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THE WANDERER'S RETURN IN ANSWER TO
A MOTHER'S PRAYER.



THE INHALATION OF CIGARETTE [SMOKING, AND ITS RELATION TO CHRONIC ALCOHOLISM.

(By GUY THORNE, AUTHOR OF "THE DRUNKARD," Etc.)

For literary purposes some time ago I began to study the psychology of inebriety. During the investigations I became startled by certain pathological facts, constantly observed, and—to me—highly suggestive. I made careful notes of forty-eight cases of chronic alcoholism. The subjects were all men, and all belonging to the upper classes of society. An overwhelming majority were confirmed inhalers of cigarette smoke, and a definite connection between this habit and the habit in inebriety was fully established in their minds.

Out of the forty-eight subjects, four were non-smokers; three were confirmed pipe smokers, and had nothing to tell me; six ridiculed any connection between cigarette smoking to excess—with inhalation—and drink; but these six were, nevertheless, heavy cigarette inhalers themselves. The remaining thirty-five gave deliberate testimony in support of my own theory—i.e., There is a well-established liaison between drinking and inhaling cigarette smoke, and a strong possibility that inhalation is an abettor of, and in some cases a predisposing factor in, alcoholism.

I quote eleven cases, taken at random from my notes:—

Case A.—History. Man, aged forty-five; public school; athlete; won brilliant scholarship Oxford; drank heavily there; afterwards in London obtained recognition as promising writer; became chronic alcoholic; suffered three times in delirium tremens; has sunk out of society.

Testimony. "I have always been an inveterate inhaler of cigarettes, and could never drink comfortably without them. The two things go together. A bottle to a bottle and a half of whisky was my usual daily allowance for long periods of time."

Case B.—History. Naval lieutenant, retired; chronic alcoholic with semi-frequent crises; cigarette smoker—cigarettes always inhaled—thirty to forty every day. Age about forty-five.

Testimony. "I cannot drink without them, and cannot smoke them without drinking."

Case C.—History. Retired Army captain, holding post as secretary of golf club on the Continent; chronic alcoholic, though man of splendid physique; made me complete confession of personal habits; aged forty-four.

Testimony. "I smoke fifty '—' cigarettes each day" (these are a strongly opium-

impregnated brand, largely sold in the locality). "I could not possibly do without them. I cannot give up whisky, but if I do not inhale cigarettes while drinking, a mental change comes over me which is difficult to explain, but which is dreadfully distressing."

Case D.—History. American painter; might almost certainly be called chronic alcoholic; aged forty-six; could not possibly give up drinking; though still adequate in his art, he seems to depend upon the supply of alcohol. Highly intelligent and interested in his own condition.

Testimony. He told me that he is certain in his own case, and in the case of many other alcoholics who have discussed matter with him, that the inhalation of cigarette smoke is a direct incentive to over-indulgence in alcohol. He also told me that, at times when he has given up his inhalation of cigarette smoke and taken to a pipe—when he does not inhale—he finds no difficulty in doing so without alcohol to a large extent. At the same time his art suffers.

Case E.—History. Ex-clergyman; Oxford Don and Army coach; aged 63; hopeless inebriate; living on Continent.

Testimony. "The hot smoke at the back of my throat before I draw it down into the lungs makes the necessity of drinking pleasurable. There is undoubtedly a connection between the two in my case, though how they are interdependent, and to what extent one is responsible for the other, I am unable to say. The connection exists."

Case F.—History. Public-school man; for a time well known on concert and operatic stage; beautiful voice, now ruined; on the verge of chronic alcoholism; aged thirty-five.

Testimony. "Ruined my voice by inhaling cigarettes and drinking too much. Whisky seems to go with them. Cannot do one satisfactorily without the other."

Case G.—History. Great artist—for obvious reasons, I cannot further particularise. A definite inebriate, though this is only privately known.

Testimony. Has told me that he does not enjoy drink unless he is smoking cigarettes and that pipes, the smoke of which does not have the same effect upon inhalation, are useless to him. Is of the opinion that the inhalation of cigarettes definitely led to over-indulgence in alcohol in his own case.

Case H.—History. Young engineer; aged

twenty-seven; inmate of one inebriates' home after another, and an utterly hopeless case.

Testimony. Explained to me that he must have cigarettes while drinking, but he was too mentally inefficient to give me any theories upon cause and effect.

Case I.—History. Elderly, retired solicitor; aged probably sixty or sixty-two. He is a periodic inebriate who comes to a home after a terrific bout of alcoholism—say three times a year. Charming and cultured man.

Testimony. He is a great pipe-smoker in his non-alcoholic intervals. He told me that, during his drinking periods he never smoked a pipe, but "fiercely"—his own word—inhaled the smoke of cigarettes.

Case J.—History. Man of thirty; good public school; son of a well-known stock-broker; chronic alcoholic.

Testimony. "Cigarettes are the devil, and you cannot smoke them without inhaling. This grows upon you. Inhaling a pipe is not the same. There must be something in the paper round the cigarettes. They make you want whisky—I know they did me—and then I could not do without them, just as I could not do without whisky."

Case K.—History. Young foreign gentleman of good family; hopeless; must spend all his life in the seclusion of homes; wealthy, and realises that he cannot be allowed freedom. Smokes pipes constantly.

Testimony. Has said to me: "I dare not smoke cigarettes now"—this was in an inebriates' home where I saw him. "If I did smoke cigarettes the desire for drink would be so great that, if I could not satisfy it, I should probably kill myself."

This article pretends to be no more than a note of interrogation. My view is that a layman may properly do useful work in the collection of evidence in support of a theory which he must leave the expert to examine. It would be presumption on my part to attempt more. Nevertheless, I will say this: Many years ago I wrote a tale dealing with the subject of cigarette inhalation. The book was written in a village where stands the largest County Lunatic Asylum in England. I knew most of the medical staff socially, and many of them were kind enough to help me with my work. I thus obtained some knowledge of the effects of tobacco poisoning—functional amblyopia, loss of precise colour vision, and so on. One thing I then learnt was that, in confirmed inhalers, there was almost always an increased secretion of hydrochloric acid in the gastric juice. Is it possible, therefore—like Miss Dartle, I "only ask for information"—that here is any explanation of the facts I have observed? I should not even venture to ask the question, were it not that I consulted a medical man upon the possibility. The mere psychologist must intrude very warily upon other, and more exact, domains!

Finally, I certainly believe, as I equally certainly stand to correction, that it is the paper covering of the cigarette, far more than the tobacco itself, which does the mis-

(Continued on Page 10.)

A Friend of Crooks.

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

Fremont Older, managing editor of the "Bulletin," a San Francisco newspaper, has suddenly gone soft—insane, some people put it, being a trifle careless of their lexicology. He was the Nemesis of crooks. He has become their best friend.

"You know, I don't call them crooks any more," said Mr. Older mildly.

Yet it is but a little way back when this man, tall and terrible in his passions, was the long, lean tiger of the historic graft prosecution. If we should carry that animal characterisation round the circle of the prosecutors, Spreckles was the bulldog, Burns was the panther, Heney was the lion, and Johnson was the old rhino who charged a couple of times across the field, smashing as he went.

As for Older, his later journalistic career had been one long man hunt. He singled out causes and assailed them, individuals and damned them—publicly—while he hated them privately with animosity that was venomous. That the cause or the man so assailed was usually bad, that Older's paper has been found consistently espousing most of the causes which have made for social and political betterment during the last decade is, for the moment, aside from the point. It is the spirit of the man which we are considering, and that spirit was tigerish.

THE TIGER'S LAST CHASE.

Upon emerging from the temporarily disappointing issues of the graft prosecution, Older was, if possible, more inflamed, more ferocious, more blood hungry than he had ever been; and, true to type, entered immediately upon another man hunt. But that last chase was the pulling of the tiger's fangs. Some fly bit him in those latter jungles, and Older is so changed that his friends wonder and his enemies cavil. Yet violent changes might not have been unlooked for, since, slanting back into Older's past, we find him always a man of exaggerated enthusiasms amounting frequently to excesses. He worked excessively, he pleased excessively, he loved and hated excessively—in all things, his vices and his virtues, he was a man who went to lengths. Some days he was optimistic, a sun-crowned scion of Eros; upon others he was depressed almost to the point of mania. Down to this present he has his black moods, when the men of his staff go softly outside the range of the guns of his wrath.

As for his physical appearance, the body of the man fits his soul like a glove. Fremont Older towers more than six feet high. His head is large. His hair and mustache are dark; in anger his eyes kindle lightnings. He pursues relentlessly with a shrewdness that is uncanny, and, to the imagination of his cornered victim, no doubt often loomed like an insatiable ghoul.

It is therefore hardly surprising to find that such a man has many and bitter enemies, nor necessarily disconcerting to find

that the bitterest were at some time his friends, and that a web of once mutual obligations now binds them in malevolence, or did, till Older changed and began to speak his enemies fair, no matter how they spoke of him. Yet, even now, when he has become soft, when he heads no more man hunts and vents no more bitterness, but turns back along his own trail to gather up the wounded, it is characteristic of the man that his crusades of kindness seem to rouse as bitter enmities as did his pursuits.

But—to the trail!

In the autumn of 1909 P. H. McCarthy, a labor leader, was a candidate for Mayor of San Francisco. Older was suspicious of McCarthy. Besides, he had grapevine information that Flannery, a saloon keeper, had promised protection to Joe Abbott, a bunko man whose specialty was fake pool rooms, provided McCarthy were elected. McCarthy was elected, and Older's grapevine reported that a telegram passed immediately from Flannery to Abbott, who was in Seattle. Shortly thereafter Abbott appeared upon the scene, but instead of going to work in San Francisco, began operations in Sausalito, a port in Marin County on San Francisco Bay. Here, at the turning of his first big trick, he was arrested, and some of his confederates with him, and charged with a felony.

