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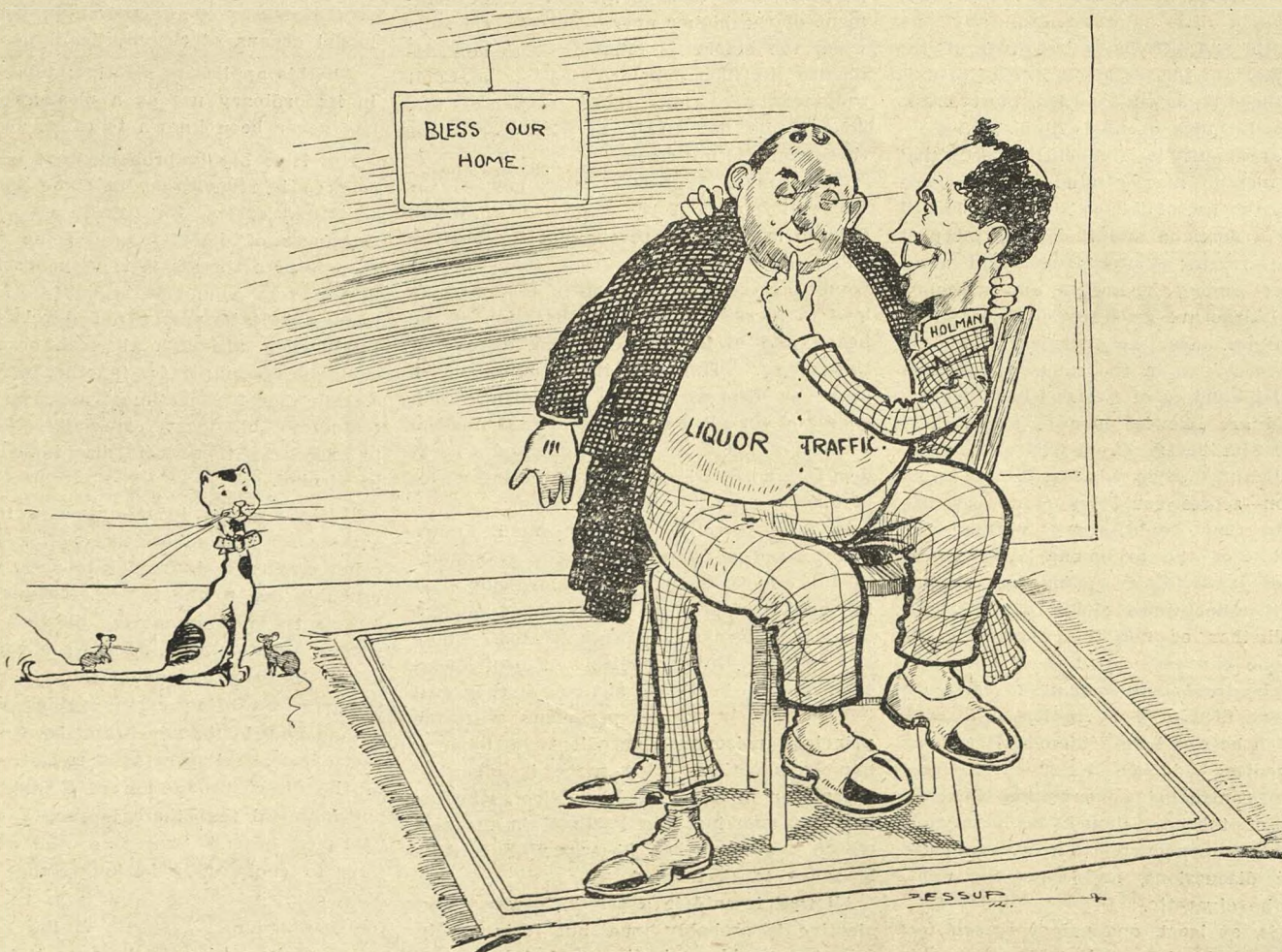


A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

VOL. VIII. No. 10. Price One Penny.

THURSDAY, MAY 28, 1914.

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HOLMAN'S GRAPPLE.

"We are endeavoring to grapple with evil at their source. But we grapple with evils upon the wholesale scale."

Premier Holman, Sydney Town Hall, 11/5/14.



THE TRUTH ABOUT TOBACCO.

(By F. C. WALSH, M.D., in the "Technical World," April, 1914.)

Does the use of tobacco benefit you? Does it harm you? If so, do you know why? And are you positive you are right in your conclusions? Statements so strong for and against smoking have been made that it is high time the facts, so far as they are known, should be scientifically presented. As the author points out, it is not a question of morality, after all, but a question of "health and physical and mental efficiency." In this article is presented the last word on the subject so far as medical science knows it.—The Editor.

In attempting to state the case for or against tobacco, I here do so without prejudice of any sort, and any conclusions I may draw are based entirely upon scientific fact. The moral, sentimental, or social side of the question is none of my affair, and for that reason I shall confine my statements as much as possible to the effects of tobacco on health and physical and mental efficiency. Indeed, I am inclined to believe that any other consideration of the use of tobacco would make little impression on any one, for health and efficiency are two of the most important phases of our life of to-day, and, if these be safely guarded, most of the other good things of life will be added.

The argument is frequently used that famous men of master mind were not addicted to the use of tobacco. Goethe, looked upon as a demigod and their greatest poet by the Germans; Victor Hugo, that giant of intellect among the French, and his countryman Balzac are generally cited as striking examples. Such an argument is merely one of words, for in the ranks of smokers there exist hundred of names whose bearers were and are likewise men of the highest type of intellect: Cromwell, Tennyson, General Grant, Carlyle, Kipling, Robert Louis Stevenson—scores could be mentioned off-hand, but that would prove nothing for either side of the argument. Stevenson sometimes smoked as many as twenty cigars, at other times eighty cigarettes, a day. Whether or not this shortened his life no one can say; he died of apoplexy, but had he lived long enough he certainly would have died of consumption, a disease with which he was long afflicted. But there is no medical evidence to show that any one ever contracted consumption through the use of tobacco, though such opinion passes as common currency in average unscientific discussions, and especially concerning the cigarette.

There is, at least, one potent reason for special discrimination against the cigarette. It is this: Owing to its cheapness and comparative mildness when singly considered, the cigarette affords too easy an opportunity for the young to indulge in the smoking of

tobacco, and scientific opinion is pretty well agreed that the use of tobacco does actually retard the proper mental development of those who have not attained their physical and mental growth. Besides, the almost universal practice of cigarette users of inhaling the smoke gives the poison in the fumes the best possible opportunity to get thoroughly into the system. Used by the young, it is fair to believe, for practical purposes, that tobacco hinders the development of the higher nerve centres, especially when the smoke is inhaled. The late Alphonse Bertillon demonstrated at the Ecole Polytechnique that those students who smoked did not attain so high a rank as those who did not smoke.

The famous Professor Osler, now of the University of Oxford, and a man whose opinion is respected throughout the medical world, goes so far as to say that "in the young, excessive indulgence in tobacco may lead to increased size and dilatation of the heart, and even cause valvular disease of this organ." However, it is impossible to prove or disprove such a statement. And, once and for all, let it be said that medical science, of itself, has not contributed a great deal to a correct knowledge of the influences of tobacco upon the human system.

In fact, there is not very much known about tobacco from a scientific standpoint in its effects upon the human body. As far as I can see, the truth about tobacco has never been scientifically stated. There is a reason. Encyclopedias and most books, even medical books, do not count; they deal too exclusively with experiments with the principal poisonous ingredient in tobacco, namely, nicotine. This name is given to the poison in honor of Jean Nicot, who introduced smoking into Portugal in the sixteenth century, when he was French Ambassador to that court.

All that is said in a scientific way about nicotine is probably true, but it is hardly fair to consider nicotine and tobacco as one and the same thing, for it is by no means certain that the smoke of tobacco contains any appreciable portion of this dangerous drug. Chemists assert that the

smoke of Turkish tobacco contains no nicotine whatever, but of course the raw leaf of all tobaccos contains from one to eight per cent. of nicotine. How dangerous nicotine is, most every school boy knows. Tobacco applied as a poultice to a raw surface has caused death in a human being within three hours after being placed on the surface of the body. A sailor boy, who, caught chewing tobacco after being previously disciplined for doing so, and fearing chastisement, swallowed the tobacco, died half an hour afterward from paralysis of the respiratory organs. The nicotine obtained from tobacco is, in fact, one of the most powerful and rapidly-acting poisons known to science. It is because of this that tobacco and the drugs derived from it have been officially dropped in medical practice. One-fifteenth of a grain of nicotine has caused death in a human being; and one-thirty-second of a grain is fatal to cats and dogs. In one well-known experiment, one drop of this poison killed a cat in 78 seconds. As an active and rapid poison it has only one rival, and that is prussic acid. It has, in fact, been employed to commit murder, a certain Belgian count having done away with his brother-in-law by forcing him to swallow a dose of nicotine, but the murder was proved only after a famous chemist had demonstrated traces of the poison in various internal organs of the murdered man.

All this applies to nicotine; tobacco itself, in its ordinary use as a pleasurable habit, has never been known to cause death.

But it is highly probable that the use of tobacco is responsible, in some persons, to a limited extent, for certain kinds of disturbances of digestion and some forms of chronic sore throat; it is very possible that in the very young it is guilty of holding back a certain amount of development of intelligence, although all such observations could be accounted for in other ways; it is certain that it sometimes causes a form of temporary blindness, especially when used to excess by those who also indulge freely in alcohol.

Tobacco seems in many cases to create a taste for alcohol far more often than alcohol creates a desire for tobacco. This is probably due to the fact that alcohol counteracts to some extent the physical depression or reaction which follows a continuous use of tobacco throughout the day. All-day smokers are often early evening drinkers. It may be said that, in its moderate use, tobacco has no relation as a causative factor in the direct production of disease. I am not forgetful that there is such a thing as "tobacco heart." Any one who will continue to smoke when he knows that tobacco does not agree with him is a fit subject for a guardian. I speak of the condition called "tobacco heart" because it is a nervous affection, and if there is any one kind of disease that tobacco is blamed for it is that of a nervous nature.

(To be Continued.)

A Friend of Crooks.

(By PETER CLARK MACFARLANE, in Collier's Weekly).

