratory had ceased to fume and smell, when experiment and conference had achieved their ends, the social engineer stood before the vice-president and said:—

"In the name of Rule G, I must demand two new departments for the club-houses—the men must be able to do their eating and bathing there."

"Your dining-room would have to keep strange hours," the vice-president smiled. "Railroaders do their eating when the train gets in."

"Exactly," said the social engineer. "It is the trainman who gets in late, maybe long past the meal-hour, and who is hungry and cold, that we must head off before he goes up town. I want a restaurant that will be on the job twenty-four hours a day for seven days a week. I want two stoves in the kitchen so there will never be a time when the coffee isn't hot or when a famished brakeman can't get a rib steak done to his order in five minutes; but it is not merely on account of the late brakeman that I want the restaurants. We have just discovered that the chop-houses where railroaders now have to eat are the finest imaginable drummers for the saloon, though they don't know it themselves."

"I do not follow you," said the vice-president.

#### THE WATER CURE.

"We have discovered," explained the social engineer, "that the food in the appetite-killers along the right-of-way is prepared and served without the slightest regard for the reasonable demands of the human digestive process. The meats are carelessly selected and abominably cooked. The coffee is warmed over. But the chief crime lies in the vegetables. Usually they have been cooked several hours before they are served; and our experiments show that the longer a vegetable is off the fire the more indigestible it becomes."

"The railroader slides down from his stool after a hearty meal and in ten minutes he is in distress. The lump inside is talking. He knows only one prescription for indigestion, which he can get filled in any neighborhood. Most men have a hard time remembering Rule G when there is work ahead, and they are doubled up with pain. We must do as much of the feeding as we can and must do it scientifically. We will serve everything at cost; and the lower price, as

well as the better food, will make the man on the road willing to go hungry until he gets in."

"I suppose we can find the money somewhere," said the vice-president thoughtfully. "Why the bath-tubs?"

"To expand the skin. The logy condition that tells a man he is badly in need of stimulation is frequently due, we have discovered, to the fact that his pores are not properly exuding. His skin must rid itself of the unwholesome secretions. A proper bath will do it. I want to offer, for the sum of ten cents, a fine porcelain tub with shower, a 42inch Turkish towel and the services of a white-uniformed attendant who will conduct the man to his bath-room, draw the bath and look after the laundering of the man's linen if he wishes."

"I want to make bathing a revelation. A man must be able to bathe whenever he gets in or whenever he wants to. Like everything else in the club, the bath department must be in operation twenty-four hours a day."

"I understand," said the vice-president. "This is just another of your physical means for accomplishing a moral end."

"My double aim is to achieve pep and purity at the same time. Why, a man just out of a good bath can't even tell a smutty story! I wish to make the trainman so fit physically that he will not require an artificial stimulant of any sort, and so wholesome mentally that the sight of a saloon sign will make him mad."

New club-houses came into existence with architectural provision for a model kitchen and dining-room—table or counter style, take your choice—and a bathing department. Every man found a ventilated locker ready for the safeguarding of his linen and his Sunday suit. The installing of eating and bathing facilities made easy an addition the social engineer had had in his plan from the beginning—the building of sleeping-rooms.

When prepared to feed his man the social engineer wished to be able to send him to rest close at hand, between fresh sheets on the finest hair mattress money could buy. It would be impossible, the social engineer theorised, for the man to wake up feeling himself any other man's inferior. He would bank on the man's eating a cheerful breakfast and going down to the yards with his face puckered in a whistling effort to express the harmony of his being. The theory is a mere theory no longer.

The addition of sleeping rooms completed the magic circle the social engineer was drawing about his men. The club swallowed the man when he came off duty; and, since it now contained about everything he needed or desired, whether it was a postage stamp, a newspaper, or a domino opponent, the man did not need actually to emerge from the place until he went back to his train. It was really pretty rough on the saloon up in the next block.

And how the saloon-keepers in the club-house towns raved and roared. After that

(Continued on Page 14.)



# GRIT.

A Journal of Moral Reform  
and No-License.

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THURSDAY, JUNE 18, 1914.

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## BOUND COPIES.

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

On Wednesday, 18th inst., the Home Secretary in answer to a question which was asked by Sir John Spear (Tavistock), stated that the number of licensed houses closed under the 1904 Act was 8167 up to the end of 1912. The figure for 1913 had not yet been finally corrected, but it would probably be 831. This would make a total of 8998.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL AND RELIGIOUS BOOK DEPOT.

CHAS. C. MIHELL,

Bible House, 242 Pitt-street, Sydney.

# A Personal Chat with my readers

## FLAGRANT HYPOCRISY.

The worst hypocrisy in the land to-day is seen in the newspapers that print pious platitudes about the harmfulness of alcohol on one page and liquor advertisements on another page. The people who believe this to be flagrant hypocrisy ought to post a letter to the editor and tell him so. Can you imagine the fine scorn with which a temperance lecturer would be met if it could be shown that a case of whisky was going into his back door while he was declaring its harmfulness from his front door step. Let us turn some of our scorn on the wealthy papers who sell their space to the liquor advertisers and piously print exposures of alcohol. A few thousand letters which should be brief and to the point would do much good. Will you write one at once? Say: "Dear Sir,—The best magazines and journals of the world have cut out all liquor advertisements, I hope you will follow their lead. To believe in and proclaim the evils of alcohol and then advertise it is unpardonable hypocrisy." Just for a little while cease to worry about what the Alliance or the Temperance Party have done or left undone and do something yourself, whether it makes any immediate difference or not is not your business. All you need to do is to protest against what you feel is wrong.