It subsequently developed that he had spread some money around and supposed himself to be operating under protection; but that was a mistake. The bunko man had himself been bunkoed.

From behind the bars Abbott waited impatiently for his friend Flannery to appear with bail money; but Flannery did not appear. Days passed. Abbott became anxious and finally fretful. Still no Flannery.

Older, lusting for the gore of McCarthy, surveying every detail of the field from his editorial aerie, saw what was happening, and sensed its possibilities for him. He noted the passing of the days till in his judgment the psychological moment had arrived when Abbott, stung and bitter, might be induced to detail his relations with the saloon keeper. This would put Flannery in a hole—perhaps in a cell—and that would smirch the Mayor. Older rose in his stirrups like the remorseless strategist he was, and through his editorial columns wended a long, loud call to the man hunt; then secretly took the trail himself, going with his usual stop-at-nothing rate of speed.

HOT ON THE BLOOD TRAIL.

A way was instantly found to reach Abbott with his proposal: "Come through on Flannery and I will use my influence to get you out of your present trouble."

Abbott's situation was desperate enough. A long prison term seemed inevitable. The friendship of Older was powerful and greatly to be desired, but—there are some things, it appears, that even a bunko man will not do. Every time the price of Older's friendship was broached, Abbott flung up white flags.

"Anything but that," he would say. "When I come to think of that, Mr. Older, of preaching on a pal, something in here hurts," and he would lay his hand helplessly upon his chest. But Older is a man not easily denied.

"How about the girl?" he asked one day, with artful, insinuating emphasis.

Abbott's face turned pale and blotchy.

"My God!" he gasped. "Don't—don't ever mention her again. Leave—leave her out of it."

"The girl" was Abbott's wife, a beautiful woman of irreproachable character, except in so far as being the wife of a bunko man constitutes reproach, and the prisoner was much in love with her. His reply, indeed, showed that here was his most lacerated nerve. From that moment Older never did leave her out. She figured in all the conversation, she loomed in the background of each appeal, lending color and force to every argument. But Abbott had a ledge of iron in him. Older, forceful as he is, had not power enough to break the man down, nor cunning enough to unlock his lips.

But there was still the woman. Through her sister Older induced her to come down from Portland; but she was afraid of the editor and could not be persuaded to come to see him. He went to her. At first she would not receive him; then she would not listen; for weeks she would not be convinced, though he saw her repeatedly. But Older would not be turned aside. He was determined to break the will of this woman in order to unlock the lips of her husband who could involve the saloon keeper and thus discomfit the Mayor.

One last night Mrs. Abbott went to walk with the editor in a beautiful rose garden of San Rafael, the city in which her husband was in ail. The hour grew late. She was weakening but still protesting.

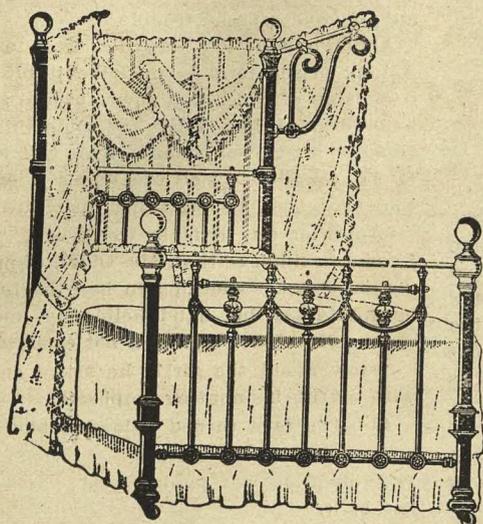
"But, Mr. Older," she groaned, helplessly, "they tell me you are a dreadful man!"

"Well," he replied, not caring to argue the point, "I never threw anybody down, did I?"

Perhaps the woman only capitulated to a will stronger than her own, or, more probably, with the intuition of her sex, she perceived that her pursuer was changing; that, at first mercenary, his actual sympathies were being enlisted; that a heart was framing and softening, deep in the breast of this

(Continued on Page 10.)

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LICENSING DECISION AT PARKES.

A majority of the Licensing Magistrates at Parkes recently gave a decision in favor of the re-opening of an hotel near the railway yards which had previously been closed by order of the Reduction Court.

The applicant got a standing in Court owing to there being a supposed vacancy in the electorate. That the decision of the Bench grossly violates the spirit of the Act goes without saying. Writing to the "Parkes Examiner," a correspondent, signing "F.P.D.," says:—

"Sir,—There are one or two aspects of the case concerning the recent granting of the hotel license at the railway yards which seem to have been overlooked as follows:—

"1st.—The Special Court, specially created for the purpose, decided that the license at that spot should cease. Why they did so is immaterial. The fact remains that they did so decide.

"2nd.—By law such decision is FINAL.

"3rd.—Still the local Bench, by their decision, overrule this, and say it shall NOT be final. That is, this license having by the Special Court's decision expired on the 31st December last, the licensee immediately applies to the local Bench to ignore this decision.

4th.—And they DO ignore it.

5th.—The application was not granted by the full Bench, but only a majority of the members.

"6th.—From the above it is easy to deduce who formed the minority, and if the licensing inspector, or anyone else concerned in the matter chooses to appeal, it will not be hard to forecast the result.—I am, etc.,

"F.P.D."

This case is identical with the Dubbo cases, two of which were upset on appeal to the Quarter Sessions. This is a case in, which the local police authorities should certainly appeal.

* * *

SUNDAY CLOSING IN GREAT BRITAIN.

The cables tell us that Mr. T. Davies moved in the House of Commons for the closing of hotels on Sundays except for three hours between noon and 10 p.m. in the provinces and four hours between noon and 11 p.m. in London. In the debate that followed, Sir Gilbert Parker referred to the Prohibition Acts of Australia, and asserted "that the restrictions there had increased drunkenness." How utterly false and misleading this statement is may be measured from the facts presented by Archdeacon Boyce in his "Case for No-License." He says: "The benefit of restriction is seen by Sunday closing. The total convictions for drunkenness in N.S.W. on Sundays in 1907 were only 779. In the last year of the old Act, when the closing law was ruthlessly broken, there were 2318 or 1539 more. The difference between 1905 under the old Act and 1906 under the new is a triumphant vindication of restriction. The good-ef-

fect is especially seen in the metropolis, which now has over 700,00 inhabitants:—

1905 (old Act)	1350
1906 (new Act)	315
1907 (new Act)	273
1910 (new Act)	326

Let us look at the whole State. In 1912 the average number of convictions for drunkenness on the six days was 5369. What were the figures for Sundays? Only 762. What a big difference between bars shut and bars open!

The House of Commons by a small majority rejected Mr. Davies' Bill.

* * *

MANUFACTURERS' WEEK.

Sydney has been celebrating Manufacturers' Week. The press has devoted pages illustrating the growth of various industries. It may interest those who study the liquor question to peruse and also to use the following facts showing the relative position of the brewery hotels with other industries in this State.

During the year 1911 the various industries of the State gave employment to 108,644 persons; the brewing industry gave employment to 912. Thus less than one per cent. of the employees of the State are engaged in the manufacture of beer.

But the relative value of an industry to the community from a manufacturing standpoint should be determined by the proportion of wages returned to the workers. It is in this connection that the brewing industry fails to justify its existence.

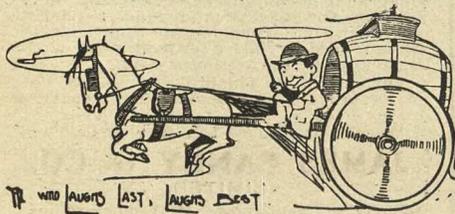
The added value in process of manufacture for all industries in 1911 reached £20,643,620. Of this amount £10,051,161 was returned to the workers in wages. The added value in process of manufacture in the brewing industry was £645,922, and the amount returned to the workers in wages was £120,340. For every £1 added value in process of manufacture, taking the whole of the industries in the State, the sum of 9/8 $\frac{1}{2}$ is returned in wages; for the brewing industry only 3/8 $\frac{1}{2}$ is returned.

Again, is it not reasonable to take into consideration the nature and utility of the commodity manufactures? Foods, clothing, machinery, etc., are essential, and contribute to the life, comfort, and convenience of the people; but manufactured intoxicants do the very opposite and leave behind hideous wreckage for the State at great expense to deal with.

Finally, as an industry, the brewery business is not only of the least value to the workers as an industry, but constitutes the greatest danger to their efficiency and progress, and might well be relegated to the industrial scrap-heap.

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A HUGE FINE.

The cables recently reported the fining of an Egyptian merchant to the tune of £1215 for importing hashish, a drug made from hemp, the use of which is forbidden in Egypt. The merchant, one Sariflis, by name, started off by making a false declaration, as his goods were supposed to be a shipment of crockery.

The staves of the cask in which the "crockery" was packed were hollowed out and filled with the forbidden drug. Cariflis, however, got his deserts, and so the story has a proper ending.

What we have to learn from it is just the extraordinary pains to which the devotees of any kind of narcotic will go to gain the sensuous pleasure they long for. The drunkard in the same manner, and to quite the same degree, is the slave of his vicious appetite, and he, too, soon loses all moral sense, and will lie, or even steal, if necessary, to obtain his gratification.

Can such an appetite be moral and healthy? Can it be normal?

