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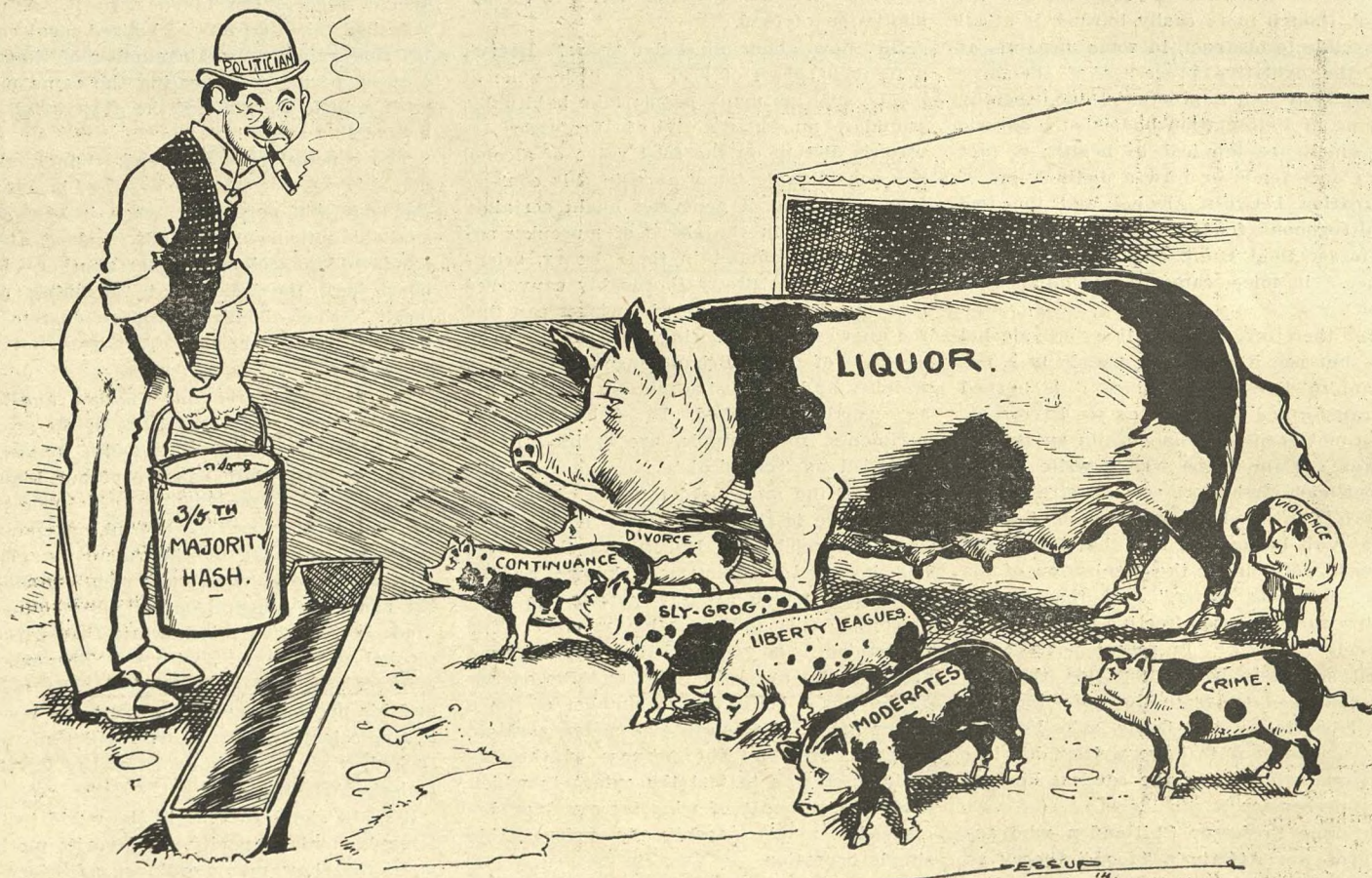
A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

VOL. VIII. No. 18.

Price One Penny.

THURSDAY, JULY 23, 1914.

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What Science Says About Alcohol.

By BURTON J. HENDRICK, in "Munsey's Magazine," June, 1914.

(Continued from last Issue.)

The trouble, according to Professor Chittendon, is that alcohol, even in innocent amounts, seriously interferes with other body processes. The function of the liver, for example, is largely to destroy certain poisons taken in with our food, notably uric acid. But alcohol so interferes with the liver that it cannot perform this duty acceptably.

"Alcohol," Professor Chittendon says, "presents a dangerous side wholly wanting carbohydrates and fats. The latter are simply burned up to carbonic acid and water, or are transformed into glycogen or fat, but alcohol, though more easily burned, is at all times liable to obstruct, in some measure, at least, the oxidative processes of the liver and probably other processes, too, thereby throwing into circulation bodies such as uric acid, which are inimical to health; a fact that at once tends to draw a distinct line of demarcation between alcohol and the two non-nitrogenous foods."

Professor Reid Hunt, after prolonged experiments in mice, came to a similar conclusion.

Man, therefore, cannot live on alcohol alone; but has it not other uses? Is it not an "aid to digestion"? Since it is burned and transformed into heat, as we have seen, does it not transfer some of its sparkle to the mind? Cannot the writer write better, the poet pour forth more ecstatic strains, the orator feel inspired to more heroic flights? We have all been often told that Byron did his finest work under the inspiration of his "hock and soda water," and that Daniel Webster was never so effective as after having freely imbibed. In recent years cold-blooded scientists have submitted the eloquent claims of Omar to the unfeeling test of the laboratory. And Omar, splendid poet as he is, turns out to have written his immortal quatrains under the saddest kind of a misapprehension.

This same Professor Chittendon who assails Professor Atwater's "food" theory so scientifically, has pretty conclusively disposed of another fallacy of the tippler: that alcohol "aids digestion." The professor handles this alcoholic superstition quite gently, but none the less effectively.

If you take a preliminary cocktail, the digestive ferments will begin to pour into the stomach. So far so good. In a few minutes, however, the alcohol is absorbed, and then its destructive effects begin to manifest

themselves. At first, as the toper fondly believes, it does "aid digestion" and is actually an "appetizer"; presently, however, it tends to "stop digestion." The net result, therefore, so far as digestion is concerned, is just about the same as though you had taken no alcohol at all. On the other hand, there are certain alcoholic drinks, like sherry and most white and red wines, that positively retard stomach digestion. Whatever else they show, these Chittendon experiments picture in rather a strange light the good old family doctor who prescribed various wines and whiskies with meals as auxiliaries to the assimilation of food.

But how about muscular work? Doesn't a frequent glass of beer or a little wine at meals, such as many people take habitually, stimulate muscular activity? Professor Atwater's dictum on the food value of alcohol has considerable importance in this connection. The heat it generates ought certainly expend itself in the shape of muscular energy. The Germans, in their dreary, scientific way, have pretty thoroughly canvassed this question. Any one who wishes can find the answer in bewildering statistical form in several of the *Behandlungen* in which weighty and conclusive matters of this kind are usually entombed. Dr. Schynder's experiments, for example, are entitled to be regarded as "classical."

One of the most used muscles of the human frame is the index finger of the right hand. A celebrated Italian, Angelo Mosso, has invented an instrument known as the ergograph, which accurately tests the efficiency of this indispensable member. The mechanism is so arranged that the wrist and arm muscles are held tight, and the energy of the finger tested by the number of times it can lift, to the length of a meter, a single kilogram weight. The purpose of the experimenter was to test the extent to which moderate amounts of wine increased or decreased a man's capacity to perform this simple operation.

A long and elaborate series of experiments clearly demonstrated that moderate amounts of alcohol diminished the energy of this index finger. The experimenter pitted alcohol against tropon—a nutritious food, consisting of animal and vegetable proteins, which is given to the sick and the convalescent. That is, the subject would eat a meal of tropon and then test the energy and endurance of his index finger. He would then drink a ra-

tion of alcohol which had exactly the same "food value"—that is, the heat and energy—as the tropon. Had there been any scientific truth in the idea that alcohol is really a physiological food, both tropon and alcohol ought clearly to have done the same amount of work. But the subject was able to lift this tiny weight many more times with the heat supplied by the tropon than with that supplied by the alcohol.

This simple demonstration, however, did not complete the experiment. Food, as commonly understood, clearly has greater energy-producing powers than alcohol, but there still remains the practical question: how about the value of alcohol when taken with other food? The experiment showed that alcohol does produce utilizable heat energy, though not in such quantities as "regular" food: does not the "usual glass of wine" taken regularly with meals, therefore, serve a real physiological purpose? Does it not make us stronger, more capable of work?

The examination of this point brought out a really amazing fact. This was that a meal made up of such materials as soup, meat, vegetables, and bread has greater fuel value than the same meal when moderate quantities of alcohol are taken with it. A man who had taken an un-alcoholised meal could lift this weight a certain number of times in a given period: after eating the same meal, with a little wine added, he always fell far behind this record!

The conclusion is apparent: though alcohol, in Professor Atwater's sense, is a food, the body will not use it when it has other available nutriment at hand. And so, at the hands of the scientist, falls another cherished idea, the belief that "drinking with meals"—the universal European custom—is, if not physically beneficial, at least not demoralising.

But there still remains another age-long tradition. There is mental life in the sparkling bowl; it stimulates thought, makes us mentally keen, alert, capable of our highest mental fights. Here again it is laboratory workers in the great beer-drinking country, Germany, that lay another alcoholic ghost. Here are a group of average men, capable of the usual high mental operations of human-kind: how do their minds work, first without alcohol and, secondly, with it? The experimenters are the famous Professor Kraepelin and his pupil, Kurz; if you want the results in fine scientific German, you will find them tucked away in the volumes of the *Psychologische Arbeiter*.

