

GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

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WHY GIRLS GO WRONG

By BEN B. LINDSEY, Judge of the Juvenile Court of Denver, U.S.A.

"I say it unhesitatingly: That nine-tenths of our Girls go wrong because of the Carelessness of Parents."

ONCE asked a little girl how it was that, when we had twenty bad boys in court, we only had one bad little girl. "Well," she replied, in the most innocent way, evidently wishing that the girls should not be outdone, "one bad little girl is worse'n twenty bad little kids, any time."

This little girl was even wiser than she knew, and the probation officer in the children's court knows too well the truth of this statement. A boy is generally a part of most girls' troubles, and one girl's case has often, through the skilled and careful work of the probation officers, yielded twenty men, women and children to be dealt with.

Now we men and women prefer to associate our thoughts of a little girl with all that is good and pure, and I thank God we can do so in most cases. There is no doubt whatever that the immoral little girl is exceptional. And while this is true, there is also danger in this statement, for, while the exceptional case must be in some family, is it quite beyond the possibilities that it should be in yours as well as in some other family?

I venture to say that there is scarcely a parent reading these words who would dream that such an instance as the following could have happened in a well-regulated school. An officer once brought to me two school copy-books containing some of the most fiendish literature that the fiendish mind of man could invent. It was discov-

ered that one of the copy-books belonged to a thirteen-year-old boy; the other to a girl of the same age. They were both children from good homes of the better class.

The boy told me that the girl had obtained his copy-book quite by accident, and had requested permission to copy its contents. The girl afterward, in the presence of her mother, verified all that the boy had said. This boy told me frankly that

he knew six little girls in the same school who had similar copies, and who, from some source unknown to him, had similar literature which they had shown him, but which he had not seen fit to copy. This boy was bright, refined, stood well in school, attended his church, and at the time I talked to him was preparing for confirmation. Neither his father, mother, teacher, nor preceptor had the slightest knowledge of this pollution in his life. No grown person had ever talked to him on such subjects except his father's coachman, who had handled them in the vilest way. He frankly told me that he had made improper suggestions to several little girls. I asked him about the girls he knew, and I found he had several playmates among them.

Expecting the same reply that always comes, I said, "Tom, why did you never have the same thoughts and make the same suggestions to Anna B?" (Of course no real names are used here.)

"Well," he said, "she is entirely different from Jennie K."

"What does Jennie say?" I asked him.

"She is kind of flip; she laughs and jokes about such things," he replied.

"If you were to say the same thing to Anna B., what would she do?" I asked.

"She would slap me in the face or never speak to me again—I could not think of such a thing. You know, Judge, she is different from Jennie."



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AS IT WAS IN THE BEGINNING.

A Temperance sermon in black and white—the first and last chapter in the story of ruin through strong drink.

That boy told me that among his play-mates they frequently discussed Jennie K. Gossip among them was rife and common. Not a single father, mother, or teacher suspected it.

I sent for Jennie K. and her mother. She was a pleasant, sweet-faced child; her mother appeared to be a refined and intelligent woman. I found that the girl was more or less forward. I explained to her that the proceeding was entirely in her interest, that no one but her mother and me should know the facts, and in the most tactful way her confidence was gained. The mother was surprised to know that her little girl could have written pages and pages of the vile stuff about which she supposed the child was ignorant. The child frankly told her mother that she had known of such facts since she was nine years old, and that such forbidden subjects had been a part of the conversation of a dozen of her companions since she was eleven. She also told her mother, in my presence, that at least fifteen boys in the school had made improper suggestions to her; she admitted that, though she fully understood, she had never cried, never slapped any boy in the face, never bowed her head in shame, never gone to the teacher or mother with the slightest word. She also admitted receiving, without detection, many improper notes in the schoolroom, and that she had never informed either parent or teacher of this.

She told me she could give me the names of at least twelve girls in her school who had talked just as much as she did about such matters, and to whom boys said the same things they said to her.

The very day I write this a father and mother have spent an hour talking to me of their sixteen-year-old daughter who has fallen to the very depths. The girl admitted to me in their presence that her first knowledge of such subjects had come to her through notes passed about in the school, and through the common gossip that floats among children at the curious age; that impure suggestions had come to her before she was twelve years old; that she had shown no proper resentment; that she knew of evil then, but did not understand. No sympathetic, fond and loving heart had ever explained. Yet her mother never knew. With these parents was another daughter, sweet and pure, seven years of age. I have no doubt that the experience of this mother with her sixteen-year-old daughter may be the means of saving the girl of seven. The mother told me that the older girl had at the same age been even more beautiful, more sweet and fetching than the little girl who seemed a perpetual life of sunshine in the prosperous, well-ordered home.

Within a week I had four boys from homes of our best neighbourhoods complained of for a serious offence. I talked to those boys separately, and then to their fathers who accompanied them to my chambers. First I tried talking to the boys in the presence of their fathers, but their embarrassment was so painfully apparent and falsehood so surely encouraged thereby that one of the more sensible fathers suggested that they withdraw. I soon put the boys at their ease; they knew perfectly that I understood them, that, while I did not justify their conduct, there was a certain amount of sympathy to make the truth perfectly easy—and the truth is the most important thing in such cases.

Each boy admitted he had said improper things to little girls, and with one exception, every little girl had turned it away with a flippant remark, as a mere joking,

foolish thing, betokening smartness on the part of the boy. Not one of the fathers knew.

Now, why did not these fathers and mothers know? They should have known, if they had known their children. But this is where the seat of the trouble lies: parents do not know their children, nor have they the least idea of what their children know, or what these children talk about and do when away from them.

It is all very well for us elders to retire behind the old excuse that the delicacy of this subject forbids its discussion. But the fact remains, nevertheless, that its very delicacy only emphasises the extreme importance of the subject. I am convinced that this whole moral question among children, instead of being a question to be avoided, as it has been heretofore, by word of mouth or pen, is by far the most important problem that concerns the preservation of the American (and shall we not say Australian?) home, and as such cannot any longer be dodged, but must be squarely met. Beside this question, the mere matter of the boy or girl who steals or runs away is of small moment. If, then, the nation decay, as it must if the home is undermined, it is because mothers and fathers have proved false; it is because mothers and fathers are traitors to childhood's sacred cause. These are strong words, truly, but I have facts from actual experience upon which to base them.

My experience has shown clearly this one indisputable fact, and I say it unhesitatingly: that nine-tenths of our girls go wrong because of the carelessness and inattention of parents. They do not all land in the red-light district. They are in society, a part of its pollution and filth. They are responsible for many of the divorce causes, for the broken homes, desertions, sorrow, misery, blighted faith, despair, and the great mass of social ills which infest society, and of which we hear and know but little, except through suicide, divorce, desertion and the sensational exceptions that compel attention.

I say unhesitatingly that the great majority of girls who enter into a life of sin and are forced to the attention of the courts at sixteen and twenty, after the real mischief is done, began their wayward course as early as eleven or twelve. Every wayward girl I have talked to has assured me of this truth.

Nor is this startling fact so startling if we look at it in its right light.

Every father and mother may take it as an absolute fact that nine-tenths of the school boys and girls in the city and country are extremely curious regarding matters of sex; and I have no hesitation in stating that boys discuss it in a most improper and unfortunate way. I have been amazed to find that this same condition exists among girls to a much greater extent than I ever dreamed. I have learned this in the children's court, after repeated experiences in talking to little girls and their mothers in the privacy of my chambers, regarding their troubles brought to my attention by parents, officers and principals of schools.

We must remember that children read the daily papers; that they frequently hear discussions among their elders which are more or less veiled with the idea that the children do not understand; that they are constantly in the streets back and forth from school, directly or indirectly in contact with those who are much older than themselves. It is no wonder that at a very early age their curiosity may take a dangerous turn. Thence comes the necessity for companionship between mothers and their girls, between fathers and their boys.

I have had hundreds of children in my experience who were involved in such troubles, and I have made it an invariable rule to ask a girl in the presence of her mother, and always to ask the boys, if the parent has counselled in regard to such matters, and always the answer has been that their only information came from the street, and from older companions. I can say without hesitation that not more than one child in twenty cases has ever been able to tell me that either father or mother had ever given him any counsel or advice on the most important matters of life, pure and holy when properly understood, but one of the greatest sources of corruption in childhood, and therefore in manhood and in womanhood, when not properly explained, or when learned from the filthy, poisonous sources of the street.

Now, I ask: Does this condition of things justify the mock-modesty, the unwillingness, of parents to be frank with their children and discuss, as they should, the matters of sex with them? I have met with scores of parents who have felt this way about the matter, but I have never known of a single case, out of the large number which I have dealt with in these six years, where the parents did not afterward admit the mistake and thank God that the awakening came before it was too late. But in some instances—ah, in too many instances—the eyes of the parents were opened too late! And that is the sad part of the matter—the girl finds out too late what her parents might have and should have told her in time!