We know well it is not. By their fruits shall ye judge habits as well as men, and the fruits of vicious habits are too awful to contemplate.

The sensible man, then, avoids vice as he would the plague—as he knows the end thereof is death. He is well aware the very practise of vicious habits cannot be effected without the help of all the arts of deceit, lying, and hypocrisy. These alone point clearly to the weakness of the case for vice.

WAGES AND THE COST OF LIVING.

We are all accustomed to hear almost daily the well bedraggled argument that although wages have risen a great deal prices have risen more than proportionately. Consequently, says the man in the street, why should we desire a rise in wages? The working man is no better off. Mr. Justice Higgins has settled this question, and shown that the above arguments are fallacious. Whilst prices of commodities have risen they have by no means risen so high as to sweep away the advantages gained by the wages boards.

We ("Grit") should think from practical experience that the workingman is at least 10 per cent. better off than before, which means that he has about five shillings

weekly surplus. He does not always spend this on beer, much to the disgust of the liquor people, and some men put it to good use.

If there should be anyone putting a question as to how we know there is a surplus, and that some advantage is being taken of it, we shall be pleased to produce what we consider "some proof." Look at the records of the land salesmen and auctioneers? What do we find they have to show? Just this. Workmen in ever-increasing numbers are purchasing their own homes. It means a small outlay and a regular instalment, and the workman needs to feel secure—that he will not lose what he has deposited.

Evidently he now feels so. We, in fact, are sure he does.

Again, the enormous attendance at places of amusement tends to show that money is most plentiful with the poorer classes.

One big suburban mercer in the course of conversation recently stated that it would be better to have the pay day on a Wednesday, giving the wives two clear days to do their shopping. At present, said he, the women cannot do it all on Friday night, and then the money goes on pleasure. He contended that the working classes spend a very large proportion of their income on amusements, and that they have such money to spend proves that wages are abundant. It is good to think so—for the workman needs a little surplus for amusement for a fuller life, and we hope a better education.

Life cannot be healthy, and the home a happy one when it is a daily struggle to live, nor can any man or woman be expected to develop into ideal parents capable of fostering a sturdy race.

ANOTHER NASTY CABLE FOR "FAIR-PLAY."

According to a recent cable to the "Sun" (May 14th), Admiral Sir George King-Hall has again expressed the opinion that it would lead to greater efficiency if the grog allowance were discontinued. He stated that 50 per cent. of the men in the navy would welcome the customary allowance being discontinued if they were allowed a small increase in salary. Sir George said he hoped that the admiralty would spend the £60,000 necessary for this reform, which would lead to greater efficiency.

At the same meeting Captain Webb stated that 50 per cent. of the soldiers in India were abstainers.

What do you say, "Fairplay"? Which of your old stock replies will adequately meet the case of soldiers stationed far from home with plenty of time on their hands, not finding it necessary, rather finding it inconvenient and unwholesome to absorb alcohol into their systems?

This will need some little argument on your part, will it not? Or will you admit that they have benefited by their experiences of your beloved alcohol?

PLEDGE SIGNING CRUSADE.

The month's report is held over till next issue. We acknowledge with thankfulness the following donations:—J. T. Turner, 14/-; A. Macleay, 7/4; Mr. Eipper, 10/-; Miss Spencer, 20/-.

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THE IMPERTINENCE of the LIQUOR TRAFFIC.

Address delivered at public meeting held in connection with the Australasian Temperance Conference, Adelaide, 1914, by Rev. Frank Lade, M.A.

At the risk of seeming churlish, I wish to say that it is always under protest that I drag myself to a temperance meeting of any description. I bitterly resent the occasion for a conference or crusade of this kind. If our friends "the enemy" think that we find congenial employment and frantic delight in organizing Bands of Hope and agitating for temperance teaching in State schools, in going round with local option petitions, attending committee meetings, or preaching temperance sermons, they are utterly mistaken so far as I am concerned. I never approach this duty without bristling and burning with indignation. Why should there be all this expenditure of time and energy? Why is this necessity allowed to continue? Simply that the moderate drinker may have his luxury and the brewer and the distiller their dividends. As a total abstainer, I stand entirely free from all complicity in this traffic. If there is any exhilaration or nourishment to be obtained from intoxicants I have had no share in it, and I have never participated directly in the huge profits; and yet I am expected to bear part of the economic, social, and moral burden of this pernicious, wasteful business, which never has had and never will have my vote to continue. As a Christian and a minister, I am expected to do something to restrict its operations, and mitigate its baneful consequences. I say, let the men for whose pleasure and profit this traffic exists tax themselves to keep it decent and atone to the community for its ravages. Why should we who are not served by it at all constitute ourselves into a permanent vigilant committee to resist its encroachments on all material and moral interests of the community? With all my mind and heart I protest against the trade in intoxicants as a pure impertinence.

It is because it is an utter impertinence in any intelligent community that I believe it should and can be destroyed. I contend that the reasonable national ideal should be, not control, much less license, but abolition. The place that alcohol has won for itself in our commercial and convivial life confers on it an enormous prestige and enlarges its scope for mischief, but it is not by this distinguished from other dangerous drugs, nor is it entitled to any statutory privileges. When I say the liquor traffic is an "impertinence" I do not use this word in any offensive sense, but in its most respectful and classical sense, as equivalent to "intrusion." The liquor traffic is a foreign body in the social organism. Now we know that when an alien body has been in possession a long time it comes to regard itself as the original occupier, or at any rate one

of the pillars of the household, and entitled to all the family prestige and privileges. No doubt the intrusive camel of the famous story who first put his nose in the window, and then turned the original owner out in the rain felt quite domiciled, and had that fine sense of proprietorship which comes of paying all rates and taxes and signing for all parcels. The liquor traffic is feverishly anxious to be considered one of the family of national industries. It resents being spoken of as a "cuckoo" in the national nest. It admits that in the light of its by-product, drunkenness, it is a somewhat troublesome bird, but it hastens to point out that there are other birds of the same feather, such as gambling and impurity, whose locus standi is equally assailable. It protests against being isolated, and being made the object of special attention. The champions of this trade assure us that intemperance is not a natural or inevitable product, but a merely regrettable incident of its operations. We are assured that drunkenness is only one expression of the generic evil of men's hearts, and they encourage us to hope that when we have made all men saintly they will all be sober. And they try to ridicule our attempts to make men sober by Act of Parliament by reiterating the indisputable, but irrelevant platitude, "You can't make men moral by Act of Parliament." The long and widespread prevalence of this vice in British-speaking communities has encouraged the delusion that the tendency to this excess is an original and integrant part of human nature, and that the virtue of this special sobriety bears a constant and intimate relation to general morality. We are exhorted by those whose dividends would suffer by the sudden and widespread abandonment of the alcoholic habit patiently to strengthen and level up character as a whole, and then this special symptom of general weakness will no longer appear. This advice sounds so philosophical that it is tendered ad nauseum by the apologists of this trade. One can imagine that the growers and importers of opium might dispense similar lofty counsel to those who sought by Imperial edict to free China from the nightmare of this drug. In all essentials the situations are parallel. We must not allow the wide difference in degree of the two evils to blind us to their identity in kind. Whatever their dissimilarities may be, the drink evil and the opium evil have this in common, that they are not the expression of an inherent weakness or baseness. They find their root cause not in morbid or infirm moral conditions, but in an external drug. As a practical problem, drunkenness has affinity with opium eating, and not with gambling and impurity. We must see that it is classified aright. We must insist that it is not of a feather with the other foul birds in the racial nest. It is a "cuckoo." The factors out of which the

NEW ART IN WALL DECORATIONS.

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tendencies to gambling and sexual excess arise are indigenous in human nature, and legislation is powerless absolutely to prevent irregularities and extravagances in the instincts that these evils presuppose. But the craving for alcohol is an exotic in normal human nature, and it is as unnecessary and monstrous to sanction opportunities for its indulgence as it is to humor the desire for opium.

Let me here strengthen my position by a quotation from Dr. G. A. Smith's comment on Isa. v.:—"It is the feeling of the infernal gratuitousness of most of the drink evil . . . which compels temperance reformers at the present day to isolate drunkenness and make it the object of a special crusade."

That this traffic is an impertinence and must show cause why it should be tolerated is suggested by the fact that the supply creates the demand. This is true of individuals, and of communities. Not even the most rabid of liquor advocates will say that the average young man is starving or repressing any part of his complex nature because he abstains from alcoholic drinks. And when he begins the practice which ends in habitual drunkenness he is impelled by no natural thirst; but he takes his first glass out of deference to long-established, but none the less artificial, custom.

In a vast number of instances the taking of the initial and many subsequent glasses is about as non-moral an act as a young man can perform. He has never been told that it is a sin to take a glass, though he may have been warned concerning the physiological effects of alcohol. Consequently there is no protest from conscience and prudence is silenced by the assurance that the effects of one glass are barely appreciable. Now, mark this, for it is vital to the distinction which I draw between insobriety and gambling. Unless the young man performs the purely voluntary and physical act of transferring the contents, generally distasteful, of the external glass into his stomach, he can never become a drunkard. A gambler is a gambler in mind before he becomes one in act, but with the drunkard the process is reversed. The external act precedes the appetite. The root

of gambling is psychological. This passion for gain and adventure is vitalised by subtle suggestions of sight and sound, which none of us can escape. And whether it masters us depends on our total moral state. The root of drunkenness is physical. Nothing so ethereal as sight or sound can create the inebriate's lust. Only by drinking liquors easily recognised, easily avoided, and often unpalatable, can a man know anything of this horrible torturing thirst. What a gambler is he wills to be in kind if not in degree. His volition lies behind his vice. Does he clutch the thousand pounds for which he has given no equivalent? Well, that is the kind of thing he schemed to do. But we might almost say that the drunkard is such by a pure misadventure. Certainly his intentions to begin with are morally neutral. Why should he not drink the liquor that custom has consecrated, and Government has licensed? That it intoxicates and induces a craving for itself are not the features that drew him to it; and the lengths and depths to which a drunkard drifts and sinks are the more pitiable because not even the beginning of the process in its moral aspect was willed by him.

