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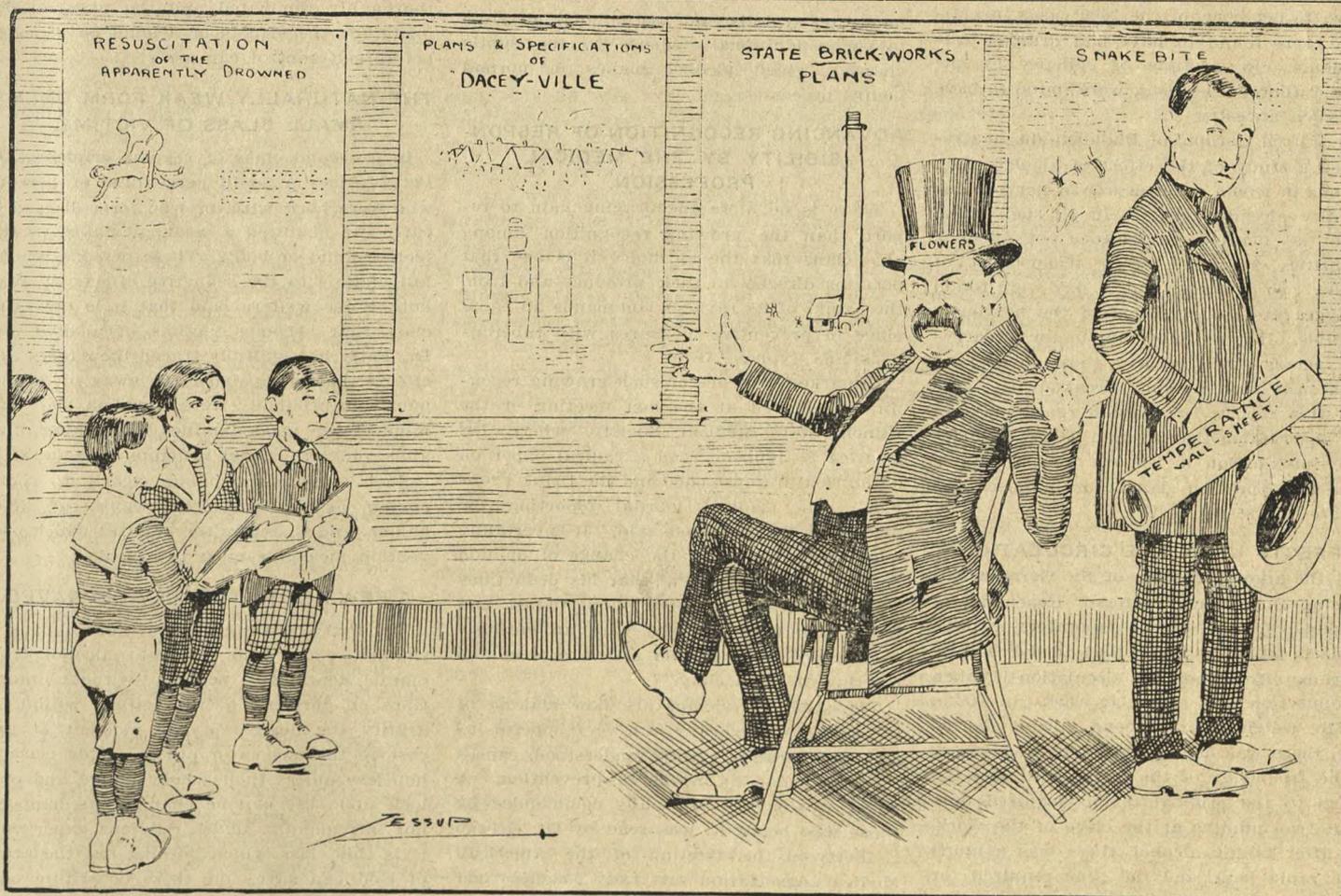
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A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

VOL. V. No. 49. Price One Penny. THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1912.

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CROWDED OUT (See page 7).

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The Verdict of Experts.

GAINS FOR THE PAST YEAR.

In that field of the alcohol question where science aids the solution, there have been definite gains during the past year. These may be classified under the heads:

1. Original investigations.
2. Advancing recognition of responsibility in the solution, by the medical profession.
3. Application of the scientific findings in the fields of industry.
4. Plans for the founding of an International Institute for the Investigation of the Alcohol Question.

ORIGINAL INVESTIGATIONS.

Among the most important of the original investigations published during the year are those of Dr. Kern, and Professor Laitinen, on the effect of small doses of alcohol upon the course of infection by tuberculosis. These have already been reported in "Grit."

An investigation of the extent of alcoholic heredity among the insane has been reported from an asylum in Frankfort, Germany, where 15 per cent. of the 2000 cases investigated were found to have had drunken antecedents. In a study of epilepsy by the same author, 34 per cent. were found to have had such ancestry.

Dr. Alfred Gordon, of Philadelphia, has reported a study of the effect of alcohol upon persons in whom some degree of nervous instability already existed. In all such cases there is marked intolerance of alcohol. Quantities as small as a teaspoonful of whisky two or three times a day were found to aggravate the condition of the nervously unstable. It is an important factor in carrying across the border those who are threatened with nervous breakdown.

In this report, Dr. Gordon repeats a former observation that a small degree of alcoholic intoxication in the nervously unstable is liable to produce dangerous impulses and a state of irresponsibility.

EFFECTS UPON THE CIRCULATION.

At the annual meeting of the German Abstaining Physicians, Professor Rosenfeld, of Breslau, reported recent laboratory experiments in which he found that alcohol had an injurious effect upon the circulation if taken in connection with muscular work. In lifting a 26lb. weight every second during abstinence, there was no very pronounced increase in the frequency of the heart-beat, and the return to the original tempo required only about two minutes at the close of the work. But after taking alcohol, there was a much more rapid beat, and the time required for recovery was about six times as long. The experiments showed that alcohol is not a heart strengthener, but a serious hindrance to the heart's efficiency.

ALCOHOL AS A CASUAL FACTOR IN CANCER.

In a recent discussion of the causes of cancer, Sir Alfred Pearce Gould placed alcohol among the causes that lead to the ab-

normal cell growth which precedes cancer. He says, "To some extent alcohol causes cancer by directly or indirectly inducing chronic irritation; but let us note that alcohol is a protoplasmic poison—that is, a substance which directly interferes with and mars cell metabolism and cell life. The influence of alcohol on the incidence of cancer is really important."

A table specially prepared for Sir Alfred by Sir Thomas Whitaker shows from a large number of statistics that cancer is twice as frequent among brewers and London publicans as among clergymen, and that the occurrence of cancer in any trade varies with the habits in regard to alcohol.

Statistics from Bavaria show a similar greater frequency of cancer among those whose trades favor indulgence in alcohol.

Reports of the difficulty experienced in producing anaesthesia for surgical operations in alcoholic subjects, and the unfavorable response such subjects make to treatment for syphilis and hydrophobia may be taken as additional evidence to the subtle changes which alcohol makes in normal bodily processes.

ADVANCING RECOGNITION OF RESPONSIBILITY BY THE MEDICAL PROFESSION.

There is no more encouraging gain to report than the growing recognition among physicians that the alcohol evil is one that pertains directly to their province and from the extent of its ravages commands an equal place in preventive measures with tuberculosis and typhoid fever.

A marked evidence of such growing recognition occurred at the last meeting of the Illinois State Medical Society, where Dr. Charles B. Johnson read a radical paper on "The Health Conscience and the Drink Problem." The medical journal reporting the discussion that followed, said, "It is certainly a gratifying index of the change of opinion concerning this problem that his deductions were practically accepted unquestioned, and his presentation received with an enthusiasm accorded to no other article read at this meeting of the society."

The study physicians are now making of the causes of inebriety is a very hopeful indication, because, rightly understood, causes them to point to means of prevention. A paper in this line especially commended by those who heard it, was read by Dr. George E. Petty at the meeting of the American Medical Association at Los Angeles last summer.

HOW ALCOHOLIC SLAVERY BEGINS.

Dr. Petty believes that about 80 per cent. of all persons who habitually drink alcoholic liquors are persons who at the start had sound bodies and minds and good habits, but who began with the social use, or the belief that it would benefit them in some way. They had no idea of dissipating when they

began, but the frequent use of small quantities creates a demand for increasing quantities, which grows by imperceptible degrees until considerable amounts are taken daily.

The changes in the system caused by these quantities set up a demand for their continuation. As the disorders progress, more and more is required to produce the desired feeling of comfort. The system becomes so saturated with toxic matter that a condition of intolerable nervousness arises whenever the sedative effects of the alcohol pass off. When this stage is reached, no matter how keenly conscious the individual may become of his slavery to alcohol, he cannot free himself by his own unaided efforts.

The majority of the habitual users of alcohol in this country, Dr. Petty believes, belong to this class. Many of them would gladly quit drinking if they could get the poison out of their systems, and this medical treatment can do for them. There is hope for them if they apply for and follow such treatment; but without that, it is folly to talk to them about reforming their lives. The forces which impel them to the use of alcohol are stronger than any will-power they are able to exert. The system must be thoroughly renovated and the physical demand for the effects of alcohol be removed before self-control can assert itself.

THE NATURALLY WEAK FORM ONLY A SMALL CLASS OF VICTIMS.

In a second class of regular drinkers, Dr. Petty places a small percentage of persons who were born with, or who form disease in early life acquired a weak, unstable, or defective mind or body. These persons readily fall victims to the seductive effects of alcohol. Some writers hold that it is only this class that becomes victims of alcohol, but Dr. Petty has skillfully traced the causes and effects that bring under the sway of alcohol men who originally were sound in body and mind, from good families, cherishing high aims, chivalrous and generous to a fault.

Such a diagnosis points clearly to social custom as the underlying cause of alcoholism, and therefore the point at which prevention measures must be aimed.

A FEW ARE NATURALLY DEPRAVED.

Dr. Petty distinguishes a third, but still smaller, class who fall into alcohol from moral depravity, persons without moral fibre or purpose in life, selfish, willing to gratify the desires of the moment at any cost to themselves or others. This class is hopeless unless their whole motive and outlook upon life can be changed, as happens, not infrequently, under religious experience. It is this class which nothing but the grace of God can save, but these constitute only a small part of the great army of alcoholics.

