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THINGS AREN'T WHAT THEY USED TO BE.

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Official Beer Means Disaster.

As it becomes daily more probable that the color scheme of the Mexican map will temporarily be changed from pink to khaki, it is a source of legitimate gratification to every American that the two army divisions now on the border are fully equal to any troops on the face of the earth. The temperance forces have especial cause for self-congratulation for to their efforts this gratifying state of affairs is partly due. In 1898 the sudden call to arms found the ranks of the American army at a low ebb of efficiency, the officers given to hard drinking and the staff more concerned with faithfully serving the beer masters of the country than with evolving an efficient fighting machine.

A drinking bureaucracy put the army in motion and consumed sixty days in transporting 18,000 soldiers to Chattanooga, Tampa, and the Cuban coast. Drinking officers placed the camp, and rude canteens, tended in many cases by soldiers impressed for that service, caused the soldiers to die like flies, before they had ever heard the crack of a Mauser rifle. A drinking soldiery, not wanting in courage, fought its way to victory, but succumbed in regiments to the onslaughts of fever and malaria.

In 1911 a sober line and a sober staff moved a magnificent force of men an aggregate of thousands of miles without a hitch in a few days, established a sanitary camp in a climate to which many of the regiments were strange, evolved a fighting force almost perfect, mechanically, physically, and morally, perfected a plan of campaign which fits into any emergency and to-day affords us striking contrast to the days when the canteen existed.

Drink is the eternal burden of the Anglo-Saxon soldier traditionally so. Many a defeat which mars the splendid record of the British armies may be laid not to rifles and cannot but to the deadly bottle. In 1857 during the Indian mutiny, the British forces assaulted Delhi while held by nearly fifty times their number of Sepoys. No records of the British army are more thrilling than the gallant assaults which were successful in breaking through the defences of that city, but as soon as the troops had penetrated the street barricades and entered the town they immediately found themselves confronted with unlimited quantities of liquor. Hot with thirst, the soldiers dropped their weapons and the result was that complete mastery of the city was long delayed. These heathen knew the white man's weakness, and the same artifice was tried with eminent

success by the Chinese in the Boxer rebellion.

During the course of the Civil War in America the manufacture of liquors in Virginia was prohibited, and to this fact, added to the abstinence habits of the two great leaders, Lee and Jackson, is justly attributed much of the physical efficiency of the Army of Northern Virginia. It is also notable that the regiments of Howard and Logan and those hard fighting commands from the Western States who came through the war with glorious records were abstaining.

Beer and whisky are the greatest enemies to the efficiency of an Anglo-Saxon army.

RUSSIA AND ALCOHOL.

A year ago the vodka ration in the Imperial Navy of Russia was abolished, and soon after the sale of vodka was prohibited in the restaurants attached to all Government works and institutions. The sale of vodka is also forbidden in all places of amusement including theatres. A system of special instruction in the evils of alcohol has been adopted by the Government. Two years ago the municipality of Moscow decided to grant only one license for a beer saloon to every 2500 of the population. Last year the Holy Synod ordered that henceforward a special service on the evil of intemperance shall be held in all the churches in Russia on St. John the Baptist's Day. On May 3 it was decided that for the future music and all games, including billiards, would be forbidden in any place licensed to sell vodka, wine, or beer. Municipalities and rural communities, in response to the Emperor's appeal, are now exercising for the first time the right which they have enjoyed for thirty years of reducing the number of licensed houses in their district.

SOBRIETY IN THE BRITISH ARMY.

(Special Correspondent from Manchester, England.)

The Rev. E. W. Norris, Chaplain of His Majesty's Forces at Chatham, in addressing

a men's service in Rochester Cathedral last week, bore testimony to the extraordinary spread of sobriety in the Army. There are 56,000 total abstainers among the British troops to-day. In some regiments there are from 500 to 700 abstainers. At Chatham, Fort Clarence had been closed as detention barracks, being no longer needed. The takings in the "wet" canteen at the Royal Engineers' Barracks have dropped from £300 to £30. The canteen no longer pays its way, so it has been closed, and is now run on very different lines and under new conditions. The Scripture Reader has taken 5000 Temperance pledges among the Royal Engineers alone during the time he has been in Chatham.

FIGHTING EFFICIENCY.

The present high efficiency of the American navy is due to temperance on the part of its sailors, 95 per cent. of whom abstain from the use of liquor.—Rear Admiral Ross, January 12, 1910.

To-day three maritime powers surpass all others in the matter of naval gunnery—Great Britain, Japan, and the United States—and knowing the strenuous total abstinence regulations now in force by these three nations, may we not assume that this superiority is due to the total abstinence encouraged or enforced?—"Chicago Tribune," October 17, 1909.

The campaign in Egypt was a teetotal campaign. We drank the Nile and nothing added. In no other part of the world have I seen a force of men so fit and so well.—General Grenfell, 1896.

Among the great soldiers who have earnestly urged entire abstinence from the use of liquors may be named Field Marshal Lord Wolseley, Lord Kitchener, Lord Roberts, the late General Frederick Dent Grant and Surgeon-General Gorgas of the American army.

REDUCTION INEFFECTIVE.

In Victoria they have done a good deal to reduce licenses in the over-crowded parts but the result has not been very encouraging. Although the population has increased by 8 per cent. since the commencement of the work of the board, the consumption of liquor has increased by 14 per cent. No wonder our friends in Victoria are eager for No-License. The readers of "Grit" are quite familiar with the fact that the consumption of liquor has in every No-License area been reduced by 75 per cent.

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The Miracle of Las Palmas.

(Continued from last issue.)

Meanwhile, of the conduct of Aintree, men older and wiser, if less intolerant than Staidish, were beginning to take notice. It was after a dinner at Ancon Hill, and the women had left the men to themselves. They were the men who were placing the Panama Canal on the map. They were officers of the army who for five years had not worn a uniform. But for five years they had been at war with an enemy that never slept. Daily they had engaged in battle with mountains, rivers, swamps, two oceans, and disease. Where Aintree commanded five hundred soldiers, they commanded a body of men better drilled, better disciplined, and in a number half as many as those who formed the entire army of the United States. The mind of each was occupied with a world problem. They thought and talked in millions—of millions of cubic yards of dirt, of millions of barrels of cement, of millions of tons of steel, of hundreds of millions of dollars of which later each received enough to keep himself and his family just beyond the reach of necessity. To these men with the world waiting upon the outcome of their endeavor with responsibilities that never relaxed, Aintree's behaviour was an incident, an annoyance of less importance than an overturned dirt train that for five minutes dared to block the completion of their work. But they were human and loyal to the army, and in such an infrequent moment as this over the coffee and cigars they could afford to remember the junior officer, to feel sorry for him, for the sake of the army, to save him from himself.