## TEMPERANCE REFORMERS.

We have lately had among us Earl Grey, whose name is associated with an effort to reform the public house by selling liquor under circumstances that will rob it of its harmful influence. It was a decidedly interesting footnote to his utterances and efforts to have as a last word from him a hearty commendation of our colonial wines which are very strongly fortified with absolute alcohol, and which, as sold in our wine shops, create the worst form of intoxication. I notice in the "New Republic" a comment on another noted reformer, whose vote in the House of Commons has always been against those who have been aiming at further restrictions of the most impudent trade on earth. This paper says:—

"Some years ago, Arthur Sherwell, M.P. for Huddersfield, England, conceived the notion that if red liquor were sold by some philanthropist who did not make more than 6 per cent. out of the deal, that the solution of the temperance question would be in sight.

"In support of his contention, he went over to Sweden and wrote mightily regarding the alleged results of the Gothenburg system of selling liquor. His eulogies on this system of liquor selling were eloquent and touching.

"Then he came over to America and wrote some literature about the effects of Prohibition. What he wrote on this subject was so grotesquely inaccurate and worthless that it attracted no attention this side of the water except ridicule.

"What Sherwell wrote about Prohibition in America was on a par with Doctor Cook's word picture of the North Pole.

"British exchanges now bring us the doleful news that recently three young men were remanded to the Reading Jail because they got drunk on licensed whisky, broke into Arthur's cellar and stole his supply of Burgandy.

"There will be some more irreverent laughter in America when those who recall Mr. Sherwell's writings read in "The New Republic" that some uncircumcised sinner has stolen the 'Temperance Reformers' supply of tangle-leg."

## AN OLD WARRIOR.

Mr. David Walker, who for so many years was the secretary of the Y.M.C.A. in Sydney, and who is remembered by thousands of men, not only on account of his friendship for them, but because of his inspiration to them to lead the Christian life, writes to me as follows:—

"Mr. William Noble, the founder of the Blue Ribbon Army, paid a visit to Sydney some years ago and conducted a temperance mission, not only in Sydney, but also in Melbourne, Queensland, and New Zealand. He has just passed his 72 years of age, and is still busy in temperance work in and about London. He writes to a friend in Sydney that he is to speak at the 36th anniversary of the starting of the Blue Ribbon Army in England. His visit to the colonies was a bright letter day in his public life, and the warm reception given to him by all sections of the community paved the way for work in Victoria and Queensland, and the same warm welcome was accorded him in New Zealand. In all the colonies he had most successful meetings."

Such a man deserves public recognition for the work he did in persuading people to adopt total abstinence for his visit has borne fruit in public efficiency and private happiness that is of incalculable benefit to the State.

*The Editor*



# OUR CITY BY NIGHT.

A JUDGE ON THE CURSE OF ALCOHOL.

With a view of getting at the facts first hand, three of us set out one evening last week to investigate the places that supply business for the Central Police Court and keep it working overtime. We had all been impressed by the remarks made by Judge Rogers at Parramatta last week. The Judge said:—"He was not at all narrow-minded, but he viewed with alarm the increasing number of young men who were continuously seen about the country under the influence of drink. It was a deplorable condition of affairs, and needed very serious consideration. An old man might want a drink, but a youth such as the accused who was before the court did not want anything of the sort. It was ridiculous for him to say that he did. It was beyond his comprehension why young men did not keep away from hotels altogether. They could not gain anything by going there. The young man before the court went into an hotel. After obtaining drink he committed a most brutal assault with a beer bottle. He was under 20 years of age, and he could regard himself as very fortunate that he was not on his trial for his life, with very little probability of being acquitted. In such a case it would be advanced in his favor, or at least in extenuation, that he was under the influence of drink at the time. If young men kept away from hotels these brutal assaults would not happen in hotels.

Mr. E. R. Abigail, who was defending the accused, said that his client was only 19 years of age, and received 55s. a week for what was practically unskilled labor, at the meat works. He agreed that the youth of the present had too much money, and perhaps too much leisure. He, too, realised the gravity which attended the fact that so many young men were addicted to drinking.

## THE STORM CENTRES.

We met outside a pub, and during ten minutes seven men and one woman passed under the influence of liquor, three of them, very drunk, coming from the one pub. The law prohibits a man from serving an intoxicated person, and fixes a penalty of from £2 to £5 for the first offence, and from £10 to £20 for the second offence, and in addition the forfeiture of the license.

"A state of intoxication" is defined by law as "a loss of normal control of bodily and mental faculties." We are certain that there is not a license holder in Sydney who is not guilty of violating this law. And we urge a law enforcement movement as the best way of reducing drunkenness.

A band was playing outside the next hotel we visited. It was now about 9.15, the band playing very good music, the brilliant lights and mirrors of the hotel made a very bright scene indeed. In the crowd listening to the band we saw two women and three men we had on a previous occasion seen at the police court, where they had been charged with some crime or other.

They hang round bars as flies do round a dead cat.

## A FOOL AND HIS MONEY SOON PARTED.

Opposite, on the corner of Wentworth Avenue, is a vacant piece of ground. This land belongs to the City Council. Attracted by the crowd gathered here we cross over. We come first to a group of men, mostly young, many under the influence of liquor, who surround a table presided over by a woman. On this table are painted several yellow circles, each circle marked to represent a certain sum of money ranging from sixpence to ten shillings. For a small sum the player obtains from the attendant six rings said to be slightly larger than the painted circles. I do not say that they are not larger, but the margin is so small as to make it almost a miracle for an ordinary player to completely cover a circle with the ring. His reward for doing so is the cash represented by the amount marked on the circle so covered. This being called a game of "skill" and therefore legal, we will pass on, though with feelings of pity for those youths who are thus wasting their time and money. The next table, about which is by far the larger group of men, is of the same shape, but upon it is a piece of canvas. On one end of the canvas is painted a large "O," on the other end a large "U," and in the centre the figure "7." Presiding over this table is a fleshy, evil-looking man, who with a set of dice in his hand, informs you that he "bars no bet nor any way of playing," and that he will pay even money "Over and under, and 3 to 1 against the 7." For quite a long time we stood and watched young fellows lose their money, led by one who was obviously "one of the firm," and who was by far the most venturesome speculator. Suddenly, without a moment's notice, the man with the dice flipped the canvas off the table, put it under his coat, and walked quickly away. His scouts had reported danger. When the canvas was thus removed a table was revealed exactly resembling the adjoining one, and another man, producing some rings, immediately commenced inviting his audience to try their "skill."