(Continued from Last Issue.)

THE MAN HELPER IS BORN.

This struck Older with all the force of great surprise. He tried reading Emerson to them, and they liked it, shifted to Tolstoy, and they liked that. As discussions resulted and they disclosed themselves more freely, he discovered that they loved the world and wished it well; that they had even a code of morals, although they weighed some acts with tricky balances and measured some consequences with an elastic rule.

I told you Older was a man who went to lengths. In a marvelously short time he had conceived an affection for this quartet, had lost sight of his main point—to hold Abbott straight for the witness box and the story that would damn Flannery—and begun to concern himself with clarifying Abbott's moral perceptions and inducing in him a desire to retake his place in honest society. He succeeded. Abbott struck palms with him while his wife sobbed out her joy. By becoming a State witness against Flannery, Abbott escaped prosecution for his own crime, and is to-day an orchardist in a Rocky Mountain State, and growing better fruits than his trees.

Three years have passed. The trial of Flannery is almost a forgotten incident. The jury acquitted, and Older scarcely cared. He was done with that kind of haunts. He had sniffed a new and, to him, delicious kind of scent, that which lies upon the trail to the good spot in the heart of a bad man. He returned to his editorial desk wondering. His conception of character had been upset. Criminals were not so different from honest people. The dividing line was so narrow as to be at times undiscoverable from without, and what wonder if at times it was indistinguishable from within.

TURNED ABOUT AND GOING HEADLONG.

About this time a letter from a woman reached his desk calling attention to the case of Jack Black, who had a long record as a murderous highwayman and had been sentenced to Folsom, one of California's prisons, for twenty-five years by Judge Dunne. Black's lawyers had filed papers on appeal, pending the decision upon which Black was confined in the county jail. Along came the great fire and burned up the papers, court records, and all. Jack was lost in the shuffle. He had been languishing seven years in the county jail, his case unadjudicated, no documents upon which to adjudicate it, and the prospect of his becoming the victim of an accidental Bastille most excellent. Black was a man of intelligence, and when the conversation turned to the theory of crime, he surprised his visitor with this observation:

"It's got to be a trade with me. It is not a matter of honesty or dishonesty, but of craftsmanship. I am an honest highwayman as I was once an honest carpenter. I

remember then how I saw every building in terms of carpenter work, every three in feet and quality of lumber. That was a long time ago. God, but it was a long time ago! Something started me wrong. Now I'm a professional highwayman. I see every man and woman upon the street, every shadow and narrow alley in terms of my craft. I don't do it to be dishonest. As a matter of fact, I once committed a burglary in this city to pay two weeks' board to a landlady."

I must admit that a talk like this to me is not convincing; it hardly seems possible that a man once honest, and that in the days of his maturity, can ever become so accustomed to crime that each overt act is not at least some assault upon his own conscience.

But it made Mr. Older think. He came away arguing that if there were honest integrity enough in that man to make him wish to be honest with his landlady, a way ought to be found to enlarge this moral quality till he decided to be as honest with our great old landlady, the world. From this it was only a step to reflecting that the prison system had failed to find and develop this good streak in the highwayman. Instead it was gradually wiping it out, if, indeed, it had not already done so.

Much that Older was reading at this time contributed to heighten and fructify these impressions. Presently he was completely turned about and going headlong as usual. The extent of his rebound became apparent when he startled San Francisco and shocked the whole State by a loud and still-continued appeal for the pardon or parole of Ruef, the archconspirator of the graft regime and the only one of the principals finally placed in prison.

Personally I cannot go one single, stubborn step with Mr. Older in this demand. I mention it, first, because it was a step on the way to the more important activities which are the subject of this article; and, second, because in meeting the flood of adverse criticism it called down upon him, Mr. Older was led to write an open letter, some passages of which I wish to quote because of their testimony to the complete change in his spirit, which he dates from the sojourn with the bunko man and his relatives in the little mountain hotel:

I have asked for mercy for Ruef because I felt that I, above all others, had done most to bring about his downfall. . . . I attacked him bitterly with all the invective I could personally command and all that I could hire. I cartooned him in stripes; I described him on his way to San Quentin; told how I thought he would act en route, and what his manner would be when he was locked up in a cell. I was vindictive, unscrupulous savage.

At last, after eight years of a man-hunting and man-hating debauch, Ruef crossed

over and became what I wanted him to be, what I had long dreamed that he might be—a convict—stripped of his citizenship, stripped of everything society values, except the remnant of an ill-gotten fortune. It was then I said to myself:

"I have got him. He is in stripes. He is in a cell. His head is shaved. He is in tears. He is helpless, beaten, chained, killed—so far as his old life is concerned. You have won. How do you like your victory? Do you enjoy the picture now that it is complete? You painted it. Every savage instinct in your nature is expressed in the canvas."

My soul revolted. I thought over my own life and the many unworthy things I had done to others, the injustices, the wrongs I had been guilty of, the human hearts I had wantonly hurt, the sorrow I had caused, the half truths I had told, and the mitigating truth I had withheld, the lies I had allowed to go undenied.

And then I saw myself also stripped—that is, striped of all pretence, sham, self-righteousness, holding the key to another man's cell.

I want no more jail keys. For the rest of my life I want to get a little nearer to the forgiving spirit that Christ expressed.

Elaborate almost to the point of the melodramatic, as this confession is, there is a note of sincerity in it that few fail to recognise. While those who have been the comrades as well as others who have been the objects of his chase may speak of the newly acquired views in tones that range from pity to contempt, they seem willing enough to admit that he is honest in them. The worst they say is that he is commercialising his new convictions to extend the circulation of his paper, or observe, cynically: "Wait! He will rebound again!"

THE WORKS OF THE HELPING HAND.

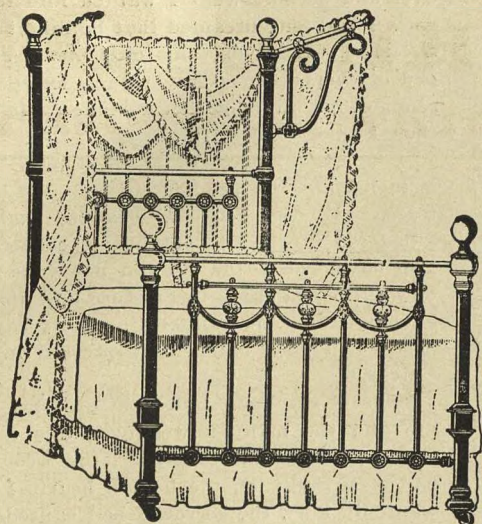
And now, leaving this Ruef incident behind like a lantern that has served us, we come upon that which has seemed to make this story worth the writing, the personal work of Mr. Older in the rehabilitation of criminals, and his really great newspaper campaign for a more sympathetic, helpful, and constructive attitude on the part of society toward the convict.

In one of Older's visits to San Quentin to see Ruef, his attention was called to a clerk in the bookkeeper's office who was serving fifteen years for second conviction burglary, but who had literary ambitions, and from the prison had actually been able to sell a story or two to the magazines. This man's name was Donald Lowrie. Older heard his story, and deciding that he was not a criminal, at least not a necessary criminal, besought the Prison Board for his parole, promising to give the man work on his paper and stand sponsor for him.

THE MAKING OF A CRIMINAL.

This parole was granted. Lowrie went to work on the "Bulletin" as a special writer. His first assignment was to tell in daily instalments the story of "My Life in Prison."

(To be Continued.)



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New South Wales Alliance.

THE ANNUAL CONVENTION.

This important event, fully reported in this issue, will linger long in the memory of temperance workers. The representative attendance, the keenness and enthusiasm, are elements that stand for much in the anti-liquor struggle. Nearly £100 was subscribed and promised in the room. Perhaps some of the readers of this page who were not present will help the Alliance to wipe out its overdraft. One lady, on reading in the daily press that we finished the year on the debit side, called at the office and left £1. If 400 of our friends would do likewise, we could then move ahead with greater assurance.

ABSENTEES.

Amongst those who were not at this year's convention and were greatly missed, were the President and Ven. Archdeacon Boyce and Mr. A. Gow, a vice-president. In his apology Mr. Gow stated that it was the first annual meeting he had missed since the Alliance was formed 31 years ago. It would have cheered these distinguished veterans to have seen the intense interest manifested by the large number of young men who were present.

SUNDAY DRINKING AND FOOTBALL.

A matter that is giving temperance and moral reformers a good deal of concern in the Western District is the practice of having inter-club football matches on Sunday. Teams journey from one town to another,

and are therefore recognised as "bona-fide travellers." The "pub" is the popular rendezvous. Liquor is freely served with results that do not enhance the reputations of either the players, the publicans, or the town.

There does not seem to be any power under the Liquor Act to prevent such teams being served, providing they come from beyond the ten mile limit. But that such things do happen is a serious reflection upon the whole State.

HOW IT OUGHT TO BE DONE.

In one of the New Zealand electorates, at the annual meeting, the chairman announced that nine gentlemen had promised £25 each toward the coming fight, and asked for three more in order to make up a total of £300. But instead of three, eight more responded with £25 each, making a total of £425 as a "nest egg" for the fight. Considering that an electorate in New Zealand only contains about 7000 electors, there are evidences that things are going to be very willing at the November Polls.

UNCOMPROMISING.

At the annual session of the Order of the Sons of Temperance Friendly Society their representatives to the Friendly Societies Association of New South Wales reported having protested against the use of intoxicating liquors at the Interstate Conference of Friendly Societies held in Sydney last year, and the Executive Council of the Society

reported that as a consequence of such use of intoxicating liquors they had withdrawn from the Association. The actions taken were unanimously endorsed by the representatives. During the debate it was pointed out that the two principal guests at the banquet, Hon. Joseph Cook, Prime Minister, and Hon. Andrew Fisher, Leader of the Opposition—were both total abstainers, and it was felt that they would have appreciated the honor of being present at the function without intoxicating liquors being used thereat. It was also stated that the representatives of the I.O. Rechabites had carried a similar resolution of approval at their annual meeting which was held recently. The Temperance Societies are to be heartily congratulated upon their consistency in this matter.

HARTLEY SPECIAL REDUCTION COURT.