"He takes his orders direct from the War Department," said the chief. "I've no authority over him. If he'd been one of my workmen I'd have slipped him north three months ago."

"That's it," said the surgeon, "he's not a workman. He has nothing to do, and idleness is the curse of the army. And in this climate—"

"Nothing to do," snorted the civil administrator. "Keeping his men in hand is what he has to do. They're running amok all over the Panama, getting into fights with the Spiggoty police, bringing the uniform into contempt. As for the climate, it's the same climate for all of us. Look at Butler's Marines and Barber's Zone police. The climate hasn't hurt them. They're as smart as ever wore kharki. It's not the climate or lack of work that ails the Thirty-third, it's their commanding officer. So the colonel, so the regiment. That's as old as the hills. Until Aintree takes a brace, his men won't. Some one ought to talk to him. It's a shame to see a fine fellow like that going to the dogs because no one has the courage to tell him the truth."

The chief smiled mockingly.

"Then why don't you?" he asked.

"I'm a civilian," protested the administrator. "If I told him he was going to the dogs he would tell me to go to the devil. No,

one of you army men must do it. He'll listen to you."

Young Captain Haldane of the cavalry was at the table; he was visiting Panama on leave as a tourist. The chief turned to him.

"Haldane's the man," he said. "You're his friend and you are his junior in rank, so what you say won't sound official. Tell him people are talking; tell him it won't be long before they're talking in Washington. Scare him."

The captain of cavalry smiled dubiously.

"Aintree's a hard man to scare," he said. "But if it's as bad as you all seem to think, I'll risk it," he complained, "that whenever a man has to be told anything particularly unpleasant they always pick out his best friend to tell him? It makes them both miserable. Why not let his bitterest enemy try it? The enemy at least would have a fine time."

"Because Aintree hasn't an enemy in the world—except Aintree."

The next morning as he had promised, Haldane called upon his friend. When he arrived at Las Palmas, although the morning was well advanced toward noon, he found Aintree still under his mosquito bars and awoke only to command a drink. The situation furnished Haldane with his text. He expressed his opinion of any individual, friend or no friend, officer or civilian, who, on the Zone where all men begin work at sunrise, could be found at noon still in his pyjamas and preparing to face the duties of the day on an absinthe cocktail. He said, further, that since he had arrived on the isthmus he had heard only of Aintree's misconduct, that soon the War Department would hear of it, that Aintree would lose his commission, would break the backbone of a splendid career.

"It's a friend talking," concluded Haldane, "and you know it. It's because I am your friend that I've risked losing your friendship. And whether you like it or not, it's the truth. You're going down hill, going fast, going like a motor-bus running away, and unless you put on the brakes you'll smash."

Aintree was not even annoyed.

"That's good advice for the right man," he granted, "but why waste it on me? I can do things other men can't. I can stop drinking this minute, and it will mean so little to me that I won't know I've stopped."

"Then stop," said Haldane.

"Why?" demanded Aintree. "I like it. Why should I stop anything I like? Because a lot of old women are gossiping? Because old men who can't drink green mint without dancing turkey-trots think I'm going to the devil because I can drink whisky? I'm not afraid of whisky," he laughed tolerantly. "It amuses me, that's all it does to me; it amuses me." He pulled back the coat of his pyjamas and showed his giant chest and shoulder. With his fist he struck his bare flesh and it glowed instantly and healthily, splendid pink.

"See that," commanded Aintree. "If there's a man on the isthmus in any better physical shape than I am, I'll—" He interrupted himself to begin again eagerly. "I'll make you a sporting proposition," he announced. "I'll fight any man on the isthmus ten rounds—no matter who he is, a wop laborer, a shovelman, Barbarian nigger, marine, anybody—and if he can knock me out I'll stop drinking. You see," he explained patiently, "I'm not a mollicoddle or jelly-fish. I can afford a headache. And besides, it's my own head. If I don't give anybody else a headache, I don't see that it's anybody else's business."

"But you do," retorted Haldane steadily. "You're giving your own men worse than a headache, you're setting them a rotten example; you're giving the Thirty-third a bad name—"

Aintree vaulted off his coat and shook his fist at his friend.

"You can't say that to me," he cried.

"I do say it," protested Haldane. "When you were in Manila your men were models; here they're unshaven, sloppy, undisciplined. They look like bell-hops. And it's your fault. And everybody thinks so."

Slowly and carefully Aintree snapped his fingers.

"And you can tell everybody, from me," he cried, "that's all I care what they think. And now," he continued, smiling hospitably, "let me congratulate you on your success as a missionary, and, to show you there's not a trace of hard feeling, we will have a drink."

Informally Haldane reported back to the commission, and the wife of one of them must have talked, for it was soon known that a brother officer had appealed to Aintree to reform, and Aintree had refused to listen.

When she heard this, Grace Carter, the wife of Major Carter, one of the surgeons at the Ancon Hospital, was greatly perturbed. Aintree was engaged to be married to Helen Scott, who was her best friend and who was arriving by the next steamer to spend the winter. When she had Helen safely under her roof, Mrs. Carter had planned to marry off the young couple out of hand on the isthmus. But she had begun to wonder if it would not be better they should delay, or best that they should never marry.

"The awakening is going to be a terrible blow to Helen," she said to her husband. "She is so proud of him."

"On the contrary," he protested, "it will be the awakening of Aintree—if Helen will stand for the way he's acting, she is not the girl I know. And when he finds she won't, and that he may lose her, he'll pull up short. He's talked Helen to me night after night until he's bored me so I could strangle him. He cares more for her than he does for anything, the army, or for himself, and that's saying a great deal. One word from her will be enough."

(To be continued.)

"Can you tell me what a smile is?" asked a gentleman of a little girl.

"Yes, sir; it's the whisper of a laugh."



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CANTEEN IN MILITARY CAMPS.

Profound disgust has been expressed by the action of Senator Millen in permitting the "wet" canteens in the concentration camps of military forces who are preparing for service at the front. These camps are on a different legal footing to the training camps, but the question of allowing liquor to be sold was a matter entirely at the discretion of the Minister of Defence. In these camps there are many young men under 20 years of age, and if it is desirable that they should be kept free from drink in times of peace, how much more so now?

The appeal to Senator Millen to restrict the sale of liquor has failed, but it has been renewed with the advent of the new Minister of Defence, Senator Pearce. The Alliance has strongly urged him to immediately abolish the canteens, and moreover give a Ministerial direction that the members of the Imperial Force do not enter liquor bars, and that a patrol be organized to see that this instruction is carried out.

THE HORRORS OF PEACE.