It is the simplest thing in the world to test a man's mental capacity. A favorite method is to find how many ordinary additions of

(Continued on Page 10.)

Golfing all day, he was feeling tired, 'Twas hot, and he'd rather freely perspired Cried he: "I'm catching a cold in my head, It may lead to a couple of days in bed. My sport will be spoiled for a week or more, For already I'm feeling stiff and sore. But stay! I've a remedy safe and sure, I'll hunt up some Woods' Peppermint Cure."

THE HUMAN MAN.

AN INQUIRY INTO THE PROPOSITION THAT "PEOPLE WILL DO ANYTHING FOR MONEY."

By EUGENE WOOD, in "Everybody's Magazine."

It is sometimes said in bitterness of spirit: "People will do anything for money." This is foul calumny, wicked slander—it isn't so at all. Not out our way.

I'll prove it to you.

If you should want to call at the parsonage of the principal church in the village, you had better go to the side door and knock. Don't go to the front door, because that would mean that some one would have to come to the parlor window, part the lace curtains, and either motion to you or shout at you: "Go round the side way!"

The front door isn't working. The key is lost. It got lost a couple of months ago.

"Well!" you say in scorn. "Why doesn't the poor thing go to the locksmith and get him to make a new key to the front door?"

What d'you mean "get him to make a new key?"

In this community of some two thousand souls there isn't any regular locksmith. There are two men that sometimes do tinkering jobs of the kind. To one of these the new minister applied. He found him sitting on his work-bench, smoking a cob pipe and talking politics with a friend. The new minister explained about the key to the front door being lost, and wanted him to come up and fit a new key.

"Got the lock with you?" inquired the man.

"Why, no, I thought I'd have you come up and fit the key to the door as it is."

"Woosh't you'd 'a' brought it along. What kind of a lock is it?"

"Oh, just the common kind. No, not a spring lock. No, it isn't mortised in. It's just fastened on. Regular kind. Bring up a blank key and fit it."

"You had a right to bring the lock with you," said the man, not unkindly.

"To tell you the truth, it never occurred to me to do so. My wife's been at me for several days to have the thing attended to, but it's slipped my mind. If I hadn't seen your sign to-day, I probably wouldn't have thought of it."

The man pulled the stem out his cob pipe, blew through it, got a broom-straw and ran that through, put the stem back into the bowl of the pipe, and resumed his smoking.

"Can you come up right away and fix it? I want to square myself with my wife," smiled the minister, hoping that would touch a responsive cord within the man's bosom.

"Well, not just right away, I cain't," was the reply, as he pulled his watch out of his pocket and looked at it. "I'm expectin' a party in now any minute." This in rebuttal of the obvious fact that he hadn't one blessed thing on hand to do.

"You'll be up some time to-day, then?" (This was crowding things just a mite.)

"Well, I jist couldn't say for soytin. I might, at that."

"I wish you would. It's rather awkward, you know, not to have the use of the front door at all. I may as well pay you now while I think of it," said the minister, reaching his hand into his breeches pocket. "How much will it be?"

"Oh, that's all right," the man said hastily. "Pay me when the job is done. If you'd 'a' brought the lock along with you, it wouldn't 'a' been nothink at all. Be only too happy to oblige."

"I'll look for you this afternoon, then?"

"Sure!" said the man promptly.

And that was no lie either. The minister did look for him. But he didn't see him.

The next day, when the minister went into the shop: "There! I knowed there was some-think I forgot! I be darn! Gettin' foolisher and foolisher every day. I'll be up this afternoon sure, without fail. Yes, yes. I'll be there."

He didn't come a step.

The next day the minister thought he'd take the lock off the door and see if that wouldn't expedite matters. But all the time the parsonage had been occupied the foul calumny that people will do anything for money had been refuted many times by the plain facts; and parsons, as a rule, are better jawsmiths than locksmiths, so that the lock was partly fastened on with screws and partly with nails. It looked as if he might possibly worry it off somehow, but getting it on again would be problematical. And then it might be weeks and weeks before he could get a new lock to replace it; somehow he didn't like the notion of leaving the front door open so long.

"That man doesn't mean to come at all," the minister's wife said. "Go see the other one."

"Oh, yes, he will," the preacher said. "He'll come. He knows his money's waiting for him."

Every day for two weeks that man solemnly promised he'd be up that afternoon to fit a key to the front door. He hasn't come yet.

"He needn't, now," the minisetr said. "I'll go and see the other fellow, and try to get some action there."

He did—kind of.

"Well, sir, I'm jist mortified to death to think I cain't come right this minute and fit that key. It must be terrible annoyin' not to git in and out the front way when you want to. But I cain't possibly make it to-day. Out o' the question entirely. Woosh't you'd 'a' brought the lock along. I'd 'a' fixed you out in jist about two shakes of a lamb's tail, an' wouldn't 'a' cost you nothink at all. Couldn't git the lock off without breakin' it? Well, well! Let me see . . . I don't think— Now, I wouldn't be too positive, but I don't think I could git

up that way much before four o'clock to-morrow afternoon. 'Ll that do?"

"Why, it'll have to do," the minister said. "We haven't had the use of the front door since we've been here."

"Aain't that too bad? Why, 'n't you go see Sammis an' git him to do it? I d'know's I'd want to recommend him, but a simple little job like that he'd probably do all right."

"I've been to Sammis."

"Oh!"

"You'll be up to-morrow afternoon about four o'clock then?"

"I'll try to. Ah-hoom! Got a terrible cold. Alwus settles in my bronnicles when I ketch a cold. Air's t' strong here. Tell you what you do, dominie. You take these here keys— What kind of a key was it? Oh, that's right; you never seen it. But you take the hull business and try 'em all, and if any of 'em fits, w'oy, you're welcome to it. Don't mention it. On' too glad. Now 'f I don't git up to your house till late to-morrow, don't hold no hard feelin's, will you? Because I'm jist about drove to death with work."

And he hasn't come around either, though often besought to do so.

Also, none of the keys quite fitted. One of them pretty nearly did, though.

In the course of getting acquainted in the village the new minister heard of a really worthy case. Honest and sober man, a machinist by trade, out of work—oh, it must be for more than a year now. Wife sick, and three little children, the oldest a boy of nine or ten. Need every penny they can get their hands on.

"The very man," said the new minister. So he went to see him about making a new key to fit the lock on the front door of the parsonage.

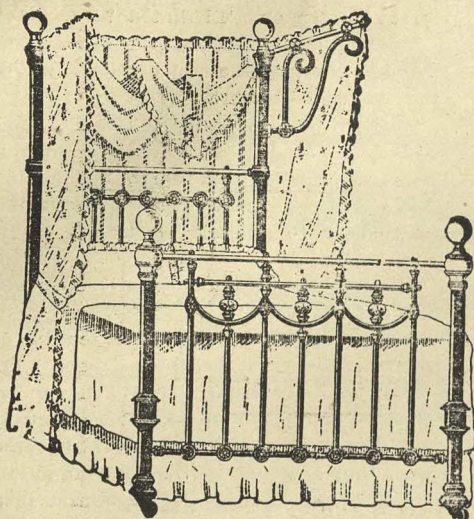
Well, he didn't know. He was a machinist, understand, not a blacksmith. Still, in a pinch, he guessed he could make out to do it as a matter of accommodation. He could take a file to the blank key. . . . Worst of it was, he didn't have no blank key. Not being a locksmith, understand. And he didn't have no files. Used to have 'em, but he'd had to dispose of everythink that would bring a little money, understand? So. . . . The minister didn't happen to have the lock with him, did he? That was too bad. He'd kind o' like to have a look at it. Well, he'd see what he could do.

And he hasn't come around yet. It's like this: Every day when the tide's right, he and the oldest boy have got to go down to the beach to dig clams to keep the family from starving. And, his wife being sick abed, and the children to look after, why, it keeps him pretty well tied at home. But he'll be around before long. He wishes he knew what kind of a file he'd need to fix the key, because he thinks he knows where he could borrow one.

Doesn't that disprove the statement that "people will do anything for money?"

You may reply with the ancient proverb that "One swallow does not make a souse," and argue that the incident of the key is quite exceptional. My dear sir or madam,

(Continued on Page 10.)



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THE COMING BAZAAR.

The committee assuming responsibility for the forthcoming bazaar to be held in November is meeting regularly. It has been decided to hold a big meeting of all friends and supporters of the movement in order to have the whole matter of the bazaar taken up with unity and enthusiasm. Each affiliated society and No-License League is being asked to provide a stall.

TICKET SELLING COMPETITION.

A special and novel feature in connection with the effort is to be a preliminary ticket selling competition. It has been agreed to sell season tickets for all the bazaar sessions for the sum of 1/- each, and to award prizes to those who sell the greater number of tickets.

The first prize will be a lady or gent's gold watch of £10/10/- value. This splendid prize will make it worth anyone's while competing.

Consolation prizes of not less value than £1 will be given to all sellers of tickets disposing a 100 or more tickets.

Many persons will buy tickets who may not attend the bazaar in order to help on the Alliance.

All intending competitors should communicate with the General Secretary of the Alliance, 33 Park-st., Sydney, without delay. The competition will be started about the end of September, but write early for particulars.

CABLE FROM NEW ZEALAND.

Considerable discussion has recently taken place in New Zealand arising out of an attempt being made to secure restoration of licenses for Ashburton. The local temperance workers have evidently been getting even with the "wets," as the following cable from Mr. Toombes will show: "Recent license meeting, 30 attended, anathematised No-License monster meeting last night. Theatre Royal crowded, Deputy Mayor presided; resolutions unanimous, emphatic contradiction, and affirmed No-License successful."