AN IRISH JOCKEY'S SARCASM

An amusing story of amateur sport comes from Rockville, Maryland, where each year there is held a series of races "for all-comers." The sun was blazing down on a field of hot, excited horses and men, all waiting for a tall, raw-boned beast to yield to the importunities of the starter and get into line. The patience of the starter was nearly exhausted. "Bring up that horse!" he shouted "Bring him up! You'll get into trouble pretty soon, if you don't!" The rider of the refractory beast, a youthful Irishman, yelled back: "I can't help it! 'This here's been a cab-horse, and he won't start till the door shuts, an' I ain't got no door!"

THE THREE MEN OF CHOKATA

"Writing of doggedness reminds me," says Sir Fortune Free in "The Penny Magazine," "of the three determined backwoodsmen of Chokata, of whom I heard Max Adeler tell the story. These three gentlemen, having arrived at the conclusion that bachelordom was a most execrable condition, solemnly agreed together one night that they would each find an eligible partner, and that, having found her, nothing on earth should prevent their marrying her. At the end of a few weeks they met again to discuss the matrimonial prospects. Each had found the only girl the world contained for him, and each man's face was grim with resolution that no obstacle should stand in the way of his triumph. When they discovered, however, that each of the three had fixed on the same young lady things got complicated. It was obviously impossible for the whole three to marry her! The survivor of the three—for the argument was settled by revolvers—used to regard his wife as a living testimony to the virtue of being determined about a thing! His success, however, was perhaps more due to his being the best shot of the three."

What the World Drinks

MILLIONS IN TAXES.

Many important and interesting facts are brought to light in a statistical abstract just issued by the Board of Trade, London, showing how the various nations of the civilised world compare with each other in their consumption of alcoholic beverages.

The latest figures available are those for 1905, and they show that the total amount of wine, beer, and spirits consumed in the British Empire and the fourteen foreign countries, the figures for which are given, reached in that year the enormous quantity of 8,272,300,000 gallons.

Tastes vary in different countries; some are partial to beer, some to wine, and some to spirits. This is illustrated in the following table, showing the consumption per head in gallons of the populations of the principal countries in 1905. The figures in parentheses show what the consumption per head was fourteen years previously.

	Beer.	Wine.	Spirits.
U. Kingd'm	27.7 (30.2)	0.27 (0.39)	0.91 (1.03)
Australia	11.3 (11.7)	1.27 (1.09)	0.96 (1.13)
Canada	5.4 (3.8)	0.10 (0.11)	0.94 (0.74)
U. States	16.8 (12.6)	0.35 (0.36)	1.26 (1.24)
Germany	26.3 (23.2)	1.61 (0.57)	1.43 (1.69)
Belgium	48.8 (39.2)	1.03 (0.90)	1.10 (1.87)
France	7.5 (4.8)	33.9 (23.0)	1.37 (1.68)
Russia	1.03 (0.70)	...	0.95 (0.89)

NATION OF WINE-DRINKERS.

The most remarkable fact that becomes apparent from a study of the comparative figures is that the United Kingdom stands alone among the nations of the world in having reduced the consumption per head of all the three classes of alcoholic beverages. In other countries there have been great changes, but no one of them can show a consistent reduction all along the line.

France is the greatest wine-drinking country in the world, as it is the largest wine-producing country. It is an interesting fact that although the wine production of France averages over 1,126,000,000 gallons a year, her population consumes nearly all of it, and even that which is exported is counterbalanced by imports from other countries.

More beer is made in Germany, the United States, and the United Kingdom than in any other countries, but it will be seen from the above table that the Belgian, taking the whole population of the country, is the greatest beer drinker in the world, and that in the period covered by the figures his annual drink has largely increased.

But if certain individual States in the German Empire are taken, Belgium's figures are exceeded, the highest record being held by Bavaria, where the consumption of beer per head averages nearly fifty-two gallons a year.

DECREASED CONSUMPTION.

The decrease in the consumption of alcoholic beverages in the United Kingdom has not been consistent throughout the fourteen years. After falling for four years, it rose steadily upward, the high-water mark being reached in 1899, when the consumption per head was as follows:—

Beer.	Wine.	Spirits.
32.6 gallons	0.41 gallons	0.88 gallons

Practically every civilised country in the world makes the drinker of alcoholic beverages contribute heavily towards the national revenue. The United Kingdom and the United States lead the way in this respect. The following table shows the proportion the amount raised from taxes on these drinks bears to the total revenue of the principal countries:—

Per cent.	Per cent.
United Kingdom. 28	Germany 17
Australia 18	France 15
Canada 18	Russia 17
United States 28	Belgium 17

Taking an average of five years it is shown that the actual amounts contributed each year to the revenue in each country has been as follows:—

United Kingdom	£36,141,000
Australia	2,882,000
Canada	2,415,000
United States	40,259,000
Germany	13,532,000
France	17,049,000
Russia	34,473,000
Belgium	3,531,000

The total revenue of the countries mentioned in the return is about £1,026,000,000 a year. Of this sum over £170,000,000 is raised from the taxes on beer, wine, and spirits, or an average for the world of about 18 per cent.

LINCOLN AND THE CUP OF TEA

"There is a story told of President Lincoln," writes A. Maurice Low in the February "Appleton's," "that during a critical time in the Civil War, when the Senate had been particularly obstructive, one of his ardent sympathisers burst in upon him and hotly denounced the Senate, and finished his tirade by asking, 'What's the use of the Senate, anyway?'"

"Mr. Lincoln was drinking a cup of tea. In his homely fashion he poured the tea from the cup to the saucer and back again to cool it off, undisturbed by the caller's vehemence.

"Well," said the man impatiently, 'what's the use of the Senate?'"

"I have just shown you," was Lincoln's answer, and once more the tea was poured.

"The man looked puzzled. Then a great light broke upon him. 'You mean it enables public passion to cool off?'"

"The greatest of American Presidents nodded, and drank his tea.

"What, then, is the function of the House of Lords?"

FOLLY OF BETTING

PRACTICAL TEST OF THE DUKE OF PORTLAND.

"Let me," Canon Horsley said, "read you a table giving the names of the papers, the winners, and the results:—

"The Sportsman' nominated 197 winners; 170 were wrong.

"The Sporting Life' nominated 155 winners; 139 were wrong.

"The Field' nominated 165 winners; 140 were wrong.

"The Licensed Victualler' nominated 110 winners; 93 were wrong.

"The Sporting Times' nominated 122 winners; 104 were wrong.

"Land and Water' nominated 149 winners; 131 were wrong.

"Total nominations, 898; 777 wrong.

"When I first drew attention to this subject the Duke of Portland determined to put the matter to a practical test, so he sent £7 14s to thirteen of the sporting prophets. The result was that they sent him nineteen winners and ninety-five losers.

Bad as this record was for the reputation of prophets, their lack of knowledge was proved by the fact that four out of the thirteen were only able to guess one winner to thirty-five losers. The Duke saw the utter folly of the thing, and remarked that if he had yielded to the temptation of backing their tips he would by this time have been in the workhouse.

"On another occasion I selected nineteen papers, and found that there were thirteen right guesses against 114 wrong ones."—Rudolph de Cordova in "The Quiver."

PRIVATE PARLIAMENTS SELDOM HEARD OF

Though very few people know it, the Parliament at Westminster is not the only institution of the kind in the United Kingdom.

At Douglas, in the Isle of Man, there sits the Tynwald, a genuine parliament in miniature, with an upper and a lower chamber, the latter the far-famed and curiously named House of Keys. In the Upper House sit the two deemsters, island dignitaries rendered famous all over the English-speaking world through the instrumentality of Mr. Hall Caine's well-known novel.

The Manx Parliament levies its own taxes, and spends them as it likes, except that it has to pay an annual contribution of £10,000 towards the upkeep of the Imperial Army and Navy.

Truro, again, has its Stannary Parliament, which meets periodically to deal with matters relating to mines and mining within the counties of Cornwall and Devon and which claims, and sometimes exercises, the right of absolving miners from serving in the militia.

Then, too, at Lyndhurst, in Hampshire there gathers, at stated intervals, the Sweinmote, one of the oldest deliberative assemblies in England, and which takes cognisance of all that pertains to the slaughter and preservation of beasts of warren and chase in the New Forest.

The famous Town Parliament of Berwick has ceased to exist since 1885, when the borough was, by special Act of the Legislature at Westminster, included within the United Kingdom. But the Jersey Estates, which is the Parliament of the Channel Islands, still meets regularly at St. Helier, and has recently brought in a Bill to abolish public executions, with a view to preventing that form of punishment being meted out to Thomas Connan, convicted the other day of murdering his brother-in-law in a cornfield.

The Vicar's Wife: "I'm sorry to see you're not paying into our coal club this year, Goodenough."