It is clearly evident that such an understanding of the question of alcoholism by the people in general as is presented by Dr. Petty would have a very great influence both in prevention through reforming social customs, and in curing and saving those who have fallen victims to the poison.

(Continued on Page 10.)

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"As Through a Glass."

By ALICE M. ROOS.

"Bert, what do you think? I got promoted over at the mills. I am to have twenty girls under me now, and more wages, too."

Maggie Crofter lit the lamp, smoothed out the linen and began to iron.

"I believe you'd have done better without me, my girl; you ought to have married a better chap. I am no good," responded her husband, puffing violently at his pipe.

"Nonsense, Bert; you know I wouldn't want any other," said the young wife affectionately.

"Good for you, Maggie; but—well—the two drinks a day that you asked me for when we married—of course you won't want the price any more, now that you are going to be so rich. You can pay for them yourself."

Maggie shook her head and frowned. "I asked for them for myself; but this—this I want for little John's sake. I don't want our boy to be a slave."

"A slave, Meg! What do you mean?" Bert paused in his smoking to look at her. "Are you and I slaves?—slaves to anything? Aren't we freeborn folks? Do you want to make our boy a howling swell?"

"What's a howling swell, dad?" put in little John, catching their last words, as he entered the room at that moment with a can of beer and set it down by his father.

"A chap as is ashamed of his mother and dad, little 'un," said his father, pulling his ear.

"Then I won't be a howling swell. Say, mother, Ted Watkins is goin' to Canada, 'way off in a big ship."

"Going to Canada!" exclaimed his father, shaking his pipe out in his excitement.

"Yes, dad, an' he showed me lots o' pictures 'bout where they was goin' to. Wish we was goin', too. Us chaps could have lots o' fun."

Maggie sighed, and Bert moved uneasily. For Fred Watkins had pressed the question home to him.

"Ted said mebbe his father 'ud have a farm by an' by, 'cause the Gov'ment was sendin' people out to the North-west for nothink. I'd like to have a farm, an' a big horse an' a great big sheep dog all my own. Ted says he's to get one as soon as they get there."

John's eyes were big with the wonder of his story, and Maggie's eyes grew wistful.

"How did the Watkins get their money, I'd like to know?" questioned John's mother, resuming her work. "Didn't use to have any. I mind."

Her husband's face turned a deep crimson, and he refilled his pipe in dour silence. As

he put out his hand mechanically to take the can of beer he felt that Maggie's eyes were fixed upon him.

"What are you looking at, Meg?"

"Nothing," said Maggie, ironing with unusual vigor, but keeping an eye upon the can of beer.

"In your way, Meg, girl?" gruffly.

"Just a little," replied Maggie, frowning at her thought. Then, turning, she took the can and put it on the sink behind her. Her husband watched her from under his eyebrows. Turning swiftly, with a side movement, she pushed the can violently and toppled its contents down the sink; then, with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes, she cried fiercely:

"That's our reason for being poor; it's having such stuff in the house all the time."

Bert's face became deadly pale—a sure sign that he was very angry. And little John began to cry. Maggie laid down her iron quickly, and gathered her little son lovingly in her arms.

"And what about your two drinks a day?" sneeringly. Then, after a pause, "What ails you, anyway, Meg? You never said such a thing as this before."

Maggie's eyes flashed, but though she looked at her husband she said nothing more. Bert rose and reached for his hat, striding angrily toward the door. "Good night," he said curtly.

His wife sprang to her feet, putting her boy gently from her. "Bert," she cried appealingly, "I ain't going to say nothing more. Don't go out to-night."

"Tisn't like you, Meg," with an aggrieved look. "I said yer ought to have a better chap, but," after a pause, "I don't see as us are so poor; we don't owe much—only a few things, anyway. Though we ain't got much for junketing, lots of the chaps are worse off."

"What shall we do when we gets to be old? There's where the rub is, Bert."

"Now, don't nag, Meg. I am going out if you do begin that sort of thing. I hate a naggie woman!"

"I ain't going to nag. Mother said as nagging never mended ought. Come, sit down, man, and don't mind my temper."

"Ah, well, Meg!" said Bert, reseating himself, "you are a good girl," pinching her cheek rather shamefacedly, "and your husband is proud of you. Wished I could take yer to visit yer mother a little bit. But—" with a shrug of his broad shoulders, "I haven't the money for that, either."

"Never mind, Bert; I am used to work. But I should like to know where in the

world Fred and Tilly Watkins got the money from to go to Canada. Tillie always said back along that her mother was always scolding because she never had a penny saved for a rainy day."

John looked at his mother with questioning eyes, then went over, and, leaning on his father's knee, whispered: "Dad, shall I tell mother wur they got the money?"

His father laughed uneasily. "Oh, yes, tell your mother if yer want to!"

"Well, I knows about it, mother, 'cause Ted told me. His father and mother don't drink any more beer, nor anything, and ain't a-goin' to neither as long as they live," the little fellow said solemnly. "And they saved a lot for two years, and his father, Ted's grand-dad, yer know, was glad, and said he'd give them the rest."

Bert's face was a study. Then he laughed nervously. "Become temperance, eh! Not in our line, Meg, and no one to give us anything, either."

"Would you go, do you think, Bert," said Maggie timidly, "if somebody did give us some?"

"Maggie, I never knew you to bother so much. We can't go," dejectedly. "Let up talking about it!"

Maggie finished her ironing in silence, then put it all neatly into the basket. She helped little John into bed, heard his prayers, listened quite absent-mindedly to his tale of Ted and his prospective horse and dog, and patiently asked questions, though she didn't know what she said, until at last he fell asleep, with his final sentence unfinished.

Re-entering the kitchen, Maggie's glance took in directly her husband's gloomy attitude. He was sitting with his head leaning on his clenched hands, and, crossing the room, she put her hand on his arm very gently.

"What is the matter with you, Bert? Are you sick? Tell me everything."

Her husband shook his head solemnly. "Let me be, Maggie." Then shortly and angrily, "I have lost my job, Meg; so you see how near we are to going to any place, much less to Canada."

Maggie started, but quickly regained her composure. "Bert," she said gently, "look at this!" withdrawing a thin book from her dress pocket, where she had just placed it, "and read what it says."

Her husband took the little book wonderingly. "A bank-book? Whose is it? Yours? Where in the world did you get all that money, my girl?" flashing a keen look at her. "Two hundred pounds ain't gotten in a day," sharply.

"My two drinks a day, Bert, for all these years, and doing washing and other little jobs."

(Continued on Page 10.)

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LADIES' COSTUMES A SPECIALITY.

New South Wales Alliance.

NOTES AND COMMENTS BY THE SECRETARIES.

Mr. Complin's visit to the Newcastle and Maitland districts was very successful. Good meetings were held, at which the new plan of campaign was endorsed. A number of promises for financial support were given and the prospects are very hopeful.

* * *

His first report from the Ganmain district is very encouraging. Four meetings were held in three days. Our brother needs the prayers of all friends in his arduous undertaking.

* * *

The "Box" work is growing apace. Another lady canvasser (Miss Craig) has been appointed. She is working in the Neutral Bay district, in conjunction with Miss Eyre.

* * *

The programme of our annual convention is fast nearing completion. We hope to announce full particulars next week. Note the dates—April 28 to May 2.

* * *

Residents in the respective districts are urged not to miss the Rev. R. B. S. Hammond's lecture on the No-license campaign in New Zealand. Next week's lecture will be held at Mosman Town Hall on Monday, February 26th.

* * *

In the temporary absence of the president through illness, the Rev. Professor T. E.

Clouston, D.D., has been appointed as chairman of the executive committee.

* * *

Our president, the Venerable Archdeacon F. B. Boyce, is steadily improving in health. He hopes shortly to be well enough to journey to his country residence at Blackheath, where he will spend a few weeks recuperating his strength.

* * *

He is an indomitable worker. Although confined to his bed he has been working on a new and revised edition of his pamphlet, "The Case for No-license." This publication is now in the press, and will be ready in a few weeks.

* * *

The quarterly meeting of box agents was held on Thursday last at the Alliance headquarters, the honorary treasurer, Dr. Edgar R. Caro, being in the chair. The chairman, in a sympathetic address, urged the workers to continued energy and faithfulness in the prosecution of their work. The box scheme had proved a splendid success, and if persistently carried on will be one of the principal means of income to the Alliance funds. The amount raised for the last quarter is £72, and several amounts have yet to come in.

"GRIT" SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Mrs. E. C. Strang, 10s., 13/5/14; Mr. C. King, 10s., 25/5/14; A. L. Jeffries, 1s., 12/2/12; H. M. Ford, 5s., 31/12/12; Mrs. A. Mason, 6s. 6d., 19/10/12; Miss Miller, 6s. 6d., 12/2/13; J. Poacher, 5s. 3d., 25/1/12; Miss B. Dickenson, 5s., 31/12/12; W. White, 6s. 6d., 19/10/13; Rev. Purnell, 5s., 31/12/12; Mr. Skipins, 1s. 8d., 12/2/12; C. Flanagan, 1s. 8d., 12/2/12; James Somerville, 5s., 13/9/12; John Veloni, 2s. 6d., 31/6/12; A. Corby, 6s. 6d., 31/1/13; J. G. Cree, 6s. 6d., 14/12/12; T. W. Rowe, 7s. 9d., 31/12/11; M. G. Blackwell, 6s. 6d., 26/10/12; E. J. Currell, 5s., 9/2/13; E. Jervis, 6d., 31/12/11; Mrs. Denshire, 5s., 31/12/12; E. J. Bolus, 5s., 15/1/12; Miss J. Gough, 5s., 31/12/12; Mrs. A. Sweet, 5s., 12/2/13; Miss Wheatley, 5s., 11/12/12.

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Management of Inebriate Women

(Continued from last issue.)

Such a call imparts new zest to life. It breaks up the selfishness which governs drunkards. It awakens new hopes. It opens a new world of thought and ambition. Everyone who hears and responds to it becomes a new creature. The sordid and filthy pleasure loses its charm. The poor creature hovering on the brink of delirium tremens, and ever in peril of some lower depth of shame and anguish, is brought up to the edge of a new life here and a holy life for ever. Think what an ennobling influence such a call must be! How it arms the soul against evil, and makes it superior to passion! This is our appeal, and, thank God, we do not make it in vain.