Bishop Long of Bathurst has created a keen discussion by pointing out that in times of peace there is much death and misery, which does not appeal to a great many people. The Bishop did not say anything in reference to the liquor traffic. It is a question upon which much can be said.

Temperance reformers have long been appalled by the dreadful loss of life caused by drink, and equally astounded at the utter indifference of a large section of the community by its endorsement of these horrors at the ballot box.

We have not got to go into the slums of a city, or shelter behind wretched social and industrial conditions to find the most sickening results in murder, suicide, insanity, and disease arising from the liquor traffic.

Moreover, the reports coming to hand from the Belgian Commission appointed to inquire into German atrocities, indicate that the most brutal and debasing outrages have been committed by drunken Germans.

Mr. Gladstone, speaking in the House of Commons on March 5th, 1880, said: "It has been said that greater calamities are inflicted on mankind by intemperance than by the three great historic scourges of war, famine, and pestilence combined. That is true for us, and it is the measure of our discredit and disgrace."

We should at this time take Mr. Gladstone's statement to heart. As sickening as the whole ghastly business of war is, those who have taken the time to investigate the death-dealing effects of alcohol cannot but feel that the present struggle of the nations is not nearly so destructive of human life as the liquor traffic, which is legalised by British legislatures, and endorsed by a professedly civilised, humanised, and Christianised community.

SENATOR DAVID WATSON.

Amongst the newly elected Senators to the Commonwealth Parliament the temperance movement in Australia will have a sincere friend in Senator David Watson of New South Wales.

In reply to a letter of congratulation upon his election, Mr. Watson wrote to Mr. J. Marion as follows: "Whatever success has attended my efforts during the past few years, I have to acknowledge that the principles of total abstinence inculcated in early youth have laid the foundation of my present standing among men. I hope to do honor to the cause of a nation's sobriety, and will hail the day when the people by an intelligent vote at the ballot box shall determine to rid our land of the greatest curse that affects our civilisation."

VENERABLE ARCHDEACON BOYCE IN NORWAY.

The President of the Alliance, who was in Germany at the end of July, reached Norway safely, and writes from Christiana under date of August 4th. He was then attending the International Supreme Lodge Session of Good Templars. Notwithstanding the troubled state of Europe, the session was proceeding successfully. Parliament House

was placed at the disposal of the Good Templars, and His Majesty the King attended the reception given by the President of the Parliament. Mr. J. Sims, a past treasurer of the Alliance, who has been in America during the last year, was also present.

WHEN IS A MAN INTOXICATED.

Messrs. Creagh and H. S. Pulsford have during the past few weeks been seeking to bring to book certain publicans who persist in serving persons in a state of intoxication.

Mr. Pulsford has written to the "Daily Telegraph," setting out certain facts which are of considerable interest. He says:—"It is an offence against the law for a publican to serve an intoxicated person. I have on several occasions, in company with a witness, followed men into bars who were distinctly under the influence of liquor. These men have been served, and yet when the police have been called on to take action, because the man is not actually lying in the gutter they refuse to act, on the ground that the man is not intoxicated. A few nights ago a friend and I watched a man staggering about the street; he narrowly escaped death from a tram, a drunken lurch carrying him away from, instead of under, it. He went into a bar, and was served. The police were called, and they said he was "not too bad," and no action was taken. The other day in Oxford Street a man, no more under the influence of drink than the one mentioned, but according to the evidence "intoxicated," succeeded in getting under a tram, and paid the penalty with his life. Had the police seen him in the bar where he got his last drink they would probably have said he was "not too bad."

On the 14th inst., an inquest was held concerning the death of a flower-seller, from injuries received in a fight with another man, who was committed for trial on a charge of manslaughter. The evidence showed that the deceased and the men committed were "intoxicated." Yet because these men were sober enough to stand up to one another in a conflict resulting in death to one and a criminal charge against the other, if the police's attention had been called to the serving of that "last drink" they would no doubt have said, "They are not too bad."

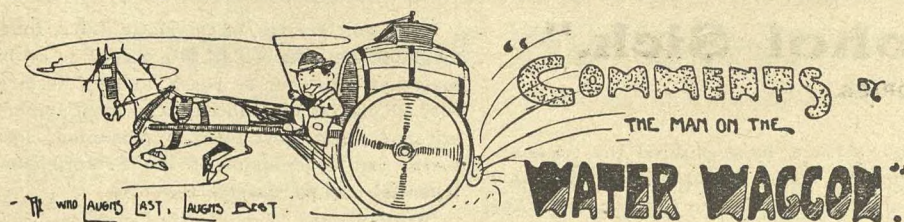
When is a man intoxicated? If a man is clearly under the influence of drink, but able to walk, the police say he is "all right." If the same man kills someone, or gets killed shortly after, it is accepted in evidence that he was "intoxicated." A section of the community large enough to demand attention and determined to see the laws relating to the control of the liquor traffic carried out, impatiently awaits more vigorous action on the part of the police, and a broader interpretation of the word "intoxicated."—Yours, etc.,
Sept. 15. H. S. PULSFORD.

WOODWORK.

"Samantha, what's that chune the orchestra's a-playin' now?"

"The program says it's Chopin', Hiram."

"Waal—mebbe—but ter me it sounds a deal more like sawin'."



MISTAKEN LENIENCY.

I confess to being naturally what is called easy going, and find it easy to forgive and equally easy to hope that things will right themselves and be better in the future, and yet I grow impatient and angry with the court that shuts its eyes to facts and plays with alcoholics. I have in years been learning that one has often to be cruel to be kind, and that there are very serious results to mistaken leniency. Before a man comes before the court for being drunk, his friends give him a chance and warn him that he is likely to be run in. His boss tips him the wink and tells him to take a pull or something will happen. The policeman gives him a kindly word to get away home. At last he is before the court and the magistrate treats him as if he had not received all these chances and lets him off with 5s. or the rising of the court. So far he has met no serious objection to his drinking, and in fact in 99 cases out of 100 he will not be brought up with a round turn until it is too late to be effective. Drunkenness is a social offence and a social menace, involving the State in very great expense and the home in very great sorrow, yet we treat it as a trivial thing.

We have by our Legislature declared that a person convicted three times in 12 months is an inebriate, and as such needs treatment and restraint. The court sets the decision of the Legislature on one side nearly every day. On Monday the following cases were before the court:—

Woman—7 convictions in 18 months; fine, 10s.

Woman—6 convictions this year; fine, 30s.

A man—6 convictions this year; fine 15s.

A man—5 convictions in three months; fine, 20s.

As a matter of fact all four were inebriates before their first conviction, but no questions were asked and no attempt made to deter or cure them, and now they are a public menace; soon they will be a permanent public expense, without hope of recovery.