The cable was published in the Sydney "Daily Telegraph," and the same day in licensed districts in N.S.W. the death by suicide of Dr. Murphy, of Goodooga, was recorded, whom the inquest revealed had been drinking heavily.

Sydney Turner was remanded for sentence for hitting a publican over the head with a bottle while under the influence of drink. You read nothing of this kind in Ashburton!

PROMINENCE OF LIQUOR ISSUE.

The great publicity being given to all phases of the liquor question is well maintained. By cable we learn that France is considering the advisability of creating a State monopoly of alcohol in order to raise revenue. They might ring up the Czar of Russia and get his opinion before doing anything rash! The liquor question was the big issue at the elections in Manitoba

(Canada), the Liberals who stood for temperance largely increased their representation. The star item of the week comes from New Zealand, where two men have been committed for trial for having administered a "noxious" thing (whisky) to a girl 15 years of age in a taxi joy ride.

NIMBIN LICENSING CASE.

The application for a conditional publican's license at Nimbin in the Lismore electorate has been granted.

This is a very glaring case of a liquor bar being forced upon a community under extraordinary circumstances.

Owing to a license dropping out in another part of the electorate at Broadwater (which is another licensing district) the applicant, Geike, did not have to conform to the usual safeguards that govern a new application, namely, show large increase of population, or secure a checked petition of adult residents within a mile radius of the site.

The village is a new one, and has a population of 198 people within a mile radius. At every poll taken the residents have voted against Continuance. Moreover, the electorate carried Reduction in December last, and only last week two hotels were given notice to close at the end of three years. The following Monday the local Licensing Magistrates turn round and deliberately grant a fresh license.

The whole scheme for securing the new license was well planned. The person who canvassed for signatures in favor was a well known local resident, being the representative of the Anglican Synod and Worshipful Master of the Orange Lodge. He owns the land on which the hotel is to be erected, and is to receive a considerable sum for it.

The site is in the immediate vicinity of the public school. It has been reported that there is a sly-grog shop in the main street, but the police admit that they have not been able to catch the offender. Many argued that a licensed hotel under Government supervision would be better than the sly-grog shop.

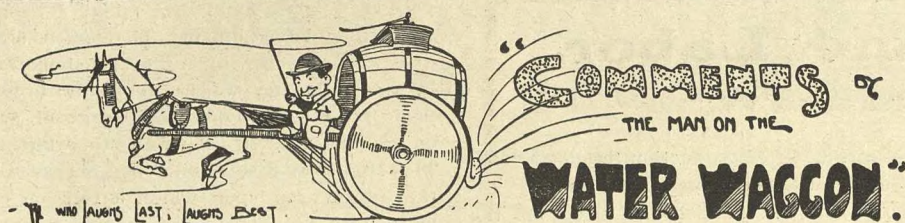
There is no policeman stationed at Nimbin. An application for one from the local Farmer and Settlers' Association was refused on the ground that owing to absence of crime one was not necessary. It will be interesting to know how the new "pub" is going to be supervised.

On the question of accommodation, there are two boarding houses in the village. These can meet the needs of the travelling public. Local residents objected, but the Licensing Bench permitted this new bar to be forced upon an unwilling community. There will probably be an appeal.

ALLIANCE BAZAAR

NOVEMBER NEXT.

**There will be a "GRIT"
Stall. GET BUSY!**



EDUCATION.

The Premier, in a statement published last week, refers to the fact that more money is being spent in a saner manner on education than ever before.

This was all apropos of the fact that the finances were not in a very holy condition, and Mr. Holman was endeavoring to show that whilst he ran the State into a deficit, yet we indirectly got full measure for our money.

We are not inclined to dispute this fact as far as the Education Department is concerned, where the present Minister has certainly worked on very original lines. Results have clearly shown what a fine, soft, sleepy, soothing sort of job this portfolio proved to be in the hands of past Ministers, some of whom had not half the originality of the common or garden pussy cat.

Consequently, the Department drifted into a sleepy crawl, true to the "gait" set it by its chief—the older men went up by reason of their seniority and with little or no thought to suitability or any other kind of "bility"—and the younger fellows just stayed, nolens volens—regular order, gentlemen, please—older men first and no pushing, thank you. What a superb, dear old somnolent institution for a nice little loaf, a nice cup of tea at 4 p.m., and a nice sleep.

THE OLD-TIME INSPECTOR.

Who of us cannot remember the inspector of 25 years ago? Who could forget him? Why, the day he was coming along was a nightmare—to quote "Patrick." Even the teachers were stricken with dread. They were not even allowed by one country inspector we knew well to leave the classroom to secure a drink of cold water. Any possible freedom of thought and any ability to teach a person might possess would not blossom forth under such a set of circumstances, and the Waggoner knows these are facts and not fiction. By "effluxion of time" the inspector referred to is now very close to the top of the Department, and delivers neat addresses on "methods of training the juvenile mind," but with the appreciation we have

of his own pristine breadth of vision we should, we think, fail to listen with any satisfaction to his lecturettes.

Gradually, however, the old school will disappear—the old methods too—and from what we can learn of the new curriculum we are of the opinion it is impossible to accurately gauge the advantage to the State.

Higher branches of education are open to all—continuation schools and 'varsity training alike being advantages before unattainable. Bursaries are for the many worthy and not the few. A democratic principle, in short, now possesses our schools of learning, and the old selfish and autocratic spirit has had to take to itself wings and disappear.

ENVIRONMENT.

It has often been argued by the Liquor advocates that education alone should prove the solution of the drink problem—that men should be educated to restrain their appetites—therefore State interference with the "liberty of the subject" (to get drunk) was illogical and absurd. Theoretically this sounds a very pretty argument. One factor, however, and a big one, too, has been overlooked.

The great influence of environment upon the human mind and character must not in this matter be passed over, for it is a fact and not a theory—that half mankind find it impossible to overcome the influences mentioned. To make things clearer and come down to practical exemplification—whilst there are hotel bars at every corner, and plenty of "friends" (?) to ask them in, half the "tempted ones" will fall, and that quite easily.

Some tendencies are not overcome by the "hardening" process, and the man who runs into temptation to prove the contrary, will soon find it out. 'Tis better to run. Remove the temptation, we temperance people say, and then get busy educating the young. That is the better method. The poor old soakers find little promise in education—it has arrived too late for them. Of course, we are well aware "Fairplay" will contend we are on the wrong track—that there should be

The Alliance Bazaar

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JAMES MARION,
General Secretary.

more open bars, with "better inspection," whatever that means. It would certainly seem to show the Liberty Leaguers themselves realise hotels want a little pruning into shape. The "shouting habit" is an evil they, the Leaguers, do not discuss, for the hotelkeepers would be down on them instantaneously did they condemn the practice. It isn't altogether an easy job to prove the logic of your position as a "Leaguer," and must need some nice adjustments of position at times. The public, however, have short memories, and do not worry much over reconciling facts, which accounts for the extraordinary voting for "Continuance" in quarters least expected.

Our Fighting Fund.

We have not recently been pushing our fund for educative work by means of free distribution of "Grit" before our readers, and now make another appeal for generous assistance. It has always been our endeavor to improve our little journal and get it to the homes where it is most needed. Will you assist us by a good donation? Will you take pleasure in making it an annual one?

This privilege—to do something for your unfortunate brothers and sisters is yours. Will you not grasp it?

Send along your cheque and mark it for this fund, and a great blessing will attend your effort. DO IT NOW.

Burnt to Death.

A laborer, Edward Harris, employed on the railway construction works near Orbest, Victoria, was burnt to death a few days ago.

With two other laborers, Harris visited the township, and remained there drinking till about half-past six. The party then started on the return journey to the camp. When they reached the river they lit a fire and went to sleep close by. The fire ignited Harris' clothes, burning every stitch off him, and charring the body beyond recognition. His two mates slept on, oblivious of the tragedy.

At the inquest a verdict of accidental death was returned. Harris, who recently came from Bairnsdale, is believed to have been a native of Monaro, New South Wales.

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Prohibition and Labor

IN SELF-INTEREST HIT THE LIQUOR EVIL.

Last week in Wellington, N.Z., Mr. H. D. Bedford, a lecturer in the Dunedin University, delivered a speech in connection with the N.Z. Alliance Convention. Inter alia, he said:—

"The economic aspect of the question has been much neglected; we now need to show our arguments and prove how the liquor traffic injures society in its financial resources. The sole fund from which capital, labor and land get remuneration is the total quantity of products and services throughout the year. We must not think of it in terms of money, and we shall then get a better understanding of the matter. There is no money circulating except by way of pocket money. I have spoken to bank managers, and I am assured that when money goes out on Saturday for wages, it is nearly all back by the following Tuesday or Wednesday. There is a constant tendency for the money to come into the town from the country, and every now and again it has to be sent back under escort. You will not increase the amount of clothing or of food by increasing the amount of money. The only increase of wealth possible is the increase in the total product of the country.

"Now I will show that there are three ways in which the liquor traffic affects the fund of commodities or things that can be consumed. I will prove, first that it lessens the quantity of the fund; second, that it impairs the quality; and third, that it disturbs its just distribution.

A ROBBER.

"First, it lessens the quantity of the fund. Take as an example a farmer who, if he is a good workman, adds to the fund, we will suppose five tons of grain. If he gives way to drunkenness he neglects his farm, so that it does not yield so much, for neglect of work always means a lessening product; so instead of adding to the national fund of commodities of grain, he puts in, say, only one ton. Whatever he puts into the fund he estimates its value, and says to himself, 'I will take out from the fund an equal value. But he takes it out in the form of clothes or boots or timber, and if he has not put so much in, he cannot take out so much in value, and that he is the chief one to suffer is seen in his home; his wife will find that she cannot obtain enough supplies of food and clothing, and his home will be poorer. But he is not the only sufferer. The general community also suffers, and all trade is affected. For the good farmer who puts in the five tons can make a demand from the fund for an equivalent value of goods, and as thus more boots or more clothes are wanted, a stimulus is at once given to trade, and a greater demand is created in all the other industries. Illustrate this by a bootmaker: if he drinks, he does not produce so many boots, and there is a shortage of supply and also there is a lessened demand for goods.