That the above distinction between gambling and intemperance is recognised is shown by the fact that we guard our young people against gambling by ethical teaching. We guard them against drunkenness by teaching them the physiological effects of alcohol. That the supply creates the demand holds good of the community. Who would dare to say that the people of Brighton by the sea or the hardy settlers of Dingo Flat were leading a languid, attenuated existence, needing, without knowing it, the advent of a liquor bar to usher them into a fuller life? It is left for some enterprising, disinterested, patriotic traveller for a brewing or distilling firm to discover "the aching void," which only "Johnny Walker" or "XXX" can fill. You must add some-

thing to individual and communal human nature before you can obtain the peculiar product of drunkenness.

The purely parasitic, excrescent, and impertinent character of the liquor traffic is illustrated in what I have already said in another connection. There is no constant and intimate correspondence between general moral tone and drinking habits. Hence the liquor advocate who says you can't make a community sober till you have made it saintly, and the fervent teetotaler who thinks that effective prohibition spells a moral revolution, are both wrong. If the trade in intoxicants were suppressed tomorrow, human nature, as contemplated by the Ten Commandments, would still be on our hands. That is just the particularly exasperating, as well as hopeful, feature of our campaign against insobriety.

We are asked to tax the spiritual and educational resources of Church and school, in order to do that which can be done more effectually by one heroic sweep of the legislative broom. It is the crowning impudence of this liquor business that it asks us to use the weapon of moral suasion, and give lessons on the physiological effects of alcohol. What bearing will a few lessons on the nature and effects of a drug have upon general morals? Why should my boy need to be burdened with this purely technical teaching? Suppose I start an opium saloon, and calmly advise the agitated parents to protect their offspring by giving them lessons on the physiological effects of this drug? It is better for us to shoot the mad dog rather than to spend so much time regulating the length of his chain and teaching our children how to dodge him when he springs.

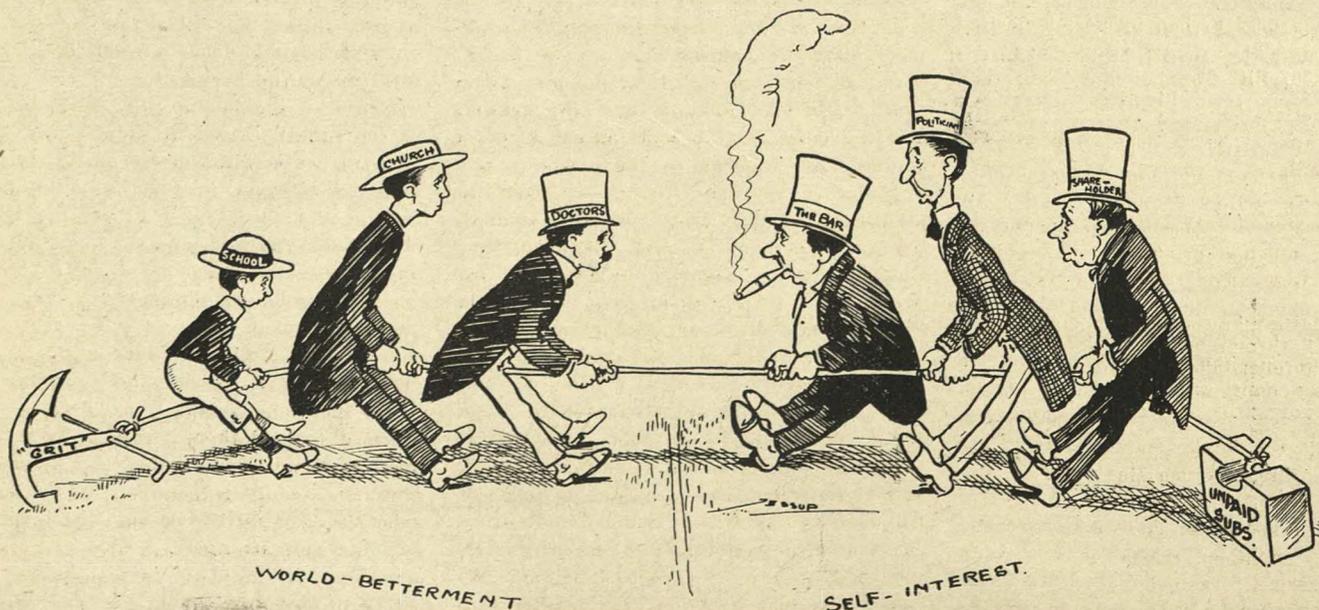
In this connection study the comparative morality and comparative sobriety of the Anglo-Saxons, the Italians, and Arabs. If the vice of drunkenness had its roots in general moral instability, how would you ac-

count for its prevalence amongst the Anglo-Saxons, its rarity amongst the Italians, and its absence from the Arabs? Is it not clear to everyone who believes in the demonstrated superiority of the Anglo-Saxon that intemperance is not an organic but an incidental vice? Appalling though the ravages of drunkenness are amongst those who speak the tongue that Shakespeare spoke, we are not justified in inferring that there is something rotten in the British moral constitution. Diagnose this trouble aright, and you will see that it is not so much a case for the Church or the moralist as for the sane and fearless legislator. This infamous trade finds the reason for its existence in the reckless greed of the unscrupulous few and the criminal sufferance of the many, and it flourishes on the diseased appetites of the pitiable victims it has ensalved.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL AND RELIGIOUS BOOK DEPOT.

CHAS. C. MIHELL,

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A Personal Chat with my readers

GREAT MEN WHO ARE NOT GOOD. From time to time in the teaching of children, we come face to face with the fact that men who loom large in history as great men such as Nelson, Napoleon, Benjamin Franklin and many others, have been marred by moral failure, and may by some be declared to have failed to qualify as good. Are we to divorce a man's achievements from his personal life? The politician is very sensitive on this question, and says emphatically, yes. The moralist on the other hand says, emphatically no. We find very many willing to condemn those whose goodness comes short of their greatness, and yet the same people would bitterly resent the same standard of judgment if applied to themselves. The fact is they are not inconsistent in doing so, the reason being that in their case they know all the extenuating circumstances in the other case they know none of them.

We have a right to measure men's achievements and to measure their influence, in other words their place in history, but it is not for us to judge their personal character. We know too little of the temptations to which they have been subjected, the struggles they may have made against those temptations, the influence of the time and the associations among which their lives have been cast. Judgment of their character must be left to Him Who alone knows these secrets of life. Second, no man is wholly good and no man is wholly evil. We all act from mixed motives. We all possess mixed characters. A man may have the virtue of courage and not of honesty; or the virtue of honesty and not of personal purity. He may have the virtue of kindness and not of control of his appetites; or the virtue of control of his appetites and not the virtue of kindness. And we may approve the one side of his character and the service which that enables him to render to mankind, while we disapprove the other side of his character and the injury which because of it he inflicts upon himself and upon others.

THE BIRDS AND THE MONKS.

Last Autumn, during one of the terrific storms that frequent the Alps, an immense number of migratory birds were caught in the violent winds, and thousands of the aerial travellers would have perished had it not been for the Monks of Saint Bernard. The monks, seeing the flight of the birds and their predicament, lighted up their hospice and threw open all the doors and windows. The at-

tention of the birds was attracted and they flew in the open windows and doors by the thousands, spent the night, and in the morning resumed their flight. It is a beautiful act to read about, and sounds more like the days of old than of this matter-of-fact twentieth century.

Can you imagine some lady saying "how sweet of them," "how too awfully good of them," "dear me, I must tell my children of this pleasing incident," and yet with each nod of her head, will wave the plumes of some sweet bird sacrificed with every cruelty to satisfy her vanity. It reminds me of the woman who attacked a carter for his cruelty to his horse, complaining that he was little of a man to urge a horse that was half dead. He coolly retorted, "He is not half as dead as the bird in your hat." The birds are our friends, everywhere adding to the pleasure of life by their song, beauty and the service they render in destroying insects, and we may well reciprocate their friendship and afford them every protection.

PARENT OR TEACHER.

Canon Forster has lately made a remark which was hastily misconstrued. He wished it were possible to do away with Sunday Schools. He fully recognised the good work they did, but he also realized that Every Sunday School was a monument to the neglect and incompetency of the parent. Speaking on a kindred subject, "The Woman's Home Journal" says:—"Let us get one fact clearly in our minds, for if we don't there is a grave danger that we will get a very serious and delicate question badly muddled up. And here is the fact: Because we parents in the home have for years failed to be frank with our children in telling them the truth about the origin of life, and have made a grievous mistake in maintaining a policy of silence that we now see has been wrong, is no reason for unloading the burden of enlightening our sons and daughters on this vitally important subject upon school teachers and instructors who were never intended to discharge that duty."

The school is intended to supplement the home, not to supplant it. There is a parental duty, and there is a teacher's part in training of our young, and woe to our children if we confuse the two and try to shift what is properly the parent's part upon the shoulders of strangers.

The Editor

DERELICTS.

The first of two addresses delivered before the members of the Students' Christian Union of the Sydney University.