CONCLUSION.

In conclusion, let me say that inebriety is really a breakdown of the whole man. While it no doubt shows itself more in some directions than in others, it is in fact as much a moral lapse as it is a physical disorder. No remedies, therefore, are adequate to meet it except such as are fitted to deal with the whole man. It must not be supposed that because I recommend one form of treatment in the institutions, or a special form of diet, or a particular attitude towards drugs, that I think that any one of these, or all these put together, can be considered a remedy. No matter how valuable they may be, they only deal with the physical, whereas the disease is not physical only: it is a moral and spiritual disorder, and measures which influence the moral and spiritual nature are as really necessary as those which are addressed to the physical to a permanent cure.

This is, indeed, the philosophy upon which is based all our efforts to meet the social evils of our time. For what is true of the inebriate is true of the idle, the impure, the criminal. The malady in every case needs a remedy which reaches the whole man, physical and moral. On this ground we claim that no efforts to aid these classes can be really of lasting benefit, either to the individual or the community, which do not bring within their reach the knowledge and power of the salvation of Jesus Christ; for we do indeed believe what the Apostle Paul so beautifully states, that "the spirit is life because of righteousness. If the Spirit of Him that raised up Jesus from the dead dwell in you, He that raised up Christ from the dead shall also quicken your mortal bodies by His Spirit that dwelleth in you. . . . For the creature itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption unto the glorious liberty of the children of God."

(The End.)

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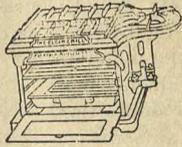
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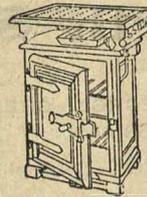
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Comments by the Man on the Water Waggon.

THE ART UNION REVIVAL.

It is very noticeable that during the last year there has been a big increase in the number of art unions, and the willingness of the Attorney-General to grant permits for this form of gambling is to be regretted. The art union is usually run in the interest of some charity, and under this cloak a huge lottery is carried on, and the public are continuously being urged to seize the opportunity of winning prizes worth hundreds for the consideration of one shilling. Every known device is exercised in order to boom the lottery, and not only are tickets on sale in shops, but they are pushed by all kinds of people in the public streets.

The Ancient Order of Druids, a well-known Friendly Society, is just now running an art union in the interests of its Benevolent Fund. That an accredited friendly society should use this form of gambling to give it any financial advantage is appalling. The Friendly Societies Act of this State has been framed to give every organization an equal chance, and the benefits have been practically defined by Parliament. Moreover, a Government subsidy provides for the payment of the fees of aged members in order keep them good on the books. Sick pay, medical attendance, and funeral expenses are provided for. Why this special fund by way of a lottery for a benevolent fund? Organizations should be educated to raise their funds in less objectionable forms than by lotteries, and if the spirit of the Anti-Gambling Act of 1906 is carried out the Attorney-General should refrain from encouraging these Art Unions, which give the public a thirst for gold for which they pay one shilling, and expect to win £500. If the permits are not refused action should be taken by the police to prevent tickets being sold in the public streets.

ELECTORAL REFORM.

The British Isles have not yet been able to give the oversea Dominions the desirable lead in Social Reform, notwithstanding the fact that every phase of national wrong, oppression, and injustice, has its organized champions fighting for better things. The slow progress in legislative work in the direction desired and largely attributable to the undemocratic electoral system. Plural voting is permitted, which enables a wealthy man to vote in as many electorates as he happens to have property in. And some

of the electorates have only 3000 electors, whilst others have up to 30,000. It is this unfair electoral system that has given the brewers and distillers so much power at the ballot box.

The special privilege enjoyed in the Australian States and New Zealand, where one adult one vote is the recognised franchise, is now being vigorously contended for in Great Britain. Should this reform be carried, it would be of immense assistance to social reforms, and the Liquor Traffic would certainly receive a staggering blow. The fighters for this reform are making history, and with a democratic vote and Local Option, the splendid educational work in the Home Land would result in sweeping temperance victories. In Scotland and Wales many districts are ready for No-license, and the fact that from these provinces the Parliamentary representation is almost entirely on the side of Temperance Reform and Total Abstinence, is an indication as to the trend of public opinion.

FACTORY LIFE.

The Royal Commissioner's Report.

Mr. A. B. Piddington, the Royal Commissioner appointed to inquire in the labor conditions in the State, has made some important statements concerning the work of females and juveniles employed in factories. In his report he says:—"The general conclusion forced upon an observer as to the effect of factory life as a whole upon women and juvenile workers is that, admitting a pronounced advance made of late years in their condition, there is yet a great need for stricter protection of their health and character, keeping specially in view the fair average development of young employees, male and female. While there are scores of robust women among those who have been at factory work from an early age, these classes as a whole are visibly overweighted by the burdens they carry during the hours and under the conditions at present observed.

"It may perhaps be thought that the objections to factory work for those classes, expressed by some medical men, spring from too keen a sense of a high standard for popular health, and in some cases are couched in terms too sweeping, but beyond all doubt the toll at present taken upon the bodily strength of those least able to resist imposition or to endure exaction stands at far too high a figure for the national welfare."

Mr. Piddington recommends that girls should not enter factories until they are 16 years of age, medical opinion being in favor of the same age for boys.

He speaks out plainly when he declares that in some instances the employment of children was due to the cupidity of the parents.

MARRIED WOMEN IN FACTORIES.

The report is strongly against the employment of married women in factories. The medical evidence was against it. The objections are summarised as follow:—

- (1) It is an encouragement to the practice of prevention.
- (2) It involves risk of miscarriage.
- (3) If a married woman has children the necessary abandonment of breast feeding leads to an increase of infant mortality.
- (4) The day's energy is given up to making money in the factory to the neglect of the home.
- (5) The practice encourages idleness and extravagance in men.
- (6) The influence of married women with the unmarried girls is often far from good.

The Commissioner says further:—"Perhaps the most disquieting consideration now that girls in New South Wales are turning so largely from domestic life to factory work is the terrible effect upon the very nature of married women themselves when their employment in factories becomes a substantial feature in the life of the industrial class.

"It is obviously inconsistent with the normal duties of a married woman's life that she should give up the whole of the working week to factory employment, and the sole case in which married women not separated from their husbands should be allowed to enter factories ought to be when, through illness or misfortune or worthlessness of the husband, the married woman is the only chief support of the family. This determining fact ought to be established on the finding of a magistrate, who would have power to call for full evidence in order to prevent evasion and chicanery, and only upon such finding ought permits to be given.

(Concluded on Page 13.)

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In a remote district of Wales, 47 years ago, a poor woman entered a medical man's surgery, entreating him to see her baby. For this purpose, she had come five long miles through the drenching rain. Only a short time before, her husband had died, and now her little boy, a year old, was perilously ill. Most inclement was the night. Should the doctor go? Hastily obeying duty's imperative call, he went and found the wee baby very ill with croup. He attended to the case, the child recovered, and with true benevolence, the doctor refused to make any charge for his assistance. "Has it been worth while to save the tiny infant?" he pondered on his return. "The child will probably only grow up an agricultural laborer." Was it worth while? The sequel supplies the emphatic reply, "Yes, it was in truth worth while."

From this scene our minds revert to episodes of recent occurrence. Not long ago there was presented to the Right Honorable David Lloyd-George, Britain's distinguished Chancellor of the Exchequer, a petition from the Welsh populations of the United States (signed also by President Taft and ex-President Roosevelt), urging him to visit this country, and assuring him of the heartiest possible welcome. The petition-bearer said of Mr. Lloyd-George, "Throughout the States he is regarded by all classes as the ideal statesman, and everyone wants to get a glimpse of him."

Four years ago this same statesman was acclaimed by a magnificent national convention of Britain's temperance workers as the greatest individual temperance force in the British Parliament. Who is this Christian statesman and conspicuous temperance advocate? The wee babe of the remote Welsh district 47 years ago.

Wonderful has been the career of Cambria's illustrious son, very similar in many ways to that of the great Garfield. It forcibly recalls the latter's words: "I feel a profounder reverence for a boy than for a man. I never meet a ragged boy in the street without feeling that I may owe him a salute, for I know not what possibilities may be buttoned up under his coat."

EARLY LIFE OF THE GREAT STATESMAN.

The father of Lloyd-George was a Welsh schoolmaster, who died a few months after the birth of his son. His mother returned to her native home in Wales, where dire poverty would have been her lot had it not been for a bachelor brother, who, with true

Christian charity, offered her a home and devoted his hard-earned moderate sum of savings to the education of her fatherless children. The lad attended the village school and early displayed the moral courage which was so prominent a trait in his character in later years. In the Bible discussions of the Welsh Sunday School, he discovered and developed the quickness of mental action and the power of repartee he now possesses in such exceptional degree. Entering a lawyer's office, by pluck, pertinacity, and sheer hard work, he succeeded so well that at the age of 22 years he commenced the public duties of his profession, though still too poor to purchase the robes befitting the position. Ere long his opportunity came. A local instance of religious intolerance occurring, he championed the people's cause, and winning the case, which had attracted wide notice, his name became known throughout Wales and in many circles of England. Business increased, and he was often requisitioned for temperance and political addresses. Soon he was suggested as Progressive candidate for a Parliamentary vacancy in an adjoining district, and was elected.

PHENOMENAL RISE IN PARLIAMENT.

In Parliament the rapidity of the young Welsh lawyer's rise to pre-eminence has been phenomenal. Attending zealously to his political duties, fearless in debate in defence of what he conceived to be right, and in denunciation of wrong, and developing almost unsurpassed ability as a platform speaker, he speedily won his way to foremost rank as a British Parliamentarian. Without wealth, family influence, or other such usual assistance, in the brief period of 14 years he obtained official position as President of the Board of Trade, and his full success in this office was admitted by friend and by foe. In 1908 he became Chancellor of the Exchequer, the highest position but one in the British Cabinet, with the probability, if health continue, of succeeding, in due course, to the Premiership of Great Britain. Already his management of national finances has caused him to be regarded as second in this respect only to Gladstone.

The old doctor who attended him as an infant was living a short time ago. Recently he said, "I never dreamed that in saving the life of that little child on the farm hearth, I was saving the life of the national leader of Wales." He might have also said, "the life of one of the finest Christian statesmen Britain has produced."