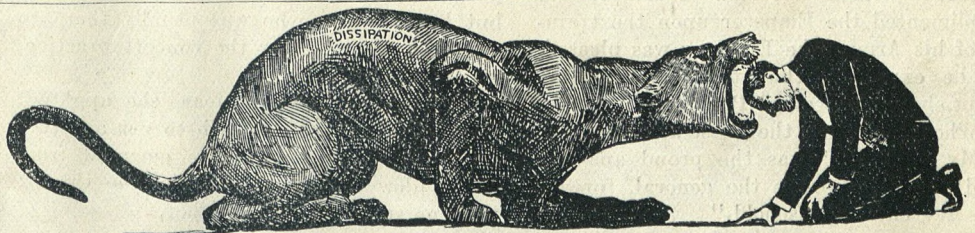
Goodenough: Well, mum, you see—well, it's like this 'ere. I lives right be'ind the coal yard now!"

Agent: "This is the automobile you want. You never have to crawl under it to fix it."

Sparker: "You don't!"

Agent: "No. If the slightest thing goes wrong with the mechanism, it instantly turns bottom-side up."

Wm. Thos. Dash, Solicitor and Conveyancer, 108 Pitt-street, Sydney, has trust moneys to lend at five per cent.—*



SOME MEN'S IDEA OF SEEING LIFE IS FACING DEATH.

Talk about People

Charles M. Sheldon

The Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, the well-known author of "In His Steps," had a rough but hardy life as a lad. Mr. Sheldon often relates how his father made his boys fond of hard work, and most people will admit that the father who can make his boys fond of work has performed his duty well.

"His life was of rare beauty and power," says Mr. Sheldon. "My father was a New Englander, of Scotch-Irish stock, who in 1870 removed with his family to the great unsettled Dakota prairies. My father, with the help of his boys, of which I was the youngest, built a rude log-house. It had only two rooms, one downstairs and one upstairs; and then began a life of hard work, but a most exhilarating and happy one. Family worship was a sacred institution in our home. It was a happy half-hour, and nothing was allowed to interfere with it or shorten it. If a neighbour came he had to wait until the service was over.

Not a Maid of Honour

Lady Knollys tells a little anecdote about a maid of honour to the Queen. A lady friend once said to her:—

"How interesting your life at Court must be! And what a delightful diary you must be able to keep!"

"No," was the reply; "that is impossible. The Queen makes it a condition that we keep no diaries at Court."

"Oh," said her friend, laughingly, "I think I should keep a very secret one all the same."

"Then," said the other, with a grave smile, "I am afraid by doing so you would not be a maid of honour."

"Seats of the Mighty"

The following amusing story is going the rounds in Norway just now, showing the self-assertive and determined ways of little Prince Olaf, though possibly our old friend Ben Trovato may be suspected of lending his aid towards the end. It happened that a young playfellow of about his own age had been invited to the palace to spend the afternoon with the Prince, and soon after his arrival—all unwittingly—sat down in a vacant chair.

Prince Olaf at once rushed up to him, and pulling him by main force out of the chair, said, "You must not sit there, that is my seat!" A little while afterwards King Haakon entered the room and, to welcome his son's small guest, took him upon his knee. This again was too much for Prince Olaf, who, to the King's great amusement, immediately tried to drag him away, saying, "You mustn't sit there, either, that's mummie's seat!"

Kings as Family Men

The German Emperor is particularly fond of his home and children. A story is told that one day a distinguished guest had been invited to witness a review of troops, and complimented the Emperor upon the training of his Army. The Emperor was pleased, but he explained that the flower of his troops should be seen at Potsdam.

"Who are they?" the guest asked.

"My children," was the proud answer; "and the little girl is the general, for she rules the entire household."

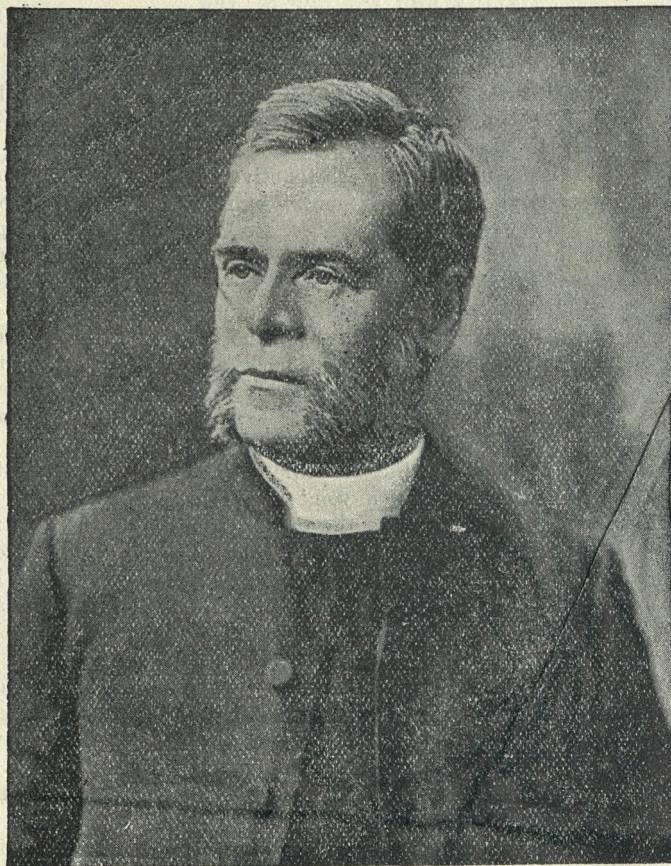
President Roosevelt is also very proud of his children, and on one occasion when he had returned with his family from a long horseback ride, a friend who was waiting to see him remarked, "President, which do you enjoy more, this, or hunting out West?"

"A bear hunt out West wouldn't beat this," the President answered, with a hearty laugh. "These boys keep me flying quite as fast as any bear I ever pursued."

Many stories are told of the Tsar and his fondness for his children, and there are hundreds of instances where the love of the father for his children is shown to be quite as great as that of the mother.

Kipling's Tiger

Did you ever hear Kipling tell his tiger yarn? (asks a writer in "The Story-teller.") It was at a small station on one of the out-



CANON F. B. BOYCE.

President of the New South Wales Alliance, and one of the leaders of the Empire Day movement in Australia.

of-the-way railways. There was a station-master there and a porter. The latter was told not to act without instructions from the former, or, failing that, from the head office. A man-eater broke away from the jungle, attacked the station, seized the station-master, and began to make mincemeat of him. The porter remembered orders. Going to the telegraph, he wired to headquarters: "Tiger on platform eating stationmaster. Please wire instructions."

COME TO THE BAD

By MARY WALL.

It was close upon midnight when Miss Hathaway, satchel in hand, stood on the platform and looked down into the street; but her brother, who was usually there to escort her home after the concert practice, was not to be seen.

Not feeling the least fear, she alighted. As she stopped at the curb to get a better hold on her dress, a figure emerged from the shadow and caught her by the throat, then as suddenly released her.

She fell in a heap, half fainting, a cruel mouth, with a scar in the corner, being impressed upon her consciousness. Then she allowed herself to be lifted by some one, who, talking to her as soothingly as if she were a child, brushed the snow from her dress, straightened her hat, fastened her fur collar, and collected her scattered belongings as deftly as a woman.

"It's a beastly shame to have frightened you so!" he said, as she sobbed once or twice. "There, lean on me! I think you are more frightened than hurt. We'll walk slowly until you feel better. Do you go straight ahead?"

She nodded and they started.

"You don't remember me, do you, Miss Hathaway? I'm Johnnie Kempton."

"Indeed, I do remember you," she said, brightening a little. You were the greatest little rogue I ever saw! One of my stock stories is about the white mice you put in my desk. Dear me, I was frightened when I opened the drawer and saw them running around!"

"Yes," he said, laughing heartily, "I'll never forget the jump you gave, and the race you made for the door. But you told me to put them in the drawer, you know."

"Yes; but I never thought they were real mice, and when I saw them running around I forgot all my newly-acquired dignity and ran."

"And do you remember the day I got a black eye and a tooth knocked out, fighting the boy who was in that yellow-haired teacher's room, because he said she was prettier than you?"

Miss Hathaway laughed again.

"You bad boy! You made me a perfect laughing stock! You knew she was a beauty, and I only a plain little everyday girl!"

"If you were plain I'd like to know where they find their pretty girls," he said energetically. "You were as pretty as a picture, and you haven't changed, either. I knew you the minute I saw you."

"Oh," said she, thinking of her fright, "how lucky you came along! I suppose your coming frightened the wretch away. I shall never venture out alone again, and I have always been so brave!" she moaned. "Do you live at Edgewater, Johnnie?"

"No, ma'am; I live on the west side. I am just visiting."

"Well, lucky, indeed, it is for me. But what are you doing, John? I feel sure you are one of our 'coming men,' because you were such a little steam engine. Everything had just to go your way."