BY THE PARSON.

All seafaring men will agree as to the danger of a derelict on the high seas, but it is not possible yet to get any large number of people to agree that human derelicts are either interesting, dangerous, or possible of reclamation. It is unfortunately true that few think the derelict worthy of close study. He is referred to as "an impossible person," "a drifter," "a waster," and such terms are quite inadequate. I would like to give three reasons why we should take the trouble to study and endeavor to reclaim the human derelict.

A LOSS TO THE STATE.

The number of unusually endowed people has always been small, and their value has consequently always been great. When a person with claims to be a genius becomes a derelict the loss is hard to over-estimate. What a loss if Shakespeare or Milton had early gone under to the forces that create derelicts, and it is not difficult to prove that men with gifts that fitted them to be the pride of a nation have gone down to the gutter. It is impossible to over-estimate the loss the world has sustained through the lapses that in their repetition have created derelicts of many. Dr. Chapple, M.P. of England and formerly of New Zealand, wrote an interesting book called "The Fertility of the Unfit" some few years ago, and it gives many illustrations of the offspring of the unfit becoming a continuous loss to the State. Children begotten with evil tendencies and neglected in childhood provide the material out of which the very worst humans are easily made. Derelicts are largely so because of a lack of self-control, and this missing factor of manhood, combined with a lack of prudence, accounts for the fact that while the derelict is least fitted for parenthood he most frequently becomes a parent. No State can long survive the loss of his gifts and the disability of his progeny.

THE ECONOMIC BURDEN.

In N.S.W. we have four great institutions—Rookwood, Liverpool, Parramatta, and Newington—which give shelter to over 3000 derelicts. Add to these the number to whom the old-age pension gives a measure of freedom from institutional treatment and those who are a burden on private philanthropy, and you have many thousands in this small State who for years and years will be a financial burden. While we grumble at the new duty stamps and grow indignant at the extra halfpenny on the second section of the trams, it would be well to turn our attention towards the cost of the derelict since it far overshadows many of the small financial burdens we now resent.

THEIR PERSONAL LOSS.

In this altruistic age, and with the ideal of the Master ever before us that it is the sick who need the physician, we may well be expected to take an interest in the derelict

on the ground of his personal loss here and his irreparable loss hereafter. If the derelict misses all we enjoy most, if he is without friends, without home, and without hope, we might well look upon him as Christ did with a pity that becomes a pain. While there has never been a time when at least some of Christ's followers were not acting on the principle of the best for the neediest, it cannot be said with any truth that the Church as a whole has ever made a study of or shown any special consideration for the derelict. Here, it seems to me, are the three arguments that prove that the study and reclamation of the derelict is of first importance.

IN SPIE OF INTELLECT.

It has been said by a cynic that a man may be an M.A. and not an ass. I am prepared to believe that, but then I am not an M.A. Perhaps the most brilliant man I have ever met was a lawyer, an M.A. of Oxford, a double first-class honorman, and the most incorrigible derelict who for 20 years has lived on the State and private charity. He was a great reader when in jail, delighting himself with such works as "The History of Medieval France," "Paradise Lost," "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," and kindred books that most people nowadays are content to own but have no time to read. He saturated himself in such literature, showing a fastidious taste, a power of penetration, and a retentive memory. Surely here was a fine Attorney-General lost to the State! We all know the poems of a writer in this State that have achieved world-wide fame, and yet he is at 40 years of age lost to all that is good and useful—a hopeless derelict. One could multiply instances, but each reader can so easily supply a few that it is unnecessary to say more.

IN SPIE OF MORAL ADVANTAGES.

It is not so long ago that an Archdeacon of the Anglican Church outside of Australia was an inmate of Rookwood Asylum for old men. There were subtle influences at work over a long period that finally triumphed over all his moral principles, defeated all his high hopes, and left him a piteous derelict. There is no Church that cannot supply a few such specimens, and they have to be studied since they have become derelicts in spite of what might be considered the most favorable circumstances. The following letter was written to me some years ago from jail by a man who had been ordained to the ministry and yet was doing his second term in prison, and who was not free two months before he again was sentenced to a term of five years, and finally became a permanent charge on the State as habitual criminal. He wrote: "I at length redeem my promise of writing

to let you know how I am getting on. I have, in the first place, my accustomed good health and some occupation at my adopted trade of carpenter, but I suffer from ennui and sigh for the freedom for which I must yet wait some 15 months. I have not forgotten that your examination was to take place in this month of May. I trust that if it has taken place you have been successful, and that if it is yet to come you may realise your most sanguine expectations. For you 'the world is all before you where to choose your place of rest'; for you the future with all its illimitable opportunities of being and doing good remain a land yet to be discovered. I am glad to know that you have placed your foot upon the first rung of that ladder of Truth and Revelation, the foot of which is on the earth but whose topmost height is lost amid the imperishable glories of the land whose 'sun shall no more go down.' I trust that when the time of your ordination shall arrive you will, like the Puritan whom the almost-inspired pen of Macaulay has so powerfully portrayed, become a 'priest by the imposition of a mightier hand.' I should like you to remember in all your future work that you must never cease to be an earnest student. The pulpit to be respected must be abreast the current literature of the times in which it seeks to exert its influence. The men who have climbed to the highest places, and have most sensibly impressed their character and teaching upon the age in which they lived did not spring like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, fully armed, the heirs of the accumulated wisdom of the ages, but it was by close study and unflinching consecration to the life's work of their choice that stores came to the retentive memory and material to the creative mind.

I trust with you all will be well, and that you may long be spared to do honor to the sacred functions you are destined to assume. I must now close, wishing you in this world knowledge of the Truth, and in the world to come Life Everlasting."

Surely such a man is worth studying, worth reclaiming; and surely we believe his reclamation possible, even if we are not yet sure how this might have been accomplished.

OTHER KINDS.

Space does not permit of my doing more than reminding you that men who have attained to the highest physical fitness and won honors as world champions have contributed to the ranks of the derelicts. Sydney can at present provide some very noted instances. It is also true that the highest positions and the greatest social advantages have not been sufficient to prevent the drift to the gutter. Only a few weeks ago a one-time Postmaster-General of this State died in one of our Old Men's Homes. I hold in my hand an I.O.U. signed by the son of a famous Duke, whose two brothers are both admirals, and who has reached a point when lying, thieving, petty meanness, immorality, and intemperance are the whole of his daily bill of fare. Here again, my hearers can

readily supply instances that illustrate the point I am making.

THE CONTRIBUTING CAUSES.

We have to recognise that at least four great causes are combining to produce derelicts, and that it is highly probable that at least three of them are to be found in varying proportion in every derelict. Heredity transmits tendencies, the lack of home influence, exposes the susceptible person and alcohol gives the first push and the last crashing blow in most instances, and the absence of religious experience leaves the human boat without a rudder; the result is a derelict. Anyone who declares a sole remedy is and must be wrong; that which is the result of a combination of forces can only be cured by a combination of forces, and it is on the Christian to so study that an adequate prescription for the cure of derelicts may be given to the world.

A FRIEND OF THE CROOKS

(Continued from Page 3.)

"dreadful man," in which the distraught wife of a criminal might confide. Anyway, after another hour of mingling intervals of silence, of argument, of protestation, she appeared to break, and exclaimed impulsively:

"Mr. Older, I am going to trust you. The lawyers have robbed me; everybody is trying to get my money. I am going to trust you. To-morrow Joe will tell you everything."

THE END OF THE HUNTER.

And Joe did, even to turning up the telegram which he had received from Flannery after the election of McCarthy, a communication so deliciously naive that I am going to quote it in full:

San Francisco, Nov. 3, 1909.

Colonel Joe Abbott, Seattle, Wash.

Accept my sincere thanks for wire. Victory is grandest of the age. The people are free once again. Regards to Hazell, Anderson (other sharps), and all our friends. Joe, my promise is right.—Harry P. Flannery.

Joe further averred that Flannery had told him to operate in Marin County till he could get things "right" in San Francisco. This would seem to make Flannery accessory before the fact to the crime of which Joe was then accused. On his story the Grand Jury of Marin County indicted Flannery, and Abbott was thereupon admitted to bail, with Older as surety, using the power of attorney of his employer, R. A. Crothers, in order to qualify.

So far so good! But Older had another worry. Abbott might weaken in his resolution or be "reached" by threats or bribes before the day of Flannery's trial. And now we get a real glimpse of the lengths to which this editorial vengeance would go to accomplish his purpose.

Late in the day of Abbott's release on bail, a party of five persons, arriving in a motor car coated with the dust of many miles, registered under assumed names at a small resort hotel folded deep in a crack in the mountains far from any beaten track. Four of these persons were Joe Abbott, his wife,

her sister, and her sister's husband; the fifth was Fremont Older. For weeks upon end the editor did not visit his office, but spent the time in daily, hourly intimacy with the bunko man and his companions, with the sole object of holding Abbott of fixed mind till he could testify against Flannery. As human beings, as individuals, Older had not the slightest interest in these people. They were pawns upon his board. His every attention was a part of that ulterior purpose which all but unmasked itself when he went so far as to read them "The Ballad of Reading Gaol."

But his attitude changed. Shut away from all other society, talking, walking, reading with these folks, he began to be interested in them upon their own account. To his surprise they appeared no different clay from other folk. As a matter of fact, of course, only one of them was a criminal, but the others were his intimate relations, and to Older's mind, and no doubt to their own, they cohered as one closely identified social group. They seemed, if anything different, more sensitive, more sympathetic, more appreciative, even more trustful, once their confidence was gained, than the common run.