MR. LLOYD-GEORGE A LIFE-LONG ABSTAINER.

A life-long abstainer, Mr. Lloyd-George is an ardent supporter of temperance reform, and a determined foe of the liquor trade. Immediately after the commencement of his Parliamentary career, in opposition to proposals to compensate saloon-keepers deprived of their licenses, he delivered a speech of impassioned eloquence rarely equalled. Repeatedly his burning words of protest and appeal brought the immense audience to their feet in rapturous applause, one enthusiastic veteran calling out, "Go on, we'll stop all night to hear thee, lad." Seven years ago he was unsparing and untiring in opposing retrogressive measures promoted by the drink interest and its political allies. With deep feeling he declared for the great temperance measure before the British House of Commons in 1908, referring to a temporary election success the liquor party had secured in these words: "The Government has started, and it is not going to turn back. If we knew that a fortnight hence, when the division on the Licensing Bill comes, we should be driven out of power, we would rather fall, and from that fall, stand up to begin the fight again. We have been beaten, beaten badly, but it is only the first skirmish. The war has but begun, and we must see it through." A remarkable reduction of drunkenness, according to police returns, followed the increased liquor taxation, which, as controller of Britain's finance, Mr. Lloyd-George recently introduced.

POSSESSES MORAL COURAGE AND CHRISTIAN IDEALISM.

The great Welsh leader is a man of superb moral courage and lofty Christian idealism. Into the very citadel of the war fever, some years ago, he penetrated, denouncing the South African war, narrowly escaping destruction at the hands of an infuriated mob. Not long ago, in expressing deep gratitude that he had been the instrument of providing practically a million poor old people with a pension each week, he added: "Undoubtedly the most impressionable time of my course, I lived the life of the working-class. I know their worries, their anxieties, their straits, and being where I am, it is not merely my right, it is my duty not to forget the men and women of my class who are still struggling with unbroken heroism to overcome the difficulties which once haunted my home. That duty I mean to discharge to the end, God helping me." It was a glowing ideal of the glorious results to follow the abolition of the liquor curse, which, in concluding a magnificent temperance address to an Edinburgh audience, he pictured: "This is our ideal—a land where you meet no drunkard staggering on the road towards his doom, a land where you have no slums for humanity to rot in, a land with two-thirds of its prison cells empty, a land with its work-houses vanished, a land with its children well fed, well clothed, well sheltered, well trained, with their merry laughter ringing through the streets, a land where the curse of drink shall be driven from its hearths."

(Concluded on Page 10.)

Temperance Education.

ITS PLACE IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYLLABUS.

A BOASTING MINISTER CAN DO NOTHING.

The Minister for Public Instruction, Mr. Flowers, was asked last week by a deputation from the New South Wales Grand Lodge of the National Order of Templars that more effective scientific teaching in temperance should be given in the State schools. It was suggested that qualified persons should be permitted to visit the schools to give this instruction, but to this the Minister returned an emphatic refusal. In the first place we want to emphasise the reasonableness of both the request and the suggestion. The public school finds a place on its walls for the snakebite wall sheet, and the methods of restoring the apparently drowned. It is safe to say that not 100 people were bitten by snakes in the State last year, and in spite of the great numbers who surf there were not 100 opportunities last year for putting the methods of restoring the apparently drowned learned at the public school into practice. We ask that children should be taught the nature and danger of alcohol in view of the fact that last year over 27,000 persons were convicted for a wrong use of this liquid, and at the least an equal number suffered seriously by its use. The State licenses nearly 3000 places to sell alcohol, and provides jails, asylums, hospitals, and police to deal with those who have never been educated on the dangers of its use as well as its abuse. We ask a most reasonable thing, in fact we may rightly demand that every school should display its wall sheet, and that it is the duty of the State to include an education on this subject which exceeds in danger, importance, and scope by 20,000 to one many of the things to which space on the walls and time in the syllabus is devoted.

AN ASTOUNDING REPLY.

Mr. Flowers replied that he could give the deputation his hearty sympathy. He had always been a friend of the movement; he had been, as they knew, a life-long abstainer, and he looked upon the question of the liquor traffic as one of the most important to be dealt with. But whilst he told them that he sympathised with them, he was not going to tell them that this matter would receive favorable consideration, because it would not. Their request would be blankly refused.

What is Mr. Flowers' sympathy worth? What has his friendship done for the movement? Why the president of the U.L.V.A. could not have done less? The editor of "Fairplay," we believe, would have done more; but this self-advertised friend of temperance can only point blank refuse to do anything for the cause he says is of first importance.

CHILDISH REASONS.

The reasons given by Mr. Flowers are childish. First, "the syllabus is overloaded." Granted. But two things must be said in answer to this. Is it not his duty to throw out of it the useless things? And again, while the syllabus is full the time for study has not been increased, and the crowding of the syllabus has not meant more time for study, but less time for some subjects, which is not a hardship, the variety being a welcome thing. The next alleged reason for refusing was that it would be a bad precedent. Faith healers and vegetarians would claim the right to come in and teach. To complete the absurdity of his remarks he might have added that snake charmers and no-breakfast people would also have to be allowed to come in to the schools. Is a great national evil to go unchecked because it might rouse strife, and give faddists a chance to ask for unreasonable privileges which none would think of granting? Mr. Flowers may think so, but a vast majority do not.

A CHARMING INCONSISTENCY.

Mr. Flowers said:—"He would not, however, allow a number of people to visit the schools as proposed. Every other Minister had held the same view, but had not been game to tell them that. He did not care what had been done in other States." Why be guided by other Ministers' views, and not by the experience of other States? It seems to us a most astounding thing that the Minister is prepared to accept the view of men who, having no sympathy with temperance reform, no life-long friendship for the cause, and who, not being abstainers, were entirely different to himself, and on the other hand refuse to be guided by the actual experience of other places.

A VERY WISHY-WASHY CONCESSION.

Rev. W. J. Harrison asked that the temperance placards should be restored to the walls of the schoolhouses.

Mr. Flowers saw no objection to that.

In answer to another question, the Minister said he agreed that the inspectors might examine children as to the temperance part of the syllabus. "As it is in the syllabus, it should be carried out," said he. "I am with you in seeing that that should be done."

Mr. G. D. Clark then met the situation by promptly suggesting that the Department itself should appoint teachers specially to give this instruction. Mr. Flowers readily agreed that this was worth considering. The best that the deputation could get was that the Minister had "no objection" to the wall sheets being displayed. We had a right to hear him work off a little of his indignation at their not being displayed! The appointment of special instructors was worth considering. We wonder Mr. Flowers did not fear that the churches would, if this were carried out, immediately demand special religious instructors to be appointed from among the clergy! The whole thing was disappointing, and the remedy is evidently to go to the people and stir them to place men in power who have the courage of their convictions, and ideas worthy of their ideals.

WINNING.

It takes a little courage
And a little self-control,
And some grim determination
If you want to reach a goal.
It takes a deal of striving,
And a firm and stern set chin,
No matter what the battle,
If you're really out to win.
There's no easy path to glory,
There's no rosy road to fame,
Life, however we may view it,
Is no simple parlor game;
But its prizes call for fighting
For endurance and for grit,
For a rugged disposition
And a "don't-know-when-to-quit."

You must take a blow or give one,
You must risk and you must lose,
And expect that in the struggle
You will suffer from a bruise.
But you musn't wince or falter,
If a fight you once begin,
Be a man and face the battle—
That's the only way to win.

—Detroit "Free Press."

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THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 22, 1912.

AN EDITOR'S TRIALS AND UPLIFTS.

There are days when the Editor's nerves are tingling, and it is then he fears to open his mail. Other days he can smile; but it needs to be a pretty good day to take such a letter as this calmly:—

"I wish to inform you that I have not given any order for 'Grit' further than for one year, for which I paid, and I do not like the letter I had a little while ago from you. I am always ready to help a good cause, but I don't wish to be forced into anything, and if I had ordered 'Grit' I certainly should have paid for it. Trust you will see your error."

This subscriber has been receiving "Grit" for three years, and paid for the first year only. The note referred to was the reasonable appeal sent out eight months ago. We confess we have, so far, been unable to see our error. Another good one came by the same mail this week:—

"At the expiration of my term kindly discontinue forwarding your paper to me, as I have decided to withdraw from your subscribers' list. Thanking you in anticipation, and wishing your noble journal every success."

We are glad to be thought noble, but one subscriber goes farther towards our success

than 100 good wishes, even when stated in such flattering terms. There is, of course, another side, or we would not have survived these five years: "Your pathetic appeal for 'hair restorer' reached us in our holiday retreat and amused us greatly. I enclose two years' subscription, which, I think, may help to keep the pigmentophagous at bay till the end of the year." Another writes: "Among my many papers some are left unread, but this is never the fate of 'Grit'; it gives me what I can find no-where else, and what I can't do without." Just one more instance of a worthy helper.—"I like 'Grit'; I appreciate the efforts it makes. I have placed an order for about £100 with one of your advertisers." Then the Editor smiles once again; takes the rat trap down and leaves the cheese for the office rat, and locks the trap up; walks out; shouts two children to a picture show, and comes to the conclusion that there is more good than bad after all, and that it is worth while going on.

ACCOMMODATION IN NO-LICENSE TOWNS.

"Fairplay," whose standard is "Beer and Pugilism," has a most scurrilous article in last week's issue on the accommodation in Ashburton and Oamaru, the No-license towns in New Zealand. The writer confesses to being a whisky lover, and professes to know the places of which he writes, both before and after the banishment of the bar. Having stayed in one of the hotels mentioned, we are prepared to give the lie direct to the libellous assertions made by this writer. Supposing it were true that the accommodation was worse than it used to be in this hotel, have we not abundant illustrations of the same thing in hotels with bars, and it is accounted for by a change of management? There is not a shred of evidence in this "Fairplay" article to prove that hotels cannot be run as well without bars as with them. There is no proof that No-license has affected the accommodation in the towns mentioned; but we have given proof—proof beyond question—that hotels can be made to pay without bars, and that they can meet every requirement of the travelling public. Anyone who has spent a night in a pub in an ordinary town knows beyond question that noise, smell, and maudlin drunks are too big a price to add to one's bill for a decent bed, or an ample meal. It is simply the height of absurdity to say you can get the best of beds and meals unless some one else drinks enough to pay for them.