As a result of the Reduction vote in the Hartley electorate, which includes the Lithgow Valley and the Blue Mountain Pleasure resorts, four hotel licenses and two wine shops have been closed; the houses marked down for closing are:—

Cooper's Grand Hotel, Mount Victoria.
Steamers Hotel, Newnes.
The Falls Hotel, Katoomba.
The Comet Hotel, Hartley Vale.
Halerow's Wine License, Katoomba.
Hudson's Wine License, Katoomba.

CERTAIN SPECIFIED PREMISES.

The Full Court are to be called upon at an early date to decide the question as to whether conditional licenses can be granted under section 81 of the Liquor Act, which is the only section whereby the number of licenses in an electorate can be increased. The test case will arise out of a special inquiry that is being conducted at Bowraville on behalf of certain objectors. Mr. Gillfillan applied for an adjournment to give him the opportunity of testing the point. The question will centre around the interpretation of the words "certain specified Premises." The regulations provide that a notice must be posted on the outer side or principal entrance door of the premises sought to be licensed. As this is impossible where no building is erected, it will be extremely interesting to know what the decision of the full Court will be on this much-debated question, which is now to be tested for the first time.

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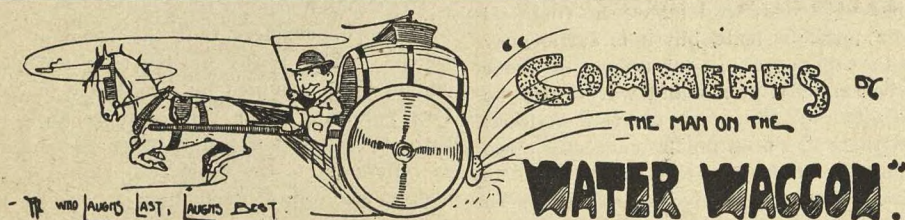
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REVENUE VERSUS THE PEOPLE'S NEEDS.

The Russian Emperor recently issued a memorandum to his new Minister for Finance, M. Back, which is a most remarkable document. Apparently the great evils resulting from the alcohol laws in the land of snow and ice are so evident that even the Tsar could not fail to become cognisant of them. He writes:—

"The journey through several governments of the Great Russia, which I undertook last year with God's aid, afforded me an opportunity to study directly the vital needs of my people. With great pleasure did I behold the brilliant manifestations of the great creative powers of my people; but at the same time, with profoundest grief, I saw sorrowful pictures of the people's helplessness, of family poverty, of broken-up households, and all those inevitable consequences of insobriety and often of toil, that is denied in times of difficulty the monetary aid of a well-regulated and easily accessible credit system.

"Since then, constantly reflecting upon, and verifying, my impressions and information, I have come to a firm conclusion that there lies upon me a duty, imposed by God and by Russia, to introduce without delay fundamental changes into the management of the financial and economic problems that confront the country's government—changes, that would work for the good of my beloved people."

Must it not be an alarming fact that presents itself for the digestion of the Liberty Leaguer—here in old-fashioned Russia—Red Russia—land of serfs and tyrants—the demon alcohol is discovered as the great cause of poverty and wretchedness. At the same moment the young and ambitious American nation also determines to put its house in order and clear out the gin shop. Tsar Nicholas, on his part, takes a very fine viewpoint after scanning the ravages of alcohol amongst his children, and evidently does not argue like the N.S.W. liquor fraternity, that the revenue aspect should demand attention. On the contrary, he continues:—

"We cannot make our fiscal prosperity dependent upon the destruction of the spiritual and economic powers of many of my subjects, and therefore it is necessary to direct our financial policy towards seeking government revenues from the unexhausted sources of the country's wealth and from the creative toil of the people, to seek constantly, while preserving wise economy, to increase the productive powers of the country and to take care of the satisfaction of the people's needs.

"Such must be the ends of the desired changes.

"I am firmly convinced that they must succeed, and that they are absolutely necessary for the good of my people, especially since both the Douma and the Imperial Council have turned their attention to these needs of the people by revising our alcohol laws.

NICHOLAS."

What a noble and dignified remonstrance! The "Little Father" must have been deeply touched to have thus delivered himself in opposition to so many in "high places."

In Germany also the Emperor recently expressed himself against the tipping habits that were ingrained by custom in the lives of his subjects.

Such radical changes in the thought of the old world are very encouraging to us, and constitute the "writing on the wall" for the liquor party.

HOW THE AMERICANS PIN DOWN LIQUOR LIES.

It would seem that all liquor advocates must needs take to lying to uphold their cause. Surely this must prove the rottenness of the latter. We append quotations from a humorous excerpt out of a U.S.A. paper, headlined as below:—

A BREWER'S JOURNAL FAKE.

Brewer's Journal, the New York organ of corporations that deal in human debauchery, in its issue of February 1, contains the following editorial regarding "Keeley-Curing in Prohibition Territory":

When Ohio is dry, for instance, I do about 2000 dols. per month from that State and when it goes wet I do nothing from there. This fact is accounted for by the fact that when there is a large area of dry territory in Ohio the vile stuff that is sold in the illegal dens there as whisky makes the consumers of it crazy; they become almost insane and they require the most serious attention. But, when there is only a small area of dry territory and much wet territory the drinks sold in the licensed or legitimate places are chiefly pure. They do practically no harm and these houses are open all the time and men can go in and out just as they think they need a drink. But, in these speak easies the men who drink the stuff remain in these dens almost until they are simply crazed by the vicious stuff sold as whisky. My business has proved this to be a fact.—(Charles McShane, manager of a Pittsburg Keely-Cure Institute.)

Now it would seem to be a pretty tough proposition to label this a whole-souled "fake," but such it proved to be as the letter given below testifies.

Can anything exceed the audacity of a man who thus publishes what he well knows to be grossly untrue.

Can anything more neatly epitomise the work and standing of the Brewers' journal than the title given to it above—"THE NEW YORK ORGAN OF CORPORATIONS THAT DEAL IN HUMAN DEBAUCHERY?"

Now, "Gritites," read this letter which effectually squashes Chas. McShane in one fell act. He is just a true sample of his class—a perfectly normal Liberty Leaguer.

John R. Oughten, President. Milton R. Keeley, M.D., Vice-President. Curtis J. Judd, Secretary-Treasurer

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Dwight, Illinois, March 23rd, 1914.

Mr. W. E. Johnson,
Editor, "The New Republic,"
Westerville, Ohio.

Dear Sir,

Your letter of Feb. 3rd is received, but through an oversight has not been answered up to this time. The fact of the matter is that the letter was mislaid and has only been found this morning, and then accidentally. The clipping which you enclose from the "Brewers' Journal" is absolutely worthless. There never was a man in any Keeley Institute administering the treatment by the name of McShane. All these Institutes have to be authorised by us. There is only one Keeley Institute in Pittsburg, only two in Pennsylvania. This disposes of the matter as we see it. What Mr. McShane is alleged to have said in relation to dry legislation and its effect upon Keeley Institutes is not at all in accordance with our observation.

We are entirely unable to supply you with Mr. McShane's address of course; we do not know whether any such man ever existed. We do know that no such man has been in the Keeley work.

Very truly yours,

THE LESLIE E. KEELEY CO.
By B.

B.A.

Of course, that settles another swindle perpetrated upon the people by the brewery corporations. McShane, if such a person exists, may have been a porter in a saloon or he may have been a boarder in a lunatic asylum, but he is not and never was a "manager of a Keeley Institute," as stated by the journal.

Maybe he didn't say it, anyhow.

"In my opinion it would be more agreeable and would improve the general conversation if all drinks of an intoxicating nature were abolished from the dining-table," writes Wu Ting Fang the noted Oriental statesman, late Chinese minister to the United States, in an article in "Harper's Weekly" for March.

The Annual Convention.

QUICKENING INTEREST IN ANTI-LIQUOR FIGHT.—BARE MAJORITY.—STATE OPTION.—EARLIER CLOSING.

THE ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING.

The annual business meeting of the Alliance was held on Monday afternoon. In the absence of the President, Ven. Archdeacon Boyce, the Acting-President, Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, presided.

The first business was the declaration of elected officers for the coming year. As the number of officers for the various positions did not exceed the number required, no election was necessary. The Acting-President declared the following duly elected:—President, Ven. Archdeacon Boyce; hon. treasurer, Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, who was also appointed acting-president; nine vice-presidents, Revs. J. Buchan, M.A., F. Colwell, T. Davies, J. Paterson, M.A., Wm. C. Clegg, B.A., L.L.B., W. Lawson Dash, J.P., Wm. Winn, A. B. Pursell, A. Gow, J.P.; 30 State Councillors: Mesdames Blow, Donaldson, Masterman, P. Miller, Stupart, Laverty, Southcott, Edwards, Miss Vernon, Rev. G. Cranston, G. Hewitt, Slade Mallen, H. F. L. Palmer, J. Penman, J. Steele, A. A. Yeates, M.A., G. Thompson, Messrs. G. E. Bodley, B. H. Chapman, W. D. B. Creagh, D. Dash, H. G. Harward, J. W. Hedges, E. H. Newman, F. E. Pulsford, C. C. Wilson, J.P., Gordon Winn, W. J. Walker, J.P., J. W. Phillips, and T. W. Thorne.

The above does not represent the full council. Organization and No-License Leagues will be invited to send representatives.

THE ANNUAL REPORT AND BALANCE SHEET.

The Acting-President presented the report which contained the account of the most strenuous and extensive year's work in the history of the Alliance. A special feature referred to was the third Local Option Poll. The undemocratic three-fifths' handicap, robbing nine electorates of No-License; those polling over 50 per cent. for No License being as follows:—

Gloucester	59.03
Ashfield	55.21
Burwood	55.20
Petersham	54.72
Gordon	54.31
Ryde	52.99
Dulwich Hill	51.65
Goulburn	50.64
St. George	50.39

THE FINANCES.

The statement of receipts and expenditure for the year shows that the income has exceeded the £3000 mark, and constitutes a record for the Alliance.

The generous support of the friends of the Alliance is a cause for deep thankfulness.

The expenditure has been under the supervision of the Finance and Campaign Committee.

The year's operations, however, closed with an overdraft of £3349/9/9. This is smaller

than that has existed at the end of the financial years of previous polls, but it is sufficiently large to call for a special effort, in order that the financial strain and worry may be taken off the shoulders of the officers. Whilst there has been much generosity there is room for improvement. The Alliance is working on the preventive side, and where many Christian philanthropists are prepared to generously subscribe to institutions whose very existence is the outcome of the liquor traffic, they have not yet shown a disposition to assist a movement that is destined to reduce poverty, sickness and vice, and bring joy and sunshine to thousands of lives.