Obviously these "legal" games of skill were merely a blind to enable the other "illegal" game of chance to be carried on until the outposts reported the approach of the enemy.

Do not the police know of this illegal gambling which is openly carried on in a main thoroughfare of the city night after night? Is it that they cannot prove their case? The writer will undertake to prove a case for them at any time. Do the City Council know to what use their land is put?

It baffles us to describe to you the scenes in these hotel, the public bars crowded with young men, the parlors crowded with men and women. Young girls many of them, your sisters and mine. Girls with sweet, young faces, not out of their teens, sitting drinking



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## W. KERR,

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with hard faced, foul-mouthed men. Oh, how we longed for the power to rescue these sisters of ours from their present and future shame. Every hotel was the same, every bar and parlor crowded, oaths and foul conversation in all of them, filthy degrading names being applied to a young, nice faced girl in another.

We found ourselves wishing, as we went from one hotel to another, that we had some of the "directors" of some of our big breweries with us. We cannot conceive that any man, fit to be so called, could come along and see, as we did, his fellow creatures losing their manhood and their womanhood in these hellish places, and still consent to enrich himself out of the proceeds of their degradation. Old men with grey hairs stupid with drink, old women who had once been fair to look upon, their features repulsive from the effects of drink and vice. But the young men and the young girls—Oh, how our hearts ached for them, the parents of the future.

## IN THE STREET.

As we passed up the street we came across a man vainly trying to open a door with a key. He was very drunk. One of my friends went to his assistance, and he at last passed into his house. A woman we had noticed go into the hotel came along at that moment. Under her arms were three bottles, with her were two men. They entered a house two doors from the one the drunk had first passed into. The two men had a good few in, so at least two houses in that terrace knew what alcohol was that night. In a very dark lane we came across a poor fellow. He was fast asleep, huddled up in the dark. He was, or had been, a prey to some thief, who is constantly on the look out for victims of this type. This was not the only instance of men asleep in out of the way



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(Late Druce)

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places. We came across a good few. The next hotel we went into had two small back parlors. They evidently were ladies' parlors, and had tables and chairs. Seated at one of the tables were three men and a woman. The woman and two of the men were under the influence of liquor. They had their drinks in front of them. The thought came to me—What ties of friendship were between them? They all looked shabby and at least two, the woman and one man, had been drinking heavily for years. Their faces were bloated, there was not a trace of happiness on any of their faces. They were feeling the pinch of the cursed alcohol. In the other room were three women and two men. They were younger and better dressed. The two men and one of the women were very young and fresh.

We went from one hotel to another. In one we saw three women serving the drinks. There was the usual back parlors. This hotel was very full, a good number of women passing in and out, some drinking at the bar, some taking it home with them. There was no mistaking the women. Out of seven women who were drinking five were very much under the influence of alcohol. Most of them were bareheaded, showing that they lived near the hotel.

### AN APPEAL.

Christians! awake to what is going on around you. How many of you really know what is going on? Do not stand aloof any longer from the sin and vice, the sorrow and misery of this city. Are you too dainty to come amongst it? Christ was not. Are you not followers of His, and can you imagine Him turning aside from these poor erring men and women? Does He not look to you as His disciples to finish the work which He began? Oh, that the Christians of this city would be Christlike. Then indeed, would the emissaries of Satan be overthrown, and this fair land become, as indeed it should be, a land flowing with milk and honey. Christians awake! Inquire into what concerns you, see for yourselves what is going on around you, and you will, like me, go home, and, while rejoicing that you have been lifted out of the mire, go down on your knees and consecrate yourselves afresh to the service of Him Who has saved you, and Who is looking to you to do your part in the saving of those sin-stricken prodigals, and the extension of His Kingdom here in Sydney.

Can you keep a secret?

I don't believe you can,  
Jones (you know the Jones I mean!)

Was a melancholy man.

Felt like wrung-out dish cloths,

Fainted, to be sure,

Right as rain to-day, you know,

Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

### THE VERDICT OF EXPERTS

(Continued from Page 2.)

ingly trying. The chloroform and the alcohol were in some way or other acting along the same lines. Further, alcohol appeared to stimulate when it was really depressing. It took the brake off the heart and let it run riot; the imagination ran riot and everything in the body ran riot—and in view of its tremendous effect on the nervous system and upon the weakest link in the chain of one's body, and in producing degenerative changes, senile or old age changes, and interfering with recovery from illness, the Professor maintained that no one could afford to take alcohol without counting the cost very seriously. He agreed that a certain number of people could take alcohol; that it did not appear to do very great harm or lead them to succumb to temptation to take it to excess, but these people were comparatively few. None knew who they would be until they had had a course of experience, and he repeated it was not worth while running the risk. Moreover, if they should happen to belong to that favored small body it was only right that it should be remembered there was a very large body of people who could not take it in the same way without physical, intellectual, and moral damage; and it was therefore their duty to abstain and set an example to those who were weaker than themselves. (Applause.)—"Alliance News."

Do No-License cities need fewer policemen than cities having saloons?