(To be continued.)

New Zealand Notes.

I have just returned from a tour around the Canterbury province, and one is compelled to notice the magnificent roads to be found everywhere. On a motor bike I travelled some few hundred miles all over flat plains, and on splendidly metalled roads. Canterbury is, in those respects, a motorist's paradise. It is estimated that among its 80,000 population, there are 40,000 bicycles in Christchurch, or one bike to every two persons. There are over 1500 registered motor bikes in the city, which, I think, should constitute a world's record.

The Mayoral elections are on just now right through the Dominion, and considerably more interest is taken in New Zealand in municipal matters than in Australia. The reason is not far to seek. The municipal elections are conducted on the widest possible franchise, and the Mayor is also elected by the people. In Christchurch, the Mayoral contest is being fought between two strong prohibitionists. Mr. H. Holland, the retiring mayor, is a lay preacher, and a stalwart of our cause, while Mr. Spiers, the Social Democratic candidate, is one of the ablest, consistent and most popular of our speakers.

When the contest was being engineered it was announced that Mr. Holland was not likely to stand for re-election, but it was pointed out that the other prospective candidate in his stead would not get the prohibition vote. This it was thought would necessitate an alteration in the selection. It speaks volumes for the strength of prohibition sentiment here when even municipal elections are so influenced thereby.

The local liquor people have just pub-



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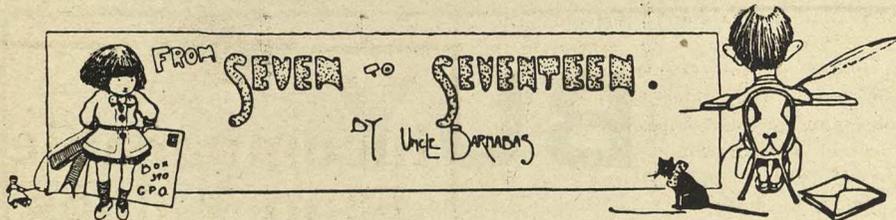
lished the first issue of their campaign paper. The outstanding authorities quoted by it in favor of their trade include the Rev. Carr-Smith, erstwhile of St. James, Sydney; the ex-Bishop of Lismore; Bishop Stretch, of Newcastle; and ex-Treasurer Waddell, of Mr. Wade's Ministry. So New South Wales is to play no small part in this great prohibition fight over here, if it is no less than providing ammunition for the liquor folk. Evidently the liquor party are going to guarantee that Mr. Waddell and Bishop Stretch shall be well and widely known in N.Z. this year. Perhaps these gentlemen will not appreciate the notoriety afforded them.

This same "sheet" gave us the following splendid tribute to the effectiveness of our prohibition law. In describing the conditions resultant on the carrying of prohibition it said:—"In the event, therefore, of the decision of the electors being in favor of National Prohibition, those residents of the Dominion who have been accustomed to use alcoholic liquors will apparently, unless their custom is to be abandoned, need to provide themselves with such a stock of the beverage they favor, as will suffice for their requirements for the rest of their lives."

Read the above statement from the liquor paper twice, and then ask yourself if it squares with what the same liquor party told the people of N.S.W. at the last election, when they talked of "drink in every home," "more beer under no-license than license," etc., etc. Consistency is an unknown quantity in liquorism controversy.

ARTHUR TOOMBES.

May 5th.



"MY GREATEST BLUNDER."

In the Crerar Library, Chicago, is a book in which five hundred men, out of work, have written of "the greatest blunder of my life." Here are some extracts:

1. "Didn't save what I earned."
2. "Did not as a boy realise the value of an education."
3. "If I had taken better care of my money I would be better in health and morals."
4. "Did not realise the importance of sticking to one kind of employment."
5. "The greatest blunder of my life was when I took my first drink."
6. "One of the greatest blunders of my life was not to perfect myself in one of the lines of business I started out to learn."
7. "My greatest blunder was when I left school in the fifth grade."

Are you making any of these blunders? Why do you think men are out of employment? Will you tell me what you think?

UNCLE B.

BEAUTY SPOT COMPETITION.

I have only seven pictures in so far. Two of them are colored, and I cannot reproduce them. One is a photo of a beautiful ni. I have no doubt she is the beauty spot of the neighborhood, and the young fellows gather round her as do moths round a candle, but then it is not a beauty competition, but a beauty spot competition. Please hurry up. When I get 12 I will begin to produce them in 'Grit.'—Uncle B.

OLD AND ABSENT-MINDED.

Grace Hawkins, "Pine Leigh," Corowa, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am getting very old and I am quite absent-minded of late, and therefore I have not been able to remember who I should have written to. You'll notice by the address that I am away on another holiday, and it seems very evident that I can't get time to write unless I am away. I left home last Monday and arrived at my destination at about 11 a.m. on Wednesday. I was very tired after travelling, but I am enjoying myself immensely at present. I went for a short ride this afternoon, but I can't ride very well at any time, so you should have seen me. As I am not at home you'll forgive me for not telling you the meaning of that big word, but I'll write as soon as I get back home and tell you. Of late I have not had time to write to anyone, and also haven't even seen the letters in "Grit," which I very much miss. Well, Uncle, I think I shall have to finish, with love to all from your fond Ni.

P.S.—I hope you'll forgive me for not writing sooner.

(Dear Grace,—Absent-mindedness is not

always a result of old age, it is more often a result of heart trouble! Are you going in for the beauty spot competition? If so, don't send a colored postcard, as they can't be reproduced. I wonder how long you are to be away from home this time.—Uncle B.)

A NEW NI'.

Essie Stanmore, Auburn, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Will you have me as one of your nieces? I am eight, and my birthday is on August 9. I came up to Liverpool this morning with Linda and mother. It's been raining ever since we came up. We had to take the cab from the station, and we will have to drive back to-night. I thought we would have been able to play about outside on the grass, but we can't go off the verandah. I wanted to see the garden and the birds, too, but I will come up again, and then I will be able to see them. I can see the aviary from the verandah, but I cannot see what kind of birds are in it. Just at dinner time I saw a lot of the soldiers going past here. They had been out all night camping, and were just coming home. Hoping you will have me for your niece.—I am, yours sincerely.

(Dear Essie,—I am very pleased to have you as a Ni', and hope you will often write to me. I wonder which you like best, Auburn or Liverpool? What games do you like best?—Uncle B.)

A GOOD START.

Ivy Anderson, Campbell-street, Wollongong, writes:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—I am writing to ask you would you have me for one of your nieces. I am 14 years old, and have a brother who is 11. His name is George, and, by the way, I think he wrote to you once, but that was all. I will have to be stirring him up, because I am sure he is on the scallywag list by now. Anyhow, I need not talk, because I very seldom write letters myself. I have been going to write you ever so long ago, but it has never come off until now. We live just near the sea, and we are always in bathing. We can all swim except my little sister Hilda, but she is being taught by the School Swimming Club. A little while ago we had some very heavy rains, which did much damage to the neighborhood. Our Sunday-school anniversary was on Sunday, and it was a great success. I have a little dog, and his name is "Rover." He can laugh, and sit up, and "beg," and once he caught a rabbit. We are having some nice weather now and I do hope it does not rain for Easter. Dear Uncle, I do not know how you can live in the city. I like the country the best. The air seems much more fresher than in the city. It's true what the

children down here sing, "A country life is a happy life, a country life for me." I suppose you think that, too, when you are working in your office on a hot day. This is all the news from Wollongong this time. With love from your would-be Ni'.

P.S.—Find postcard for competition enclosed.

(Dear Ivy,—I am so glad you have made a start, and it was a good start to send a card for the beauty spot competition. You give George a poke with a hatpin from me, and see if that will wake him up. Yes, I often envy you all in the country, and wish you could send me some of your fresh air in an envelope. It is fine that all of you can swim. Please write again soon.—Uncle B.)

POOR BOY.

Joyce Eipper, Warrah, Willow Tree, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I have not written for a long time. One of the boys about here broke his arm last week. He had another boy on behind him, and the other boy jumped off and pulled the saddle as he jumped, and the other tumbled on top and hit his arm and broke it. We have a kangaroo, and sometimes we let it in the garden and she comes through the house, and sometimes, if there is a bag on the fence, she gets it in her paws and takes her legs off the ground, and stands on her tail and tries to pull the bag off the fence. Love to all my cousins and yourself.

(Dear Joyce,—We are all very sorry for the poor boy who broke his arm, but if he is careful it will soon be alright again, and just as strong as ever it was. I expect the weather is very lovely just now at Warrah. Even in the city it is fresh and lovely.—Uncle B.)

HELD AT BAY BY A MOUSE.

Avalon, April 20.

Dear Uncle B.,—I'm trying to be good this time by writing soon! I'm decidedly glad no one with a camera came near while I was paddling. I'd have had to drop my skirts, and that would have made them wet! Next time someone asks me to say something funny I hope I'll be able to say something. It's far more useful sometimes to be funny than sweat. On regatta trips anyhow!

There was a nice old lady here a few weeks ago who was telling us of a lady who spent the night with them a few days before. She said, "She was going to —, but Mr. — "existed" on her stopping with us!" Another one was speaking of a young man who recently died. "I was 'abstant' at the time, but they say he died of inward 'harmitage'!"

Those are really true, uncle. Fancy trying to keep a straight face!