THE FUTURE.

The work before the Alliance is tremendous. Old fallacies die hard, and it is only by continuous educational work that the great mass of the people will realise the sanity of our proposition and the effectiveness of our reform.

In the legislative field the most pressing reform is that of securing a bare majority vote. It will not matter greatly what the issue is that is placed before the people, if such reforms are to be so unjustly handicapped.

Too much stress cannot be laid upon the importance of Temperance work amongst the young. Undoubtedly the most extensive and effective work could be done by the Educational Department undertaking to give instruction in Public Schools on the nature and effect of alcohol. In the meanwhile there is no more important work than the formation of Bands of Hope and Juvenile Temperance Societies. For the purpose of Temperance education it is proposed to inaugurate a series of lectures in Sydney, when experts will deal with various aspects of the liquor problem, the first of which will be delivered by Professor Anderson Stuart, the Dean of the Medical Faculty, some time in June.

Mr. William Winn moved, and Alderman W. J. Walker seconded, the adoption of the Report which was carried.

A motion to increase the number of representatives from organized electorates from one to three was lost.

VOTES OF THANKS.

The meeting heartily thanked Messrs. Walker and Kerr (hon. auditors), Mr. W. C. Clegg (hon. solicitor), Mr. James Marion (general secretary), and Miss Southwell (clerk) for their work during the past year.

CONVENTION OF TEMPERANCE WORKS.

In the evening one of the finest gatherings of temperance workers that has been held in Sydney took place. The enthusiasm, interest and ability displayed was most marked. It is clearly evident that the movement is a living one. The number of young men present was also a feature. In an interval an

appeal was made by the acting president for financial help. There was a ready response. And nearly £100 was given and promised at the meeting. Many who were not present may feel disposed to supplement this amount.

BARE MAJORITY.

Mr. C. C. Wilson, J.P., moved—"That this conference considers that the issue of No-License under State or local option polls should be determined by a majority of electors recording their votes. It regards the three-fifths' majority and other restrictions as repugnant to the democratic rights of the people, and urges Parliament to repeal the same, and that this conference pledges itself to work for the principle of a bare majority until it becomes law."

Speaking to the motion, Mr. Wilson stated that it had been argued that the three-fifths clause gave stability of the vote, but he was satisfied that the only stability given was to the brewers. The people should demand the right to equal voting. "One vote, one value" was the cry in the political arena, and this should apply to the licensing question. Supposing the Conservatives had passed a law demanding that before a change of representation could take place, the Laborites had to secure a three-fifths majority vote—why Mr. Holman would never have been in power.

Rev. J. Paterson, M.A., seconded the resolution. He had just returned from a trip to New Zealand, and spoke of the great struggle being made there for the principle of bare majority.

Mr. Harry Morton said that in Petersham the three-fifths had prevented them getting No-License. He advocated the abolition of the reduction issue, which told heavily against them. Mr. J. Marion said that the difficulty of reaching a 60 per cent. vote prevented many Temperance workers from doing what they would do in the way of organization and canvass. It was only in those electorates where there was a reasonable chance of victory that the last poll was seriously taken up.

Rev. R. B. S. Hammond pointed out that in Canada at the recent Local Option Polls over 800 liquor bars were protected by the three-fifths majority.

The motion was carried unanimously.

STATE PROHIBITION.

Rev. G. Cranston moved—"That this Conference affirms the principle of prohibition for the State, with the exception of such intoxicants as may be required for medicinal, sacramental, and industrial purposes exclusively; that this Conference urges Parliament to provide machinery for the taking of a State-wide vote on Prohibition in addition to Local Option, at the next general election."

Mr. Cranston said the Temperance Party was not content to ask for what it could get, but for what was right. The liquor question affected the whole State, and whilst they desired to retain local option, it was important that the State as a whole should vote.

Such a proposition would remove many of the disabilities raised by the Continuance

Party, such as "Why don't you go for the brewers, sly grog, home drinking, and class legislation"

Some time was taken up in discussing the question of the use of wine in the sacrament. It was practically unanimously decided to pass the motion as it stood.

EARLIER CLOSING.

Mr. J. W. Hetherington moved—"That this Conference views with alarm the increase in drunkenness among young men, and considers that the long hours the bars are open tend largely to produce this result. It urges Parliament to apply the same principle of earlier closing to the liquor traffic as already applied to other businesses, and to provide for a referenda to determine the hours of closing on South Australian lines."

Mr. Hetherington said that such reform was necessary in the interests of those engaged in the trade. Barmen and barmaids had to work 55 hours a week, and did not receive a living wage. The closing of hotels at an earlier hour would be in the interests of public order. He quoted from Hansard to show that Mr. Holman had spoken in favor of earlier closing. The closing of hotels earlier would bring them into line with other businesses, and was entirely in favor of the working man.

Several spoke in support of the resolution, which was carried unanimously.

Mr. T. Lang moved—"That this Convention recommends to the State Council of the Alliance—

"(a) That a petition embodying the resolutions passed be prepared and circulated throughout the State.

"(b) That such petition on completion be presented to the Premier by deputation."

The motion was carried.

The meeting closed with the Doxology.

A Visitor's Impression of the Convention.

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—I am a New Zealander visiting Australia, and on the invitation of Mr. Marion had the pleasure of being present at your annual convention the other night. I would thank you to allow me a few comments on its proceedings; and first, I am glad to be able to congratulate the movers of the resolutions on the able manner in which they were brought before the convention, and the various speakers on their comments and support. The whole reached a standard of merit I have rarely, if ever, met with before, either in New Zealand or England. Whilst the enthusiasm in the convention was all that we could wish to find, frequent allusions were made to New Zealand as leading, but I am glad to find that you have very nearly reached a point in about four years which has taken N.Z. 20 years to reach, on the question of democratic rights. The bulk of our N.Z. workers are just now beginning to see that we have been fooled all these years. The trade started a story that it was far better not to have any prohibition of the

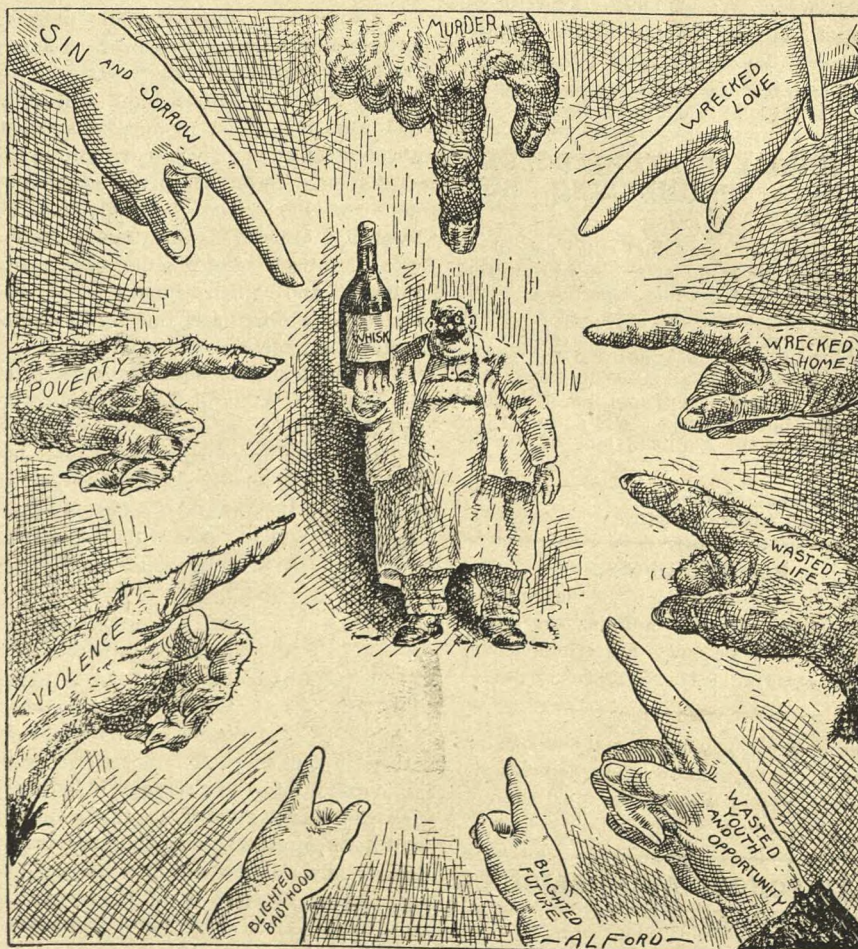
liquor traffic until we got it by a three-fifth majority, and many of our best workers accepted the story and started in to fight with an impossible handicap. But from the tone of your convention I am glad to find N.S.W. is not going to be fooled any longer. It was a treat to me to hear the firm resolve expressed, "we are going to ask for our political rights." It has taken N.Z. 20 years to reach that point, and I fear that a few timid ones have not quite got there yet, but they are coming up. At the present moment our problem is not to convince our voters that it is right that all votes should have the same value, but how to get the law amended, so as to secure this. With 80 members in the House, only about 20 are willing to give the right to settle the liquor question by a bare majority. And we never will get a bare majority law until No-License voters stop voting for the trade nominees. The trade knows no political party, yet they work the party machine, so as to divide the prohibition vote, and elect their own men every time. And can anything appear more foolish than for the No-License voter to help to put the trade nominee into the House and then go to him and ask him to legislate for the people. Yet I regret to have to write it, but N.Z. has done this for 20 years, and six years ago when delegates from the No-License convention went to Sir Joseph Ward, the then Prime Minister, to ask him for legislation,



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he gave them some excellent advice. He said: "I can do nothing with the present House behind me. If you want assistance you must send men to the House who will give it." I write this as a hint to N.S.W. This question did not come up at your convention. You seem to assume that you only have to ask your House for bare majority and get it. This may be so. I have no means of knowing. But I know N.Z.'s greatest fight with the liquor traffic is here. They know that they could play with us, whilst in possession behind a three-fifths' handicap, but with a democratic vote they are done. It is their last ditch, and they will not leave it without a mighty struggle. But my last word to the workers of N.S.W. is, "Don't accept any compromise—no 45, 55, or anything less than equality at the ballot box. And in the name of the mothers and children of your drink-cursed land vote only for men who are free from trade pledges, and who will not rob your of your birth right—a vote that is as good as the liquor sellers every time."—Yours, etc.,

VISITOR.