"I worked at different things. My mother died. You know I left school a little later. I couldn't stand the next teacher, and she couldn't stand me. Anyhow I left. I'm not doing much now, but I expect a job soon."

"Well, here we are. Come up to see me, Johnnie, and tell me all about yourself. Such a gallant little champion, and such a fierce little fighter as you were! Some part of you was always tied up in banages. Talking with you makes me feel young again—that is, when I don't look at you."

And she looked up smiling.

The electric light blazed up suddenly, and she saw, at the corner of his mouth, the little scar which had impressed itself upon her consciousness during that horrible second when the cruel fingers had clutched her throat.

The Man who Wished to Kill Me

By LEN. G. BROUGHTON.

We had a man in our city, about the worst I ever knew—he was not far from my church. I suppose he has ruined more young men and young women in Atlanta than any ten men living there. One night seven of us banded together for prayer, and made up our minds we would do our best to break up this man's business. Finally I heard that he was going to make application for a renewal of his license, and I went before the city council. The council chamber was packed with men, mostly whiskey men, to give him audience and help him to get the license. Finally I was asked if I would not speak, and I arose and addressed the council. I did my best to keep them from granting that license, and I succeeded. I said some pretty sharp things about him. Among other things I said, "Gentlemen of the council, that man (pointing to the man) isn't fit, morally, to run a dive in hell." I felt the force of what I said. I felt somehow that the time had come to beard the lion right in his den.

The council refused his license and I started home. Quickly one of my officers overtook me, and said, "You had better hurry home." I asked, "Why?" Calling the liquor dealer by name, my friend said, "If he overtakes you he is going to beat you."

The man weighed about 280 pounds and was about six feet tall. I was not noted for anything extraordinary in that line.

That night another one of the officers of my church came to my home, and said, "You had better be careful how you go down the street, for that man (calling him by name) said the first sight he got of you he was going to beat you. He is a dangerous man."

"What way do you think I ought to go?" I asked, and my friend answered, "Oh, go a certain way, but don't go near his place." Well I kept dodging around listening to scared people until I was almost scared myself.

One morning, a very cold morning, I stepped into my study of the church, in the tower, and as I opened the door, who should I find sitting before the fire but this man! I had already shut the door behind me, and it had a spring lock on it, and there I was, and there he sat. I want to tell you that I had some serious thoughts. I said "Good morning." He grunted "Good morning." Said I, "Pretty cold this morning," and he answered, "It's hot in here." Then I sat down, but I didn't feel tired enough to keep my seat, so I got up and walked around in front of my visitor, between him and the fire. I was thinking a thousand thoughts a minute. I didn't want that fellow with me. After a while he spoke:

"I expect you have heard something about me?" he said.

"I heard what you were going to do to me," I answered, and he continued, "That's what I am here to talk to you about. I was as mad as ever a man was, but there was something or other that held me down. I intended to call you out and beat you dead, but something held me down, and I don't know what it was. Last night, after I went to bed, I felt the presence of my sainted mother. Say, did you know my father was a preacher? My mother was the best woman in the world—now she is in Heaven—and as I lay there on the bed, with her conscious presence, I heard her say, 'Son, think of it! Think of it! That you, your mother's boy, bearing your father's name, have gone so low down that a minister in the city of Atlan-

ta will dare go before the city council and make the charge that you are not fit to run a dive in hell, and, worse than that, the city council believes it, and refuses to give you a license.' It overcame me, and I cried all that night long, and I have come up to ask you if you think there is any salvation for me. Can you account for the way this thing has come about?"

I answered, "Yes. Three weeks ago seven of us in the church, after we heard the story of a heart-broken mother whose boy had gone astray under your influence, banded ourselves together to pray. And now let's get down and pray." The man said, "I don't know how to pray." I replied, "Get down and tell the Lord that." He answered, "I don't know how to tell it." I said, "Tell the Lord you don't know how to tell Him that you don't know how to pray. Talk to God as you do to men." He dropped on his knees, and said, "God, I don't know how to pray; teach me how to pray. I am a poor sinner." And you know what else followed.

After a while I felt his big arm around me, and his great, big hand drop by my side, and then he pulled me to him, and we broke out in praising God together. "Saved, saved on the spot." Then he said, "I have three friends who have been with me in this business—I want to reach them." We began that morning, Monday, and on Wednesday night of that week we baptised in that church this man and his three friends, the most notorious dive-keepers, gamblers and blacklegs in our city.

That first mentioned man is to-day the highest salaried travelling man that takes a grip out of Atlanta, getting 5000 dol. a year and his expenses, and as noble a fellow as any among them, and every day of his life you will find that he is armed for the fight with his Bible in his hip pocket, where there used to be a revolver.

A PLATE THAT GROWS

"If you could eat your dinner off a service like this now," said a collector of porcelain, taking a strange, bright plate from a cabinet, "why, such a service would be worth £20,000 or more!"

The plate's surface was covered with an irregular and glittering crystalline growth a half-inch high. Beautiful crystals, in their graceful outline suggesting quaint pagodas and gnarled trees, rose up everywhere from the porcelain pattern.

"It is," said the collector, "a growing plate. It is one of those plates whose clay, containing aluminium and magnesium, causes an outgrowth of crystals under the enamel. Such plates are very rare. I paid £400 for this one."

"Only a half-dozen growing plates are known. One that belongs to a great collector is valued at £800. Another that had belonged to a poor New York woman who attached no value to it sold at auction in 1891 for £600."

"It is interesting to have a growing plate in your collection. This specimen here has put forth three crystals under that blue mountain design since it came into my hands."

He: "I played my first game of golf this afternoon."

She: "And what did you go round in?"

He (innocently): "Knickerbockers."

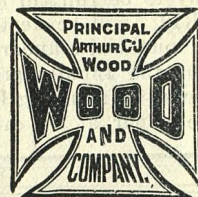
Have you money to lend on Mortgage? I will get you six per cent. or more. Wm. Lawson Dash, 108 Pitt-street—*

THE SEAL OF PUBLIC APPROVAL

has been stamped upon the careful and painstaking methods unfailingly adopted by **WOOD & COMPANY**—the Oldest Established and Most Reliable Funeral Directors in N S.W.—who combine **Personal Attention**—**unequalled Satisfaction** and **Economy** in all cases where their services are engaged.

A large staff of skilled and trusted Employees, combined with magnificent plant of the most modern labor saving machinery, and the finest rolling-stock in the Commonwealth, enables them to conduct the **Highest Grade** of Funeral Work at Ten per cent., lower Rates than any other firm in the State.

Resident Branches are established in all main suburbs which are **directly** connected with the Principal's Office, thus assuring **PERSONAL ATTENTION** to every detail.



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SPECIAL MEMO. TO OUR READERS

We are now in a position to state that "GRIT" will be published regularly weekly, and will be continued as an up-to-date social reform paper.

We find it necessary to make this plain, in view of the general impression that this paper is only to be run till the State Elections! "GRIT" will be kept up to a high literary and pictorial standard.

In view of the rapidly growing circulations, we are also arranging for an enlargement of the paper at an early date.

GRIT.

A PAPER FOR THE PEOPLE.

THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1907.

MAGISTERIAL DISCRETION

It is a wise provision in the administration of justice that the magistrate upon the Bench should be given certain limits within which he may exercise a discretionary power. The intention is that he may carefully weigh the evidence adduced, examine the surroundings of each individual case, and then fearlessly and justly fit the punishment to the offence. That is the theory. It is to be feared that in practice the idea does not always work out as intended by those who framed the law. A case in point occurred some short time since in a country district, where the licensee of an hotel was charged with selling liquor to a child under the statutory age. Apparently there was no defence offered, and the culprit was let off with a fine of one shilling, and ordered to pay six shillings costs of court. Happenings of this sort tend to bring the law and its administration into contempt. Here is a man who wilfully places a potent and deadly poison in the hands of a child. It is quite possible that as a result of such an action the child may be sadly ruined. Yet, in spite of this, a supine magistrate "pun-

ishes" the law-breaker to the extent of a paltry seven shillings. Could anything be more calculated to invite drink-sellers to flout the law than things of this sort? Such ridiculously inadequate sentences merely put a premium on criminality, and it is high time that the proper authorities were moved to deal severely with men who so far forget the obligations imposed upon them by a high and honourable office as to encourage wrong-doers by inflicting such contemptuous punishments. It is right that clemency should be extended to offenders who have succumbed to temptation under stress of circumstances; but there is absolutely no excuse or palliation for the miserable creature who deliberately gives strong drink to children for his own sordid gain.