This is the testimony of Governor Kitchen in his annual message, on the effects of State-wide prohibition in North Carolina for two years: "Business has experienced increased rather than decreased prosperity; morality, industry and frugality have increased, and politics and government have been to a great extent relieved of one of their most corrupting influences." It would be a benefit to the whole country if the billion dollars spent for alcoholic liquors were saved for more profitable use.

DID I HEAR YOU THINK?

I can almost hear some of the readers of "Grit" saying, "I think I will take the trouble to help myself and 'Grit' by dealing with those who advertise in its columns." The time for thinking is about past—do it now. St. Simon's Church, Surry Hills, was lighted by the Vesta Gaslight Company, 108 Pitt-street, just two years ago. With what result? We use less gas. We are incomparably better lighted, and in the two years we have only had to use one new mantle. As the Yankees say, "This is a frozen fact." You can't go wrong. Deal with any one who advertises in "Grit."

RE "GRIT."

1. Volume V. will be complete in a few more issues. We will be pleased to send you a bound volume for 7/6. Please order at once.

2. We have in preparation a special issue setting forth by map, cartoon, and article the position of New Zealand. Will you order a few extra copies of this issue, and gain an inspiration as you read the history of the fight in which Prohibition obtained a majority of 54,285.

3. Do you need any medicine memory? or have you failed to save a penny a week? We will be glad to have your subscription majority of 54,285?

The longer I live the more the temperance movement appeals to me. No matter what problem I approach, whether it be that of the children, of the unemployed, of the aged, or of housing, I find it complicated and made more difficult by its association with drink. There is not one social problem existing in the land which would not be infinitely more easy of treatment and solution if we had not to deal with drink.—Hon. Philip Snowden, Member of Parliament, England.

NEW SOUTH WALES ALLIANCE.

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Fool or Rotter?

MAY WE BE HOPEFUL FOR ALL MEN?

It is told of a brilliant man who was given to drink that when a man greeted him with the remark, "Hello, you are drunk again?" He replied, "Yes, I am; but I'll get over that. You are a fool. You'll never get over that." This long ago suggested to the writer that in helping men one of the first things to be learned was to diagnose the case—to find what lies behind his trouble. If the man is only morally weak, then beyond any doubt Christ can save him. If he is, however, mentally defective, then, perhaps, he may be what can only be called an incorrigible fool, and there is not much hope of him. Both these statements, however, need amplifying. You may frequently find a combination of fool and rotter, then the question will be which predominates. You may find that a man is a fool because he has been going crooked, or vice versa. The great thing is to find the cause or causes of the trouble.

RELIGIOUS QUACKERY.

Quack medicines are mostly all harmful, because they lead to self-doctoring or doctoring by ignorant persons, which amounts to the same thing. A person ignorant of the nature of their illness applies a remedy of which they are equally ignorant and only a miracle can avert the harm of such stupidity. One frequently hears an ignorant person say, "I don't think the doctor knows what the trouble is." Well this may be true, but it is most emphatically true that he will know a good deal more about it than either the patient or the criticising friend. We may surely argue from this that moral troubles, which are even more complex and difficult to understand than physical ones, need expert handling. The evident thing is that there are very few who are accomplished in the matter of "the soul's sorrows." The clergyman, who only knows his prayer-book, the articles, the history of his church, and the general facts of his Bible, is no more fitted to deal with a moral wreck than the professor of chemistry is to amputate a man's leg. To tell the man to go to church, to say his prayers, to give up doing wrong, is only equivalent to telling the man who is ailing physically to go to the hospital. In neither case is it sufficient. Something much more must be done. Those who don't know what the much more is are only religious quacks, and the harm they may do exceeds that of the medical quack as eternity exceeds time.

A VARIETY OF FOOLS.

When we speak of a man as being a fool we do not mean that he is sufficiently a lunatic to be detained; we merely mean he is stupid, too stupid to remember that fire burns. The stupid man is always optimistic, and of course without reason. A good example of this class was the man who fell out of the top window of a 12-storey building and was heard to say as he passed the fifth story, "Well, so far I am alright." The

man who steals from his benefactor is not so much a moral failure as a stupid fool—he loses so much more than he gains. The gambler is not so much a moral pervert as he is a crass idiot. He has only to compare the tips with the results to find what a broken reed the tipster is. He has only to read a page or two in the book of racecourse experience to know he has no hope against the bookie. He is flying in the face of facts. The drunk who has been sober a week and is cocksure that if only he gets his things out of pawn and gets a job he will be alright is sadly ignorant, and those who help him without introducing some new moral element deserve to lose all they venture on him. The one certain thing is that he will fall again unless some new force is brought to bear upon his weakness. There is hope if religion lays hold of him, even if hypnotic suggestion be employed, or a change of locality, so long as it means new and strong friends, but with the same elements at work it is only a matter of time when the same results will be manifest.

THE ROTTER.

The term is not nice sounding, but it has passed into general speech, and is too well known and too frequently used to need any apology here. The fool chances things when all the chances are against him. He never sees the obvious. The Rotter, however, plans his wrong, cunningly combines with others, and defeats all attempts to bowl him out, and takes his gruel without complaining when the punishment falls on him, and uses his time in durance vile to mature further plans. This man is not a fool in the sense that he is not stupid. If his conscience be awakened, he becomes often a great man and always a good one. I knew a man who spent 20 years in jail, who planned crimes for which he knew others would be punished. He taught himself Greek and Latin while in jail, and in many ways showed his superior intelligence. The day came when the word of God illuminated him, awoke his conscience, and he gave himself to Christ, and for the last 12 years he has been an honorable citizen and a true christian. I heard a leader of a men's bible class say in a meeting this week, "for seven years I never did a day's work. I knew a lot about skeleton keys, but nothing of my Bible, but since I awoke to the realities of life and took Christ as my saviour, I have indeed enjoyed life."

These men were rotters inasmuch as they would take their own mother down, tell any lie, steal anything. The last man referred to came to a religious meeting to steal the organ, arguing that if such people caught him he would "pitch them a fairy," and they would never, being Christians, "jug" him. For the bad man there is every hope, for in his heart of hearts no man is content to be bad, and is proud that he is not as bad as others or as bad as he might be. As long as

a man has memory and conscience and is not a fool, religion will appeal to him and save him.

THE FAILURES.

The hills are bare of verdure, the valleys clogged with snow,
The winds of bitter winter sweep howling to and fro;
The roads that lured us strongly are drifted, deep and white,
And peaks that seemed to beckon are hidden from our sight;
The sun, who used to call us, in merry comradeship,
Now glowers, dull and sullen, from gray and sodden skies;
The sea is black and angry, and flecked with cruel foam,
Too long, too long we tarried, and now—we stay at home.

We talked of wondrous ventures, our tongues would never tire,
Yet we of scanty courage sit close before the fire;
We cringe to hear the shrieking of blasts that stab and flier,
We stir the coals and whisper: "Thank God that we are here!"
Somewhere the vagrant pilgrims are on the open way,
Unmindful of to-morrow, and careless of to-day;
And though we drudge or dawdle and seek to sink our shame,
We know our souls are little—we feared to risk the Game.

We talked of "joyous freedom"—but thought, with quaking knees,
Of hardships and of perils on distant roads and seas;
We babbled light of hunger—and gripped, with clutching hands,
The gold great-hearted rovers had wrested from the sands,
What need is there to mumble of "reasons," you and I?
We lingered, lingered, lingered, because we feared to try;
And though our fortunes flourish, and fame shall heed our call.
We'll know ourselves for failures and cowards, after all!

Here is one of Mrs. Lathrop's shrewd statements which Christian electors ought to carefully consider:

"I do not believe a civilization is worth much that cannot protect its women and babies. But, as strong and true and brave as you men are, you will never be able to protect your women and children and the saloon at the same time."

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

THE VERDICT OF EXPERTS

(Continued from Page 2.)

THE APPLICATION OF SCIENTIFIC FINDINGS IN INDUSTRY.

A third gain in the progress of the scientific solution of the alcohol question is the application of its findings in the fields of industry. The ban which business has long put upon alcohol in this country is extending to other countries. In Germany work-shops where the wheels of industry have been in the habit of stopping forenoon and afternoon for "the beer pause," are now placards telling the men the facts that have been discovered in the university laboratories. Beer is condemned because it increases liability to accident and sickness and decreases working ability. The men are advised that far more real refreshment can be obtained from milk, unfermented fruit juices, tea, or coffee than from any kind of alcoholic beverage.

A pleasing report of the result of this instruction comes from the Black Forest, where a visitor saw a mason carrying a crate of drinks to his fellow workmen. All were non-alcoholic except two bottles of beer. When asked why the men were not using more beer, the mason replied:

"Bier macht mude."—"Beer makes one tired.")

The sickness insurance societies of Germany are becoming great schools of information for the working classes, on the harmful effects of alcohol. When once their attention was drawn to the enormous demand upon their treasuries made by the disabilities caused by alcohol, they began to investigate and then to educate.

In the German army and navy, where the constant aim is efficiency of the highest order, an investigation revealed the fact that about three-quarters of the most serious of-

fences against military discipline are caused by "clouding the mind" with alcohol.

European railroads are either forbidding alcoholic drinks or providing greater facilities for obtaining non-alcoholic ones.

AN INTERNATIONAL INSTITUTE FOR THE INVESTIGATION OF ALCOHOLISM.

The centre of the scientific study of the alcohol question for a number of years has been Germany and Switzerland. A Bureau of Information has been actively at work at Lausanne, directed by Professor Hercof, and has been made international. Recently steps have been taken for a further extension of this source of information.

A petition signed by about 150 scholars of Germany, Austria, England, France, Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Switzerland has been laid before the Swedish Government, asking that an international conference be called to consider the founding of an International Scientific Institute for the investigation of the alcohol question, to be located in Stockholm. The selection of the Swedish Government to take the initiative was very fitting, because it has for a number of years voted appropriations for the maintenance of a corps of special instructors on the alcohol question for the training of teachers and students. It has now a majority of total abstainers in the Lower House, and last year the Crown Prince of that country made the statement that has been echoed around the world: "The nation that first frees itself from the injurious influence of alcohol will thereby gain an important advantage over the others."