Rockford, Ill., which has been without saloons for several years, has only one policeman to each 1800 persons, while wet cities of the same size employ one policeman for every nine hundred or one thousand inhabitants. Kansas City, Kans., employs only half as many policemen as before saloons were banished from the city. Newton, Kansas, employs only one policeman for its 10,000 inhabitants.

### THE DRUNKARD

(Continued from Page 3.)

dinner—"I paused, then summoned courage to say—"that is, if you insist upon cocktails before dinner?"

"We always have had them when we have entertained," my husband answered, in surprise. "Why should we not continue to do so?"

When he asked this question, I almost wished that I had been one of the women who do not allow liquor on their tables. Yet I doubt if the outcome would have been different had I been a prohibitionist. What a woman considers right, and what her husband does, may be two very different matters. I tried to speak in my usual manner.

"Oh, I'm a bit tired of the same things at every dinner," I exclaimed. "To tell the truth, I do think cocktails are bad for the digestion. I heard recently of a specialist who said that cocktails were drinks for fifteen cents and fools."

Jack laughed. "I don't care particularly for them myself," he declared, "but before a heavy dinner one needs some kind of an appetizer. When men dine alone they sometimes take straight whisky to start off with."

"But even that can't be good for one," I insisted. "For my part, I am much better since I stopped taking anything. I haven't tasted a drop of liquor in almost a year."

This was true, but I did not tell him that the very smell of whisky made me ill because of the associations connected with it.

"You can't be a judge of what other people want, darling," he reminded me, "and our guests will expect cocktails."

(To be continued.)

Massachusetts is rich in water—announced the special state commission on water conservation, January 28. And improvised by alcohol—said the commission on drunkenness the same day. So does an Unseen Mind bring men to their reason.—"The Temperance Cause."

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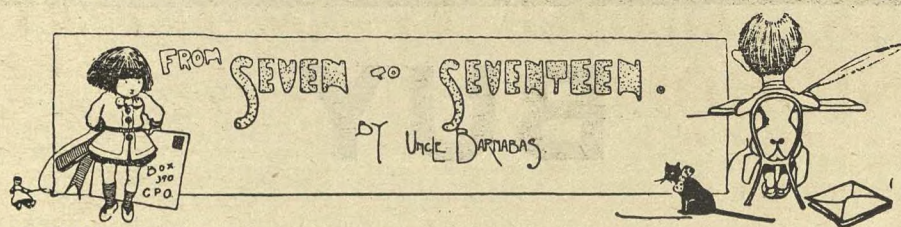
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### A COURAGEOUS DISOBEDIENCE.

You will sometimes hear a boy or girl say, "I did it because they asked me, or because someone told me to," and yet that is not quite true. They really did it because they had not the courage or the sense to refuse.

Not all boys would have done as Harry Shepler, who was in the signal service. Harry was ordered one morning, by a sergeant, to report for duty at the canteen. He refused to do so, and the sergeant threatened to report him to the officer of the day. "All right," said Shepler, "go ahead. I did not enlist to be a bartender, but a soldier, and I will not report at the canteen." He was duly reported to the major, who sent for him. Shepler went with trembling knees, but with a steady heart, for he knew he was right. When he came before the major that officer said to him:

"Are you the young man who disobeyed orders this morning?"

"Yes, sir, I am."

"Why did you do it?"

"Simply because I did not believe it is right to do what I was asked to do. I enlisted to be a soldier, and not a bartender."

The major arose quickly from his stool, and, extending his hand, said:

"Shepler, you are the kind of man we want. I am glad to see a fellow who has the courage of his convictions. You are not obliged to report at the canteen."

In a letter, Shepler, in reference to this incident, gave as the reason for his ability to stand firm the fact that he would not dishonor his mother, nor the Sunday school which had taken such an interest in him while he was a soldier.

UNCLE B.

### VERA'S ADVENTURE.

(By JOAN LEMM.)

Vera Cuthbert was staying with her grandma in a little creeper-covered cottage up in the Highlands of Scotland. Her parents lived in the big bustling city of Edinburgh, and it was a delightful surprise for Vera when her father told her she would spend the holidays with grandma as Cyril and Norman, her twin brothers, had measles. She had been with grandma a fortnight now. One day Grannie said pleasantly, "I am going down to the village Vera, and I want you to stay with Roy." Roy was Vera's orphan cousin who lived with grandma, and fed the pigs and chickens, helped in the flower garden, watered the vegetables, and ran errands, took orders down to Nairn (the little Highland village nestling in the valley below), and was in every sense of the term a "handy" boy. "Very well, grannie," said Vera, "I don't mind." "But mind Vera, don't go far away or you might get lost." "No grannie," Vera promised. Then grand-

ma put on her bonnet and shawl and hurried off. For some time Vera picked peas happily enough, then a sudden thought struck her. Running into the house she reached an old basket from the shelf and hatless and bare-footed she slipped out without Roy, who was digging in the garden noticing her. She raced over the still-dewy grass and presently reached the object of her search. There among the fresh grass were some large mushrooms with "pleated skirts," a rich shell pink. She filled the basket and was bounding over the grass again when she spied bright June bells growing in clusters beyond the boundary of the field. She scrambled over the fence and picked a large bunch without noticing a board nailed to a tree, "Tresspassers will be prosecuted." Then she followed a little track right into the weird depths of a deep dark forest. Soon she began to grow tired and was turning back when she was startled to hear harsh voices close by. The next minute a pair of scowling, coarse, evil-eyed poachers stood glaring at her fiercely. "What are you doing here girl?" asked one. "Oh, I am not doing anything—truly, truly," sobbed poor Vera. "None of that," said the man; "lassies don't go wanderin' 'bout the woods for nothin'." There was a parting of bushes near by. "Help! help!" called Vera. "S-sh, girl, or it'll be worse for yer," hissed the tramp. But Vera fought with all her might shouting "Help! help!" "Run Jack, we're done for," said the tramp, and darted off as a Scotch collie sprang to Vera's side, barking joyfully. Vera laid a trembling hand on the dog's head. "Dear, dear doggie," she said. But the collie led her through the dense scrub to where a large grey house stood in a clearing. A sweet-faced lady coming down the steps noticed Vera's forlorn little figure and spoke to her reassuringly, and Vera sobbed out a pitiful little tale. The lady brought out some milk and cake, and when her husband returned he drove Vera home, not before Mrs. Macfarlane had given her a little black puppy to take back to Edinburgh. So Vera's adventure ended happily.