THE COMING STRUGGLE

Well-wishers of the temperance movement everywhere should hail with delight the declaration of the President of the New South Wales Alliance in regard to the coming election struggle. From time to time certain individuals have urged the temperance leaders to seek amendments of the New Liquor Act, with a view to removing some of the anomalies which undoubtedly exist therein. These same persons will now probably villify the Alliance for not listening to their advice. But it cannot be denied that the party has taken a sane and statesmanlike view of the situation, and has strengthened its cause immeasurably by refusing to be drawn into a fight for alterations in the Act at the present juncture. The new law is to be defended with spirit, and, it is to be hoped, with success. It is now on its trial, and to clamour for the amendment of a thing which has not yet been tried would be foolhardy in the extreme. To have adopted such a policy would have meant the alienation of a great amount of sympathy. The Act of 1905 is a long way below the ideal of the temperance folk of New South Wales, but it must not be forgotten that under its provisions they have the opportunity of voting for the destruction of the liquor traffic. This being so, it is wiser to wait for further reforms until those gained have been thoroughly proven, and to take measures to defend these latter against those who would fain go back to the old state of affairs.

NO PARTY POLITICS

That the question of License or No-License is to be decided quite apart from party political interests does not yet seem to be fully realised by the great bulk of the people. The question of the Parliamentary contest regularly obtrudes itself at meetings held in advocacy of the abolition of the liquor traffic, and it is often most difficult to convince loyal party men that they may vote for No-License, and work for it, without in any way doing violence to their convictions in regard to political affairs generally. Occasionally some will be heard expressing an intention to vote for continuance, because a man of the party opposite to themselves received the temperance support at last elections. Nothing could be more silly. It matters not whether the elector be Liberal or Labourite, Catholic or Pro-

testant, Socialist or Anti-socialist; the question for each one to decide is whether he or she is prepared to give a further three years' lease of life to the liquor traffic which, more than anything else, is sapping the vital energy of the country, and dragging men and women of all stations down to degradation and misery. The liquor business is no man's friend. Its hand is against all classes and sects. It debauches and ruins and kills all whom it can get hold of. These being the facts, no man or woman who has the best interests of his or her country at heart should fail to vote for its destruction, and each should endeavour to influence others in the same direction.

PREFERENCE EXTRAORDINARY

There is no trade that has so little justification for its existence, and yet, strange to say, there is no trade that has such privileges and protection as the liquor trade. With limited competition, and the right to sell six hours per day longer than anyone else, it would seem unnecessary to further pamper it, but the following facts show the most extraordinary and unfair preference: To send 1 ton of wines from Sydney to Inverell costs £1 15s 10d; to send 1 ton aerated waters by same train to same place costs £7 2s 1d. Cordials valued at say 12s per doz., freight 42½d per doz.; wines (pints), valued at say 15s per doz., freight 5½d per doz.; so that the non-alcoholic cordials at less value than the wines cost eight times the freight. The Railway Department may say that the rates are fixed with a view to encouraging the wine industry of the Commonwealth, but why should the Department encourage wines as against non-alcoholic drinks made from Australian fruits? For instance, ginger wine is both an alcoholic and non-alcoholic cordial. When made in Australia we get the following results: If it is alcoholic, it goes to Inverell at 5½d per doz.; if it is non-alcoholic it pays 42½d. per doz.; so that the temperance drink is penalised by eight times the amount of freight. The new Railway Commissioner will have many things to attend to and put right, but it would be impossible to find anything more outrageously unfair, and more worthy of his immediate attention than this preference to alcohol. The leading railways of the world are imposing total abstinence upon their employees, and the leading Governments are taking vigorous steps to further control and limit the liquor trade, but New South Wales is showing herself very far behind in the procession of nations by thus pampering and protecting a pernicious industry.

THE "DANGER" OF HOME

"Home is the most dangerous place I ever go to," remarked Mr. John Muir, the famous geologist and naturalist. He was on the train returning from Arizona to his home in Martinez, California, after the earthquake. "As long as I camp out in the mountains, without tent or blankets. I get along very well; but the minute I get into a house and have a warm bed, and begin to live on fine food, I get into a draught, and the first thing I know I am coughing and sneezing and threatened with pneumonia, and altogether miserable. Outdoors is the natural place for a man.

"Walk where you please, when you like, and take your time. The mountains won't hurt you, nor the exposure. Why, I can live out for 50 dollars a year, for bread and tea and occasionally a little tobacco. All I need is a sack for the bread and a pot to boil water in, and an axe. The rest is easy."—"World's Work."

✠ The Parson in the Gaol ✠

(SPECIAL FOR "GRIT.")

The Parson had his first introduction to the gaol when he was young, enthusiastic, and very hopeful. The seamy side of life in those days was interesting and attractive; it has since become tragic and pathetic; what once called forth a smile now evokes a sigh, and as one's moral vision becomes stronger one understands how it was Christ wept over Jerusalem.

A PITIABLE PROCESSION.

Standing in the cold, gloomy corridor, behind him iron bars and heavy locks, the Parson watched the long, slow procession, as some 150 men slowly passed from the yards to their cells.

"There goes Jimmy the Cat," said the warder, "he has twice had a life sentence passed on him, and has actually spent 53 years in gaol." And one looked with awe on the little man with the small piercing eyes, and wondered who was to blame.

Old men there were, with the gait peculiar to those who had done years in chains in the early days in Tasmania; middle-aged men, with deep lines on their faces, and a sullen look in their eyes; young men, some of them turning their head away in shame, and some, again, jaunty and apparently light-hearted. The one thought that filled the Parson's mind was what dare he preach to such a congregation. There was a good deal to perplex in connection with preaching, but there was no room for doubt as to what one should practice, so the Parson held out his hand and gave a sympathetic grip to a gentlemanly-looking man, who gave him a strange look that was hard to forget, and quickly moved away.

UNFORTUNATELY HAD TO TRUST TO PROVIDENCE.

Several services had been held, and yet the man with whom the Parson had shaken hands had made no appearance. The Parson made inquiries, and soon had a chance of a talk. The man was of aristocratic parents, and had been to an English University, and was doing two years for managing a bogus company. He was very bitter against every one, and took no pains to hide his contempt for the religious. His father had been a professed atheist and his contact with the professing Christians had been unfortunate. In answer to the invitation to attend the service, he told with some bitterness this story:—"A clergyman appeared in the pulpit one morning and told his congregation that he had most unfortunately left his manuscript at home, and would have to trust to Providence, but he hoped to come better provided in the evening." He argued that it was typical of all clergy that they had no faith in God.

A LOYAL WOMAN.

Things were not very encouraging for the Parson so far as this man was concerned, until help came from an unexpected quarter. A letter addressed to the Chaplain of the Gaol was handed to the Parson. It was from a lady asking his special interest in this man. She had sent two books to the gaol library specially that he might read them, viz., Drummond's "Natural Law and the Spiritual World," and one on "Poultry Farming." A journey of 100 miles brought the Parson to the lady's home, and then he found that she was really the man's wife, having married him in the ante-room of the court the day he was sentenced to two years. She did this to show her confidence in him, and her love, and in the belief that she could do more for him

as his wife than merely as his friend. Though she was so anxious for him to be a Christian, she was not really one herself. She, however, gladly accepted Christ as her Saviour, and with new hope began to pray for him, and with fresh energy set out to teach painting and music, so that she might have the means to start him on a poultry farm when he came out.

AN HONEST SCEPTIC.

In the many arguments between them the Parson always found him honest and fair, and yet books failed to enlighten and evidence did not convince. The Parson in despair clung to the promise "that if any man is willing to do His will, he shall know of the doctrine whether it be of God."

One day he said, "I do not think I have been quite fair in refusing to pray, or to be prayed with, since you place such value on prayer as a means of bringing light and conviction." So the Parson prayed. A few nights afterwards the man knelt in prayer for the first time in his life, and one of the most valuable letters the Parson ever received came the next day, and contained no other words than these:—

Dear Friend,—God has fulfilled His promises, and my eyes are indeed open to the truth.—Yours, sincerely,

Many years have passed, and time has proved the reality of his conversion, and he has proved the blessedness of being a Christian.

THE LOVERS' SAD PLIGHT.

A man confided in the Parson, and confessed he was in love, and wished to marry, and that the lady was also in gaol. She was to get out three weeks before him, and the Parson promised to take care of her. He found her a handsome and very emphatic lady, who did not promise to be easily cared for. About a week after she was at liberty, she "bashed" a policeman, and was sent back for six months, and it did seem as if the course of true love was not running very smoothly. However, he managed to go straight, and on the day of her discharge, was happily married, and for two years all went well, until, in fact, he took to drink, lost his job, ill-used his wife, and finally was sent to gaol for twelve months, and the Parson took fresh vows of vengeance on the liquor trade.

A PRISONER'S ADVICE.