First offenders need a shock which they are mostly able to appreciate the first time they are before the court. Third offenders need medical treatment by a specialist who takes some pride in his work and is prepared to give such serious cases the serious treatment they require.

CHARACTER TESTED BY WOMAN.

The Rev. H. C. Martin, M.A., of Simla, India, writing in the "League of Honor," says:—

"The whole of our national progress is blighted by one awful blot, which stains the whole of it; and that is the fact that we still retain in our midst, unchecked and left undealt with—the Vice of Impurity."

"The decisive act of human life is man's attitude to women." This is the assertion of Harold Begbie in his latest book.

Look at that sentence, and think it over. Think of the awful tragedy life would become if man should ever lower his Ideal of mother, sister, wife, or daughter—how loathsome and horrible the thought that we should ever carelessly apply that other name to any of them.

And when you have fully grasped that in your mind, is it not true that the "fallen woman" is the most awfully unnatural thing in the world? If man carries that splendid and natural Ideal of his own kith and kin through life, how can he be content to treat the kith and kin of other men so lightly and cruelly? Isn't it too shameful, when put in that way.

"The Blackest feature of the age is the fallen woman"; this is indeed no exaggeration; and it is man himself who is responsible for it. The whole cause of vice lies in the will of man; and it is not excusable; it is not a natural thing for a man to go wrong when he is young; it is contrary to every teaching of nature, and contrary to every natural instinct of a decent man, to lower the Ideal of womanhood in any way, which Nature and God have put into his heart through Mother, Sister, Wife and Daughter.

"BABY'S FIRST DRINK!"

This anecdote was recounted at Bar-Mess in the Hall of the Middle Temple by F. M. Sir H. Evelyn Wood, V.C.

"Come and have a drink 'Ria!" said a fine, handsome and stalwart soldier, Armourer of his regiment, to a pretty nursemaid, wheeling a smart "pram" along the main street of Chatham.

"What am I to do with the kid?" objected the young lady, with a peevish pout which made her all the more fascinating.

"But, why! give him a 'baby nip,' too!"

And this precious pair actually did it; and baby got his first "drink," very sweet and syrupy, and flavored with lemon. And forthwith fell sound asleep.

The local doctor's young wife with her sister (mother and aunt to the young gentleman under the influence in the perambulator), happening to pass along at a (for them) unusual hour of the day (when the maid assumed they were safe in the tennis courts), were horrified to behold the "pram" standing outside a popular public-house!

"Mother's baby boy" held in his prehensile little fist a huge three-cornered jam puff with which he had ingeniously smeared nose, cheeks, eyes, and every facial point of objection. "Adventures are to the adventurous," and with swift presence of mind the out-



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raged mother, hailing a passing cab, whipped baby out of the "pram" and drove back home.

When our happy sweethearts emerged from the bar parlor they found an empty "pram," and 'Ria started to pester every police-station and constable in Chatham, Rochester, and Stroud.

Very late that night her master divulged the truth, for she was an excellent and an honest servant. And the most satisfactory result of "Baby's First Drink" was that 'Ria became a Total Abstainer, and converted her Armourer as a "sine qua non," precedent to marriage.

BAR-ROOMS AND CRIME.

Dr. E. Kurz, of Heidelberg, made a special inquiry some years ago into 1115 crimes recorded in the judicial district in which he lived. The results of his investigations were startling. They are summed up by the "Scientific Temperance Journal," in a forcible article which calls attention to the fact that Sunday is the great drinking day in Germany, beer gardens being all open and doing an enormous business. The record showed that of the 1115 crimes investigated, 502 took place on Sunday, those of all the other days of the week being as follows: Monday 182, Tuesday 95, Wednesday 67, Thursday 62, Friday 82, Saturday 95. Another striking fact which is also exceedingly instructive is stated by the journal in the following terms, and illustrated by the subjoined diagram:—

"In trying to trace the cause of these crimes of violence and bloodshed particularly, a German doctor (Kurz) made a special investigation of the places where the crimes occurring in one judicial district of Heidelberg had been perpetrated. He made a record of all that had occurred in the homes, on the streets, in the workshops and in the saloons, or drinking places. The result showed that of the 1115 crimes recorded 742, or 66½ per cent., had occurred in the saloons to ninety-six in the homes, ninety-eight upon the streets, eighty-seven in workshops, and 102 in places not recorded. Nearly three times as many as in all other known places combined occurred actually in the saloon, while the saloon influence, according to the daily accounts of home tragedies, may safely be set down as responsible for a large proportion of those taking place in the homes."

When little Mary sheared her lamb,
She spun its fleece of snow,
And wove a warm, white wrap to wear
When winter's wild winds blow.
You now may note her chest and throat
From bronchial woes secure,
Because she has her lamb's-wool coat
And Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

Europe is "Alcohol Sick."

FACTS NOT THEORIES.

Europeans in America, and especially those of German birth, are whipped into line by the brewers against the prohibition movement with great success. We are told that beer has "solved the problem" in Germany; that the "wine-drinking countries" of Italy and France are sober; that Europeans are far too intelligent to countenance such a thing as prohibition; etc., etc.

Professor Rade, of Marburg, after visiting America, declared that he had been "painfully impressed by the part Germans are playing in the American alcohol war," that while the second or third generation of Germans "gradually develop out of the lower German into the higher Anglo-American" point of view as to drink, native-born Germans, "with their fight for alcohol freedom, represent a lower civilisation as against the Anglo-American element, the protagonists of the prohibition movement. It is a matter of national honor that public opinion should be enlightened on the subject and should exercise the right influence across the sea. The German anti-prohibitionists over there must be made to understand that they have not their relatives at home with them."

"They have not their relatives at home with them!"

Congressman Bartholdt and his kind are the worst enemies of the German in America, traitors to the reputation of their race. The part they are taking in deceiving their countrymen, in making them the victims and the servants of a brutal trust, is viewed with nothing but humiliation and contempt by the intellectual giants who are leading the fight for the redemption of the Fatherland.

It is time that Germany is set right before the people of America. Listen to the statement from the lips of Professor Wilhelm Weygandt of Wurzburg:

"If really, for once, the entire civilised race of mankind should abstain from alcohol for thirty years, so that a completely sound generation could come into existence, there would result a transformation, a raising of the whole culture niveau, a heightening of the happiness and welfare of men, which could easily be placed beside the greatest historical reformatory and revolutions of which we know anything."

And as typical of the attitude thinking Germans are beginning to take toward the prohibition movement this statement from Judge Friedrich Schmidt is illuminating:

"The state, then, has the right and duty to interfere with these drinking customs, the moderate as well as the immoderate, in order to protect its citizens from the dangers which come from them. The simplest and most logical way would be to prohibit to every one the use of alcoholic drinks. The state has this undoubted right since drinking in every form is a social danger."