We had an uncle and aunt from Summer Hill staying here last week. It was so nice to have them. While they were here I had such a fright. I was lying in bed one morning, when I saw a mouse run along the opposite side of the room. When I was sweeping the room afterwards I went to sweep in

the corner I had seen the mouse run into. Stooping to pick up a coat that had fallen down when I saw looking up at me, between the folds of the coat, what I thought was the mouse. I gingerly climbed up on the bed and sitting on the footrail, my feet up under me, as well as I could manage I carefully put the handle of the broom down and lifted the coat. Imagine my feelings when, instead of a mouse, out dropped a piece of fluff! I got down off my perch rather sheepishly, and looked round to see if anyone was watching. Somehow I didn't want anyone to see me. Fancy a piece of fluff keeping me in a corner for 15 minutes! It seems to me I've written an awful lot of nonsense, and it's time to stop. I'm tired, too; not lazy, Mr. Clever, but tired. I've been actually working. With kind regards.—Bonny Edwards.

N.B.—I don't altogether fancy your recipe. Sleeping outdoors and drinking water before breakfast! I always, summer and winter, sleep with doors and windows shut. Perhaps on extra hot nights I put the window up about a foot. I couldn't sleep with it right up. I'm nervous, you see—before breakfast. I do sometimes, but am scared o' nothin'. I simply can't drink water always sorry afterwards. What do you think of that?—B.

(Dear Bonny,—Your letter is most interesting. We all thank you for it. Oh, that mouse episode is too funny. I would give £10 for a photo of you under the circumstances. Your expression before and after would be great. Did I ever tell you of the night I woke up feeling sure a snake was on the foot of my bed curled up, and I went through agony for what seemed like hours, and then finally got out of bed and struck a match and grabbed a chair to smite him his death blow, and it was only the cat asleep there. Sorry my prescription does not suit you. It is worth taking, however, as are most unpleasant things.—Uncle B.)

* * *

Doreen, Benamin, Armidale, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I saw my letter in the "Grit" not long ago, and hope, uncle, that this one will also be printed. I hope you will not think I am selfish. The winter is setting in at Armidale. Why it is quite cold now. We have to bring the 'opussum rugs out already. There are eight of us uncle, as I told you before. We all sleep out on the verandah, and every one that comes up calls it a hospital ward—eight beds, uncle, all in a line. I have a beautiful cold. I see that a little girl from Armidale writes to "Grit"—Lola Summerset, I mean. We had a week at Easter, and we go back on Monday.

Our garden is at present full of seeds. Our Sunday school picnic was on Easter ccess. I hope you will excuse such awful Wednesday, and it turned out a great success. I remain your loving ni.

P.S.—I should be very pleased if any of my cousins would write to me.

(Dear Doreen,—Has Armidale no beauty spot? Surely you can win the prize, so hurry up and send us a picture of Armidale under its mantle of snow. You are all very

wise to sleep out. Lots of my friends who sleep in the Domain tell me they sleep out, and I laugh at them because I do also, but there is a lot of difference between a blanket of newspaper such as they have and the lovely rug I smuggle under.—Uncle B.)

THE VERDICT OF EXPERTS

(Continued from Page 2.)

chief. Pipe inhalation, always sporadic, is always unsatisfactory to the drunkard. The burning of even the finest rice-paper invariably liberates carbon monoxide, and in course of time the blood of the inhaler is inevitably charged to some extent with CO.

It is with a hesitating pen that I write. Yet my notes are so exact and complete that only clear scientific proof would persuade me that I am the victim of thirty-five coincidences, and am talking nonsense. In this short excursion, nothing more than suggestion is possible. But if any reader requires more fully detailed instances, I am at his service. My sole hope is to initiate a *d'appui*.—"British Journal of Inebriety," April, 1914.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO "GRIT."

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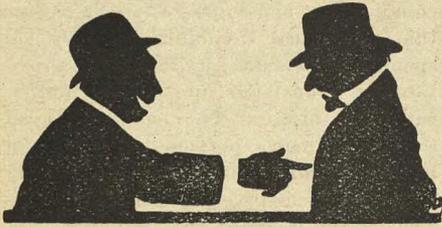
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WHERE IT WAS DIFFERENT.

"Oh, dear friends," said the minister solemnly, "it is deeds, not words, that count most."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the cynical listener; "did you ever send a cablegram?"

* * *

A PLEASANT CHANGE.

"John," she said, as he settled down for his after-dinner smoke, "I've got a lot of things I want to talk to you about—"

"Good," said her husband affably, "I'm glad to hear it. Usually you want to talk to me about a lot of things you haven't got."

* * *

NOT MUCH BETWEEN THEM.

"Do I understand," said the irate parent, "that there is some idiotic affair between you and that impecunious young Dedbroke?"

"Not very much, Papa," replied his daughter, sweetly, "only you."

* * *

KEEPING IT QUIET.

"Did you tell the Lord about it and ask His forgiveness?" inquired the mother, as she opened the closet door at last.

"No," responded the child. "I was so bad I didn't think you wanted it known outside the family."

* * *

GOOD FOR THE MEDICINE MEN.

Admiral Dewey, on being complimented on his superb health, smiled and said: "I attribute my good condition to plenty of exercise and no banquets. One-third of what we eat, you know, enables us to live."

"In that case," said his friend jestingly, "what becomes of the other two-thirds?"

"Oh," said the Admiral, "that enables the doctor to live."

* * *

FULLY PREPARED.

"Now," said the professor in the medical college, "if a person in good health, but who imagined himself sick, should send for you, what would you do?"

"I," said a student, "would give him something to make him sick, and then administer an antidote."

"Don't waste any more time here, young man," said the teacher, "but begin practice at once."

NO GENTLEMAN.

"Who was that gentleman who came in just now, Mary?"

"That wasn't no gentleman, Mum. It was only the master come back for his umbrella."

* * *

NOT FOR HIM.

"What kind of meat have you this morning?" asked the husband of the butcher. "The best steak we have ever had, sir," replied the butcher. "Here you are, sir: as smooth as velvet and as tender as a woman's heart."

The husband looked up and said: "I'll take sausage."

* * *

AN IDYL.

He is my ideal and I'm his idol," said the girl.

"And your love affair?"

"Is an idyl."

"And your fiancée?"

"He's idle, according to Papa."

* * *

A FAITHFUL SERVITOR.

The teacher wanted some plums in order to give an object lesson during school hours, and, calling one of the small boys, she gave him ten cents and dispatched him to the fruit stand down on the corner.

"Before you buy the plums, Willie," she cautioned, "you had better pinch one or two to make sure they are ripe."

Little Willie flitted away. Soon he came back and smilingly put the bag on the teacher's desk.

"Oh, thank you, Willie," said the teacher, taking up the bag. "Did you pinch one or two as I told you to do?"

"Did I?" was the gleeful response. "I pinched the whole bagful, and here's your ten cents."

* * *

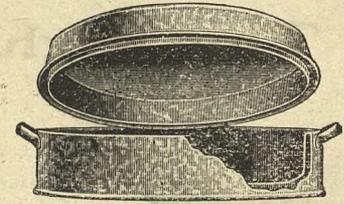
HE WAS OLDER THEN.

"Why, look here," said the merchant who was in need of a boy, "aren't you the same boy who was in here a week ago?"

"Yes, sir," said the applicant.

"I thought so. And didn't I tell you then that I wanted an older boy?"

"Yes, sir. That's why I'm back. I'm older now."



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The Right to Get Drunk.

BY A GREAT LABOR LEADER.

Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, the noted English Labor Leader, speaking at the National Commercial Temperance League in March last, remarked that he was a total abstainer, while the party to which he belonged was, he thought, mainly interested in total abstinence, and was perfectly well aware that one of the conditions of human progress was sobriety.

Proceeding, he said he was very proud to be a member of the House of Commons. He considered membership of the House of Commons was one of the highest callings a man could put in front of him. He had got a great many troubles, as they knew. One was not allowed to forget them, and sometimes, in order that one might not forget them, a good many were manufactured for one's consumption. But he was perfectly willing to confess of this trouble: any man who stood up at the head of a Labor movement must times without number regret the lack of intelligence and seriousness of purpose of the great mass of the people of the land. (Hear, hear.) The party to which he belonged were assumed sometimes to be at the head of the rag-tag and bob-tail. His experience was that that class was of no use to them—they belonged to the other sections. If they took the towns where they were strongest, they were not the towns where slums were; if they took the districts of the towns where their most prominent and firmest grip was they were not the slum districts: the men and women who were with them were the skilled artisan, the women who had happy homes, the women who were capable women, who were good wives, good mothers, who were happy with their husbands, and blessed with their children—those were the men and the women who were the backbone of any and every Labor and Democratic movement.

THE EVILS OF DRINK.

They knew what the material and the personal effect of drink was. It multiplied crime, it sapped their self-respect, and they were going to do nothing if they forfeited their self-respect. It destroyed their constitution, it made them think either little or nothing about themselves, and the men and women who thought nothing about themselves were of no use either to themselves or to the community, or to the purpose of God on this earth.

A great many people were under the impression that they established a nation's status by statistics about its exports and imports, and its great finance and its volume of trade. There was no man more capable of seeing the hollowness of those statistics than the man who was in business. He knew perfectly well that apart from those statistics there was the skill, the endurance, the health, the character, the human capacity of the people of the country, and that they could pile up their wealth and their statistics, and yet if their human material tabulated, un-

discovered and unexplored, was being sapped away by any vice by the over exercise of any appetite, then the wealth of the nation was not going to save the nation, and was, as a matter of fact, going to be a burden which was going to crush down the nation in every way.

A NATION'S WEALTH.