THE ACCUSING FINGER.

—"New Republic."

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and No-License.

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Waiter: "Were you ringing the bell, sir?"

Customer (after long wait): "Ringing it! Great Scott, no! I was tolling it—I thought you were dead!"

SUNDAY SCHOOL AND RELIGIOUS BOOK DEPOT.

CHAS. C. MIHELL,

Bible House, 242 Pitt-street, Sydney.

A Personal Chat with my readers

"Everybody's Magazine," published in America, has a circulation of 600,000 per month, and is known all over the world. In the April issue they offer 2500 dollars in payment for the best statement of fact about alcohol. The Editor says:—

"A live magazine ought to be doing something about the liquor business. Some one said, 'No question is ever settled until it is settled right.' The liquor question, which many had supposed was settled, appears not to have been settled right—it is such a long way from being settled.

"For years the great majority of folks appear to have believed that the saloons are a necessity, that the individual has a right to do with his own life as he pleases, that Prohibition does not prohibit. But the people who have been fighting rum have not been satisfied with any such conclusion. They have kept at the job until now it is a live issue. A burning issue. A national issue.

"All over the country you will find men and women burning with zeal to stamp out the liquor traffic.

"All over the country you will find men and women burning with indignation at the abridgment of their personal rights.

"Personal rights are precious things. Millions of men have willingly given their lives for liberty. But homes are precious things and souls are precious things, and when homes are wrecked and souls are lost and the innocent made to suffer, that certainly is not right.

"What about the liquor question? Can it be settled? What is the way to settle it—the right way?"

This paper appeals to the whole world to state "what it knows about rum" and also to state what they think the best way to deal with the problem. We will look forward to the next issue with great interest.

A RESPECTABLE TRADE.

We are always being impressed with the fact that liquor selling is legal, and therefore it is a respectable trade, as respectable as any other, in fact more so, since there is always an inquiry into the character of licensee, and now the bench gives notice that a single man will not be granted a license unless his house-keeper is a relative, and like himself of good character. In spite of all these precautions and the claim to respectability, we have the fact that it is actionable at law to call a man a rumseller. In America slander may be briefly defined as "a false, defamatory and

malicious verbal statement tending to injure the reputation of another," and it is pretty well understood that if "A" slanders "B" the latter can enter action against "A" and recover damages.

In order, however, for "B" to recover damages, he must not only prove the false statement, but he must also prove that it caused him some actual damage.

The law is well settled, nevertheless, that in certain cases it is not necessary to prove actual damage as the law presumes damage from the nature of the slander itself; for instance, where the slander imputes a criminal offence punishable by imprisonment, or unfitness for society.

The question then arises whether to charge a person with selling intoxicating liquor is actionable without proof of actual damage, and the point has been before the American courts on several occasions.

Thus, in a Tennessee case where "A" said of "B," "I do not want to have anything to do with a man who sells liquor to my negroes on Sunday," it was held by the court that the words constituted slander, and were actionable without proof of special damage.

In a Maine case where one said of another, "He is the greatest rumseller in the town," the court came to the same conclusion; and even in the state of Texas where "A" said that "B" was running a "blind tiger," the court held that the statement was actionable without further proof.

In fact, in these States it is just as actionable to call a man a "rumseller" as it is to call him a thief, forger, or murderer.

DON'T LET THE OTHER FELLOW DO IT ALL.

The smiles we get are mostly a reflection of those we give. People cannot scowl long at a smiling face with a dancing eye. Try it.

It's best to keep a-smilin',
For a smile's a kind o' net
That catches by beguillin'
Jest the things it wants to get.
So keep your smile a-spreadin';
Crack a jolly joke or two—
An' you'll find that things come headin'
Straight for smilin' folks like you.

The Editor

The Reclamation of the Derelict

AN ADDRESS DELIVERED BEFORE THE MEMBERS OF THE STUDENTS' CHRISTIAN UNION OF THE SYDNEY UNIVERSITY.

(By THE PARSON.)

There is nothing that perhaps so quickly and so convincingly reveals our Christianity as the way in which we look at things. Some people will declare it is going to be a horrid day because they see a small cloud looming up in the distance, others will smilingly assure us that it is going to be beautiful because they caught a fleeting glimpse of blue sky amidst the lowering clouds. It is useful to experiment, and get this point firmly fixed in our minds. Take a blank piece of paper and mark out in black a square one-fiftieth part of the whole and ask any one what they see, and the invariable answer is a black square. Occasionally you may find some one who will be more impressed with the 49 parts of white than with the one part of black. Those who have no time for derelicts and no hope for them have failed in the eye-sight test. They have not perceived anything more than the black spot of his failure. The Americans have a saying that it is waste of time picking specs out of rotten apples, and vast numbers of people have decided that derelicts are rotten apples. Christ beheld Jerusalem and wept over it. He saw a blind man and was instantly stopped in His flight and gave him sight. He saw a great multitude and was touched with compassion and fed them. In the measure in which we see things are we like Him.

HEREDITY.

There is no doubt that we inherit tendencies, dispositions, temperaments, and most derelicts are the sum total of their forefathers: the great grandfather prepared the soil, the grandfather did some ploughing, the father added his quota, and the derelict son is the result. Any person who will give themselves to the study of eugenics will contribute something to the prevention of derelicts. Any effort that results in a child being well born is of immense value. This must largely be the contribution of the doctor, but it is not exclusively his domain to see the knowledge of eugenics wisely and widely imparted.

HOME.

The Home has ever left its mark for good or ill on the lives of men and women. The questions of a good home, and your own home, are inseparable from the questions of wages and conditions of work. Every one who studies the leisure time of the people, and whether their recreations help or hinder the home, are making a vital contribution to the subject under discussion. The question of owning the house you live in is of great importance, and all those who qualify for Parliament, the City Council, wages boards, etc., are making a distinct and valuable contribution to the betterment of the city.

LIQUOR.

I asserted in my previous talk that liquor frequently gave the first push and the last

kick to the derelict. It is difficult to follow liquor in all its ramifications, and it is supremely difficult to settle the liquor question. If proof of this were called for it may be found in the fact that after sixty years of unabated energy, enthusiasm, and devotion in the anti-liquor cause of America the question yet remains to be solved. If you take away a man's beer what are you going to give him in its place? I suggested to a working man who asked that question that two drinks a day was very moderate, but the equalled 3/- a week, or with interest £25 in three years. This as a deposit on a £300 house for which he is paying 14/- a week rent, means that after three years he ceases to pay rent, since after the deposit is paid the rent really becomes purchase money, and in 10 years' time he is able to pay for his house, and a £300 house is not a bad substitute for a couple of beers a day. The question of total abstinence and efficiency, health and savings, the question of alcohol in relation to employment and wages are all matters affecting the derelict, and any one who by study and service diminishes the use of alcohol plays a real part in the prevention of derelicts.

HIS RECOVERY.

In giving new life to the derelict it is useful to remember that when you graft on to a fruit tree or a rose bush, you surround the newly grafted slip with soft clay, but this would dry, crack, and fall away so you add a piece of bagging, and that it might fulfil its purpose you tie it up with string. Thus the old tree gives life—strong, vigorous, and useful life to the slip that had no power in itself. If you would succeed in reclaiming a derelict you must surround him by warm sheltering friendship, hold that together by suitable, self-respecting work, and bind it all up with real religion, which confers upon the first two new power, and gives them the success they could not have had alone. I have seen every combination of two of these fail, but I have never known the three to fail, though of course there are those whose recovery may be slow, and may be disappointing, but I do not allow that the recovery is ever hopeless.

AN EXAMPLE.

Harold Begbie's book "Broken Earthenware," Hadley's "Down in Water Street," and "The Dry Dock of a Thousand Wrecks," by Roberts, all provide most interesting and convincing examples of saved derelicts. Owen Kildare's wonderful auto-biography, called "Up from the Slums," and Smith's "Mending Men" provide abundance of proof, also explaining the process of the regeneration of the derelict. I have seen men who have done as much as 20 years in jail, others who have done 20 years in bondage to alcohol, and again others who have been

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just drifters all their lives won back to a manhood no one ever suspected them capable of. When you look into the clear eye and are familiar with the brave splendid life of a blacksmith friend of mine and hear him tell the story of his bondage to liquor for 18 years, during which time he spent from £5 to £7 a week year in and year out, and then listen as he unfolds the inner story of victory, and tells of 16 years in the service of the Lord Christ, and the joy and safety he has found, and the circle of friends God has given him, you can never more doubt the reality of the regeneration of a derelict.

FROM RAGS TO PAPER.

If you watch the carts of filthy rags going to the paper mill they fill you with disgust, and you wonder what use they can be put to, other than destroyed. Then you see issuing from another gate of the same factory load upon load of paper, sweet and dainty, spotless and useful, you cannot but be filled with admiration that the ingenuity of man has been able to devise methods of performing such an apparent miracle. The Christian Church is the great factory for making men, and every living branch of this church can show you those who have been regenerated and passed from being "a bundle of rags to a piece of paper."

MANY THANKS.

Friend X., 10/-.

We went to the theatre the other night. The acting was good, the music was bright. When we were out again in the street, Down came the rain in a blinding sheet. I knew that the next day I'd have a cold, So I sought a remedy good and old— A mixture I knew that was safe and sure, None other than Woods' Peppermint Cure.

Pledge-Signing Crusade.

CENTRAL POLICE COURT.

(By W. D. B. CREAGH.)

During the last month ending 14/5/14, 470 men, 126 women total 596, passed through the court for drunkenness alone. Out of this number 103 signed the pledge. The condition of a large number of these drink victims was, if anything worse than usual. Fine specimens of manhood, who had left the farms and stations outback to come to Sydney for the show, were just wrecks, most of them penniless. Some of them cannot get back to their work by train and having no heart to face the road in their present physical condition, will no doubt develop into regular city loafers, and perhaps criminals.