And there is no reason to insult the intellectual acumen and moral activity of the German people by intimating that such orders as the recent naval order of Secretary Daniels are repugnant to that people. The battleship Wettin has banished alcohol from its canteen. Sixty-eight officers, including two admirals

in active service, have entered the Alkohol-gegnerbund. The patronage of the Good Templar movement in the German navy has been taken over by Prince Heinrich. General Von Deimling, an officer with a splendid campaign record, has spoken for abstinence.

The benefits of wine are no more apparent to the social and scientific leaders of France, Belgium, Switzerland, and the northern countries than is the case regarding beer in Germany. Professor Emile Vandervelde, a leader of the Belgian Social Democracy, says:

"Frankly, I see no reason for waiting for the morrow of the social revolution before we stop poisoning ourselves. We should prohibit the manufacture of alcohol du bouche and turn the power of darkness into the power of light, by making distilleries producers of industrial alcohol."

So far from finding any wide-spread opposition to prohibition measures in Sweden and contiguous enlightened countries, the following from Professor Thyren expresses the conviction of great political leaders as well as men of science and philanthropy:

"In the fight against alcohol, as far as Sweden is concerned, no peace is possible before absolute alcohol prohibition is carried."

The fact of the matter is that prohibition is being urged all over Europe, and likewise a wide-spread educational campaign to enlighten the young "after the example of Canada and the United States" is being pressed in Austria, France, Germany, and a score of other countries. M. Payet, Director of Primary Instruction in France, declares:

"We desire that anti-alcohol instruction be edged into all studies, given in all forms; that it figure in the teaching of physical and natural sciences and in moral teaching; that it appear in the choice of dictation subjects, lectures, and even in mathematical problems. In a word that, by all possible means, the attention of the child be incessantly awakened to the danger of alcoholism."

There are reasons for this intense activity against the liquor trade and the liquor habit in Europe. So far from proving a specific, light drinks have made Europe "alcohol-sick." Evidently, Professor Bollinger of Munich, for instance, does not think that beer is a healthful drink. He declares that autopsies upon 5700 bodies show that every sixteenth male in Munich dies of beer heart. "One rarely finds in Munich a faultless heart or a normal kidney in an adult man," he says.

Professor Gravitz, of Charlottenburg, found alcoholic disturbances in 34 per cent. of all his male patients over 30 years, and he declares that alcohol is undoubtedly the most important and commonest form of poisoning. Professor Dr. Stadelman, of the Friedrichshagen Hospital, Berlin, asserts that:

"Our people suffer more in health and economic power from Schnapps than from tuberculosis, against which fight has been long successfully waged. The consequences of alcoholism are far more far-reaching and incomparably more destructive than those from tuberculosis."

Germany spends five times as much for alcohol as for education and all other kinds of cultural work and gets for it as Dr. Popert of Munich says, "A hateful disfigurement of its people." "Just take a walk through Munich," exclaims Dr. Popert, in disgust, "a city lying wholly in the brewers' chains and observe the bellies and faces."

The doctors and the scientists are not alone. Victor Adler, the Austrian Socialist leader, declared in Vienna, in a public address, that "the alcohol question is, according to my inmost conviction, a veritable life question."

Over in France where the people drink light wines and are never drunk," M. Joseph Reinach, Depute, declares:

"We have not a year to lose. It is a question of stopping this noble country, the land of Jeanne d'Arc, and of the Revolution, of Vincent de Paul and of Voltaire, upon the declivity of the most shameful of destructions."

And Dr. Dupre, Medicin des Hopitaux, asserts:

"Alcoholism, agent in all physical and moral degeneracies, is, under the eyes of an indifferent and powerless government, moving on to the destruction of our land. I cannot too much insist on the literal truth of the sorrowful prediction and I affirm that one can inscribe this formula over all the drink shops of France: 'Finis Galliae.'"

M. Alfred Fouillee declares that, "Statisticians have proved twenty times, figures in hand, that the actual resources of charity suffice amply to prevent all extreme poverty if only this poverty were not multiplied tenfold by alcoholism." And the effect of wine-drinking upon physical efficiency of army recruits has been such that, according to a correspondent in En Normandie, "Every fourth man has alcoholic trembling, tinglings in the hands, and mucous vomitings in the morning when rising. They have no power of resistance. On the march it is necessary

(Continued on Page 10.)

Your Ultimatum!

READ IT.

Will you allow decay to rot your teeth away, ruin your digestion, and pollute your system for the sake of a few paltry pence? Or will you let me focus my Expert Dental Knowledge on to your teeth, routing decay, and bringing back health. The cost is trifling. The results of indecision are too great to admit of shelving. THINK IT OVER, OLD MAN!

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Drink and Be Ugly.

NO SIGHT MORE REVOLTING THAN A WOMAN DRUNK.

In the last 10 years in N.S.W. there have been over 30,000 convictions registered against women for public drunkenness, including a girl of 16 and a woman of 72. There is no sight more revolting than a woman drunk, and yet the manhood of N.S.W., while acknowledging this, has not yet made any determined effort to protect women. We have spent hundreds of thousands to protect our crops from the rabbit, and equally large sums to protect many an industry, but so far "the mothers of men" go unprotected. Last July the Chicago "Sunday Tribune," the "New York World," and some other papers having a circulation of many millions brought out a striking article by America's greatest and most popular actress, Lillian Russell, on the dangers of drinking. The article is illustrated by a whole page picture of Miss Russell, framed in a wine glass.

THE FOREWORD.

Drink and be ugly!

Drink and you destroy your bodily vigor.

Drink and your youth disappears!

Drink and your mature figure droops into slovenliness!

Drink and you enlarge and disease your liver!

Drink and your brain becomes dull!

Drink and you dim the lustre of your eye!

Drink and you kill that bright and animated expression!

Drink to excess and you lose your mind!

Drink and your red blood corpuscles become wrinkled and lifeless.

Drink and you'll derange all the natural functions of your body!

Drink and you'll become insensible to modesty in appearance and conversation!

Drink and you drop into shame and degradation. A woman's downfall can always be traced to her first drink!

Drink even light wines and you set an example for your weaker sisters!

Drink and your intelligent conversation will be turned into a maudlin jumble of words!

Drink and you may be popular with a certain class for a short time, but the time will be short!

Drink and you jeopardise your success in any career!

Drink and you destroy beauty of mind, body and soul!

THE DANCE AND LIQUOR.