Thus, shrinkage of production implies a lessened demand in all industries.

"So if we can abolish the effect of the liquor traffic on the producing power, trade will increase. In 1912, according to police records, there were from forty to fifty thousand people who had their capacity for producing impaired. Taking that there are about a quarter of a million producers in the Dominion, if forty to fifty thousand of them have their earning capacity reduced by one-third, then there is a decrease of 12 per cent. in the amount that is put into the national fund. The same effect is produced by shortage of crops, the fund is lessened and there is therefore less to divide. Now, the liquor traffic has exactly the same effect as the failure of crops. Look at what is being done in the United States. They will not employ men who drink, nor will they have them in the Army or Navy, because drink lessens their working power, and therefore their producing power.

AN INJURIOUS MONOPOLY.

"Second, the liquor traffic impairs the quality of the fund of commodities. All sorts of things go into the fund. What does the trade put into it? A certain quantity of beer, spirits, etc. Now the most fatal and injurious of the products put into the fund is alcohol. Whatever goes in in its place must be better, therefore, if less alcohol is put in and more of other products, the quality of the whole must be improved. So far we have arrived at the point that prohibition must increase the quantity of the fund of wealth out of which wages can alone be paid and that it must enrich the quality of that wealth. These results in themselves would be a great economic gain to the laborer even if the distribution of that fund were unaffected by prohibition.

"I have now to show, however, that in the sphere of distribution the influence of the trade is peculiarly injurious to the working class. Nearly all the economic problems which press themselves upon the attention of politicians to-day centre in the great problem of how to secure a just distribution of a nation's wealth or income. It is easy to raise nominal wages, but such increases have a way of increasing the cost of living and lessening the purchasing power of the wages so that the real wages remain where they were before. Prohibition does not offer a final solution of this distressing problem, but it will beyond all doubt redress somewhat the present inequality and increase the proportionate share of labor in the National income. The proof is easy. The trade is a monopoly and the uniform feature of all monopolies is that that they draw out of the national income a share greater than their contribution to that income. They take out of the fund more than they give. This means that some producers must be working for the monopoly and letting it consume

what they have put in. That such is the case with the brewing trade is demonstrated in the following way: First, the brewing trade receives a higher percentage of profit on capital invested than any other business. The Hon. Mr. Fisher, who has access to all the information upon which a reliable estimate can be based computes the annual profits of the breweries at £250,000. The subscribed capital of all the breweries is put down at £477,000, thus the rate of profit on capital invested is over 50 per cent. The average rate of profit on industrial and commercial undertakings in New Zealand is certainly not more than 10 per cent. This means that for every £100 of capital supplied to assist production, £10 worth of goods is taken out of the national income as remuneration for the service rendered. If capital takes more than 10 per cent. out of the income it is certainly taking out more than it has put in. Assuming the brewers by their capital of £477,000 increase the national fund by £47,000, being 10 per cent. of their capital, then they draw out of the national fund goods to the value of £203,000 in excess of their contribution. This means that the other classes of the community have £200,000 of commodity less to consume because the brewers took that amount more than their share. If the brewing industry were not a monopoly there would be over £200,000 to distribute amongst the laborers and employers of the Dominion more than there is at present.

A POOR PAY.

"The chief sufferer from the undue share of the national wealth obtained by the trade is the laboring man. This appears clearly from the fact that the brewing industry pays a less proportion of its takings in wages than any other business. On a turnover of £793,000, the wages paid per year are £109,000, being 13.8 per cent. of the turnover. In the wollen industry 36.3 per cent. of the turnover is paid in wages, the clothing industry 33.5 per cent., the furniture industry 35.7 per cent. This means that if the trade were abolished and the money spent upon it diverted to the purchase of other goods, nearly three times as much of the money expended would go in wages. The brewing trade employs 741 persons. The abolition of the trade will mean the employment of nearly three times this number at the existing rate of wages or a general increase of wages throughout. Insistence should be put on the great truth that the motor-cars, splendid houses and furnishings enjoyed by the brewers, represent the consumption of wealth which under a just system of distribution would be consumed by the working man. It is literally true that the rich carpet on the floor of the brewer's house belongs, not to him, but to the working man. The brewer has it only because he is enabled by his monopoly to take out of the national fund a value in excess of what he has contributed to it, and consequently the working man takes out of the fund a value less than that which he has contributed to it."

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The Poor Unfortunate Brewer

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(By Alex. Jobson, in the "Sun.")

There can be no doubt about the prosperity of this brewery company. For years past the disclosed profit has been steadily increasing, and now for the full year ended March, 1914, it exceeds £262,000, a record figure, and about £26,000 above that of the previous twelve months. The whole of this growth was, however, in the latter half of the year, whose net earnings, £172,062, are over £31,000 greater than those of the March, 1913, half-year. Just why there should have been this wonderful expansion the directors do not explain. Still their reticence will not affect the shareholders very much, for they are, no doubt, only too well satisfied with the result to inquire into its causes.

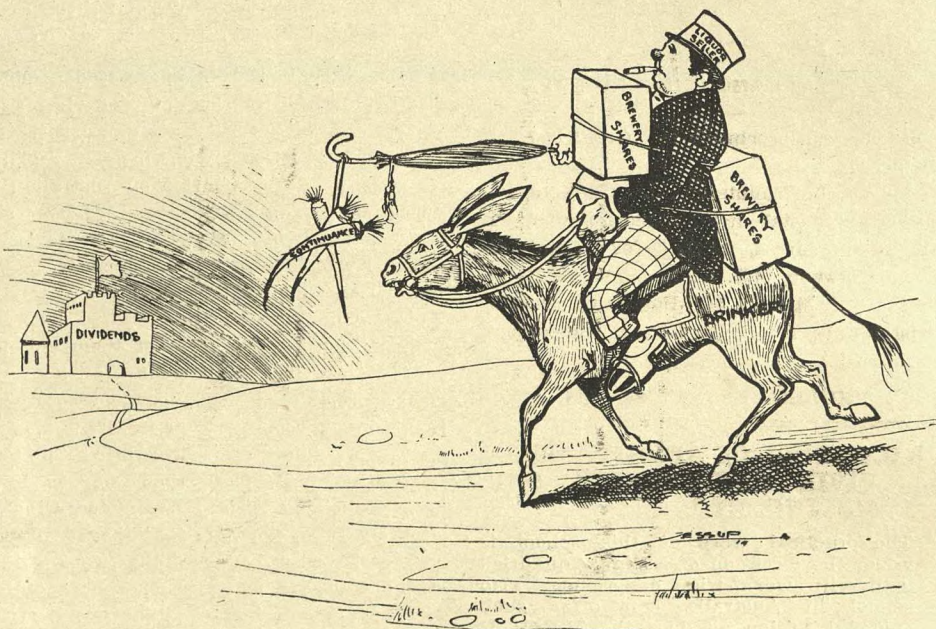
Having made so handsome a profit, and the brewery business being free from political alarm for another three years, the directors felt that they could safely make a generous distribution among the shareholders. With the profit and loss balance of £33,400 brought forward from September, 1913, the current profit of £172,000, and the dividend equalisation reserve of £45,000, they had over £250,000 available. Of this they set £3000 aside for the employees' benefit fund. They then gave the ordinary shareholders their usual 10 per cent. per annum for the half-year, £55,000, and at the same time increased the preference dividend from 8 per cent. to 10 per cent. per annum, absorbing £27,500. There then remained a balance of nearly £165,000, and of this they decided to capitalise £137,500, and to issue 137,500 ordinary £1 shares to the ordinary shareholders in proportion of one new share for every eight old shares.

This is certainly generous. At the same time the directors have, by this capitalisation, now the fourth within four years, increased the strain on the profit-earning power to meet the dividend charge. Not, of course, that that strain cannot be easily met if the current rate of profit is maintained. If the preference dividend continues to be 10 per cent. per annum (and there seems no good reason why it should not, so long as the profits keep up) and the ordinary dividend is also at the same rate, the annual charge will be £178,750. Whereas the net profits for the past four years were £179,000, £224,000, £236,000, and £262,000, each of which, with the exception of the first, would have permitted such a distribution.

In this matter the shareholders must, of course, trust their directors just as they do in regard to the valuation of the company's assets. These, now almost £2,082,000, have risen by over £100,000 during the year. The whole of this growth was in the main asset, Kent Brewery, plant and machinery, rolling stock, and freehold properties (less depreciation), nearly £1,308,000, which is about £106,000 greater. As it stands, this group of assets is so vaguely stated that the outside shareholder can form no opinion as to the integrity of its valuation. The total

company's assets. They amount to £51,000 (£54,000), and are all owing to sundry creditors. The surplus assets now amount to almost £1,935,000. They secure the ordinary capital of £1,237,500 (including the recent new issue of £137,500), and the preference capital of £550,000 (both classes being £1 shares fully paid), and reserves of about £147,500. As the preference shares have no interest beyond their capital of £1 per share, the surplus assets of £1,385,000 remaining after repayment of the preference capital belong to the ordinary shareholders. Their interest is almost 22s. 5d. per share.