The hotels have power to debauch men and women, leaving them at the mercy of those who are waiting to take them down. Is it any wonder that they will try and get a bit of their own back? For instance. If a man loses £20 in a week, or as is often the case in a night, through drinking, and finds himself stranded, how is that man going to take things? I venture to say that they will be so upset and their minds become so hardened that if they see a chance they will take a risk, and even commit crime to get money so that they can get back what they have lost. When a man is suffering through drink and has no money to get more he is desperate, and in just the condition to commit crime to gain his ends.

Lately there has been a large increase of crimes against the person. A large number of these have taken place on hotel premises or in the vicinity of hotels, the victims mostly being under the influence of alcohol, and an easy mark to a desperate man. The Public Prosecutor at the Central Criminal Court has called attention to this matter.

There has also been a good number of men found in lanes and streets who have been so violently injured that they have died in hospital. I honestly believe that most of these cases are due to men who have become desperate because they have lost their money through drinking. They still hang about hotels. Their chance comes when some other fool is seen by them spending their money. The sight of this money, and the owner under the influence of alcohol, a quiet place in the back of some hotel premises or a back lane, a brutal blow, another victim is later picked up by the police, and is either taken to the police station or hospital.

Very little can be done to bring the culprit to book; but a serious crime has been committed, and from my own observations, also enquiries, I have made from the police and the victims this kind of thing goes on nightly.

This week has been set apart by the manufacturing and retail firms to show just what they can manufacture and turn out, and some very good displays are to be seen in the windows of most of the city firms.

The liquor firms have, like every other manufacturing firm, taken part. The different windows that show their finished pro-

ducts have made some good displays. It is a very interesting sight to see the windows of some of the city hotels, the different colored bottles with the very pretty labels, do not show all that can be turned out by this trade. I look on the Central Police Court as being one of their best show windows. A tailor or clothier can indeed look with pride on the man or woman fresh from their stores. They look well, but the same cannot be said of the customers of the liquor trade. Men and women, with scared and injured faces and limbs, a large number just covered by rags and vermin. The meanest looking and the most hopeless of Sydney's population are to be seen through the window of the Central Court, and it shows the liquor trade's most finished article, which all through the ages has been human wreckage. I wish those who were mostly interested in the trade would be in attendance at the court. I often wonder if the piteous cries of its victims and their hopelessness would have any effect on them. One little fellow, just 18 years old, was before the court twice this week. I made inquiries and found out that he had been before the court when he was 15 years of age. What hope has that lad? What hope has the little 10 months' old baby seen facing the bench in the arms of its drunken mother? What hope is there for the frail little woman who had already been convicted about 30 times?

It seems the irony of fate that for taking so-called pleasures in front of the bars (hotel), untold misery will be their portion when for this they get behind the bars (prison). There are other windows that show the product of the liquor traffic. The window of the Coroner's Court has been full lately, also the one at the Reception House. Many others have been full to overflowing of the human wreckage made so by our foolish custom of drinking alcoholic beverages.

Governors, statesmen, and others who are prominent in our social and political life have said some splendid things concerning our progress in trade during the last year. The Government have even helped some of the industries financially. Failing the closing of the liquor bar the Government should at least help in the same real way the movements that are on foot to save the human wreckage that is inseparable from the sale of liquor.

"Fine feathers don't make fine birds any more at all—they are used exclusively to make fine ladies."—Dr. Winslow.

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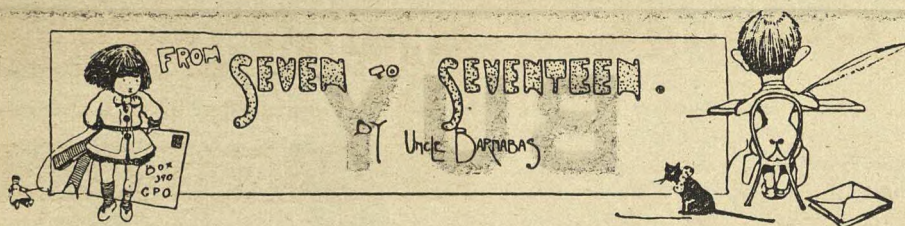
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A REAL RESPONSE.

A little girl was playing with her doll while her mother was writing. After a while she called the child and took her on her lap. The little one said, "I am so glad; I wanted to love you so much, mamma."

"Did you, darling?" and she clasped her tenderly. "I am glad my daughter loves me so; but were you lonely while I wrote?"

"Yes, mamma; and I got tired of loving Dolly."

"And why?"

"Oh, because she never loves me back."

"And that is why you love me."

"That is one why, mamma; but not the first one or the best."

"And what is the first one and best?"

"Why, mamma, don't you guess?" and the blue eyes were very bright and earnest. "It's because you loved me when I was too little to love back."

"While we were yet sinners, Christ died for us," and "We love God because He first loved us." It is the love of God for us that awakens and feeds our love for Him.

God goes on loving even when we do not love Him back, but we must not be surprised if people grow tired of children who are like dolls and never love back. Will you ask God to give you a loving, grateful, loving-back heart.

UNCLE B.

MANY HAPPY RETURNS IN JUNE.

Milcie Southwell 5th, Lucy Miles 6th, Clarice Johnstone and Dorris Warren 8th, Lily Wheen 9th, Millie Bannerman 19th, May Mallyon, May Barnes, and Stephen Tall 21st, Alice Loveday 24th, Escott Edwards 27th.

I wish you all very many happy returns of the day. Will you write and tell me the nicest thing about your birthday.

UNCLE B.

THE BUSH SCHOLAR.

The little bush school was an iron-roofed structure, sixteen feet by fourteen feet. It was situated on a little rise in the bush, and the familiar old spotted gums and ironbark trees stood all around. There was no human habitation to be seen for miles around, and one would wonder where the children came from. The teacher boarded three miles down the river in a little cottage, and the children came streaming in from all directions through the bush tracks. There was no verandah on the school, and the sun glared in and made it very hot. The iron roof seemed to attract the heat, and as there was no ceiling the children had to wear their hats in school. Passers-by looked on this place as a dreary spot, and so did some of the children who did not like school. An old broken-down fence showed that at one time this had been

owned by some early settler. Harry Jones, the smartest boy in the school had passed a scholarship examination, and was now qualified to attend the High School at Lismore. He was a regular bush lad, and had only been in Lismore twice. The very thought of going to stay there made his heart leap for joy. It was now the end of the vacation, and Harry was going to start for Lismore on the morrow. His mother had bought him a good supply of decent clothes and books, and she was fondly thinking of what she wanted him to be when he grew to be a man. When the horses were harnessed he bade his mother and father good-bye, and as he drove away the little ones kept waving to him until he was out of sight.

When he arrived in Lismore the first thing he did was to take his books and clothes to the boarding-house where he was going to stay. The next morning he started off for school, and when he got there the boys laughed at him and said that he was "bushy."

For three or four days he was very confused with lessons, and so did not do well. At the end of the week he became familiar with his lessons and with the boys, and soon became a great favorite with the teachers. He lost his bushy appearance, and the boys became friendly and looked up to him as the smartest boy in the class. When he was going away he was awarded by the teacher a book called "Great Workers." His father was so pleased with his son's progress that at the end of four years he sent him to the University at Sydney, where he studied engineering, and he proved that bush children are, often the best after all.

ERIC WILMOT, 11 years.

Cathcart-st., Lismore.

A LITTLE STORY.

Vera Marsh, Ipswich Nursery, Thorn Street, 22/4/14, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—"Grit" has been arriving every week, and thanks to those concerned for their promptitude in sending it along. I enjoy reading it very much, and take great interest in reading the results of your local option polls. I do not think that I shall compete in your "postcard competition" this time. Perhaps my friend, Myrtle Luxton, will be sending you a photo of one of our "beauty spots," as we have quite a number in and around Ipswich.

Well, Uncle B., you remarked a few weeks ago that you would like to receive any little stories that your nieces or nephews cared to send you, consequently I am sending you a little original story of my own. I hope it may find favor with you, and that you will publish it in "Grit," soon.

I still attend school, and am in the sixth standard.

My father is the possessor of a nursery, and the garden is abloom at present with different kinds of flowers.

I think this is all my news this time, with love from your affectionate niece.

Dear Vera,—I thank you for your little story. It will appear in "Grit" soon. I am sorry you are not sending a post card. I should think your own garden was one of the beauty spots. Many thanks for your help.—Uncle B.)

THE TOWN WITH THE CHAMPION CHOIR.

Myrtle Luxton, Woodend Road, Ipswich, Queensland, 24/4/14, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Here I am writing to you again. I am not on the scallawag list this time. I have not been well lately. I had a severe cold which lasted about a month. Yesterday I had a bilious attack, but I feel alright to-day.

We are practising for our anniversary which is to take place on 24th May. The treat will be held on 3rd June.

What do you think of the Blackstone and Ipswich Cambrian Choir winning the chief choral contest at Maryborough Eisteddfod during Easter, thus maintaining their reputation as the champion choir of Australia?

How did you spend Easter?

It passed very quietly for us. I wonder if cousin Vera Yates knows that saying similar to "Don't judge a book by its cover." This is the one I am referring to, "Don't judge a sausage by its overcoat." If Nettie Luxton would like to correspond with me I should be very pleased to do so. We may find in so doing our parents to be relations.

What has become of cousin Hope Begg. I have not seen a letter of hers in "Grit" for some time? She and I are corresponding with one another.

I liked cousin Joan Lemm's story very much.

Have you received a letter from Vera Marsh? She told me she had written to you. Well, I shall now close with love to all "Grit" cousins, and especially yourself.—I remain, your loving ni.

(Dear Myrtle,—I am sorry your beauty spot is a colored card, and I cannot manage to produce it in "Grit." Please send me another. You have good reason to be proud of your town choir. Be sure and tell us of the anniversary and picnic. I hope Nettie will write to you, and be sure and tell Hope that I have her written down as a "scallawag." It is only in pencil so far, and could be erased if only she will hurry up.—Uncle B.)

A TRIP TO ADELAIDE.

Olive Orton Miller, 129 Grattan Street, Carlton, Melbourne, 28th April, 1914, writes:

Dear Uncle B.,—I do not want to be a scallawag, so I am going to send you a letter about my visit to Adelaide. I got tired of the train—two nights in it—but when we got to Adelaide it was very nice. We stayed at a nice place, the "Willard Home." A lot of Sydney friends stayed there, too. I went to some of the temperance meetings. I took one of my prizes in to read. It was such

fun to watch the gentlemen that wanted to speak jump up a lot at a time, and the chairman had to say which he would let speak. Some never got a chance at all.