Miss Russell says:—Dances, however, in public hotels and restaurants are not beneficial nor are they always harmless. Apparently they seem to be given for the pleasure of young people, to bring them together and then furnish them entertainment. In hotel ballrooms it is possible for the younger set to dance and enjoy themselves without being coerced into ordering wine. They can satisfy their thirst with simple drinks if they wish to. But often there are ante-rooms convenient where the young women

are urged to take drinks without the chap-erons being able to see them, and waiters are ever ready to serve them. Some restaurant managers are not so considerate of the younger set. In some places where there is a dancing floor and music for dancing the waiters have orders to refuse tables to people who do not order champagne.

THE BOYS' DILEMMA.

I know of two young boys who saved enough money to take two nice girls to the theatre and afterward to a little supper-dance. Thinking it was not compulsory to order drinks they were not accustomed to, they had only enough money to pay for supper and car fare home. They were given a table, ordered a simple supper, a chicken salad and ice cream, the popular school girl and boy supper, when the music commenced, and they at once joined in the dancing. When they returned to their table a waiter was standing in front of it to prevent them from being seated. He calmly told one of the young men that they could not occupy the table unless he ordered a bottle of champagne. Imagine the boy's embarrassment! What could he do? The supper has been ordered before the dance. The girls were warm and wanted to sit down. He hadn't money enough for wine, nor was he accustomed to drink anything stronger than lemonade. But he was chivalrous; he told the waiter to bring the wine, then he excused himself from his friends and rushed home to his mother and told her the situation. She gave him 5 dols. and told him to pay for the bottle of wine, but not to drink one drop of it nor offer the girls a drop.

A GREAT BIT OF PLUCK.

He kept his promise to his mother, went back to the restaurant and let the waiter pour out two glasses of the wine, which they left untouched. They ate their salad and ice cream and drank plenty of water, danced for awhile, and upon leaving the place told the astonished waiter that he could have the wine.

As you can judge, these were nice boys, unaccustomed to the use of liquor. They knew the girls were not of the drinking class, so they would not insult them by even offering them drink. The mother of the boy victim made him call upon the mothers of the girls and tell them the situation. Of course, they were forgiven, but after that restaurant supper-dances were looked upon by them as dens of vice.

It is a great pity that young people cannot go to a so-called smart restaurant without being obliged to at least order intoxicating drinks. It is due to such places that many drunkards are made, for few men would have the courage to order wine and not drink it.

THE POWER OF "MOTHER."

In the case above mentioned the boys had been taught that any kind of wines and

liquors were detrimental to their minds and bodies and that anything that intoxicated their minds was degrading in the eyes of pure minded women. These boys had good mothers, mothers who wanted their boys to be fine men and worthy to be in the society of real women—a condition not easy to find in this state of affairs, where every inducement is offered to young men to make them disgrace their manhood, where the joy of a simple dance is only the disguise for selling intoxicating liquors.

There is less or no excuse for girls. They are not compelled to buy or drink wine. Therefore the girls who fall victims to drink can only blame their weak minds. Let every girl be taught that every drink of wine, liquor, or even beer she takes lessens her charm and beauty of mind. There is alcohol in all of these, and alcohol has the power to deaden all sense of mind, to devastate all beauty, and degrade the highest born.

Women must take this matter in their own hands, for they are the mothers of all men. Mothers are the teachers of the nation; by their combined strength they can dictate whether their children shall be subjected to the compulsion or temptation of drink, whether their simple pleasures shall be cloaks for purveyors of liquors.

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1914.

ITALIAN AUTHORITIES TO FIGHT DRINK.

A committee of pharmacists has undertaken organized effort to help to enforce the new laws against alcoholism in Italy, the outgrowth of the International Congress Against Alcoholism held in Milan last September. A circular issued by the committee reads:—The superior council of public health recognises that grave effects from intemperance have not as yet shown themselves in Italy, but it considers conditions favorable for starting an anti-alcoholic campaign, particularly in the form of prevention. With the purpose of insuring a more efficacious defence against the insidious advances of intemperance it is recommended:—(1) That courses of education in hygiene, including particularly the dangers of alcoholism, be instituted in the public schools, and that in sections where the evils of alcoholism already exist more forcible propaganda be instituted under auspices of the police. (2) That the Government shall favor the institution of asylums for the care and cure of drunkards.

A Personal Chat with my readers

A VOICE FROM THE DEPTHS.

A lawyer who owes his position in one of our State asylums for the destitute to alcohol writes to me thus:—

"There is no investment of money wherein a man derives less return for his disbursement than when he purchases alcohol for his own use. It is a sheer waste of good money—of the money which answereth all things. And the remarkably subtle influence of alcohol is demonstrated by the fact that even clever men are quite incapable of the irony while quite sensible of the grim humor as shown in the appalling records of alcoholic excess. Alcohol is a poison, which we have (as we think) domesticated; but we forget that the effects of alcohol are cumulative. Because in the morning, after drinking a powerful dram of ardent spirit, your man of the world feels 'fit,' he has not passed a sponge over the slate of yesterday's excess. That result remains as a banker's balance, and will accumulate with a fearful rapidity. Alcohol is a destroyer, not a life builder; and when really great scientists like Sir Oliver Lodge can define it as the most inexorable material enemy of every man's soul, why should wise men and women tolerate any longer the presence of a declared enemy to justice, righteousness, and peace?"

A UNIQUE PETITION.

Judges have never failed to accuse alcohol as the chief cause of crime, but liquor papers now and then put forth an impudent disclaimer. It seems to me that the following petition from the inmates of the Eastern Penitentiary of Pennsylvania, numbering 1500 men and women, ought to carry some weight.

The appeal is as follows:—"To the Senate and House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in General Assembly Met,—Your petitioners, representing the major portion of the inmates of the Eastern State Penitentiary, of Pennsylvania, respectfully aver: That they believe fully 70 per cent. of crime within the State is directly attributable to the excessive use of intoxicating liquors, and that many of them have a personal knowledge of its debasing influence as exemplified in their own lives, and that, believing if the sale of intoxicating liquors was prohibited by the enactment of laws by your honorable body, that the effect would be to reduce crime at least 50 per cent., if not more, they therefore respectfully pray that you will favorably consider the introduction of any measure having for its object the curtailment of the sale of intoxicating liquors, and use the great power with which you are clothed to obtain the passage of an act to prohibit the sale of such in-

toxicating liquors anywhere within the bounds of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania. We further pray that you will give due consideration to this petition, coming to you as a voluntary deed of a body of earnest men and women, acting entirely on their own initiative, without suggestion from others."

DECEIVING THE PUBLIC.