But the market values the ordinary shares at much more than this, for buyers are now offering 46s. 9d. for them, nearly 24s. 4d. more than the assets value. This in the aggregate means a goodwill value of



THE ASS, HIS RIDER AND SOME CARROTS.

is certainly shown less depreciation, and he is moreover told that £10,000 more was written off plant and machinery out of the current profit. But such a statement conveys little meaning. Neither is he told whether the stock on hand, £164,000 (£164,000 in March, 1913), is conservatively valued, though the sundry debtors, £212,000 (£227,000) are, it is true, shown, after making provision for bad and doubtful debts. In these, as in other matters, the shareholder must trust the board, which evidently he is quite prepared to do. The liquid assets, deposits, funded stock, debentures, and cash, £397,000 (£387,000) are a little higher.

The company's liabilities are not of any consequence, considering the size of the

£1,505,000 over seven years' purchase on the average profit for the past five years. This is a high valuation, but the stock is fashionable and investors are so impressed with the prosperity of the company and the prospect of bonus issues that they are willing to pay this price, even though the yield on a 10 per cent. dividend is only a little over 4½ per cent. The same reason may be given for the current buying price of 36s. for the preference shares, whose yield is 5½ per cent. These shares have no interest in the assets beyond their face value of £1. Yet the public are willing to pay a premium of 16s. because of the high dividend at present paid.

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SUNDAY SCHOOL AND RELIGIOUS BOOK DEPOT.

CHAS. C. MIHELL,
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A Personal Chat with my readers

LABOR AND LIQUOR.

The Hon. D. R. Hall has told us to expect nothing from the present Parliament. He assures us they are more impressed by votes than righteousness. The Labor leaders of the Commonwealth are all notoriously sober men—probably 90 per cent. of the real leaders are total abstainers, and would agree with R. F. Travelick, President of National Eight-Hour League, who said:—"The use of liquor and its influences have done more to darken labor's homes, dwarf its energies, and chain it hand and foot to the wheels of corporate aggression than all other influences combined." And yet Labor in power has no plans and makes no promises to remove, control, or limit the output of Labor's greatest enemy—Booze. Is there a reason?

IMPERTINENCE. OR INDEPENDENCE

I suppose it depends on the point of view as to whether you call the following incident an illustration of Australian independence or impertinence. A lady writes me the following story:—"The Governor-General was touring along a bush track in a motor, another car contained a party of ladies. The weather was sultry, the dust inches thick, and in front of them crawling at about the pace of two miles an hour was a bullock team. Clouds of dust smothered the vice-regal party; so as the track was too narrow to admit of their passing the team the only thing left to them was to try a little diplomacy with the teamster, who obstinately refused to see that they desired to pass him, doggedly remaining in the middle of the track. The Governor sent his aide-de-camp to ask him to allow the party to pass him, but his overtures were of no avail, so the Governor himself went forward, and, telling the teamster that the ladies were suffering inconvenience from the delay, and also discomfort from the dust, endeavored to overcome his reluctance, but without result. At last, as a final inducement he leaned toward the man and said, in an impressive whisper, "You know, my man, I am the Governor-General of Australia!" meaning to impress him with a sense of the desirability of granting any favor to such a personage! He failed dismally to do so, for the other merely retorted, "That so! Then you've got a jolly soft billet and I advise you to keep it."

WHAT DID Mr. William What writes HE MEAN? thus:—

In the New Zealand "Triad" of June 10, p. 356, I find this paragraph in a review of Wells' new book. It is signed M. What

does he mean by the last part of it:—

"Well he may be amazed at Chesterton supporting the habit of 'shouting.' This habit of 'shouting' of 'standing treat' is altogether a vicious habit. It leads to the worst and most humiliating forms of parasitism. It results in an enormous amount of needless and stupid drunkenness. If the intention and end of Prohibition was merely to do away with the public bar and the casual drinking habit, few reasonable people would object to Prohibition. Unfortunately, Prohibition means vastly and viciously more than that. It means tyranny and enslavement, and a shocking arming of gross majorities to evil and undemocratic ends.—M."

There is really only one thing that last sentence can mean. It just means that the writer must have had at least six pints before he evolved from his own inner consciousness a sentence so contradictory, meaningless, and absurd as the one referred to.

I reprint this little poem by IF WE BUT HANNA MacKING, because it KNEW. moves us to gentleness and kindly feeling, and in the

rush and roughness of life we need some help in this direction:—

If we could draw aside the curtain of each other's lives,

See the naked heart within us, know the cause for tears and sighs,

We would break the barrier pride, give the smile that's long denied,

If we knew.

If we but knew the pains and sorrows in each other's hearts,

Knew the deafening wail of conscience ever present with its smarts,

We would make the pathway bright, make each other's burdens light,

If we knew.

If we but knew the secret trials that the Father knows,

Trials that destroy our gladness, as the cankerworm the rose,

When we see a brother fall, would we say, "I told you so,"

If we knew?

Some day we'll know each other better in the realms above,

When there'll be no secret sorrows to be kept from those we love,

Then our path will ne'er be dark, and there'll be no cause for woe

When we know.

The Editor

MAKING MEN DRUNK.

PUBLICANS LARGELY TO BLAME.—APATHY OF THE POLICE.

WANTED: THE OPEN BAR.

It is nearly time (says M.T. in the "Sunday Times") that the curse of drunkenness was dealt with in shirt sleeves. We have had academic suggestions for reformed nauseum, and still the wretched record of over 32,000 convictions for drunkenness in the courts of New South Wales disgraces the people of the State every year. And this is not the full extent of the evil. At a most moderate estimate it does not represent one-tenth of the drunkards in the State, whose capacity for creating misery and wretchedness, both for themselves and for those who surround them is not one whit less than that of those who find themselves brought before the magistrates.

With exasperating perversity, most of the efforts made by temperance advocates, and most of the measures adopted by the legislature, have been directed to empirical remedies, impossible of early attainment, on the one hand, and of the treatment of drunkenness as a crime, instead of a disease, on the other.

The problem is not to reform the drunkard,

BUT TO PREVENT HIM GETTING DRUNK.

How earnestly we strive to that end! A man is not arrested for drunkenness until he has become utterly incapacitated from drink, and has become a nuisance to others, or until he commits a criminal offence which, in all probability, he would not have thought of when sober. Long before he has reached either of those stages, he should be refused drink by the publican, or taken in charge by the policeman.

Instead of this many publicans continue to supply drunken men with liquor so long as they can stand up to the bar, or so long as their money lasts, and the police, knowing this to be going on, seldom take action to prevent it.

One evening during the recent wet weather I was walking home through the rain when I saw a man lying in the middle of the road. Fearing a tragedy, I hurried across to his assistance. I was quickly undeceived.

"What's the matter, old man?" I said.

The answer was brief and frank.

"I'm full!" said the sodden figure, which was soaking wet, inside and out.

I helped him up, but he couldn't stand; his legs bent under him and collapsed. I had to drag him to the shelter of the nearest fence. He was

THE MOST HELPLESS HUMAN

I had ever met outside a hospital. I didn't bother him with many questions, but learned enough to know that he had been drinking at an hotel, and that he had not left there until his money had been all spent.

He was so utterly, helplessly drunk that when he had fallen in the road he was unable to rise, and lay there in the pouring rain.

That man must have been drunk long before he left the hotel, and must have been served with many drinks after his condition had become obvious to the most bat-eyed barman.

There could have been no other reason for serving him with drinks after he had become drunk except the fact that business was business, and the more drinks that were sold the more profit resulted for the publican.

A few days later I saw a man with whom I was acquainted leave a suburban hotel very drunk, and go into another hotel on another corner of the street. At the same time a man with his clothes splashed with mortar, looking as if he had just knocked off work, and also drunk, staggered up the street and entered the same hotel.

Curious to know whether the publican would serve these men, I shortly afterwards walked through the bar. There were a number there, and the laborer had a glass of beer in his hand.

The licensee came into the bar and greeted him.

"Hello, Bluey," he said, "on it again?"

It was apparent that he knew "Bluey" as a regular customer, and a regular drunkard.

I went to the police-station in the vicinity—it was only a hundred yards away—and related the facts to the officer-in-charge. He said it was a very difficult matter to say when a man was drunk. "Of course," he said, "if you draw the attention of the police to the matter they may take some action."

I formally drew his attention to the fact that the hotelkeeper was

SERVING A DRUNKEN MAN

with liquor. He then replied that the policemen were on station duty, and that I would have to speak to the constable in the vicinity. He further explained that the police couldn't keep going into hotel bars to see whether drunken men were being served, and said: "If you could get five or six reliable witnesses to say that the man was drunk—"

I asked him what test the police applied before arresting a man for drunkenness.

"When he is, in the opinion of the police, not capable of taking care of himself," he replied.

He repeated that he could not do anything in the matter of my complaint.

On returning past the hotel I saw "Bluey"

THROWN OUT OF THE HOTEL

for fighting the other drunken man in the bar. He took off his coat, and rolled up his sleeves, and, pot-valiantly declaring there

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was only the jail and the morgue, and he was not frightened of either, challenged the whole neighborhood to mortal combat.

On another occasion I took a policeman into a hotel where a drunken man was being served, and, beyond communicating my complaint to the barman and the licensee, he seemed most reluctant to have anything to do with the matter. It appeared to me that his sympathies were not with me or the drunken man, but with the licensee.

This evil of the serving of drunken men is almost wholly confined to suburban and country hotels. With the exception of the low-class hotels, the hotelkeepers in the city do a heavy bar trade, and they seldom hesitate to put a man out if they think he has had enough to drink. In the suburbs, however, a scandalous state of affairs prevails. There is not a chamber magistrate in any of the suburban court-houses who could not tell the most heartrending tales of wretchedness caused by the excessive drinking which goes on, most of which is encouraged at the local hotels.