We had a nice picnic. Three motors with 60 people left the post office at two o'clock, and went up Mount Lofty. It was very pretty. The fruit grew so close to the road some wanted to pull them, and some one started to sing, "Yield not to Temptation." We all joined in. Everyone we met we called out loud, "six o'clock closing." It was such fun. We had four o'clock at a church at the top of the mountain, and some of the visitors went home in the train. We got back about six o'clock quite ready for our tea.

I liked Adelaide. The streets are so wide and nice places to go to. We went to Waterfall in a motor; that is a pretty place. We came to Melbourne three weeks ago. We brought a parcel for you from Adelaide, and Mrs. Edwards took it from here. I will write about Melbourne another time. We get "Grit" here, so I can read about Sydney.

I have got a little niece now. She has not got a name yet. I will have to wait till I get home to see her. I hope my sister gives her a pretty name.—I remain your loving niece.

(Dear Olive,—Thank you for your very interesting letter. I am very sorry I was not able to go to Adelaide. You must have had a very nice trip. Yes, I received the parcel, and was thankful to get it. Be sure and tell me the name of your ni. I hope you will tell us something about Melbourne in your next letter.—Uncle B.)

LAZYITIS.

Enid Blanch, "Glen View," Rous, writes:

My Dear Uncle B.,—I suppose I am on the "scallawag" list by this. I am afraid I have had a touch of "lazyitis." It is not a very nice disease to catch. I have been away for two months at my grandma's. I had a lovely time. Mother and father and Mavis have been to Sydney for nine weeks. They had a good time, too. It is not very nice to go into the cowyard again. We have had about 22 inches of rain here. There is grass everywhere. We had our Sunday school picnic and anniversary a few weeks ago. I received my prize (a book). It was "The Clever Miss Jancy." I have read it, and I liked it very much. The Alstonville Methodist people are having a bazaar on the 6th and 7th of May. I think I am going. I hope I will have a good time. When are you coming up to the Richmond again, uncle? Soon I hope. I have a cold at present, which is not very nice, I can tell you. Mr. Hunter, our Methodist minister, preached this morning. I liked him very well. I think he will be liked very well here. I am learning music off Professor Norris. I like him very well, and I get on with him. I have had one quarter off him. News is scarce here, so I will close, with fond love to all my

cousins, including yourself. So good-bye.—I remain your affectionate niece.

(Dear Enid,—Glad to hear from you. Lazyitis is most dangerous, it gets into the bones and becomes almost incurable, so beware of it. So glad your prize was a good one. I wonder do you pray for your minister, and do you tell him when anything he says interests or help you. I hope so. It makes such a difference. Mostly ministers only hear the nasty things.—Uncle B.)

A GOOD START.

Eric Wilmot, Cathcart-st., Lismore, May 11, 1914, writes:—

Dear Sir,—I am sending this story in to compete with the others. My name is Eric Wilmot, and my age is eleven. My father is a good templar, and I am a juvenile.—Yours truly.

(Dear Eric,—You are very welcome as a ne, and I am printing your account of a country school. It is most interesting, and we all hope you will often write to us and prove that a country boy can write oftener and better than a suburban one. When is your birthday? Have you a photo you could send me?—Uncle B.)

ONE WHO LIKES COLLECTING.

Mary Baily, Kerringle, Mullaley, 24/4/14, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—We are having lovely weather here now. There has been a good deal of rain lately, and the grass looks lovely and green here. The flower garden is looking nice now—the chrysanthemums are out in bloom, also some of the roses. I have been house-keeping on my own for three weeks. Mother was away on a holiday. I used to feel a bit lonely some times. I have three pet lambs to look after now. I only got one this morning. I call them Daisy, Lucy, and Kitty. My brother George has been appointed Home Missionary to Emmaville.

I collected £1/12/- for the Alliance not long ago. I rather like collecting. I have done a good deal of it. In 1911 I collected

10/6 for the London Missionary Society, and they sent me a prize book called "Gold from Quartz." It is about Africa when Robert Moffat was missionary there. And again in 1912 I collected 10/6 for the L.M.S., and they sent me another prize book called "Kerala." It is about India. Last year I collected £1/4/- for the Livingstone Memorial Fund, and got another book prize called "Papuan Pictures." It is about Papua. I like it better than others. I think that the Beauty Spot Competition will be very interesting. I am not going in for it myself. I like the idea of the Free Distribution Fund. I will send you something for it soon as I can. I think that "Grit" has some splendid reading in it now. We have a new minister in our circuit now, Rev. S. R. Robins. I was told that he knows you. I discovered a few weeks ago that Mr. A. E. Mason, the dentist in Boggabri, knows you too, and takes "Grit." I have known him for a long time.

I am enclosing two riddles with their answers. I hope you will be able to see through the first one. I cannot think of anything else to write now, so close with love to all my "cousins" and yourself.—From your loving niece.

P.S.—Enclosed are two stamps. Will you please send me "Grit" for January 22 if you have one to spare. I hope the two shillings has arrived safely.—M.B.

(Dear Mary,—It is most refreshing to hear you like collecting. Most people hate it. I suppose because people are so often grumpy when asked for money. How would it do to collect a little for the Pledge Signing crusade? So Mr. Robins and Mr. Mason know me. That is most interesting. How do they know that they know me? Yes, the two shillings came along alright, for which my warmest thanks. Did you get that copy for January 22?—Uncle B.)

The best of us are apt to be a good deal more irritable at those times when we know it is safe to be so.

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This is Where You Laugh.

• •



SOME TIME AGO.

An alienist, while going through the insane asylum at Howard, R.I., not long ago, came upon a man sitting in a brown study on a bench.

"How do you do, sir," said the alienist kindly. "What is your name, may I ask?"

"My name?" said the other, frowning fiercely. "Why, King George, of course."

"Indeed!" replied the alienist. "But the last time I was here you were Theodore Roosevelt."

"Yes, of course," answered the other quickly; "but that was by my first wife."

* * *

MASKED.

A young gentleman with a very plain face was rather annoyed because his view of the stage was obstructed by the hat of a pretty girl who was sitting in front of him in the gallery. Wishing to get a glimpse of the performance, he plucked up courage and, in a nervous voice, exclaimed: "See here, miss, I want to look as well as you."

"Oh, do yer?" she replied in a rich Cockney accent, as she turned round and looked at him square in the eye. "Then you'd better run 'ome and change yer face."

* * *

AN EXPENSIVE LESSON.

"Now, Thomas," said the teacher severely, "how many times must I tell you not to snap your fingers? Put your hand down and presently I'll hear from you."

Five minutes later she said: "Now, then, Thomas, what was it you wanted to say?"

"There was a man in the entry a while ago," said Thomas serenely, "and he went out with your new silk umbrella."

* * *

WHY HE IMPROVED.

"Jack," said the young wife after she had just danced with her husband, "you've certainly improved wonderfully in your dancing. Don't you remember how frightfully you used to tear my dress?"

"Yes," replied Jack, "I wasn't buying them then."

* * *

Mr. Brown had just registered and was about to turn away when the clerk asked:

"Beg pardon, but what is your name?"

"Name!" echoed the indignant guest. "Don't you see my signature there on the register?"

"I do," returned the clerk calmly. "That is what aroused my curiosity."

IT WOULD SEEM SO.

The lesson was in natural history, and the new teacher had chosen the interesting but complex subject of the cat.

"Now, children," she said, "tell me what sort of clothes pussy wears."

No reply.

"Come, come!" said she, determined to extract the right answer by naming everything that pussy didn't wear; "does she wear feathers?"

A pained expression crossed the face of a little boy in the front row.

"Please, Ma'am," he asked pityingly, "ain't you never seen a cat?"

* * *

A MODEST REQUEST.

One young man who was highly sensitive about an impediment which he had in his speech went to a stammerers' institute and asked for a course of treatments. The professor asked him if he wanted a full or a partial course:

"A p-p-partial c-c-course."

"To what extent would you like a partial course?"

"Enough-s-so that wh-when I go to a f-f-florist's and ask for a c-c-c-chr-chry-s-s-anth (whistle) e-m-mum, the th-thing won't w-wilt b-before I g-get it!"

* * *

TACT.

Here's tact for you.

"I was calling at a house on East Sixty-first-street. There was a little boy about seven years old, I should judge. He stared at me a long time, then went and whispered to his mother. This was embarrassing, so I giggled and said:

"It's rude to whisper in company!"

"The kid looked puzzled for a minute. Then he answered:

"It would 'a been a lot ruder to say it out loud."

* * *

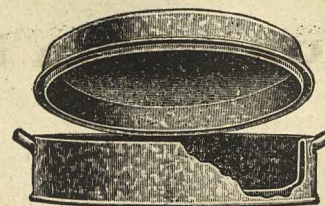
Golfer (unsteadied by his Christmas dinner) to his opponent:

"Sir, I wish t' know that I resent y'r unwarrant—y'r interference with my game. Sir! Tip the ground once more, and I'll complain to our host!"

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PAINLESS ————— !
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Prohibition in the United States

THE OLDEST SOCIAL REFORM—SUCCESS AND ANOMALIES.

(This article from the London "Times," the world's greatest daily paper, carries enormous weight; it appeared on April 15, 1914.)

In my recent telegram, says the Washington correspondent of the "Times," with regard to the Secretary of the Navy's Order enforcing total abstinence on war-vessels and in Navy yards, it was remarked that national prohibition or total abstinence might before long become a real political issue. So startling an assertion needs more elaboration than was possible in a telegraphic dispatch. It is based upon the following facts, with the significance of which even the most cynical politician is no longer inclined to quarrel.

A resolution has recently been introduced into Congress demanding the amendment of the Constitution so as to forbid throughout the United States the manufacture of or traffic in "intoxicating liquors for beverage." The preamble of the resolution is worth quoting:—

"Whereas exact scientific research has demonstrated that alcohol is a narcotic poison, destructive and degenerating to the human organism, and that its distribution as a beverage or contained in food lays a staggering economic burden upon the shoulders of the people, lowers to an appalling degree the average standard of character of our citizenship, thereby undermining the public morals and the foundation of free institutions, produces widespread crime, pauperism and insanity, inflicts disease and ultimately death upon hundreds of thousands of our citizens, and blights with degeneracy their children unborn, threatening the future integrity and very life of our nation; therefore be it resolved, etc."