I have often noticed that the part alcohol plays in accidents, tragedies, and public disorders is very frequently omitted in the accounts published in the daily papers. Last week two men died in Sydney, one by his own hand, the other in a street accident. Alcohol was the prime factor in both, but the papers made no note of this, and passed no comment on it. The reason given is that no one wishes to hurt the feelings of the relatives and friends. It is also evident that the news columns must not be allowed to reflect too strongly on the large liquor advertisements on the next page. Whatever be the reason the fact is unchallenged, and the result is the great majority do not know one-hundredth part of the destructive doings of alcohol. We live very largely in a fool's paradise as far as alcohol is concerned.

Last month at one of the meetings of the British Medical Association at Aberdeen, Sir Victor Horsley gave a paper on death certificates, in which a not wholly unexpected revelation was made. Sir Victor Horsley declares that the Registrar-General's statistics as regards life and death want the earnest consideration of everyone, and naturally the medical profession in the first place. The social "nomenclature of diseases" on which the Registrar-General relied was, he said, ridiculous in its terminology, and for the sake of the future of public health in this country and the whole Empire the matter should be dealt with by the Association. One of the worst examples of the cause of death in the Registrar-General's returns, he pointed out, were those of "hysteria, neuralgia, and neuritis." These diseases were stated by the returns for 1911 to have caused the deaths of 558 persons, and no fewer than 501 of these were said to have been caused by neuritis. Those neuritis cases were really deaths due to alcohol. Only in eighty cases had the practitioner certifying the cause of death risked his professional practice by putting alcohol on the certificate. In the case of venereal disease the certification was as worthless as that of alcohol.

The Editor

"What's the Matter with Father?"

WHAT THE BOYS SAY.

The interest in the Father and Sons movement in America has led to some original studies. One of the most effective of these is reported in this article.

Someone has said that "Any kind of a man will do for a father, but it takes a good woman to be a mother." There is nothing more false, but some boys seem to act on this assumption, and then a little later on in life—say along about twelve to sixteen—they awaken to the fact that they have a wayward father on their hands. This is not to be an arraignment of fathers, but rather a simple setting forth of "some ideals for fathers," and these ideals come from the younger sons of these selfsame fathers.

Three hundred and twenty-two boys collaborated in preparing the list, and they represent Jew, Gentile, Protestant, Catholic, Mede, and Elamite and the dwellers in Mesopotamia. The papers were sent in without names or any marks of identification.

WHY BOYS LIKE FATHER.

The question, "What one thing do you like best about your father?" was answered as follows:—

About thirty per cent. of the answers referred to goodness, kindness, and right treatment, while twenty per cent. gave economic reasons such as: "He gives me a living," "He buys me clothes," "Supports me," "Cares for family," "Gives me money," etc. The other half of the answers were divided among the following: "He does not drink," this was mentioned twenty-two times. "He does not smoke," "His honesty," "He is companionable," "He goes to church," "His good character," "He prays and reads the Bible," "He helps me to do right," "He does not use tobacco," "He loves me," "He has clean habits," "He does not whip me," "His good nature," "His ambition," "Stays at home nights," "His quiet way of doing things," "He is a Christian," "His cheerfulness," "His unselfishness," "His good qualities," "His personal appearance," "His strictness," "He is kind to mother," "He tells me things I should know," "His love of children," "Nothing"—this boy answered other questions regarding his father which made it plain there was nothing to admire about him. "His truthfulness," "I love him," "He kept us when mother died."

In answering the question, "What one thing would you like to have your father do that he does not do?" forty-five boys said, "Go to church." Forty boys said, "Stop using tobacco." Twenty-five said "Quit drinking and stay away from saloons." Eighteen said "Read the Bible." Twelve said, "Stop swearing"; others said, "Join the Y.M.C.A." "Pray," "Give me money," "Join the church," "Be more jolly and good-natured," "Stay at home more," "Enter into games," "Nothing—he is perfect"—half the fathers who read this will probably think "that was my boy," and they will have one chance in three hun-

dred and twenty-two of being correct. "Buy me a bicycle," "Buy an auto," "Not scold or whip," "Take more exercise," "Not work at night," "Get rich as John D.," "Be more kind to mother," "Let me run the auto," "Come home earlier on evenings," "Not be so extravagant," "Be more kind," "Be more tidy," "Go out more with mother," "Love my brother," "Not get a divorce"—this came in on two papers; "Stay away from all kinds of shows," "What I would like is that my father would kiss me"—this was in a good clear handwriting indicating a boy at least fourteen years of age. He probably has plenty to eat and to wear and all that a boy might be expected to ask of his father; but there is a heart-hunger for the father's affection, which is not satisfied with just food and clothes. "Be good at all times," "Take me to sea," "Be a doctor," "Be a farmer so I can ride a horse," "Go to prayer meeting," "Have more self-respect," "Clean his teeth"—this boy evidently belongs to "The Clean Mouth League," "Be a Christian," "Sleep more at night," "Not work on Sunday."

The average father has some difficulty in getting his boy to live up to his ideals, and so far as we know this is the first time the boy has given his father a chance to show him how easy a task it is.

This list of things admired in fathers, and the things the boys would like to have their fathers do, is respectfully submitted for the serious consideration of fathers of boys everywhere. When they live up to these we will be justly proud of them, and then—we may revise the list.

THE PARABLE OF THE PRODIGAL FATHER.

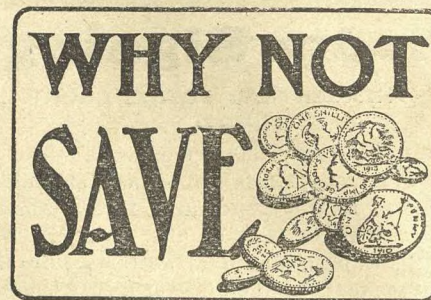
By BLAKE W. GODFREY.

A certain man who had two sons; and the younger of them said to his father, "Father, give me the portion of thy time, and thy attention, and thy companionship, and thy counsel which falleth to me."

And he divided unto them his living in that he paid the boy's bills, and sent him to a select preparatory school, and to dancing school, and to college, and tried to believe that he was doing his full duty by the boy.

And not many days after, the father gathered all his interests and aspirations and ambitions, and took his journey into a far country, into a land of stocks and bonds and securities and other things which do not interest a boy; and there he wasted his precious opportunity of being a chum to his own son.

And when he had spent the very best of his life and had gained money, but had failed to find satisfaction, there arose a mighty famine in his heart; and he began to be in want of sympathy and real companionship.



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And he went and joined himself to one of the clubs of that country; and they elected him chairman of the house committee and president of the club, and sent him to Congress. And he would fain have satisfied himself with the husks that other men did eat and no man gave unto him any real friendship.