The significance of all these forces now working for the solution of this world-wide problem points a promise to the speedy transition of the alcohol problem into the alcohol reformation.

Are Boys Worth Saving?

(Continued from Page 6.)

Justly may the Welsh people of the United States be proud of their distinguished compatriot, the British Chancellor of the Exchequer. Comparatively a young man, the temperance voters of Britain look forward with hope to further great temperance achievements by the aid of his marvellous abilities as statesman and orator, and the many American admirers of his stalwart Christian temperance principles will follow his continued career with keen interest. Boys are indeed worth saving!—"Union Signal."

"As Through a Glass."

(Continued from Page 3.)

Her husband's eyes were round with astonishment and incredulity. "Your 'two drinks a day,' lass! Tell me something likely."

Maggie smiled happily. "'Tis true, Bert; now let's go out, if you want to, to Canada, and let's begin afresh. I have heard from lots of folks there were chances enough in the new lands for active, hardworking men and women. A fresh start in a new world ain't so hard on a fellow. And a chance to work for ourselves, too, looks good to me. I'd like to get some of those farms I've read about in Canada. And think of John's future!" She paused to wipe away the tears from her own and Bert's eyes and to listen to the little lad talking in the inner room in his dreams.

"And I'd have a horse that 'ud gallop, an' a great big doggie, and lots of other things. Ted's goin' to have—"

"Bless his heart!" cried Maggie, smilingly chasing the tears from her eyes.

"My lass!" said Bert quietly, "you are a good girl, and we must go to-morrow and talk over our good fortune and all about Canada with yer folks; and, Meg—"

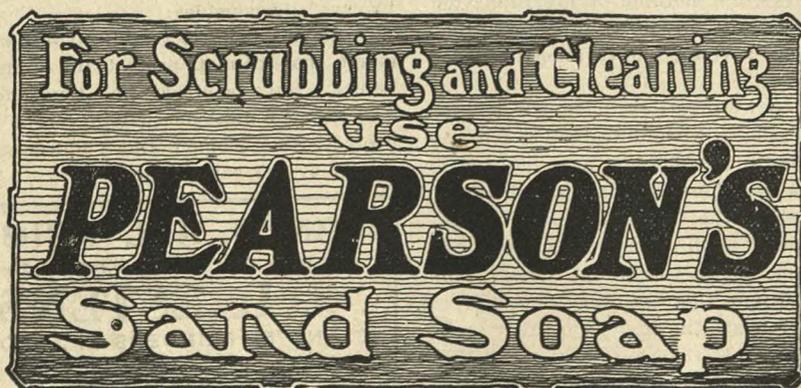
"Yes, Bert."

"You threw away my last drink of beer!" impressively.

"Bert, now don't be angry."

"Didn't you notice my words—'My last drink of beer?'"

Maggie stared at him, then the sunshine of joy flooded her fresh young face. "Bless your heart, Bert; you are just fine!" she cried.—"The National Advocate."



From Seven to Seventeen

The BOYS' and GIRLS' OWN

(By UNCLE BARNABAS)

I'M NOT THE ONLY ONE.

A very charming little girl, who is not a Nⁱ, happened to read about "promises" on this page a few weeks ago, and she tried to comfort herself by saying, "I'm not the only one." I wonder how many others say that. If you were drowned it would not make it better, but very much worse, if you were not the only one. If others break their promises it won't excuse you, or save you from the sure and certain result that I spoke of. I hope that none of my Ne's and Ni's will ever find any comfort in their wrongdoing from the fact that they are not the only ones. If you lost the little trinket or gift you prize most, do you think it would dry your tears and satisfy you to be told not to mind, because you were not the only one? Of course it wouldn't. The man who does not believe in the Lord Jesus says, "I'm not the only one," but he will be lost because there is no other Saviour, and whether there are ten or ten million others with him, it will not help him a bit. Dear little friends, may God keep you from finding comfort in not being the only one who is doing a foolish and wrong thing. Start trying to make fewer promises, and keep the few you make with God's help, and it will make such a difference in the years to come.

UNCLE B.

FOR SUNDAY.

I am in the middle of three words. The first word has three letters, and is in verse twenty-three of the sixth chapter of Romans.

The second word has seven letters, and is in 1st Timothy, chapter four, verse ten.

The third word has five letters, and is in fourth chapter, twenty-first verse, of Philipians.

What are the three words.

FOR MONDAY.

HAVE A TRY.

Try to say "truly rural" a dozen times one after the other as quickly as ever you can. You'll be sure to get dreadfully mixed up if you do.

And here are two more sentences that you will find it ever so difficult to say even at the rate at which you usually speak, without getting into a terrible muddle:—"She sells seashells," and "Shoes and socks shock Susan."

There! If you can say that without saying Shusan you'll be very clever, indeed.

DON'T MISS THIS.

If a woman has one daughter, who goes away, the Mrs. misses the Miss and the Miss misses the Mrs. If she has two daughters and both are away, the Mrs. misses the Miss and the Misses misses the Mrs. If she has three daughters, and two are at one place and one at another, the Mrs. misses the

Miss and the Misses, and the Miss misses the Mrs. and the Misses. If it is four daughters she has and two are at one place, while the other two are away from home and separated, the Mrs. misses the Miss and the Misses and the Miss, and the Miss and the Misses miss the Misses and the Mrs., while the Misses miss the Mrs., and the Miss misses the Miss and the Misses and the Mrs. So they would all better remain at home with the Mr. of the Mrs.

CONVICTED BOY'S STORY.

About a year ago an eighteen-year-old boy named White, living at Catlettsburg, West Virginia, shot and killed another boy while under the influence of liquor. The court gave the boy a life sentence in the penitentiary, but sent him to the reformatory for the first three years of his incarceration, as he was too young to begin his prison sentence. Before beginning his imprisonment young White made the following statement for publication:—

"Boys, just stop and think. I am a boy, just 18 years old, and have been sentenced to the penitentiary for the rest of my life for killing one of my boy friends while drunk.

"On the night of January 2, 1911, me and two more boys got a basket of beer and two quarts of whisky and went to a room in a hotel and stayed all night and drank the basket of beer and two quarts of whisky. Next morning, about 4 o'clock, we went to a saloon and drank more, and got another pint of liquor and went back to the hotel and drank it, and about 9 o'clock I got on a street car and went to Huntington and visited several saloons and drank in all of them. I also bought another pint and came back to Catlettsburg. I was then nearly crazy from drink and not having slept any the night before or having eaten anything.

"I went to a clubroom where we boys would go and smoke cigarettes and read novels. This was late in the evening. In that clubroom is where I found that pistol. I put it in my pocket—it all seems like a dream to me. I left the room and they say I threatened to kill most everybody I came in contact with. I went to McCall and Fortune's drug store, and there I met Charley Lowe, one of my boy friends, and they say I shot him down, without saying a word. I cannot remember this at all. I did not have the least hard feeling against Charley Lowe and am scrry, sorry to my heart that this happened.

"The next thing I can remember, I was in jail, and it was two or three days before I could realise what had happened, and then I could hardly believe it.

"Boys, take warning from me, and let cigarettes and whisky and pistols and bad

company alone, for they will sooner or later get you in bad."—"American Issue."

A CHEERY LETTER.

Bonny Edwards, Avalon, writes:—

My Dear Uncle B.,—How disappointing to find only one letter in "Grit" last week. I guess you will be tired of receiving letters from me, eh? But perhaps this, like Cousin Lily's, will save you from despair. My Cousin Kitty and I are housekeeping just at present. Mother and baby (who, I must tell you, bears the name Lloyd George Edwards—he ought to get on in this world, don't you think?) are at Port Macquarie at present. Poor Grandma died Sunday, January 28, the night of the day mother arrived at Port. I love housekeeping when mother goes away. I feel three times bigger than I really am, you know, and, goodness! but that would be a size. I am looking forward to seeing the results of the competitions. I really intended going in for that "Christmas holiday" one myself, but—I didn't say, "What's the use?" Uncle). I know the poor account of my holidays that I could give would put me to shame "entoiely." I have had glorious letters from Emma and Kathleen, of Casino, and Beryl, of Bexley. I think it would be lovely if all the cousins knew each other, don't you? I think you ought to be very proud of your charming nieces. What a pity there are more girls than boys. I like to see the boys write. Eccott has gone back to Wingham again. He did not like going back; he never does. He thinks "Home, sweet home," best always. My holidays were spent at Glen Ora. I had a lovely time; it is such a beautiful place. The Wallamba River runs just in front of the house. I hope you will remember me when you are choosing the dozen Ne's and Ni's to take out visiting in the caravan. I am such a small (?), slight (??) person I wouldn't take up much room. Oh, dear no. We have started Sunday-school in the Krumbach Church lately. I attended one Sunday. I am thinking of going in for the next exam. I have three first-class certificates. I would not like a second-class one; I like to win the highest I can always. Now, Uncle, I do hope you will change our page from "Seven to Seventeen" to "Seven to Twenty-Seven." Why, quite a number of poor unfortunates who cannot help being older than seventeen would write, I am sure. Do change it. Best love to all cousins and yourself.—Your loving Niece.

(Dear Bonny,—Your letter is delightful. Don't ever think you can write too often or too long. So you like housekeeping. I am not surprised. It always seems to me to give one such a lot of chances to surprise and please those in the house. Do you invent new dishes, or spoil the old ones, just to give them a change? I used to have a man housekeeper, and he used to give us the same dishes, only he announced them with a new name each time. If you feel three times bigger does that disturb any buttons or hooks and eyes! I am quite

BOOKLET ON "HEALTHFUL LIVING" POSTED FREE.

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disappointed you did not put in for the prize; eleven have done so. A girl who can win three first-class "cats" could surely have done well in such a competition. I fear I can't change the name of your page. All I can do is to make you honorary ne's and ni's unless you are promoted to be junior uncles and aunts. But all you have to do is to follow Milcie's and Arthur's example, and go on writing.—Uncle B.)

CHEERFUL IN SPITE OF FIRE, FRIZZLE, AND MOSQUITOES.