Nobody at first paid serious attention to this curious document. It was felt to be but another harmless manifestation of the combined efforts of the crank and the paternalistic Utopian. In a few weeks the superficial inaccuracy of that view became evident. An excellent, though almost unregarded, weather-cock of public opinion is the list daily published of memorials sent in to Congress. National prohibition is, according to this list, the "paramount issue" of the moment. It leaves the Panama Canal controversy nowhere. In the "Congressional Record" for April 2 one finds that of the 116 petitions presented 31 were for and 27 were against the prohibition amendment. The Panama Tolls Repeal Bill came next with a paltry eight protests.

NOT A NEW MOVEMENT.

Prohibition, as the "blue ribbon" movement is called, is the oldest of American social reform movements. Maine went "dry" in the sixties. Kansas followed in 1880, North Dakota in 1890. Georgia, Tennessee, Oklahoma, North Carolina, and Mississippi adopted prohibition in 1909. Since that year the "wet" and "dry" issue has vexed politicians in many local campaigns, and the citizens of several States have been and still are within

an ace of losing what the readers of a certain type of literature might well deem the inherent American right of "swapping" drinks before a bar. In other States local option laws already exist, and Sunday closing laws and other restrictive legislation is common.

Even the Federal Government has taken a hand. The serving of grog in the Navy was long ago stopped. Next, in an access of somewhat hypocritical self-righteousness, Congress decided to abolish the sale of wine and spirits in the restaurants of the Capitol. Almost simultaneously the barrack canteen was abolished under pressure from the Women's Christian Temperance Union—a reform which shows the strength of the movement, inasmuch as it was put through the Chamber against the advice of everybody who knew anything about the matter. It was argued, and rightly argued, that to close the canteen would merely drive the soldier to lower and unregulated drinking places.

Last year Congress experimented upon Washington with a Sunday closing law of such strictness that it is technically a crime to offer wine on Sundays in one's own house. To be within the law one has to put wine on the table and let people help themselves unsolicited.

A RAILWAY EXPERIENCE.

A great change has, in fact, come over things in recent years. The casual traveller feels it as soon as anybody. The Pennsylvania Railway Company, for instance, sells no liquor in its dining-cars on any of its lines east of Pittsburg. Even in the wildest West there is no immunity. Once when travelling on a hot August day over the plains of Texas I took out a flask to dilute my water at lunch. I was warned that I should be put off the train if I persisted. The explanation of the law was excellent, as is often the case with many of the curious sumptuary laws which seem to belie the reputation of the United States as the land of liberty. The law was passed to prevent cowboys and miners from getting uncomfortably boisterous on their own supplies.

The whole temperance movement has, indeed, a formidable sanction which it lacks at home. It will be noticed that the last batch of blue-ribbon States are all of the South. The negro question drove them to it. Easy access to cheap alcohol was found to be having a debasing effect on the negro race in general, and to be one of the chief incentives to those periodical crimes which do so much to keep smouldering the embers of race hatred. In the North there is no such direct argument. Each year, however, the doctrine that efficiency and alcohol are incompatible is gaining ground. The railways have very strict rules about the temperance of their employees, and though the "treating" habit is still prevalent, it is sur-

prising how many people are beginning to find that "in these days of fierce competition they can't afford to drink."

There are other strong factors behind the movement. The female suffrage wave is one. Thanks to the moderation of the American suffragist, the wave is steadily gaining momentum; and it is significant that nobody is more active in building dikes against it than the liquor interests. Another factor is what in England would be called the "Nonconformist conscience," that vast and uncompromising body of lower middle-class opinion which worships stark blue-ribbonism of the Bryan type and makes conviviality a more dangerous amusement here for public men than perhaps in any other country.

So far prohibition, ubiquitously as the issue has been raised, has not been a party matter in the national sense. Ever since radicalism cut athwart the party lines it has been curious to see how the Democrats would be "wet" and the Republicans "dry" in one State and have their positions reversed in the next. Now, however, it may be necessary for the national leaders of the parties to take a line, and it is not a prospect that either the President's supporters or anybody else relishes.

EDUCATE! EDUCATE!

(To the Editor, "Grit.")

Sir,—A person interested on the liquor trade, and one very much afraid of "Grit" and the forward temperance movement, remarked to me the other day: "Your friends are evidently satisfied with the trade as it is now conducted." I said, "Why?" "It is self-evident," he said "from the poor result to your cry for funds to educate the people!"

I did not like this practical way of looking at the question, and I trust, sir, the response to the most worthy object we have in view—to educate the masses—will wipe away the stigma thus cast upon us. I apprehend that those deeply interested in the welfare of suffering humanity will make a special effort to so increase the fund that you will be able to get to work at once with the free circulation of your admirable paper as originally proposed.—Yours respectfully,

GLOUCESTER.

Previously acknowledged, £109 18s. 4d.; T. Parker, 2s. 6d.; B. G. Norman, 13s. 6d.; E. Piper, 11s. 9d.; T. Lowry, 20s.; W. Aitchison, 2s.; W. E. Rankin, 20s.; J. A. Graham, 1s.; Rev F. W. Reeves, 15s.; Mrs. Parkes, 1s.; Dr. Stuckey, 12s.; H. MacInnes, 8s.; Wm. Palmer, 8s.; L. G. Dyson, 20s.; H. Pinkerton, 6s. 6d.; H. J. Nesbett, 14s. Total, £117 13s. 10d.

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Its praises I shall always sing;
I've proved its worth full many a time,
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That arise from folk contracting chills,
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Concerning Infirmities.

COMFORT FOR BROKEN LIVES.

By DR. HENRY BURTON.

The physical infirmities with which we are familiar, too familiar, as we sometimes think, are induced by a variety of causes. Some are congenital, or hereditary, handed down from one generation to another; others are the result of accident or the after-effects of sickness. But one prolific and perennial cause of infirmity is age, advancing years. And this we cannot well escape; for though we like to cheat old Father Time, so that he shall not dissipate, or dry up, the dew of our youth, we cannot always put him off with these illusions. The tell-tale years will speak. The tide of time will leave its ripples on the brow, just as certainly as retreating tide leaves its ripples on the sands. Then our senses become less acute. Our eyes will no longer read small print, and we have to indulge them with glasses of enlarging powers. Our ears are not quite so good at hearing, and we wish people would speak up! So one by one the infirmities of age seize upon us, and we cannot shake them off; and though within the heart the fires seem to have all their earlier glow, the milestones of the years tell us that we are nearing the terminus, and the various signals compel us to slow down.

But these infirmities of age we must put up with. They have come to stay, and we can no more arrest the flow of years than Canute could stop the advancing tide. Some people are impatient and half-angry that Time can be so unkind, and they are almost ready to break the glass which shows them the first grey hairs. But this does not help us. Far better is it if we bear the infirmities of age serenely and cheerfully; for if the generous years have left us with a few disabilities and restrictions, they have left us with a wealth of wisdom and of sunny memories, which we have garnered from the broad-acred past. And so we may sing with Browning, as we look westward toward the setting sun:—

"Grow old along with me,

The best is yet to be,

The last of life, for which the first was made."

CHANGING THE MINUS SIGNS.

As to other infirmities, we do quite right in wishing and seeking to have them removed; especially if they handicap us, putting us at a disadvantage in this competing world of ours. But we often mistake here; for Nature has wonderful compensations. In algebra a minus quantity becomes plus if

you transfer it to the other side of the equation, and a disability on one side of our nature seems often to develop and enlarge our abilities and powers on some other side. Nelson had but one eye, but it was a very clear one, and it won a Trafalgar. Beethoven was stone-deaf; he did not hear the harmonies he himself had created, but that did not prevent him from composing his exquisite Sonatas, which have caught the ear and the heart of the world. Milton was totally blind when he wrote his "Paradise Lost," and his "Paradise Regained," and the probability is that we should never have had those immortal works of his had not Providence led him into the realm of perpetual night. Like the high-priest of old, he too had to pass into the thick darkness to find his Holy of Holies, where he could speak with God, and speak with God for men. It is simply wonderful how in the lives of men what seemed an embarrassing disability, or a defect which would utterly disqualify, has ultimately proved their source of strength and the one secret of their success. George Matheson loses his sight; but that deprivation and loss is the means of enlarging and enriching his life, giving him a commanding influence, and helping him to write, in three minutes, that beautiful hymn, "O Love that wilt not let me go!"

But suppose that the infirmity should remain, that skill and care and dremedies fail to remove it, and that prayer itself is powerless to unloose its hold, what then? Ah, now we come to the point where our duty is clear. We must, like Paul, accept the disability as the expression of God's will for us. We must take up the cross which is so evidently intended for us; not either reluctantly or doggedly, in any Stoic spirit, but bravely and indeed cheerfully; for an accepted cross, like Aaron's rod, buds, and blossoms, wreathing itself with flowers. This

was the experience of Paul; he found pleasure in his infirmities, and even learned to glory in them. He had learned to spoil the Egyptians, he had led captivity itself captive; and as the bee can find honey in the flower of the nettle, so Paul's stinging infirmity blossoms, offering to him now its little cups of nectar. So it should be with us. Christ's yoke is always an easy one; and if in our case it frets and chafes and galls it is our fault. We have not put it on right. We have not thoroughly put our necks within it. Faber sings of "the sweet will of God," and such indeed it is. The book of the apocalyptic vision was sweet to the taste, and exceeding bitter afterward; God's will, on the other hand, is sometimes bitter at the first, but let us accept it fully and heartily and it becomes a lasting sweetness, a pleasure pure and permanent. When John William Rowntree, who wrote in part "The Temperance Problem," was told by the physicians that he would shortly become totally blind, he went out and stood by some railings for a few moments to collect himself, and to lean back on heaven. Then suddenly he felt the love of God wrap him about, as though an invisible presence enfolded him, and a joy filled his soul such as he had never known before. So do pleasures grow out of our pains, and out of our sorrows new joys are born; until, like Paul, we learn to glory in the infirmity which has shown us and given us all "the power of Christ," and which has made for us a heaven upon earth. —"Christian Advocate."

Willie: "Paw, where do jailbirds come from?"

Paw: "They are raised by larks, bats and swallows, my son."

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