One of the prisoners, the cleverest and the best hated in the gaol, was removed to another gaol, and while doing his second sentence of five years (he has since done a further five years), wrote the following remarkable letter to the Parson:—

My Dear Sir,—I at length redeem my promise of writing to let you know. I have in the first place my accustomed good health, but I suffer from ennui, and sigh for the freedom for which I must yet wait some fifteen months or more. I have not forgotten that your examination was to take place in this month of May. I trust that if it has taken place you have been successful, and that if it is yet to come, you may realise your most sanguine expectations. For you, "the world is all before you, where to choose your place of rest." For you "the future with all its illimitable opportunities of being, and doing good remain a land yet to be discovered." I am glad to know that you have placed your foot upon the first rung of that ladder of Truth and revelation, the foot of which is on the earth, but whose topmost height is lost amid the imperishable glories of the land whose "Sun shall no more go down," and I trust that when the time of your ordination shall arrive, you will, like the Puritan whom the almost in-

spired pen of Macaulay has so powerfully portrayed, become a "Priest by the imposition of a mightier hand."

I should like you to remember in all your future work, that you must never cease to be an earnest student. The pulpit, to be respected, must be abreast of the current literature of the times in which it seeks to exert its influence, the men who have climbed to the highest places, and have most sensibly impressed their characters and teachings upon the age in which they lived, did not spring like Minerva from the brain of Jupiter, full armed, the heirs of the accumulated wisdom of the ages, but it was by close study and unflagging consecration to the life-work of their choice that stores came to the retentive memory, and material to the creative mind.

I trust with you, all will be well, and that you may be long spared to do honour to the sacred functions you are destined to assume.

I must now close.

Wishing you in this world knowledge of the Truth, and in the world to come Life everlasting,—I am, Dear Sir, very sincerely yours,



"Well, Mrs. Hurst, I hear your son John has gone to Australia."

"Yes, indeed, Sir. As the scriptures do say, 'Train up a child and away he do go.'"

WHAT THE EDITOR WANTED

The following instructions are sent to correspondents by the editor of an American paper:—

"Our country correspondents are requested to write briefly and to the point in preparing their accounts of 'quiet weddings'; they may, however, consider themselves at perfect liberty to spread themselves in giving details of any uproarious wedding that may occur to break the monotony of their respective neighbourhoods.

"We further wish them to remember that a groom attired in 'the conventional black' is sufficiently covered without any description of his dress; but a groom married in tar and feathers is worthy of special rates and a full column with headlines. If the 'happy couple' then depart, they should be permitted to go without saying; but should they begin to pull hair before the minister has got out of hearing we want all the particulars.

"If the table 'groans,' let it groan; but if any of the guests choke to death on the 'collation' it will be a serious matter with our special correspondent if we don't get complete and early returns. What we want is news that is news."

Eight per cent. for your savings is better than three. I will give it you. Wm. Lawson Dash, 108 Pitt-street.—*

The Battle of Life

MAIN LINE STATIONS FOR SUCCESS.

Mr. Peter Keary is the recognised champion "straight talker" to the young men of to-day. In direct, forceful words, he points out to them, plain and definite, the road to the shining country of success—the road that runs from the main station called "Get On or Get Out" past the stations of "Are You a Lobster?" "Don't Get Swelled Head," "Don't Slop Over," and "Making Things Hum."

Here are a few extracts from his latest book, "Get On or Get Out," which every father should buy, and every young man read.

A Motto which means Something

The man who is only earning his wages, and not perhaps doing that unless he is watched and forced into it, gets fired out sooner or later, and deserves it.

The fault of many of the young men who lose situations in this way is that if they are not born tired, they acquire the habit. They not only slow up, but they stand still. They will not put a barbed wire fence round the situations they hold.

Get On or Get Out

Don't be afraid of that phrase. It's the whole of the ten Commandments of Business rolled into five small words. Happiness will follow its line of march.

GET ON OR GET OUT. Be the philosopher and the conqueror of work and industry.

Talent Silver: Tact Golden

Talent is never so good a thing to have as tact. Try to cultivate tact and observation and commonsense.

You have heard of a handy man. Try to have a handy mind. Think inside yourself. Think as you think other people are thinking, or ought to think. Think that very few people really DO think. Think that the great mass of people don't think except on goose lines.

Think of the quack-quack line of thought and talk in other people, and anticipate and circumvent both. When you see the other clerks in your office waddling along, and most people around you waddling along, have a look into THEIR mental range of vision.

When Not to Talk

Your tongue is a tag that tells the value of your mind.

If you can't talk loftily, if you cannot talk intelligently, if you cannot talk profitably, then keep your mouth shut.

Let other people talk wisdom and folly, whilst you try to heed the good and the bad in both.

Lobsters Left in the Lurch

A lobster, when left high and dry on the sand or amongst the rocks, has not sufficient instinct or sense or energy to work his way back to the sea, but waits for the sea to come back again to him.

If the sea does not come he remains where he is and dies, or gets caught and killed, although just a little effort would enable him to reach the waves, which are perhaps tossing and tumbling within a yard or so of him.

Are You a Lobster?

The world is full of human lobsters. Full of men stranded on the rocks of human business. Full of men who haven't the sense or energy to try and get some sense or energy. Full of men who are waiting for something or somebody to do something for them, instead of doing it for themselves.

In America—the land of slang and vulgar wisdom—they say of a man who is no good, "He's a lobster." That is about the worst label a man can have. It's his finish. It's his epitaph.

Look over the list of names of the men who have been successful during the last fifty years. They have not for the greater part been sons of rich men. They have been men just such as you are.

The greater part of them have been men with an iron will, who have started at the bottom of the ladder, who have developed their moral strength and character in exactly the same way in which an athlete develops every muscle of his body—by constant exercise and training.

Get a Move on You

Many thousands of young men must be in situations at this moment that fret their souls and retard the inclinations and the ambitions in them.

To each of these I say, GET OUT Or IT.

If you don't get out, sooner or later such a post is going to put you out. It's no use sitting still and whining.

Why should any man come to you and say: "Here is a different occupation for you at double the salary you are getting?"

It is your business to go to the man who has these things to give away and say you want them and prove that you deserve them.

You won't get them any other way, and the sooner you learn that the better for you.

Look Glad to be Alive

There is somebody somewhere who wants a man something like you. You've got to find him. But don't go looking for him with a black band round your hat, and a wet pocket-handkerchief in your hand. Go out looking for him with a clear glad eye.

The besetting sin of many young men is that they expect success too early, and get despondent and slack in the looking for it.

They begin as boys with boys' ideas.

They become men while they are thinking and acting as boys.

And then the boyish man, if he has had sense enough to go on, suddenly finds something in him—his "second wind"—which makes him a mannish boy.

That is the time when hope and hard work can be realised at their full value.

Fence Your Job Well In

In business you want to keep on giving as much attention to yourself all day long as you give to your fowl-house, and your postage-stamp collection, and your picture postcards in the evening.

Too many young men in this country are working for what they think to be a sure weekly salary.

Too many young men have a sore thumb at the office, and a hand that doesn't hurt at home.

Your situation at the present moment is easier to lose than a threepenny-bit in the pocket that has a hole in it.

Once you get a good situation you want to put a barbed-wire fence around it.

As a rule, you get slack and neglect it.

Don't do that.

It's tomfoolishness.

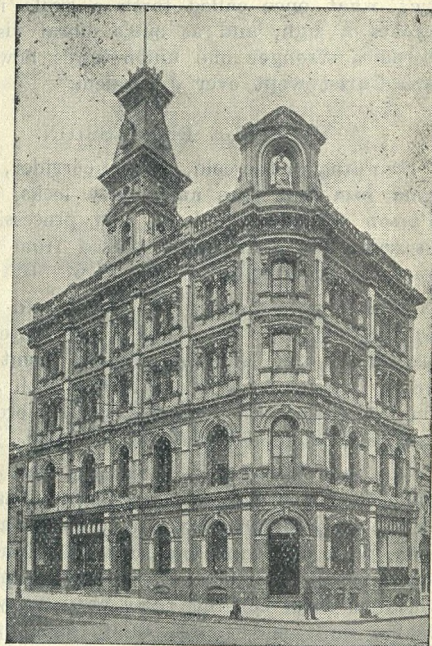
TO STANDARDISE THE SAUSAGE

"There is absolutely no legal or authoritative definition of a sausage." This regrettable fact is disclosed by "The Lancet," and is held accountable for certain frauds

Where Shall I Stay in Sydney?

THE N.S.W. ALLIANCE HEADQUARTERS HOTEL

CORNER CASTLEREAGH & PARK STS., SYDNEY



A FIRST-CLASS HOTEL WITHOUT A LIQUOR BAR

Airy, Comfortable Bedrooms. Spacious Reception Rooms.
Good Table. Terms very moderate
For particulars apply to the Secretary

All Profits go to Temperance Propaganda Work

frequently practised on patrons of the sausage.

Nowadays, says "The Lancet," the ingredients of the sausage are in general wholesome, but, on the other hand, the sausage that contains 90 per cent. of bread and 10 per cent. of meat receives the same designation as that which contains bread and meat in inverse proportions. The price of sausages per pound is approximately that of meat, so that the fraud on the purchaser in the case of a bread-loaded sausage is extreme.