### THE "NIT" NOTT GOT.

John Nott could not knit so he invented a knitter which would knit, and which Nott called the "Nott Knitter." But the "Nott Knitter" could not knit a knot, and Nott therefore had to tie the knots which the "Nott Knitter" could not knit. But one day Nott, while not tying knots for the "Nott Knitter," invented an attachment for the "Nott Knitter" which could knit knots, and which he called the "Nott Knotter." And when the "Nott Knotter" was attached to the "Nott Knitter" the "Nott Knotter" would knit the knots which the "Nott Knit-

ter" could not knit. And not a knitter could knit knots like the knots that Nott knit with the "Nott Knotter" for the "Nott Knitter."

Then Nott fell in love with a knitter who knitted knots with the "Nott Knotter" for the "Nott Knitter," and he asked her not to knit knots any longer, but be a Nott forever. But the knitter said "Nit."

### A TERRIBLE PLACE.

Kathleen Belbridge, A.B.C. Bank, Summer-street, Orange, May 17th, 1914, writes:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—I suppose I am on the "scalawag list" because I have not written. I have read about it in the other ni's and ne's letters, and it seems to be a terrible place, therefore I am writing to ask you to forgive me, for I am really very sorry. I am very fond of reading page 11, and that is the place I always turn to first, for there are always nice letters there. I seem to have some very nice ni's and ne's. Joan Lemm and "Ancient" Milcie write very nice letters, and I wish I could write letters like they can. We had an opera called "A Country Girl." It was very nice and a great success. It was held in show week, and it was for the Orange hospital. The show here this year was not a very good one, or at least it was not as good as usual.

I am the baby of the family and I have two sisters, one called Lydia (generally known as Biddy), and Gwendoline, but she is never called Gwendoline. She is always called Bonnie.

I also have a brother who is an actor. He went to Sydney a few months ago and went on the stage, and was a great success. Well, now, I must say good-bye. Your loving niece.

P.S.—Send my love to all my fellow ni's and ne's.

(Dear Kathleen,—Thank you very much for your letter. The scalawag list is indeed a terrible place—the very sight of it makes me frown. It is a sort of black book in which I write the names of lazy, forgetful, put-it-off-till-next-week ni's and ne's. Any one who does not write for three months goes on the scalawag list, and they have to be very nice for the next three months, or they won't get off. When is your birthday? —Uncle B.)

### A BUTTERFLY FAIR.

Rosa Jamieson, "Mount View," West Wyalong, May 17th, 1914, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—It is a nice rainy Sunday afternoon, and as I feel in the mood for writing, and owe no one else a letter here, I am again writing to you. Thank you very much for those copies of "Grit" you sent, which I received safely. Since I last wrote to you I have had a week's holiday. Father and mother drove to Grenfell and stayed for a week, and I was left in town. I stayed at auntie's for a couple of days and then Rev. and Mrs. Smith came and invited me to stop with them. So I did, and had a very nice visit. They have a nice Estey organ at the Parsonage and some nice books, so you may depend I had a nice time. They call their



little son Vincent Simes. He is a very good baby. Hardly ever cries. On the Saturday night I went to the pictures and enjoyed it as I do not often have the privilege of seeing such beautiful scenery as they showed that night. We have had a very busy week. The Presbyterians held a Butterfly Fair in connection with St. Andrew's Church. It was held in the L.C.B. Picture Hall, which was decorated and arranged nicely for the occasion. The fair was opened at 3 o'clock on Wednesday, 13th, by Rev. Fairbairn, assisted by Rev. V. T. Smith and Rev. H. H. Mirrington in rather unfavorable weather. It cleared off towards night and there was a large crowd. There were a nice number of stalls decorated with all colors, and butterflies. There were six stalls, namely, Fancy Stall, Lollie Stall, Bachelors' Stall, Produce Stall, Shilling Stall, and Fishpond, also G.P.O., Art Gallery, and Tea Room. I was helping in the G.P.O. and Bella with two girls had charge of the Fishpond. There were all kinds of competitions. Nail driving for ladies and gents' hat-trimming, and sewing on hooks and eyes for gents. Pinning the rider on the donkey's back caused a lot of merriment, as the ones who entered were blindfolded. I think I will close now, and Bella can tell you more about the fair next time she writes. With love from your affectionate niece.

(Dear Rosa,—Thank you for your interesting letter. It is amusing to note the names they give the old bazaar. I wonder why yours was called a "Butterfly Fair?" Did you ever go to a "candy pull?" That is an American name for a church effort to socialise the congregation and "raise the wind." At the same time you certainly did have a nice holiday.—Uncle B.)