The drinking which is now permitted in the privacy of the bar would not be tolerated for a moment

IF THE BAR WERE OPEN

to the view of the public, as in a beer-garden, and the police, who now "pass by on the other side," would not hesitate to remove any man long before he became as drunk as he is now allowed and encouraged to become in some of the suburban hotels. If drunkenness is a crime, it is not the drunken man who is the criminal, but the man who makes him drunk.

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THE VERDICT OF EXPERTS

(Continued from Page 2.)

single placed fingers he can do in an allotted time. This is known theoretically as an "habitual association of ideas"—a mental process, that is, which we are constantly performing. The Herr Professor tested his subject with his faculties as nature gave them and discovered his normal capacity. He then tested the same man after he had been slightly alcoholised. Alcohol greatly reduced his ability at this simple operation. Moreover, the man's mathematics became worse day by day; the effect of daily moderate drinking was cumulative. Another mental test had the same result. This involved a higher psychical faculty, that known as it "free association of ideas." For example, think of the name of any object—say a "house." Then immediately write down the other things that his word suggests—people, home, the family cat, an overdue mortgage, a wedding, a funeral and so on. An active and trained mind reveals itself in the number and logic of the ideas presented; they flow out of it almost automatically. Try this one day in a perfectly sober state. Then try it ten or twelve hours after imbibing a small amount of champagne. Perform both these experiments many times, as Kraepelin's subjects did, so that the results cannot be explained by other causes; our minds, of course, are notoriously more active some days than others.

A record of your experiments, extending through a considerable time, will show that "idea-association" comes far more quickly to the normal than to the alcoholic brain. Alcohol affects these higher mental faculties even more than it does the lower. Other experiments likewise demonstrated that the same mind, without alcohol, is much better at remembering than when it contains a little alcohol. One does not have to get repeatedly drunk to impair his memorising ability: a little strong drink, taken every day, will do the trick. And the memory becomes weaker the longer the alcoholic process continues.

And so science disposes of most of the superstitions that have accumulated about alcohol in several thousands of years. And it has discovered many other things more recondite. It does not believe that alcohol is a heart stimulant; "it is a heart depressant," says Lafayette B. Mendell, professor of physiological chemistry in Yale University. It lowers one's resistance to contagious disease.

On this point I can quote the world's highest medical authority on contagion and immunity—Professor Elie Metchnikoff, of the Pasteur Institute. Most readers know Metchnikoff as the man who believes that

humankind can reach the age of one hundred and forty years if it lives upon a diet of sour milk; his real claim to immortality, however, is as the discoverer of the phenomenon known as "phagocytosis." He is the man who first detected the qualities of that remarkable animal cell which he named the "phagocyte." Even the motion-picture screen now shows this physical wonder in operation.

The "phagocyte" is simply the white blood corpuscle; its duty, among other things, is to destroy the invading microbe of disease. Death-dealing organisms are gaining access to the blood all the time; the phagocytes, however, pounce upon and destroy them. That is why we don't fall sick, or, if we do become ill and recover, we do so because the phagocytes have succeeded in destroying the enemy. An active army of these defenders is clearly a desirable resource in every active well-equipped body; if we do not possess it, we easily fall a prey to contagious disease. According to Metchnikoff, alcohol in the blood stream greatly weakens the phagocyte process.

"Besides its deleterious influence on the nervous system," he says, "and other important parts of the body, alcohol has a of natural defence against ineffective microbes." Distinguished medical men in this country have reached the same conclusion.

THE HUMAN MAN

(Continued from Page 3.)

as the case may be, if you had ever bought a place "one hour out," and commuted back and forth, you'd know it was the rule, and that the exception is where you do succeed in getting people to do anything for money.

Another clergyman in our village was so impressed with this fortuitous way of doing things that he preached a powerful sermon against the practice of promising to do a job of work and then not showing up at all. He said that it was "appallingly universal in this village." His very words. The parishioners (most of them commuters) thought so much of the sermon that the wardens and vestry had it printed and distributed free.

It was an able sermon, but I think that, as the poet says, he had the wrong sow by the ear. Making a promise that you do not intend to keep is, in a way, objectionable, I admit. But that is not the point. The point is that out our way we are American citizens, by the grace of God free and independent. And when anybody with a little money in his pocket thinks he can come swelling around and give his orders like he was the Empéror William, we feel like asking him, "Who was your nigger last year?"

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One morning Jenkins looked over his garden wall and said to his neighbor:—

"Hey, what are you burying in that hole?"

"Oh," he said, "I'm just replanting some of my seeds; that's all."

"Seeds!" shouted Jenkins angrily. "It looks more like one of my hens."

"That's all right. The seeds are inside."

Back from the glorious surf returning, One day he felt his head was burning, His limbs were chill, he felt quite ill, His chattering teeth he couldn't keep still. Cried he: "I'm surely catching a cold, But a remedy I know worth untold gold; I'll go to the chemist's, and there I'm sure I'll get some Woods' Peppermint Cure."

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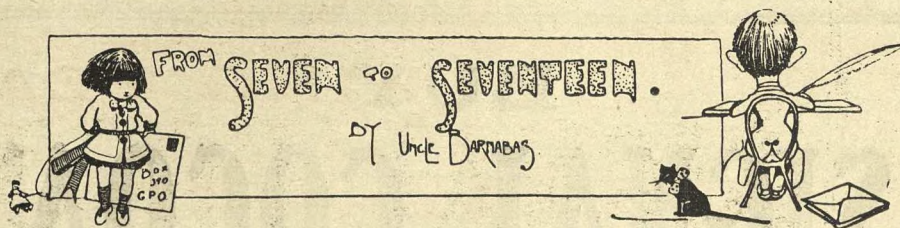
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A GREAT SECRET.

I have a secret which I should like to whisper to the boys and girls if they will put their ears down close enough. I don't want father and mother to hear, for it is to be a surprise to them.

You have long wanted your own way. You "Come right home after school, don't be late." "Be sure and tell the teacher." It is "do this" and "don't do that," all the time. You are sick of it, and would like to have your own way.

"Well, put your ears down while I whisper one word, "Obey."

Oh, you think I am making fun. No, I am not. I know a boy who decided to do just what his father said. He never offered excuses, never tried to get out of his work, until finally his father came to trust him perfectly. His father said, "I know that Harry will do what is right." When he went out nights or to school, or to play, his father never said a word, for he had come to have perfect confidence in his boy.

Honestly, obedience is the road to freedom. If you want to have your own way, just begin to obey.—Uncle B.

A GREAT POET ON LIQUOR.

Chas. Jessop, Sloane-st., Goulburn, writes:
(The Editor "Grit.")

Dear Sir,—Enclosed is a piece of poetry which you may publish if you thing it bears enough merit. I am very much interested in your paper, and in fact anything that is connected with temperance reform. Although it will be six years before I will be able to vote my interests will always be on the No-License side.

Following the last campaign I noticed one question that the opposition were very fond of handing out. It was, "Why do we honor Shakespeare, when he was such a drunkard?" This never seemed to be answered definitely. In "As you like it," act 2, scene 3, lines 47-52, Shakespeare gives his own opinion on liquor. Hoping you will consider the contribution.—I remain.

(Dear Charles,—I have not printed your little poem, but I hope you will write another; there is nothing like trying. Are you quite sure that Shakespeare was a drunkard? It seems to me that will have to be proved first. I will write out the quotation you refer to so that others may know what it is.—Uncle B.)

A PLEA TO BE FORGIVEN.

Kathleen Rankin, Dalburrabin, South Casino, 23rd April, 1914, writes:—

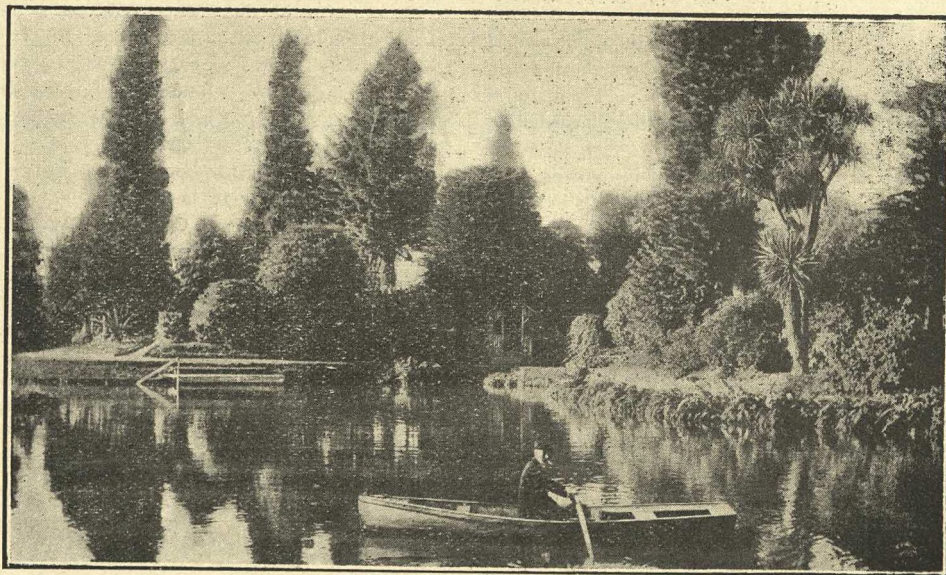
My Dear Uncle B.,—At last! Em. has given me so many "friendly (?) jogs" lately that I am feeling quite ashamed of myself for not writing for such an age. However,

by writing now and behaving myself for at least three months I hope to get out of that "terrible place."

On the 11th (Thursday) dad and I had the pleasure of hearing Ella Caspers singing. Em. was to have gone, too; but could not on account of her accident, which I suppose she told you about. I enjoyed Miss Caspers' singing immensely, and also Miss Furner's violin solos. Next week we all hope to have a good time at our first musical festival. The entries are splendid. It opens on Monday evening and continues each day—morning, afternoon, and evening—finishing on Thursday. Em. and I were glad to have the

Thursday, 28th May. Kathleen and I met her at the station and took her over town, and we had her to ourselves for two hours. That certainly is not very long, but we made the best of it. Em. is so very nice, and it was a pleasure to meet her at all.