In view of these facts it is urged that the sausage should be standardised and receive its due legal status.

BOILED EGGS AS A QUININE TONIC

Senator Butt, of the Arkansas Senate, had just finished one of his droll stories about feeding morphine to a pointer pup and watching him as he indulged in the ensuing antics occasioned by the opium. Representative De Rossit, known as one of the most veracious men in the State, said:—

"Senator, your dog reminds me of my hen. Needing quinine one day, as we often do, I mixed up an ounce of the drug with molasses and rolled it out into pills. Leaving the stuff to dry on the front porch, I went into the house.

"Returning, I saw the last of my pills swallowed by my hen.

"Of course, I thought her silly head would burst wide open. She simply commenced cackling, and has been laying two eggs a day ever since. And do you know, Senator, those eggs are the best chill tonic on the market? One of them taken internally will knock the spots from any case of malaria in the State, and shaking ague can't stand before 'em an hour after they are eaten. I keep that hen dosed; I do."

ALCOHOL AS FOOD

By E. P. FELCH, M.D.

No subject has had more thorough scientific investigation in the last ten years at the hands of the physiologists than this, and probably none has been more discussed. Three questions are asked: First, is alcohol a food? Second, is it a poison? Third, is it a medicine? The first question must be answered by the scientific dietician. The second must be met by the physician, and the third by the toxicologist. Meanwhile the public and some business men will settle the question largely by results.

The scientific world is not slow to interest itself in any subject which occupies the public mind, and we find that as far back as 1600 investigations were made along these lines, and from then until now the subject has received fitful investigations, which probably have been stimulated by the wave of public feeling which has at intervals held sway, and which is now on the increase.

We will first discuss it from the standpoint of the scientific dietician, and it naturally resolves itself into the question, is alcohol a food? The scientific definition of a "food" is "a substance which, when taken into the body, is susceptible of absorption into the system." In other words, a substance, to be a food in a technical sense, must be capable of being split up into the different parts, and combining with the tissues of the body. There are certain conditions which a food must fulfil. First, it must be capable of being absorbed from the alimentary canal, either immediately or after it has been changed by the process of digestion; and, second, it must contain elements which it is to replace in the body.

A food must not only fulfil the above conditions, but neither it nor its products of transformation should be injurious to the structures, nor to the activity of any organ, and it must not leave substances which will act as irritants. From the standpoint of technical dietetics, alcohol is a food. In the scientific world, however, foods are classified as either good or poor, and as such they perform the function of either tissue-builders or energisers. For example, wheat bread, beefsteak, and eggs are considered good foods, but onions, cabbages, and radishes are considered poor food in a strictly technical sense. That is, foods have a greater or less value according to the ease with which they are digested and assimilated, and also as to whether they produce any injurious results. With this classification we are forced to say that alcohol is a poor food. It is a poor food for several reasons. First, because only a small amount—about three ounces, which is far less than is required to sustain the body—can be oxidized, the balance passing through unchanged. Second, because it has been determined that it is not a tissue-builder, and only serves the purpose as an energiser. Third, to give sufficient amount to sustain the body would, considering the small percentage that can be oxidized, leave enough residue to create irritation to such an extent that the physiologic functions necessary to life would not go on. In a limited sense, it is a food, because it is a generator of energy, but it is not a builder of tissue. Thus we have the soundest scientific support for the statement that it is a poor food, and has no use in the category of foods. As an energiser, it acts only as a whip to the flagging organs, and, as one authority remarks, "we have no more right to use it than we have to lash a willing horse."

Do you want to borrow on Mortgage? I have money to lend at from five per cent. Wm. Lawson Dash, 108 Pitt-street.—*

A £3,200 TELEGRAM

£3,200 is the highest sum ever paid for a single telegram. This was the cost of a message sent to Australia some time ago by Mr. Henniker Heaton, the champion of the Imperial penny postage. The next most expensive message was Reuter's description of the trial of the Australian murderer, Deeming, for which £1,600 was paid.

A telegram from London to Argentina, containing fewer words than a column of the "Times," cost £1,500, or at the rate of 16s 8d a word. The most costly private telegram is said to be that in which King Victor of Italy informed the Duke d'Abruzzi of his father's death.

NATIONS IN TEARS

A scientist who has studied the subject of crying asserts that it is a beneficial exercise in the case of children, strengthening the lungs and the vocal chords, while in the case of older people it is a safety-valve for the feelings, affording mental relief.

It is interesting to learn from this authority that the Briton sheds tears far less frequently than the people of any other European nation. The Latin races—notably the French and Italian—are the most given to weeping. There is, however, no race of mankind which does not cry.

Even the stolid In-ian, who will submit to be tortured to death without a moan, will weep freely on the death of a friend, or at parting from one he loves. The South Sea Islanders will cry with anger. Negroes, on the other hand, frequently weep for joy.

£50 000 DOCTOR'S BILL

Enormous as is the £4,000 fee, for the recovery of which a well-known Paris surgeon was recently sued, it is far from constituting a record. Nearly a century ago Sir Astley Cooper received £1,000 more for a trip to Vienna to attend upon Prince Esterhazy; and for a journey to St. Petersburg to vaccinate the Empress Catherine II., Dr. Dimsdale received £10,000, an annuity of £500, and a Russian barony.

For doctoring the Nawab of Rampur, during an attack of rheumatism, an English Army surgeon was rewarded by a £10,000 fee; the Czar of Russia once paid £15,000 to Professor Zacharine, of Moscow, for two days' attendance; Dr. Keyes, an American physician, was £12,000 richer for a pleasant trip on the yacht Valiant as medical attendant to one of the Vanderbilts; and Dr. James Gale, the blind medical electrician, actually received £50,000, the largest medical fee on record, for a few weeks' successful treatment of a millionaire's leg.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

P. H. (Burwood).—Many thanks for your letter. We will try and obtain the particulars for you.

Impatient.—It is not always possible to answer a query in the "next issue," because sometimes the next issue is actually in print when the letter arrives. We are sorry you will have to be disappointed, as the article is not suitable for "Grit."

J. Branfer.—You are another innocent who thinks no training is necessary to write for a paper. We might mention that correct spelling is an important factor. That is letting you down easily.

Veto.—The answer to J. T., Casino, in last issue. Item 4.

North-Easter.—We thought we had struck a Southerly when we read your cutting criticism. It may perhaps surprise you to learn that every word of the article is true, and appeared in print for the first time in

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Secretary

SYDNEY

"Grit." We think the prejudice is on your side.

Non-Shouter.—The "shouting" habit is both unnecessary and dangerous. It is quite possible to do business without it, although, as you say, it is often expected, and we strongly advise you to follow up your determination. You will find that in the end many who jeer now will learn to respect your adherence to principle.

W. W. (Balmain).—The population of New South Wales at the end of March this year was estimated to be 1,543,362, of which number there were only 718,618 females, as against 824,744 males, so that you were wrong in your opinion.

X.Y.Z.—Yes, it is a fact that the Insurance Companies discriminate in favour of total abstainers, who are considered better lives from their standpoint as a general rule.

Verdict.—Sorry we can't assist you, because, after all, it is only a matter of opinion. We are glad you like "Grit," and intend to recommend our paper, which is getting a better hold every week, thanks to you and others who share your opinion.

Expert.—We regret that you did not appreciate our decision. Our want of sympathy to you must be set down to our consideration for our readers, and there the matter must rest.

J. Martin.—Selected matter is not any use, and original work, to find a place in our columns, needs to be of the very best.

Small Beer.—The use of the term "small beer" about an individual signifies "of no particular importance," and its application lies in the fact that small beer was a second brew, very much weaker than the first one.

Percy G.—We don't wish to be hard on you, at the same time we may just point out that rhyme is not necessarily poetry, and your "little poem" has not even the first essentials of rhyme. Fancy trying to rhyme hotel and bottle, and that in the first verse, too! You can best help us by recommending your friends to read "Grit."

Mental.—Dr. Theo. Hyslop, England, author of the "Text-book of Mental Physiology," makes the startling statement that "alcohol is either a direct or indirect factor in the causation of at least 50 per cent. of the cases of insanity," and this after very careful research.

CAMPAIGN NOTES AND NEWS

6th JUNE—Remember the date.

Mrs. G. E. Ardill has been conducting a No-License mission at West Wallsend.

The gamblers held a meeting at Leichhardt last week. It was a poor affair.

House-to-house canvassing is proceeding in some localities. This is the work that will tell on voting day.

Preparations for the Alliance Conference on Tuesday, 21st May, are well in hand. The meeting is to be held in the Centenary Hall.

Miss Anderson Hughes started her Southern tour last Saturday. Though very much better, she is still suffering from the effects of her recent accident.