#### A LOVELY THREAT.

Emma L. Rankin, "Dalburrabin," South Casino, May 24th, 1914, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I was very much surprised at what you said to dad in your letter. "Forgotten you?" Scarcely! I take as great an interest in "Grit"—and all pertaining thereto—as ever, and I will tell you why I do not write so often as I used. It seemed a pity, when you have so many bright interesting correspondents, that I should bother you with my letters, which are always very long, and most as dull as a wet week. But now, ma dear, since you ask for them you will get them, enough to make you sorry, I guess. It was good to see a letter from Mile once more adorning our pages. I would have liked to have been at the key-hole when you did "twice round without a breath," when Mile's and Bonny's letters arrived. I wonder did the furniture suffer? I have the promise of someone else who has not written for ages to write again, soon—though perhaps she has done so already. We had grand weather for our show once more this year. In fact, we Casino folk have been so fortunate that way for years that now we would wonder what was happening if we had wet weather on either of our show

# BUY GRIFFITHS' TEAS

days. Lovely weather, lovely crowds, and such a lot of friends whom I have not met for a long time! So one, at least, enjoyed herself. I read a very interesting tale by Joseph Hocking a few days ago, called "The Prince of this World." I have read a good many of his, and love them all. I rather like what I've read of Gilas Hocking's too—"St. Gwynifer," and "The White Angel of El Tabra," being the best. Cousin Em. of Glen Innes will be passing through Casino one day soon, and perhaps spending one night. So Kathleen and I may have the opportunity of meeting one more of the "Grit" girls, for which we'll be glad. Rather! Casino cannot boast many beauty spots; nevertheless, if I can get a nice card I'll sent it for the competition—although, to be sure, I really thought you would tell us who won the last before starting another competition of any sort.

I must say good-night for the present, as I'm feeling a bit cool and "shivery," but I will not leave you in peace long, so rest while you can. With love to all.

(Dear Emma,—Thank you for your very interesting letter, and I am delighted that you threaten to inundate me with letters. I have the same appetite for letters as a girl has for chocolates, so go ahead. It is nice to find you have not lost interest. I saw Gladys Noble the other day. It won't do to say where or she will jump to some conclusions that may or may not be correct. Just give Kathleen a friendly jog on the elbow from me.—Uncle B.)

The superintendent of a Sunday School repeated to the children the text: "Arise, and take the young child and his mother and flee into Egypt."

Then the superintendent showed a large picture illustrating this text in bright colors.

"Isn't the picture fine?" he said. "Here is the mother. Here is the young child. There's Egypt in the distance. Isn't it fine?"

The children, however, looked disappointed, and finally a little boy piped out:

"Teacher, where's the flea?"

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HE GOT EVEN.



### UNAPPRECIATED.

Katherine's uncle had come to pay them a visit. After the first greetings were over and he was comfortably seated with little Katherine on his knee, he asked, as uncles often do, if she were "a good little girl."

"Yes, but nobody knows it," was Katherine's prompt answer.

\* \* \*

### A HOME-THRUST.

"All sorts and conditions of men have excellent explanations for their position in life," said the Senator. "A tramp, however, came under my observation who had no illusions about the cause of his own condition."

"A fine-looking and fashionably dressed woman had just alighted from her limousine at the hotel entrance, and was suddenly approached by this shabbily dressed man who requested a dime."

"No, I have no money to spare for you. I do not see why an able-bodied man like you should go about begging."

"I s'pose, ma'am," replied the lazy tramp, "it's fer about the same reason that a healthy woman like you boards at a hotel instead of keepin' house."

An intoxicated man boarded a train. When the conductor, who weighed nearly three hundred pounds, called for his ticket, he was too drowsy to hunt for it. The stout conductor became impatient, and after attending to the rest of the passengers' tickets, he returned to the intoxicated man, and, with authority demanded:—

"Now, you'll have to do one of three things; show your ticket, pay your fare, or get off."

By this time the man was able to find his ticket, and was more disposed to talk, so, as the stout conductor was leaving him, he called after him:—

"Say, see here, you'll have to do one of three things, too."

"What are those?" asked the amused conductor.

"Walk more, eat less, or bust," was the reply, which started a laugh all round.

\* \* \*

### SOME HERO.

"This is one of my ancestors," she said, pausing before a portrait. "He fell at Waterloo. Have you any ancestors?"

He suddenly remembered an uncle who had sole charge of the front of a cinema show, and murmured, "Er—yes, one."

"Did he fall anywhere?"

"Not exactly; but I remember being told how, clothed in full uniform, but unarmed save for a light cane, he stood before an Eastern palace and kept a howling surging mob at bay single-handed."

"Really! How splendid!"

"Oh, he thought nothing of it. Did it every night for years."

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### RATTLED.

It was Smith's first Sunday as usher in church, and he was a bit flustered. Turning to a lady who entered he said: "This way, madam, and I'll sew you into a sheet."

\* \* \*

### PRECAUTION.

"Why does those pipers keep walking up and down while they are playing?"

"Because it makes them harder to hit."

\* \* \*

### STUMPING MOTHER.

"Mother," said little Mabel, "do missionaries go to heaven?"

"Why, of course, dear," her mother replied.

"Do cannibals?"

"No, I am afraid they don't."

"But, mother," the little girl insisted, "if a cannibal eats a missionary, he'll have to go, won't he?"

\* \* \*

### HIS BEST.

"We miss President Wilson's quiet and trenchant wit sadly here at Princeton," said an instructor in Greek.

"I remember at one of President Wilson's receptions, I complained of a man who boasted of his bad habits."

"When a man," said the President, 'boasts of his bad habits, you may rest assured that they're the best he has.'

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## THE WORKER

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ITS CARTOONS SIZE UP THE SITUATION.

ALL NEWSAGENTS. TWO PENCE.



## Keeping John Barleycorn off the Train

(Continued from Page 7.)

first club showed how twenty-six saloons could dwindle to seven in two years, the coming of the club-house to a railroad town was bitterly opposed and its reaching out for the men was contested at every step. The saloons smote the railroad company with the maul of their united political influence. Town councils and country boards of supervisors were adroitly worked up to the point of passing hostile and annoying ordinances.