Milcie, Castlereagh - street, Liverpool, writes:—

Dear Uncle E.,—Fancy, after saying I would not write any more, I am at it again. But then, it is hard to stop, isn't it? We have all the more pleasure when we write a letter and then read it again on page eleven. I want to get some one else from Liverpool to start writing if I can. I would not like the name of this place not to appear at all. We had an awful bush fire just in front of us. The fire brigade were working hard from dinner-time till about half-past eight at night. It has been fearfully hot here for the last three days. It tried to rain to-day, but it didn't succeed. Really, we could do with a week's good rain. It is not much use watering the flowers, because the sun takes up the moisture so quickly. Even the trees are beginning to droop. It is almost time for tea, so must say good-bye.

(Dear Milcie,—Thanks, many thanks. I am so glad you wrote, and even if you do get someone else to write, I hope you will feel that Liverpool is big enough to be represented by two. Hope you have had some of this lovely rain lately. Is it true that the mosquitoes up your way climb the trees and bark? Hang a piece of raw meat over your bed, and, as they have a perverted taste, will prefer it to you. If you wake up in the dark and bump your head against it it may frighten you, but better than horrid bites.—Uncle B.)

LOVELY BIRTHDAY PARTIES.

Essie Moore, Cambridge, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—In answer to my last letter you asked me to tell you how Cambridge polled. I know you will be sorry to hear that No-License was not carried. We must hope for better results next election. This is my little brother Jack's birthday to-day, and he is very pleased with a little toy motor-car that was given him. We have a little baby sister five weeks old, and I think we are going to call her Chrissy. The weather has cleared up nicely for our school holidays, and so we have got a tent fixed

up in our back garden, and we often have our lunch out there. We have a nice lot of tomato plants this year, but they are all getting the blight. Last Tuesday my twin sisters (Winnie and Daisy) and I were invited out to a birthday party. I suppose you remember seeing the Waikato River. The place we were going to was on the other side of the river, and so we had to cross the Victoria Bridge. It was a nice fine day, and we all enjoyed ourselves very much. Good-bye now.—Love from your little Niece.

(Dear Essie,—You seem to have been having quite a number of birthday parties. I think it is so nice to remember birthdays and to have parties. When you get older you will find they are among the nicest things to look back on. I knew No-License was not carried, only I thought you might have told us how Cambridge voted. I wonder what makes all the young folk in New Zealand so sure that Uncle B. and Mr. Hammond are the same? Write again soon.—Uncle B.)

A BUSY NI'.

Beryl, "Karlsruhe," Bexley, writes:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—What do you think of this lovely rain? Everything here was dying for want of rain, and the heat from fires was intense. Our brigade was called out five times in one week. We had a nice "Gleaners'" meeting last week. I have been elected literature secretary and box agent for the union. Our Sunday-schools send £5 yearly to support a child at the Yarrabah Mission and Bexley itself 30s. to C.M.A. I am very interested in the G. Union, and I think their annual meeting, and also the Mission Zone, two great treats of the year. We are having our annual church social this week. Our choir has learnt some pretty glees, and next week we are to sing them at a tea meeting at Arncliffe. The Band of Hope is also to be held on Tuesday, so I have a full week.—Much love to all.

P.S.—Do you really mean that about the picnic to Parsley Bay or somewhere else? Oh, it would be grand!

(Dear Beryl,—Yes, I enjoyed the rain; it was nice to get wet. I quite envied a small boy I saw carefully walking through the middle of every puddle. I would have followed him only I have to clean my own boots, and I am sure he hadn't to. Yes, I do really mean to have a picnic, and will count on you to make one. We will have fun that day. One gentleman is anxious to come, and as he wants to be taken for Uncle B. he is thinking of having his head shaved, but I told him all the gentlemen would have to promise to wear caps all the time. Then, again, Uncle B. might give

us all the slip, and just send Mr. Hammond or someone else in his place; but more about this another time.—Uncle B.)

A HAPPY HOLIDAY.

Daisy Hawkins, "Wyville," Cooma, writes:—

My Dear Uncle B.,—I am very sorry to keep you waiting for a letter, but I have been away for a short holiday. I could not go away before the little ones had had their holidays, and had gone back to school again. My uncle and aunt drove into church one Sunday morning and spent the rest of the day here, and then drove out home late in the afternoon. I went with them for a week's holiday. We arrived at our destination a little after sundown. I enjoyed the drive very much indeed. The air was very cool, and a light breeze blew in our faces all the way out. The rabbits are very plentiful out that way for they seemed to be jumping up out of every clump of grass along the roadside. My cousin (who is the same age as myself) and I visited several of the neighbors during the week. After supper each night we had several games of tennis, as it was too warm to play in the afternoons. We spent a very enjoyable day at the river. We left early one morning, and after driving six miles through country lanes we arrived at the river. After we arrived we set our lines. We went a short distance up the river to have a look at the mill. We could not get inside, so we did not stay very long. We went up the river after lunch as far as the boat hole, where we went in bathing. The water was warm, and we spent a very pleasant time in it. We did not catch many fish, but had enough for breakfast next morning. We left for home a little after six. If anything the drive home was more pleasant than our morning drive. Well, dear Uncle, I must close now, with fond love to all my cousins. I will not keep you waiting as long for a letter next time.—I am, your loving Ni'.

(Dear Daisy,—You certainly deserved a holiday, and what with tennis, fishing, and bathing you managed to have a good one. I am not a good fisherman. I generally used to catch a cold, a few mosquitoes, a stray bough that tore my clothes, and finished up with catching a whacking, so I long ago got discouraged with fishing and gave it up. So glad you are going to write again soon.—Uncle B.)

ACCOMMODATING.

Senator Martine, of New Jersey—the "farmer Senator," as it is his pride to be called—was relating in Washington memories of his farm life.

"What quaint minds," he said, "have those New Jersey colored folk who work New Jersey's farms! I remember an old uncle who once paused in a job of potato hoeing to sing in my ears the praise of chicken.

"'Chickens,' he said, 'is sq accommodatin'. Dey's so accommodatin', sur, yo' can eat 'em befo' hey's hawn, an' yo' can eat 'em aftah dey's dead.'"

The Feats and Defeats of Liquor.

BISHOP OF SALFORD AND TEMPERANCE.

The Bishop of Salford, in a message to members of the Catholic Federation, states that Catholics at large might take a more general and active interest in various public movements in aid of Temperance. It is true, he says, "you cannot make a man sober by Act of Parliament," as is often objected, but you certainly can by legislation immensely diminish the facilities of excessive drinking and the temptations to drink. It is these temptations that are the most fruitful cause of falls. We might whole-heartedly support such interests as the Sunday closing movement. But, above all, legislation about public-houses needs badly to be supplemented by drastic reforms about clubs—a far more dangerous source of temptation than even licensed houses. The drink abuse in some of these clubs is very great. The Bishop adds that he rejoices that Catholics have done away with the drink licence at bazaars, and sincerely trusts they will never again see intoxicants advertised as prizes at raffles or prize drawings.

NOT TOO DRASTIC.

That is a wonderful story that Bishop Lewis, so recently returned from arduous labors in China, is telling over this country concerning the work in the Celestial Empire. That the Sleepy Giant is awakened is no longer to be doubted.

Among the many notable things that have been accomplished in China there is nothing more remarkable than what has been done to destroy the opium traffic. The government is determined to extinguish the nefarious business. To show how determined it is, the bishop tells of a number of farmers who petitioned that they might be allowed one more year in which to raise the poppy.

"Why," answered the officials, "this is not a petition, this is rebellion." And the next day the farmers were taken into their own poppy-fields and there decapitated.

Drastic! Yes, but the opium business is a terrible curse. One cannot but wonder whether prohibition would prohibit in this country if our Government were as determined to drive out the liquor business as the Chinese are to save their country from this particular curse. Laws to be enforced need to be in the hands of those who are friendly to them.—Epworth "Herald."

DRIVERS AND DRINK.

The Acting-City Coroner, Mr. Hawkins, had a word to say to-day to a witness on the subject of allowing persons under the influence of drink to drive a horse and cart.

The evidence at the inquiry which Mr. Hawkins was holding showed that James Clement Crawford, employed as a dairy-hand at Dundas-street, Waterloo, was driving a spring cart on February 6 at Resch's Brewery, when the horse fell down. Crawford was trying to get the horse on its feet, when it suddenly bounded up and the wheel of the

cart passed over Crawford and inflicted injuries from which he died three days later at St. Vincent's Hospital.

John Whitehurst said he managed the dairy business of his brother, who employed Crawford. On the morning of February 6 Crawford left the yard with a big load. He had had some drink, but Whitehurst thought he was quite capable of doing his work. He was in the habit of taking drink.

The Coroner: You should not have allowed that man to drive the cart. You know he had been drinking, and yet you allowed him to go out with the cart. For the protection of the public and himself you should have prevented him from driving it. Of course the accident may not have been the result of drinking, but still you knew that he was not quite sober.

Witness: He had one or two drinks, but he was not under the influence of drink when he left our yard.

The Coroner: But he had been drinking.

Witness: Yes, but he was not drunk.

Dr. Newing, of St. Vincent's Hospital, said the deceased was under the influence of alcohol when admitted, and his death was due to shock resulting from his injuries, accelerated by chronic alcoholism.

A verdict of accidental death was returned.

RUCTIONS IN A LOCKUP.

Ructions in a cell at No. 1 Police Station on the 2nd inst. led to the appearance at the Central Police Court of a young Norwegian, John Lofgren, who was charged with assaulting an elderly cook, John Galbraith, thereby occasioning him actual bodily harm.

The prosecutor's story was that on the 2nd inst. he was locked up on a charge of drunkenness and placed in a cell in the Clarence Street Police Station. There was somebody else there when he entered, and afterwards the accused was admitted. He was very drunk and noisy. He made so much noise, in fact, that witness made an effort to quieten him. Lofgren resented his action, and catching him by the throat, threw him down and bumped his head against the cement floor. He was knocked senseless, and did not remember anything until he recovered consciousness in the hospital. His skull was fractured, and he had only just left the hospital.

The accused was committed for trial.

SLY GROG-SELLING.

Last week Charles Hildebrandt, who lives at No. 3 Berwick-lane, was indiscreet enough to sell beer to three apparently thirsty customers. To Hildebrandt's great confusion the thirsty customers then declared they were constables, and were going to make trouble. A search of the premises revealed 11 bottles of beer, two bottles of whisky, and one bottle of wine.