The wealth and security of a nation was in quality as well as quantity, it was spiritual as well as material, it was moral as well as financial. It depended upon the kind of people as well as the quantity of people, not the amount of wealth those people possessed. That brought them right to the bottom of everything—what kind of people were they going to have. Were they a people who at any moment of adversity were going to double up like so much burnt and scorched straw, or were they a kind of people who would be stronger in adversity, who would face their troubles like men, and go through them like men, and come out at the other side victorious, triumphant, and strengthened by the strife.

THE RIGHT TO GET DRUNK.

Continuing, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald said the right to get drunk was of so little value, and would be estimated at such an insignificant value by any right thinking man, that any system of legislation which took it away would be welcomed rather than opposed by the working man. It would improve the qualities, capacity, and character of their people, and in that way would improve the trade and commerce of the nation.

DRINK NOT NECESSARY TO INDUSTRY OR WAGES.

His second proposition was regarding the argument that was very commonly used that if working men were to stop consuming drink they would somehow or other paralyse the industry of the nation. They very often heard if they did not spend their sixpence or shilling or two shillings per week in drink the wages would go down under the crushing pressure of the iron law of wages and circumstances, and the two shillings theoretically spent in drink would simply disappear altogether. That was all nonsense. It was, he feared, based on the fundamental fallacy that the mind of man was like a small two-acre field circumscribed by deep ditches and impassable hedges, and so small that if they took off a corner they did not get elbow-room left. That was an altogether wrong illustration. The mind of man was a huge territory that stretched from horizon to horizon, and every kind of consumption that narrowed down that territory, that made a man less of an idealistic and visionary man; every kind of consumption and expenditure of income which compelled a man to live in that sordid, low, circumscribed life; every kind of consumption like this, if it limited a man's individuality and narrowed the field of his mind, and consequently narrowed his ca-

capacity, was the sort of consumption that must cease. A man that consumed drink had not the spirit to create an appetite to consume anything above it. Six glasses of beer equalled say, one shilling—in mental capacity that was equal to nothing. But a shilling spent on a volume of the Home University Library, translated into mental terms was equal to infinity. The hedges and ditches limiting a man's horizon to a field far too narrow could be removed by teaching the man to consume well and to spend properly. They would increase his consuming capacity, and would improve from the material side the volume of trade and the amount of their consumption. From these two points of view they had everything in their favor to advocate total abstinence and in raising the people as consumers in the country.

WANTED: A SOBER PEOPLE WITH A VISION.

They knew perfectly well that the people without a vision perished, and they knew equally well that the people who were not a sober people were not a people with a vision. They were on the threshold of a very great change. Every day they could see it. Their people for good or for ill—and sometimes it had been for ill—were going to take upon themselves responsibilities which they had never had before. The governed were going to be the Government, the servant was going to step on to the stage of the master, the irresponsible and the led were going to become the responsible and consulted when the leading was to be done.

What could be done to safeguard the situation? This assuredly: let them leave no stone unturned to make the people who were moving up from the stages of subordination to the stages of leadership sober people, a people who were not sordid in their minds or their appetites, a people saved from the appetite for drink, and a people with that broad field of mind he had indicated, which had no beginning and no end, except that which was Divine in character. It was because he regarded the change as inevitable that he felt it so important, with all their differences of opinion in other walks, that they should unite in the magnificent crusade for the advance of the common weal. (Loud applause.)

SMALL POLICE FORCE SUFFICIENT IN PROHIBITION TOWNS.

"There is too much economic waste in the present system of policing," said Rev. Charles M. Sheldon recently in an address. "The moment we cut out the saloons in Kansas City, Kas., a city of 120,000, we needed only half as many policemen, and saved the city 25,000dols. a month. In Newton, Kas., where not a drop of liquor is sold, one policeman is enough for the ten thousand inhabitants.

"The policeman should be a big brother and the police woman should be a big sister to everybody. I am urging college men and college women to fit themselves for this kind of work, to be ready when the call comes. Educated men and women are none too good for the work."

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ESTABLISHED 1887.

Mr. Moody's First Visit to Cambridge

It is a great pleasure to know that Lord Radstock's son, the Honorable Granville Waldegrave, who has succeeded to the title, is, like his father, an out-and-out Christian who will preserve for the gospel the abundant savor of his father's name. We had the honor of his acquaintance when he visited The Moody Bible Institute, occupying the suite of rooms made famous and sacred by the tenancy of D. L. Moody, and when he mingled with the students, participating in and leading their devotions with all the simplicity of one of them. But in connection with D. L. Moody, we think of him more particularly when the former visited Cambridge University at the invitation of the "C-I-C-C-U," sobriquet of the Cambridge Inter-Collegiate Christian Union. Waldegrave, with Beauchamp and Studé, were those who stayed by him in his trying ordeal in the Corn Exchange on Sunday evening, November 5, 1882, the following account of which is taken from R. C. Morgan: His Life and Times, by his son:

"This meeting had been looked forward to as a critical and crucial occasion. It was for 'Varsity men' only, and out of the 2,900 men in residence, about 1,800 came to listen to the strangers of whom they had heard all sorts of contradictory rumors. It needs some acquaintance with University life, circumstance, and character, to appreciate the significance of such a gathering, in view of the fact that these were the future 'men of light and leading' who would influence for good or evil the coming generation. Moreover, it was 'Guy Fawkes Night,' and gunpowder was in the air!

Cheering the Evangelists!

"A large choir of men had been drilled previously in the 'homely' 'Sankey' melodies, and their first contribution was greeted with hearty cheers. In many minds this created a dread suspicion of foreboding trouble, which was only too forcibly verified when Mr. Moody's opening prayer was similarly applauded. He asked his audience to desist from such manifestations—more cheers! Mr. Sankey sang—cheers! The Scripture was read—cheers! In fact, each succeeding item was received with noisy pleasantries, for, as one Christian (?) man said to me the next day, 'We went, meaning to have some fun; and, by Jove, we had it!'

"Mr. Moody's address was upon Daniel, and his favorite one-syllabled pronunciation of 'Dan'l' was the signal for repeated outbursts. Still, he stuck manfully to his task, and made some impression, not, however,

venturing upon an inquiry-meeting. Later, at his hotel, as he took off his dripping collar, he remarked to his fellow laborer:

'Well, Sankey, I guess I've no hankering after that crowd again!'

"And Mr. Sankey concurred. But that was only the human side of the evangelists. Their souls were deeply stirred, and a season of fervent prayer followed, in the course of which they pleaded that God would 'show strength with His arm' during the succeeding days.

The Praying Mothers.

"The week-evening meetings were held in a gymnasium not well suited to the purpose, but an accustomed rendezvous of undergraduates. The men could be counted by hundreds rather than thousands; and, beyond more respectful attention, no manifest results were seen on Monday or Tuesday. But on Wednesday night came the fateful 'break.' After the meeting for townfolk in the afternoon, Mr. Moody had, with infinite tact and feeling, gathered together a hundred and fifty mothers to pray for the young men he was to address at night; and abundantly those mothers' prayers were answered.

"At the close of his address, at the evening meeting, he said:

"I have not yet held an inquiry-meeting for you, gentlemen; but I feel sure many of you are ready and yearning to know Christ. When you are in any difficulties over mathematics or classics, you do not hesitate to consult your tutors. Would it be unreasonable for you to bring soul-troubles to those who may be able to help you? Mr. Sankey and I will converse with any one who will go up to the empty gallery yonder. Let us have silent prayer.'

"A long pause followed this invitation, during which no one moved. When the first man, half during his face in his own, bounded up the stairs 'two at a time.' Another followed, and another till some three-score men had so far broken their bondage, and many of them found complete deliverance. Among these was one of the ring-leaders of the Sunday night demonstration, who had excused his rowdiness with the remark: 'If uneducated men will come to teach the "Varsity," they deserve to be snubbed.' He went home to make a ruthless clearance of his wines, cards, and other dangerous delights; and from that time he took a prominent part in spiritual work at the University until taking his degree. This man was Gerard Lander, the lately appointed Bishop of Victoria (Hong Kong), who in

the intervening years had done splendid work as a clergyman in the Liverpool diocese.

Defeat Turned Into Victory.

"The tide had now completely turned, and night after night men crowded to the meetings. On the Friday night the attendance was still largely increased. Mr. Moody spoke on 'Excuses.' Many were impressed, and in deep silence all heads were bowed while Mr. Sankey sang 'Almost Persuaded.' The result was that when Mr. Moody invited the unsaved, and those who had received blessing that week, to go into the gallery, they could not go fast enough, and they trod on each other's gowns as they slowly ascended the staircase. Meanwhile between two and three hundred joined Mr. Sankey near the platform in praise and supplication, and in quick succession some twenty prayers went up from the Christian men for this great work, and to plead for rich blessing on the next week's visit to Oxford. Thus these after-meetings nightly deepened in interest. Here one saw an M.A. in prayer with an undergraduate; a freshman explaining the way of life to a third-year man, a second-year man to a B.A.; and I saw two Bachelors, who had found peace only two nights before, busily leading others into the light. I watched the faces of a few who bade Mr. Moody good-night; and one rather stylish man, as Mr. Moody asked him if it was all right, exclaimed, with tears in his eyes: 'Yes, thank God I ever came in here!' It was nearly twelve o'clock when the gas was put out.—'Christian Workers' Magazine.'

"HOME."

Fred Bromley was an artist of the impressionist school. He had just given the last touches to a purple and blue canvas when his young wife came into the studio. "This is the landscape I wanted you to suggest a title for, dear," said he, standing aside, and proudly surveying his work. "Why not call it 'Home'?" said she, after a reflective look. "'Home'? Why?" "Because there's no place like it," she replied meekly, as becomes a wife who is entirely without the finer feelings of imagination.

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