A frequent form of attack was by false reports that had a semblance of foundation. It was cunningly suggested to the men that the generosity of the railroad was in order to get them into a trap. When a club-house was opened in a certain terminal town in California an effort was made to bribe the railroaders not to go near it. Unpleasant consequences were promised those who only laughed at the offer of a bribe. But presently the club thrived.

Then an era of illness fell on the place. At the end of an investigation in which many detectives played parts, the chef broke down and confessed that he had been supplied with a mysterious powder and had been paid to stir it into the food that went on the club tables. The powder was a light poison.

### WHAT THE COMMITTEE REPORTED.

The protective committee of an organisation of liquor men was instructed to make an investigation into the secret of the railroad clubs' instant and undiminishing success. In time the chairman appeared before the parent body with the report.

"Why," he exclaimed without reference to the typewritten paper in his hand, "they are making all this noise with our own thunder! With the single exception of liquor, they offer everything we offer—only they offer it more attractively. The railroad has a fortune tied up in those club-houses. The only hope I see is that the big cost may soon begin to make the company tired of its little game of philanthropy."

What the chairman could not understand was that the company did not regard the club as philanthropy, but as the cheapest as well as by far the most effective device ever found for patching the hole in Rule G.

The social engineer kept on with his work. It appeared from the study of many cases that there were times when even the best of food, prepared by the most nearly perfect methods, did not meet the full demands of the husky railroader's husky stomach. The men grew confidential with the social engineer. They confessed to an occasional craving they could not explain. It was not exactly a craving for liquor, they thought—and yet alcohol seemed to be the only thing that would satisfy it. What they said was a drink made them forget it.

The social engineer undertook to analyse that craving and find its non-alcoholic antidote. Again his efforts were rewarded by

discovery. He discovered—candy! Candy has taken care of the craving; candy fills the bill. Every club-house now has its glass case of the choicest chocolates, caramels and French mixed. Last year the club-houses sold at cost to the men of the Pacific System forty-eight thousand pounds of assorted sweets.

The average cost of a club-house when ready to open its doors has been twenty thousand dollars. The railroad asks of the clubs merely that they sustain themselves; no interest is asked on the investment. That sum is a cheerful sacrifice on the altar of Rule G. Maybe the auditor charges it off to disasters that never occurred!

There is no doubt that the use of intoxicants by railroaders in the West has been reduced to a minimum. The number of discharges under Rule G has decreased amazingly—as has the number of wrecks.

A decrease in the minor mishaps attests to a gain in the individual efficiency of the trainmen. The duration of service has increased and so has the total amount to the credit of the men in numerous savings banks. There is more contentment. Several roads, sharers in the struggle to preserve Rule G, are taking up the club-house idea. One road is transforming its libraries into clubs.

If you are privileged to go into one of these club-houses, where there is order without printed or unprinted rules, and where vandalism is unknown; where wholesome food, wholesome pastimes and wholesome habits are enjoyed; where the prices are low and the conversation is high; where neither secretary, waiter nor barber is able—on peril of his job—to distinguish between a rear brakeman and a division boss, you are likely to discover that in this place the man satisfies his wild craving in his heart to express himself to the full of his ability among men who are neither above nor below him, but his equals.

The social engineer came to know hundreds of trainmen intimately. Sometimes he was the target for the grouch; but more often he suffered the rich embarrassment of being idolised. He was a man of ready resources—he needed to be. Usually he could master the situation; but once the situation mastered him beyond any human expression that may be translated into print.

The social engineer was visiting one of his towns. On the way to the club he was stopped by a passenger fireman he knew. The fireman introduced his wife. The wife extended a cordial invitation to dine at their home that evening. The invitation was accepted.

When the social engineer arrived at the fireman's dwelling he was not met by his host, but by his hostess. There were no other men present, but there were women—ten of them. The lone male was led to the dining-room and seated at the end of the long table. On each side of him stood a brilliant bouquet. There could be no doubt as to who was the guest of honor. The genuineness of the hospitality and the ex-

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cellence of the cookery made him forget his unique position.

The topic from which they seemed unable to get away was the railroad club and its work. The social engineer told the ten women how the idea grew out of his study of the railroader's needs; how the club-houses were made possible because the president and the vice-president gave their enthusiastic support. He declared that because the clubs were appreciated by the men the company could not fail to regard them as a good investment.

### THE THANKFUL TEN.

When they were finishing the lemon pie an elderly woman rose to her feet, and the nine other women laid down their forks. The elderly woman was the wife of a locomotive engineer. She might herself have been the engineer, for the burden of the runs was written on her face. Periods of mental anguish had pinched up her temples, but her eyes were the steady headlights of a conquering patience.

"We are the wives of ten railroaders, Mr. —," she announced; "and we asked you to come here to-night so we could tell you face to face how we thank you for the club. You have said that because the men appreciate the club the company is satisfied with its investment. No miracles between friends, my friend! We know what it is all about. Shall I tell you how we know?"

"We are the wives of ten railroad men who used to be soaks. They never take a drink now—they never want a drink! That's why we got you here—to thank you out of the bottom of ten women's hearts. Maybe you think you can guess what it meant to be the wife of a trainrunner who had to have his booze. Well, you can't! Nobody could imagine it, my friend—unless maybe another woman who has had her own hell."