At the Water Police Court, where Hildebrandt was charged with sly grog-selling, it was stated that he had been previously fined for a similar offence. Mr. Smithers, S.M., inflicted a fine of £100, or nine months.

FACTORY LIFE.

(Continued from Page 5.)

"Universal condemnation was expressed by the medical men of the present provision in the Factories Act, which permits of women returning to work within four weeks after their confinement. The true regulation of this matter ought to be that a woman should not in any case return to work after her confinement without a medical certificate that she is fit for the actual work which constitutes her duty in the factory."

MORALITY IN FACTORIES.

Only one medical man was of opinion that the morality of factory hands was the same as that of other classes. With the exception of this evidence, the doctors called were unanimous in expressing a very unfavorable judgment as to the morality of factory-workers. The Commissioner says:—"While, however, it might be imprudent to stake a strong opinion on external indications, enough was seen to justify the urgent recommendations of the doctors in favor of separating the sexes wherever possible. In many factories this has been voluntarily done, if only in the interests of the work itself. And here again it is desirable to convert the best practice into a uniform obligation by compelling the provision to separate rooms for female workers, unless in the opinion of the inspectors subject to appeal to the Minister or to arbitration it is absolutely essential that the sexes should work together.

"It should further be prescribed by regulation that female employees should enter and leave the premises at least a quarter of an hour before boy workers, as is already insisted upon by some employers."

In summarising the report the Commissioner writes that the most essential reform is that the entering age should be raised to 16, and that as a corollary the education of children should be continued for another two years, part of which would be spent by girls in gaining some domestic aptitude, and by boys in some technical training.

"In the last few years alcoholism has startled all Europe. And I deem it urgent for a bishop to raise a cry of alarm. All kinds of measures, offensive and defensive, best adapted to combat alcoholism, must be combined in a supreme effort to extirpate the evil which is poisoning and killing France."—Bishop Latty.

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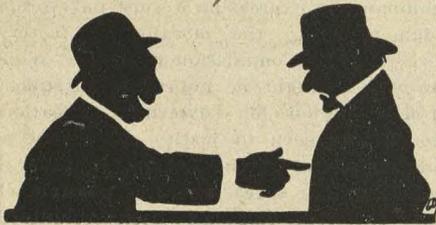


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THE KITTEN DIDN'T THINK SO.

Dorothy persisted in carrying her kitten by its tail, in spite of very vigorous protestations on the part of her pet. Her father remonstrated with her and finally exacted a promise that she would be more considerate of her kitten's feelings. Dorothy seemed very deeply impressed with her father's words, and after a short deliberation queried timidly, "But, papa, isn't that kitty's handle?"

DOWNRIGHT RUDENESS.

Robert was going on a journey, and, while waiting at the station, stood looking at a switch-engine passing back and forth. Suddenly the engine let off steam, and Robert came down from the seat with a clatter "Oh, Auntie!" he cried, "that engine frightened me. It blew its nose right in my face."

JUST LIKE A TRUST MAGNATE.

In the second grade of a public school the teacher saw a little boy pass a note to a little girl across the aisle. On opening it she read, "dear kathleen will you be my bow. I had one girl onct but she wanted everything it saw.—Georgie."

MORE PORTABLE.

There was an old Scotchman in Glasgow who was moving from one house to another on the same street. Being of an economical turn of mind, he had moved his bits of furniture on the wheelbarrow himself.

The last thing left for him to carry was one of those old grandfather's clocks. It was rather heavy and awkward to handle.

As he toddled up the street to his new home, with grandfather's clock over his shoulder, he met a friendly Scot, who had been imbibing.

"Tak' ma' advice," said the intemperate, "buy yersel' a watch."

A GOOD SANITARY JOB.

Six-year-old Sherwood was boasting that he was working in a blacksmith shop. "What do you do there? Shoe horses?" he was asked. "No!" he answered promptly, "I shoo flies."

THE SIMON-PURE ARTICLE.

Five-year-old Sam was dressed for the first time in knickers, a silk shirt, standing collar, and necktie. After proudly walking before the mirror he turned to his mother and said:

"Mama, you've seen the pictures, but never the real thing before."

THE FEMININE GENDER.

A well-known General, talking at a dinner, said of a recent book on tactics:—

"It suggests, in its absurdities and errors, this misogynistic schoolboy, who was asked—'What is the difference between a fort and a fortress?'"

"'Well,' said the schoolboy, 'I should think the only difference would be that the latter is the harder to silence.'"

LIKE DADDY'S.

"Well, my little man," said a hairdresser to a little lad of six, who was seated in his chair, "how would you like your hair cut?" "Like daddy's, with a little round hole at the top!" was the reply.

It was the busy hour in the quick-lunch establishment. The overworked waitress hurried up to the waiting customer. "Tea or coffee?" she demanded. He smiled pleasantly on her. "Don't tell me," he whispered. "Let me guess."

GEO. WIELAND,

THE CHEAPEST BUTCHER ON EARTH.

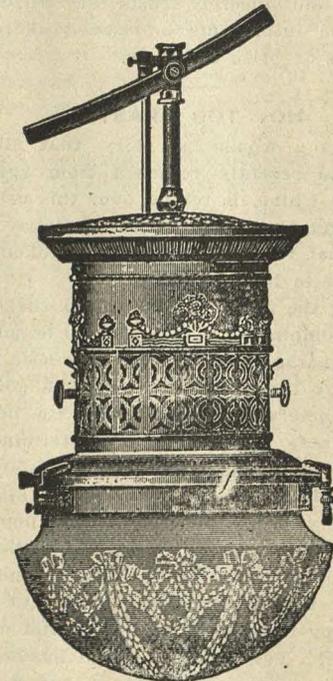
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SETTING AN EXAMPLE.

So true is it that many parents seem to rear their children on the principle of "do as I say, not as I do," that the need of a good example on the part of the parents cannot be too often repeated. Children learn far more readily by example than by precept. The atmosphere of the home counts for so much more than any preaching the parents can give, that it behoves us all to examine our own conduct first if our children are not following the road we point out to them.

Children always imitate the actions and manners of associates. We grown folks, who are nearest and dearest to the children in our homes, should take care that we set them an example worthy of being followed. We have in mind the ideal child—the little girl or boy who is happy and sweet-tempered, well-mannered, cleanly, who obeys promptly, and whose lips are never soiled by impure words. Yet, a sorry task most of us make of it. And I begin to think, now that I see how I have failed in many ways with my small son, that mayhap it is because we forget to practice these virtues ourselves that our children fail to reach the standard we set them. The wise father and mother will set an example every day, hour and minute for the son and daughter to follow. Speak gently to your children, parents; keep your lips free from ugly words; do not scowl or fret. The mother, also, should set her little ones an example of neatness, by keeping herself always clean and attractive about the home. Too often the mother slides into slipshod ways, and the children are first to notice and copy her. You may not think so, but it is true, for I was young once, and my pride suffered greatly in this direction. And the lack of obedience—I have come to wonder if that, too, is not largely our fault. So often we say, "In a minute, dear," "By-and-by, child," then forget to consider the childish wants. We are indignant when we receive the same replies from our young people, yet are they not imitating us? Are they wholly to blame?

TRUST YOUR BOY AND TELL HIM SO.

I had always wondered, as a young mother, what I should do when one of the greater issues in child-training came to me, such issues as theft, untruth, or other forms of maliciousness.

I realised from the first that other little things were as nothing compared with these, and being one to cross bridges, I was somewhat prepared when the blow fell.

The smell and stain of cheap candy was the only evidence I had, but I knew my boy had taken money from me to purchase the same. Upon inquiring he told me money had been taken, not once, but often.

I was glad he was truthful, but there was still a mighty problem before me, and I knew it. How should I go about a permanent cure, not a momentary punishment, which is, after all, only an opportunity for future deception?

My husband, my mother, and myself met in solemn conclave, and my carelessness was kindly and lovingly mentioned as the probable cause of my son's downfall, as my small change might be seen at all times in several places.

It was suggested that I be more careful and lock up my money, thus removing temptation from him. Then we parted for the night, but I could not sleep. It seemed to me this would be my overcoming his weakness for him, instead of his overcoming it for himself.

In the morning, when all was quiet, I took my precious boy by himself and we had it out. I told him these pennies of mine would continue to lie in the same places right along, and that they would never be counted by me, but that I knew as well as I knew my boy's heart he would never touch a penny of mine again.

I explained how he would have temptation to steal and to sin otherwise daily before him, and that only by his resisting temptations would he build his character, and not by hiding it from him. He must be strong if he ever hoped to be a good man.

The pennies continued to lie around, and I watched the outcome almost breathlessly, but he won out, and I know he never touched a penny from that day.

He is a young man now, and he often says it was because I trusted him that he was strong to resist.—A.M.M.

CRYING CHILDREN.

It is natural for the majority of children to express their likes and dislikes, their needs and wishes by other ways than crying. But once in a while we find a child naturally inclined to cry. Out of a family of children we find one that does more crying than all the rest put together. Why it is, we cannot tell. They have the same training, and the same parents, so we cannot lay it to the law of heredity and environment. A slight reproof, a wish ungratified, a look of remonstrance, a teasing word from a brother or sister will cause a torrent of tears and convulse the body with sobs.

I am the mother of three children, all healthy and normal. The third one, however, while he was the best-natured baby that ever lived, after he was two or three years old, until he grew to be quite a big boy, would cry so easily. Not a little whining cry, but a loud boo-hoo that was annoying to everyone. His father was a man that believed in the idea that to "spare the rod would spoil the child," so tried whipping him for it, but without success. He would cry and cry, and we simply couldn't stop him. Talking to him about it did no good. We couldn't laugh him out of it. Coaxing wouldn't work. Whipping only made it worse.

One day, in my desperation, when all other methods had failed, I said to him, "Go to

your room and shut the door, and cry to your heart's content. Just cry as long as you can. When through, open the door yourself and come out." He was then about seven years old. He obeyed me, going to his room without a word of remonstrance. In about 15 minutes he came out of his room, face straight, with a shadow of a smile creeping over his countenance. He joined in the play with the others, making no reference to the thing over which he had been crying.

After that, when things went wrong with him, I used the same method. And it worked. Crying with no one to hear him, and with the privilege granted him of crying just as long as he wanted to, seemed to take away the desire to cry at all.—Mrs. F.J.H.

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