Miss Ella Caspers gave a concert in Casino on the eleventh; dad and Kathleen went, and I believe her singing was beautiful. I was to have gone, too, but being, as you must know, a very clever person, I spilled a saucepan full of boiling water on my leg that night; so, instead of going to the concert I crept into bed and stayed there for a week! Even now I can only hobble round the house with—like "my son John" in the nursery rhyme—"One stocking off and one stocking on." I have not yet chosen a card for the competition, and I suppose by the time I go to town again it will be too late. I am anxious to see the views published, and think we should all find it interesting to have to vote on them. I enjoyed cousin



NGAIRE GARDENS, STRATHFORD, N.Z. Sent by Kathleen Caley.

opportunity of meeting cousin Emily Mann a few weeks ago. She is such a nice old girl; we seemed to have known her all our life instead of having just met her for the first time. We can thank "Grit" for that. I will close now, hoping that I will be forgiven.—I remain your fond ni.

(Dear Kathleen,—I never can resist a plea for forgiveness. I feel that as I am always willing to be forgiven, so I must be willing to forgive. You are restored on condition that we get another letter soon. I am so pleased that you and Emily met, and wish it were possible to have a once a year meeting of all ne's and ni's. It would be great.—Uncle B.)

WHEN "COUSINS" MEET.

Emma L. Rankin, "Dalburrabin," Casino, 21st June, 1914, writes:—

Dear Uncle B., — Once more! — — — Cousin Em. passed through Casino on

Joan's little story this week. It was very nicely written. In fact, we all enjoyed it, for I read it out to Kathleen and the kiddies, and they all liked it. Joan truly deserves the name you have given her—"Our Story-teller." I thought "The Discontented Violet," which was printed some time ago, was such a pretty little tale. The first Casino Eisteddfod is to be held the week after next, and I think it is going to be a success in every way. It will be a gala week for Casino, I know. Perhaps after it is over I will have something to tell you about, but I certainly have not now. That being so, I will say "good-night," with love.—Yours, in all sincerity.

P.S.—Something more, after all! Kathleen needed more than one "friendly jog," but I do honestly believe she is truly repentant at last.—E.L.R.

(Dear Emma,—It is a real pleasure to have a letter again from you. It is fine to

read that you and Em. had such a good time. Sorry to hear of that scalding accident; you ought to wear leggings next time you do any cooking. I am glad you gave the necessary number of "jogs" to Kathleen. I expect an account of the Eisteddfod, so don't fail me.—Uncle B.)

Ivy Martin, Mountain Range, Woonoona, 18th June, 1914, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—It is so long since I wrote to you last that I feel almost ashamed to start again. I hope I won't keep you so long next time. We are having dreadfully rough weather here just now. There was to be a social in the church last night, but it had to be postponed. We celebrated our church anniversary on Sunday, 14th inst., and had the honor of having Mr. Albert Bruntnell with us all day. There was a cantata in the afternoon entitled "The Song of the Seasons." I have been away from school for three weeks with the quinsy.

Mr. Nolan, the school inspector, is at our school at the present time. He is examining our class and the lower fifth. I will be fourteen on the 4th of September, and I will be leaving school then. I am not going up for anything in particular, so I am going to stay at home and help mother. Mother is enclosing a postal note for 6/-. I have no more to say, and I now close my letter with love, wishing you every success with "Grit." I remain, your loving niece.

(Dear Ivy,—I am pleased you have made another start, and hope you will make a mark on the calendar and write once a month. I hope you have quite recovered from the quinsy. Thank mother for her subscription. I guess "helping mother" is a good job and a nice one.—Uncle B.)

BOYS' COMPLIMENTS.

Dulcie Davis, "Merella," Milton, 26th June, 1914, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—It seems quite a long time since I wrote you, but anyhow you have had plenty of nice letters to fill up Page 11.

We have not had much extra cold weather yet, and very few frosts. One only, this winter, has reached the top of the hill on which we live. Last week rain fell Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, and the Choral Society were afraid it was going to rain for their concert, which was held on Friday night, but Friday turned out a bright day, and the choral singers rejoiced.

On Empire Day we had a grand time. We assembled at the school at 9 a.m. for speeches and Empire songs, and at 10 a.m. we formed a procession with the band and cadets and marched to the recreation ground. The day passed pleasantly with games and races. Every school child received a book, and there were special prizes besides. My book is entitled, "The Sorceress of the Strand," by L. T. Meade.

The boys at our school have made a tennis court, and we are hoping to begin to play on

it shortly. We are having a wire netting net, and the girls have bound the top to keep it from cutting the balls. The boys have been so kind as to tell us we ought to bind another net and die. The children of the fourth, fifth, and sixth classes are allowed to join our club, as we would never get a game if we let the younger ones in. I think this is all the news this time. With much love to all.—I remain your "Grit" ni.

P.S.—One cousin in Queensland wants to know my address. It is—c/o S. T. Davis, Main-st., Milton, South Coast, N.S.W.

(Dear Dulcie,—It amuses me to hear those boys saying "bind another and die." Boys have a good knack of paying such compliments, but then they generally mean just the opposite. Boys are shy and do not like to let their feelings be seen, and their unusual compliments are often just to cover their true feelings. I hope your "cousin" in Queensland writes to you.—Uncle B.)

THE BAZAAR.

Grace Hawkins, "Wyville," Cooma, 30/6/14, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am wondering if you received my Beauty Spot card and photo. We are still saying farewell to our people here. Mr. and Mrs. Wiseman were tendered a farewell from the church last night, and presented with an afternoon tea service. Of course he'll be very much missed in Cooma. We are having very cold weather here now. Yesterday looked a little dull, but we went up and had a nice game of tennis in the church court. Dear uncle B., what is this bazaar in October? If it is fancy work, or anything like that, I'll do something for you, but please let me know so that I can do it straight away, because I don't get much time to do it. Will we send it to you, or what shall we do with it? I hope you are quite well, and all my "Grit" relatives are in the same state of health. I had a nice letter from a relative in Liverpool the other day. I really do hope you are not feeling the cold down your way like we are up here, for it's awfully chilly. Well, dear uncle, I must

close with best wishes from your sincere niece.

(Dear Grace,—I hope you like the look of your Beauty Spot in "Grit." I think it is lovely. I will have some post cards done of the beauty spots and sell them at the "Grit" stall. You will have seen in last "Grit" that I want anything and everything for our stall. Everything for the stall must be sent to me at 33 Park-st., or by post to Box 390 G.P.O., Sydney.—Uncle B.)

GOOD MR. HUGHES.

Rose Gillespie, 450 Bourke Street, Surry Hills, Sydney, 1/7/14, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Do you know Mr. Hughes? He knows you. It was him that asked me to write to you, and call you "Uncle B." Several of the girls of our Sunday school write to you, I know. One of them is Nellie Abbot. Do you know her?

I have two brothers (Will and Tom), and one sister (Elsie). My sister is the baby of the family, and a big baby to be sure. She is seven years of age, and attends Bourke-st. Superior Public School. My two brothers attend the same school. Tom, who is nine years of age, is in upper fourth class, and Will, who is eleven years of age, is in upper fifth class. Will is studying to sit for his Qualifying Certificate examination at end of this year.

I attend Fort Street Girls' High School. I am in first year A class, and have just finished the half-yearly examination.

We have now got our midwinter holidays. I went out nearly every day last week, but this week I am doing some lessons.

Hoping you will answer my letter shortly, I will close it now.—I remain, your loving niece.

(Dear Rose,—Yes, I know Mr. Hughes, and wish there were a hundred more like him. He has won many n's and ne's for me. Do you think you will have time to help "our stall" in November next. I hope so. Write again soon. I think you might persuade your brothers to write.—Uncle B.)

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WHAT IT WAS.

A certain English nobleman had taken a taxicab to the club. When he alighted and paid the driver the latter seemed to think his tip was too small.

"Wot's this 'ere for, me lord?" he said, regarding with some contempt the coin he held in his hand.

"Drink, I am inclined to think, judging by your nose!" was the reply—"Tit-Bits."

* * *

THE WIDOW'S MITE.

A written examination was being held in an English board school. The subject was Scripture.

One question was: "What do you know about the widow's mite?"

A little girl, who had evidently been absent when the subject was under discussion, wasn't at a loss for a good answer. She wrote: "It's when the child is born after the father's death."

* * *

You'll find the same old twisted way

Wherever mankind flocks;

We hand the dead all the bouquets,

And hand the live ones knocks.

HAD TO PICK A NEW ONE.

One morning Rosie's teacher noticed her hanging around the desk with rather a wistful expression.

"Well, Rosie, what is it?" she finally asked, drawing the child to her.

"Please, teacher, we've got a new baby 't our house."

"Oh, have you, Rosie? Isn't that fine? What's the baby's name?"

"Ikke."

Several days later the teacher remembered to inquire about the new arrival.

"Oh, Rosie, how is Ikke to-day?"

The child looked bewildered. "Oh, teacher, we ain't got no Ikke."

"Yes. You told me you had a baby."

A gleam of intelligence appeared on Rosie's face. "No, teacher, his name's Mose; his name ain't Ikke. We found we already got one Ikke."

* * *

A clerk showed 40 patterns of gingham to a man whose wife had sent him to buy some for her, and to every pattern the man said: "My wife said she didn't want anything like that." The clerk put the last piece back on the shelf. "Sir," he said, "you don't want gingham. What you want is a divorce."