"Can you guess what it means to go to bed four nights a week knowing something dreadful may happen before sunrise to the father of your children? Can you guess what it means to sit holding your baby against your breast all night when the feeling is on you that your man's unsteady hand is going to pile up his train? Can you—"

Vain inquiring! The social engineer's forehead had sunk down—down until it rested on the shining white tablecloth between the bouquet of red roses and the bouquet of pink and purple sweet peas; and, though his face could not be seen, the convulsive digging of his fingers into the cloth made it plain that he was not going to answer one of the questions the wrinkled old heroine asked.



# The Unrecognised Christ.

A STUDY OF THINGS WE MISS SEEING.

\* By REECE EVANS.

"But their eyes were holden."—Luke xxiv. 16.

The two men are weary and smitten with grief. They are convinced of the idleness of the women's story regarding the open tomb. As they turn their backs on Jerusalem, so in their hearts they think they have turned from all association with Jesus. A furtive glance, a half stifled sob, a despairing question, and these two men drag themselves to the village. Life could never be the same again.

Then it was that Jesus Himself drew near. While they were a great way off He had seen them. He could not keep Himself from them. Because they had need of Him, He joined Himself to them. He asks to share their sorrow, to be admitted into their lives. We are told their eyes were holden. They quicken their steps, and long for the night to cover them. But Jesus throws Himself across their lives. By open question, "What manner of communications are these that ye have one with another?"

They were blind to the Divine because of the preoccupation of their thoughts. Thinking of the cross they become so obsessed by the sense of its finality, paralysed by its silence, that they could not bring to remembrance the promise of resurrection of which the Master had spoken so often. The cross lay before the door of their hearts, barring out that presence of mingled sweetness and grandeur. That which brings Christ to us kept Him from these two men; not once as they moved along were they disturbed by the joy of elevated thoughts. They said later that their hearts had burned within them as they walked and talked with the Stranger; but when they said that, they did what we frequently do, read into the past experience present feelings. If their hearts had burned within while they walked and talked with the Stranger, then their eyes would not have been holden. At the table their hearts burned within them; on the road their hearts were cold and their eyes dim.

## The Romance of Christianity.

The question the disciples put to the Stranger was: "Art Thou only a stranger in Jerusalem, and hast not known the things which are come to pass there in these days?" As much as to say, Well, if that be so, we cannot hope for information. The Stranger who drew to their side was, they thought, the last Person in the world who could tell them anything of Jesus Christ; in reality, He was the One who could tell them all, who wanted to tell them all. On the lonely road at nightfall they thought that that would be the very last place in which they would see their Master. A form of dazzling radiance might have appealed to them; but the dust-covered Stranger passed on unnoticed. They did not expect Christ just then and there and in the form He appeared.

\* From a recent sermon.

It is sometimes said that Christianity is not romantic. We are reminded—though the reminder is slightly out of date and inaccurate—of the monk and nun living a secluded life; of the Methodist, singing and praying ecstatically in a dimly-lighted and disorderly room; of the Quaker sitting a long time with placid countenance and closed lips in the most prosaic of buildings; of the average churchgoer with pious look and leather-bound Bible—all these, we are reminded, are but different forms of the same dull, unimaginative, and bloodless life. We are told that in Christianity there is nothing to appeal to the romantic in man. We are told that its best poetry is vapid prose, its fullest life passionless and thin. But if Christianity—or, in fact, any religion—be a passion and not an accretion, then the one thing it cannot be is dull. If we have found it to be so, may not one of the reasons be the elimination from our religion of the childlike element of surprise? As a matter of fact, we have eliminated this element. We have localised Christ. We have said, Lo here! and lo there! will He be found; and when He is seen, we say, He will assume this or that form. We are not taken by surprise; we refuse to be. Whatever our religion may have in store for us it can have nothing that will surprise us. We know just what to expect and when to expect it. We have made Christ a Child of the Ghetto; we have restricted His Presence to a certain place and a certain time. We have robed Him in a coat of one color. Some of us say, "I say see Christ when I say a certain prayer, or when I recite a certain creed, or when I go to a certain building on a certain day at a fixed time." We say, "Christ will come to me, but not to the other man, because he does not believe what I believe or use the words I use when I go to a certain place."

## How Christ May Come.

Christ may come to us as He came to the two disciples in the hour of our deepest sorrow and in the form of One we know not; He may come in the written word of One who has never entered our church or used our forms of worship; He may come to us in a starved and ill-clad Child meekly plead-

ing its poverty; He may come to us in the commonplace life of a son who is carrying on his shoulders the burden of a fatherless home. But we are blind to His Presence and deaf to His message. We have already decided how Christ shall come to us. We have fixed His bounds, set a limit to His activities and manifestations. We have eliminated the childlike element of surprise. "Art Thou only a Stranger in Jerusalem?" He can do nothing for us, one disciple said to the other. He can do nothing for them? Why, He was the One they so much needed, and the One who could do all. The last Person from whom they expected help was the One who could best impart it.

## The Friend in the Stranger.

It was when the two disciples saw in Christ a Stranger in need, when they gave Him their food and shelter, when they allowed Him to break their bread, that they recognised the ascended Lord. They reached out their hand to a dust-covered and weary Traveller, and it rested in the hand of the Son of God, in the hand that had been pierced for the redemption of mankind. They gave welcome to the Stranger and found in Him the Friend whose absence had well-nigh broken their hearts. They had looked for the blinding story, for the voice of rich and haunting cadences, and they saw the glory and heard the voice when they received the bread from the hand of the Stranger.

Christ is never far from any of us. To those who cry, "O, that I knew where I might find Him," we may always reply, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock." We may search the horizon in vain for the radiant form and strain our ears for the music that shall ravish our hearts. When we see man, and see him to help and strengthen, we shall see Christ. Blessed are those servants whom the Lord, when He cometh, shall find—watching.

Willie: "Paw, is truth stranger than fiction?"

Paw: "Well, it is more of a stranger than fiction, my son."

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