The Alliance demonstration and tea meeting, in the Sydney Town Hall, promises to be a huge success. Already a number of tables for the tea have been donated.

It is expected that Mr. G. B. Nicholls, of New Zealand, will shortly arrive in Sydney, to work under the N.S.W. Alliance as a divisional organiser.

The liquor party is organising and canvassing. If they, with a bad cause, are stirring themselves, how much more should the friends of right be working for victory.

The Presbyterian General Assembly will devote Friday evening (10th) to the No-License question. The speakers will be the Rev. Canon F. B. Boyce and Mr. Albert Bruntnell, M.L.A.

Mr. F. M. B. Fisher, M.H.R., of New Zealand, is expected in Sydney in a few days' time. He comes to fight for No-License, at the invitation of the N.S.W. Alliance.

The Bishop of London spoke of barmaids as wonderfully respectable and steady as a class, in a London address. He would not like to see them discharged, but would like to see no more engaged. No one, he thought, would like his own sisters or daughters to hear the language used and the things that are said to them in bars.

How will the "true sportsmen" of the Sporting League view the opinion expressed by Mr. George Towns when he said:—"Gambling is the greatest obstacle to clean sport that I know of. That is the reason we hear of so many races or contests being sold, or, to use a slang term, 'cronk going.'"

A Parliamentary paper shows that of the 35,000,000 barrels of beer brewed in the United Kingdom last year only 3,000,000 were brewed by firms who used no substitutes for malt and hops, such as rice, maize and glucose. Into the 32,000,000 barrels went 4,000,000 cwts. of such substitutes, or 12lbs. of artificial matter to each barrel.

When delivering his inaugural address, the President of the United Licensed Victuallers' Association attacked the temperance party for directing its efforts solely against the publican. A few days since he showed a change of face, when he told a conference of liquor trade travellers that the brewers were more interested in blocking No-License than were the retailers.

Thus George Towns, ex-champion sculler of the world:—"I would like to warn all young fellows against taking strong drink. It is in nearly every case the beginning of failure in any calling where test of strength and endurance is required. It is far far worse than smoking, and smoking is quite bad enough, and a wrong thing to indulge in at any time; and is a hindrance to anyone taking part in sports where real endurance and good breathing power are necessary."

A Brompton collier, Ernest Gregory, was charged at the Chesterfield (Eng.) Borough Police Court on March 25th, with throwing his infant child on to a blazing fire. His defence was that "he was drunk at the time and did not know what he was doing." Owing to the prompt action of the

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EXTRACT FROM WESLEY CHURCH "SIGNAL."

The writer can speak from experience. Having two troublesome teeth, a visit was made to Mr. Thornton Dobson, of Regent Street, near the School Hall, when in two or three minutes they (the teeth) were out, and No Pain. It would be hard to be Mr. Dobson in Sydney, either for Extractions or New Teeth.

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mother, the child was not seriously injured. In sentencing the prisoner to gaol for two months, the magistrate remarked that he was very fortunate in that he had not to answer for a most serious crime.

The new Sailors' Home at Weymouth, toward the cost of which (£10,000) the Admiralty gave £5000, has been opened by Lord Tweedmouth. It is designed to give accommodation to the men of the Channel Fleet when in Portland Roads. Some time ago a plebiscite was taken among the sailors, by order of Admiral Wilson, as to whether the Home should be run on strictly Temperance lines or not. The voting showed a large majority in favour of Temperance.

A STORY OF C.B.

Here is a genuine story of the British Premier. A friend said to him, "You are becoming very popular, Sir Henry; I see the C.B. Corsets advertised in a ladies' journal." "Sir," said the Premier, drawing himself up, and with a twinkle in his eye, "I owe my figure entirely to nature."

"What have you got in the shape of cucumbers this morning?" asked the customer of the new grocery clerk.
"Nothing but bananas, ma'am."

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How the World Moves

A private in the French army receives as pay £5 a year.

There are always 1,200,000 people afloat on the seas of the world.

There are three habitual criminals in London to every two policemen.

Steel rails were first used for railways at Chalk Farm, near London, in 1862.

The hair from the tail of the horse is the strongest single animal thread known.

More accidental deaths occur in England from drowning than from any other cause.

Fiji is the only British colony in which the natives pay their taxes in kind—chiefly in cocoanuts.

Seventy-two races inhabit the world, and use 3004 different tongues. There are about 1000 religions.

The island of Thanet has more chalk exposed on its surface than any other spot of equal area on the globe.

There are 48 different materials used in constructing a piano, which come from no fewer than 16 countries.

The mountain chains of the old world lie east and west, while those of the New World lie north and south.

In London there is one doctor to every 880 people; in England and Wales generally there is one to every 1900.

The average age of the English policeman is 35½ years; average service, 9.5-8 years; height, 5 feet 10-2-3 inches.

Three-tenths of a second is the time required for a signal to pass through the Atlantic cable, 2700 miles long.

The black horses used by undertakers in England are all bred by Dutch farmers, who make this a distinct business.

It is always a sure sign of rain when horses and cattle stretch their necks and sniff the air for a long time.

England possesses 146 centenarians; Ireland, 578; Scotland, 46; Denmark, 2; Belgium, 5; Sweden, 10; and Norway, 23.

At the present time, says Mr. Bell, M.P., there are 150,000 men employed on the railways in England receiving less than £1 per week.

The chemical constituents of the mushroom are almost identical with those of meat, and it possesses the same nourishing properties.

The smallest coin in circulation is the Maltese grain, a bronze piece the size of an ordinary lead-pencil top, and worth one-sixth of a cent.

Fishes have been discovered in Guatemala with two pairs of eyes. One pair does duty above water and the other below, the fish thus being able to see equally well in two elements.

The entire population of the globe is upwards of 1,400,000,000, of whom 35,214,000 die every year. The births amount to 36,792,000 every year, or one and a fraction every second.

A BABY IN A WASH TUB.

Baby fell into the wash tub yesterday. I had just gone out for a few minutes, and I left the twins playing in the laundry and one of them scrambled over the edge of the tub that was standing on the floor. I heard a scream, rushed in, and there was baby with nothing but the tip of his nose above water. In a minute I had him out and undressed as quickly as thought. I threw his wet clothes into the tub while I put baby to bed.

The curious part is, having left those clothes in the water for over an hour, when dry they looked as if they had been

boiled and washed in the ordinary way. Of course that is not strange when one thinks of it—for they had been an hour in Sunlight Soap suds. Sunlight Soap is a wonderful laundry Soap. Those clothes thrown into ordinary soap suds would never have come out so clean.

I am glad to say baby is none the worse of his bath. Though he got some soap in his eyes and mouth, I am thankful it was Sunlight Soap. If babies are to fall into soap suds they cannot fall into better than Sunlight Soap suds.

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It would take 10,500,000 acres, or an area equal to Lincolnshire, Norfolk, Suffolk, Essex and Devonshire, to produce the amount of grain which Great Britain yearly imports from abroad.

M. Bovet, the director of the Post Office at Lausanne, has addressed a circular to the postal employees in the town warning them that in future toothache will not be considered an excuse for absence.

The dog grows for two years, and lives for ten or twelve. The cat grows only for about eighteen months, and may also live for ten years, although cases are known of them much exceeding this period.

The Victoria Cross carries a pension of £10 a year for privates and non-commissioned officers. The cross is worn on the left breast, suspended by a red ribbon for the Army, a blue one for the Navy.

Mr. George Cadbury has offered to give £1000 to charity if anybody can prove that he or his family ever made a penny out of the model village of Bournville. He has, he says, handed the estate over to the nation.

The human hair is the most profitable crop that grows. Five tons of it are annually imported by the merchants of London. The Parisians harvest upwards of 200,000 pounds, equal in value to £80,000 per annum.

A staircase has been invented which plays tunes as it is walked up and down upon. A series of pins is pressed by the feet and plays gongs and drums, while others are connected with collapsible chambers, which blow various instruments.

Mr. H. J. Wilson, of the Gardner Trust for the Blind, speaking at Hamley (Staffordshire), gave an instance of a blind barber who shaved old customers very well indeed, because he knew the shape of their faces. Unfortunately, however, new customers never came a second time.

The British Crown plate includes a peacock of precious stones, valued at £35,000, which came from India; a tiger's head, with a solid ingot of gold for a tongue, and crystal teeth; and a magnificent gold shield, valued at £10,000, which was made from snuffboxes by order of George IV.

The oldest loaf of bread in the world is carefully treasured in one of the villages of Derbyshire. Local historians have discovered that it was included in a grant of land from the Crown during the reign of King John. It is still in the possession of the Soar family, whose ancestors were beneficiaries of King John.

The Ghent Communal Council have a proposal before them to include women in the police force. According to the scheme the policewomen will not wear a uniform. They will be recruited from women between the ages of forty and fifty, and they must be widows or spinsters. It is intended to try the experiment with a dozen women.

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