* * *

A stranger being shown over the country church asked the old pew opener who showed her round who the organist was. "My 'usban'," was the proud reply. "Indeed?" "Well," added the old woman, "the young lady up at the 'all hits the keys, but it's my 'usban' what blows."

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She can safely stick fifty pins in her dress while a man is getting one under his thumb-nail.

She can appreciate a kiss from her husband 75 years after the marriage ceremony is performed.

She can come to a conclusion without the slightest trouble of reasoning on it; and no sane man can do that.

She can dance all night in a pair of shoes two sizes too small for her, and enjoy every minute of the time.

She can walk half the night with a squalling baby in her arms without once expressing the desire of murdering the infant.

She is as cool as a cucumber in half a dozen tight dresses and skirts, while a man will sweat and fume and growl in one loose shirt.

She can talk as sweet as peaches and cream to the woman she hates, while two men would be punching each other's heads before they had exchanged ten words.

She can—but what's the use? A woman can do anything or everything, and do it well.

DON'T SAY "SOME DAY!" MAKE IT TO-DAY!

When you know that a tooth is decayed—when teeth-agony keeps you awake half the night, through—don't procrastinate. "To-morrow" is too late. Get it out NOW. Bring your teeth troubles to me. I will carefully, gently, and painlessly rectify any faults. I have a special anaesthetic for killing pain that positively enables me to remove ANY tooth without causing the slightest twinge of pain. I extract swiftly and do not leave broken stumps in the gum.

Do you need more justification for my advice to DO IT NOW—?

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A FALSE TEST.

By REV. T. RHONDDA WILLIAMS.

I want to examine the following paragraph which appeared in the last issue of the "Christian Commonwealth":—

"A large number of the best spirits in the Churches are growing uneasy at the great contrast between the ideals of their faith and the life they are living. . . . They will know that if they submitted their present mode of life to the simple test, 'What would Jesus do?' it would have to be radically altered. The Nazarene not only himself lived a life of self-abnegation; he very plainly told those who would follow him what they must do and must not do."

I make two objections: (1) that the test is not simple, and (2) that it is not the true test.

That it is not simple is proved by the fact that nearly all who have made it have brought back different answers to their question: "What would Jesus do?" It was much discussed a few years ago, when Mr. Sheldon published his little book bearing that title. But it is a very old question. When Francis of Assisi asked it he answered it very differently from Mr. Sheldon. Jesus would do, Francis thought, just what he did when he was here; he would be a travelling evangelist and philanthropist, a suffering, self-denying Saviour of men. Francis decided to reproduce the exact copy. But he did not. He forgot that Jesus was said to have made wine at a feast; that he had dined at the house of Simon the Pharisee without putting ashes on his dinner, as Francis is said to have done; that he defended his disciples for not fasting, and would not have them blamed for plucking the ears of corn; that he commended a deed of love which spent precious ointment in his honor while the poor were in great need of what that money could have bought. The fact is that the character of Francis, what it became in the rebound from a gay and luxurious life, selected for imitation just those features in the character of Jesus that suited it. Francis created a great movement, but a movement which for the great world-life must be pronounced a failure.

Count Tolstoy raised the question: "What would Jesus do?" He also found an answer very different from that of Mr. Sheldon. Mr. Sheldon thought that Jesus in our place would use legislation for the purposes of social reform. His Jesus stands out as a social reformer who is going to set right the wrongs of the industrial world and going to uplift the people who are living in degraded conditions. Mr. Sheldon believed that legislation had a great deal to do, and he therefore believed that Jesus in his place would favor legislation. But ask Tolstoy, and he will certainly tell you that Jesus would not touch legislation.

If anyone thinks he is going to settle easily as to how he should live by submitting life to this test, he is very greatly mistaken. It is not a simple test at all, but a very intricate one. What really happens as

a rule is that the person asking the question colors the answer with the hues of his own ideals.

But even if the test were simple, would it be

THE TRUE TEST?

The old theologians trained us to think about the person and the work of Christ. And by the work of Christ they meant not anything he did which we also are to do, but something which only he could do, and which he did for us. The work of Christ was not any of his earthly activity—preaching the good news, healing the sick, going about doing good—but something which he effected in the spiritual sphere on our behalf. The question, "What would Jesus do?" gives Jesus quite a different significance for the world. According to this theory, the importance attaches to the earthly life of Jesus as the source of guidance for our own duty to-day. Is this a sound position to take, and is it likely to lead to wisdom of life? Will the question "What would Jesus do?" really reveal to me my duty? Does it follow that what he would do in my place is what I have to do? I do not think so. To suppose that the conduct of one person during a few years of life in Palestine should afford sufficient guidance for settling the details of conduct for millions of persons for all ages, of both sexes, in entirely different sets of circumstances, with different capacities and different positions, and through all time, is absolutely impossible. It is quite evident that if Jesus were living now he could not do all the good that needs to be done, he could not live all the kinds of life that need to be lived, and what he would do might not be at all the thing that I ought to do. Mr. Sheldon, in trying to find the answer to the question "What would Jesus do?" comes upon many things very unlike anything that Jesus ever did. Jesus was no politician, nor was he in our sense of the word a social reformer. He was an itinerant evangelist and a doer of philanthropic work. To say that if he lived now in our time and place he would do differently is no doubt true, because every life is affected by circumstances; but what he would do we cannot tell, nor if we could would that settle our duty.

What a man should do depends not only upon where he is and when he is there, but upon

WHAT HE IS.

It was Handel's duty to write the "Messiah"; it was his duty because it was in him to do it. Would Jesus have written the "Messiah" if he had been in Handel's place? He certainly would if he had had Handel's musical genius and his inspiration. But that is only equivalent to saying that if Jesus had been Handel he would have done Handel's work! The question is unreal. Here is a man eminently fitted for scientific research work, and

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inclined to give his life to it. Is he, before deciding to do so, to ask, "What would Jesus do?" If so, he must come to the conclusion that all the probabilities are that Jesus would not. Is he, therefore, not to do so? It may be work highly paid, let us say, by a Government. Is he to refuse that money and lay aside that work in order to go and do slumming or something of that kind so that his work will be a little more like the work that Jesus would have done?

Many kinds of life must be lived, and no one kind has a right to arrogate to itself the Christian stamp. We are in danger of falling into a very narrow sectarianism on this question. There is deep truth in the orthodox contention that Jesus is

NOT AN EXAMPLE BUT A SAVIOUR.

He did what no one else can do, not because he was miraculously born or because he was the second person of the Trinity Incarnate, but because no two individuals are alike, and what a man should do must come out of what he is. And here we touch the kernel of truth in the orthodox contention that what we must find in Jesus is not a pattern of life, but God. Deliver that from the narrow interpretations of orthodoxy, give it its larger and deeper meaning, and there is far more truth in it than in the theory that the main significance of Jesus is to show us what to do. It is not the life of Jesus as a piece of conduct that is of main importance to the world—that is gone and done with; it is the spiritual power which was revealed in that life, the manifestation of God that came through it that is abidingly important.

It is here we find salvation for ourselves and for the world. Every appeal to the historic Jesus, though most valuable for many purposes, has proved insufficient. If the cry "Back to Jesus" means back to the man who lived in Palestine for an example of conduct, for moral maxims, it will not do. If, however, it means that we must work our way back through the various Christologies to Jesus of Nazareth in order to find God as revealed in him, then there is much to be gained by it; there is spiritual dynamic for the world's varied work. Examples cannot save, not even the example of Jesus. It is the God in Jesus that saves. It is not as an example for conduct that we must lift up Jesus, but as the great assurance that God is good, as the revealer of the sources of spiritual power for man, and as the mighty hope for the world. We go to Jesus, not for details of duty, but for inspiration and power and for the touch of the heart of God. Let no one think, however, because I have objected to the test that I have in any way thought to get rid of the demands of life, considered from a Christian point of view.

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ALL WOOL FULL-LENGTH GOLF COATS, long roll collar, deep woven edge at foot, in Black, Navy, and Grey. Usual, 24/6; SALE PRICE, 17/11.
LADIES' FASHIONABLE FLEECE SPORTS COATS, single-breasted, double welt down centre front, imitation cuffs, pockets at side, in Grey, Brown, Fawn, Tango, and Saxe. Usual Price, 7/11; SALE PRICE, 4/11.
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LADIES' NEAT ONE-PIECE ROBE in Navy Pencil Stripe Tweed, Magyar bodice, finished black silk braid and buttons, ¾-sleeve, panel skirt. Usual Price, 15/11; SALE PRICE, 8/11.

LADIES' USEFUL ONE-PIECE ROBES in Grey, Navy, or Amethyst. Striped tweed bodice, with fancy fold, imitation Peter Pan collar pipings, pocket at side, ¾-sleeve, skirt with fold down centre front. Usual Price, 6/11; SALE PRICE, 3/11.

LADIES' GREY OR GREEN STRIPED TWEED COAT AND SKIRT COSTUMES, coat semi-fitting, step collar, finished velvet tabs and buttons, panel skirt. Usual Price, 13/11; SALE PRICE, 8/11.

NEAT ONE-PIECE ROBE, in Green Striped Tweed, Magyar bodice, finished self silk facings and pipings, well-cut skirt, trimmed to match; length, 39, 40, 41 inches; waist, 24 to 28 inches. Usual Price, 13/11; SALE PRICE, 5/11.

SMART ONE-PIECE ROBES, in Two-tone Imitation Whipcord, Magyar bodice, fastening down front, ¾-sleeves, fancy fold down centre front of skirt, finished with buttons. In Royal and Navy, Brown and Gold, Green and Navy, Brown and Royal. Length, 39, 40, and 41 inches. Waist, 24 to 28 inches. Usual Price, 15/11; SALE PRICE, 10/11.

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