But when he came to himself, he said, "How many men of my acquaintance have boys whom they understand and who understand them, who talk about their boys and associate with their boys and seem perfectly happy in the comradeship of their sons, and I perish here with heart hunger! I will arise and go to my son, and will say unto him, 'Son, I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight; I am no more worthy to be called thy father; make me as one of thy acquaintances.'"

And he arose and came to his son. But while he was yet afar off, his son saw him and was moved with astonishment, and instead of running and falling on his neck, he drew back and was ill at ease.

And the father said unto him, "Son, I have sinned against Heaven, and in thy sight: I am no more worthy to be called thy father. Forgive me now and let me be your friend."

But the son said, "Not so. I wish it were possible, but it is too late. There was a time when I wanted to know things, when I wanted companionship and counsel, but you were too busy. I got the information, and I got the companionship; but I got the wrong kind, and now, alas! I am wrecked in soul and body, and there is nothing you can do for me. It is too late, too late, too late."

Pledge Signing

AT THE CENTRAL POLICE COURT.

During the last month—"four weeks"—ending August 27, 405 men and 109 women, total 514, were before the Central Police Court for drunkenness; out of this number 109 signed the pledge of total abstinence from the liquor that was the cause of their trouble. Taking all the other cases that passed through the Court, some 700, about 30 per cent. committed their crime while under the influence of alcohol. This cursed liquor has certainly kept the machinery of the law very busy, and there is every reason to believe that this business will continue to be very brisk when other trades will be slack. The war excitement will work into the hands of the hotelkeepers; they seem to benefit by any unnatural excitement. This is easily seen by the increased amount of drunkenness in the streets, and some of those brave fellows who have volunteered for the front can be seen nightly under the influence of liquor. A large number of men who were before the Court had passed the doctor, others had come down from the country with the intention of enlisting to fight the Germans. One man after one combat with alcohol lost his chance of going to the front, for the doctor not only refused to pass him for active service, but had him passed outside of the gates, where he soon fell foul of the police, and is now doing a month's jail. So ends the effort of one patriot.

THE LOT OF THE BARMAID.

One thing very noticeable is the number of barmaids and ex-barmaids that pass through the Court for drunkenness. From personal enquiries made during the last month four out of every ten women that pass through the Court for drunkenness were once barmaids in hotels. This proves that the hotel trade is dangerous to those who work in it. One poor creature who once worked as a barmaid has been before the Court no fewer than five times in three months. As she stood before the magistrate on the fifth charge she looked a pitiable object. She had been smiling before the magistrate came on the bench; a poor sickly smile it was, but it showed that the woman was either a fool or had a grand spirit that in the midst of trouble can be brave.

When the magistrate sentenced the woman to a month or 40s., a very different look came over her face; a sadder and more hopeless face was never seen in this court, and I would have liked to have had a photo of it to send to every barmaid in Sydney. To my mind, the ruin and degradation of the women workers in hotels is one of the most serious aspects of the liquor traffic.

Another very sad case came before the Court during the month, a woman who had been convicted three times this year, was again brought up for drunkenness. This in itself is not serious, at least as records of the Court go, but each time the woman was locked up she had a little child about four years of age with her. The magistrate was

up against a tough proposition, but again the child saved the mother—she was let off. Perhaps it is right for the child to save the mother, but who is going to save the child? The Government should do it, but evidently it will not. The mother and child went away. God grant that she will be inspired to lead a sober life, but methinks that it will have to be done without the Government's help.

Dear Reader, you can help by giving clothes or boots; if you have a little spare money help the police court work and the men's home. Money can be easily found to fight the Germans, please send a little to fight the alcohol curse.

W. D. B. CREAGH,
Court Missioner.

Europe is "Alcohol Sick"

(Continued from Page 6.)

to watch over them as if they were delicate children. The least strain induces intestinal troubles which lay them up for many days. When one reproaches them on their drunkenness they reply, 'I can't help it. I drink in spite of myself.'

Dr. Richard, Medecin-Inspecteur, says of the alcoholist weaklings of the army of the Second Line: "They will prove worthless and deserters. Some are so overloaded with fat as to be handled with difficulty; others have no power of resistance against fatigue. Alcoholism is more prejudicial to the army than the most severe epidemics," and Lieutenant Ordono,—"Perhaps 60 per cent. of the Second Line reservists are alcoholised. They appear over 45 years, although not more than 37 or 38. They are broken-down men, who could not stand the exposure of a campaign."

"You cannot make men good by law," says M. Joseph Reinach, quoting the foolish adage of the friends of alcohol. "No, but you can make them carzy. In 1881 France had 367,000 saloons and 47,000 insane; in 1907, 477,000 saloons and 70,000 insane. Cause—the legislation of '80."

Neither are the drinking shops, which have been heralded to us as ideal, exactly up to specifications.

M. Joseph Reinach is responsible for the statement that, "Of our half-million drink shops one-tenth provide at the same time alcohol and women. There are in France 50,000 of these cabarets furnishing filles en carte."

The brewers have presumed too much. The truth is becoming known. Alcohol is alcohol everywhere and in whatever beverage found, and right-thinking, straight-thinking people are turning against it in every country on the globe.

Every student of the alcohol problem should read Ernest Gordon's "Anti-Alcohol Movement in Europe."

WILD PITCH.

"I thought you had thrown Arthur over?"
"I did, but you know how a girl throws."

WINNS' PRICES ARE ALWAYS RIGHT.

Call at WINNS' No Advance in Prices

NEW SHIPMENTS OF ENGLISH GOODS
OPENING ALMOST DAILY.

DOLLY VARDEN CREPES AND GRAFTON VOILES.

VALUES ARE PARTICULARLY GOOD.

THESE GOODS LEFT HOME FAR TOO
EARLY TO BE AFFECTED BY WAR RISKS
OR ABNORMAL CONDITIONS.

Here's a List of Dandy New Goods that are singularly popular:—

27IN. ROSEBUD CREPES, White grounds, with Pink, Sky, or Saxe Rosebuds, also Biscuit grounds with small Roses or Pink grounds with deeper toned Pink Rosebuds.

VERY SPECIAL VALUES, 6½d.

28IN. GRAFTON VOILE, White grounds, with Sky, Pink, Saxe, Brown, or Biscuit Rosebuds, also Sky, Pink, Saxe, V. Rose, Brown, or Biscuit grounds with small Rosebuds and other small FLORAL DESIGNS. 1/3 Yd.

28IN. GRAFTON VOILE, Dark grounds, with beautiful Damask Pattern designs, all the newest shadings. 1/3 Yd.

27IN. BRITISH CREPE (Plain), in Cream, White, Biscuit, Grey, Sky, Saxe, Nattier, Pink, V. Rose, Tan, Brown, Navy, or Black. 5½d. and 6½d. Yd.

28IN. JAPANESE CREPE, nice heavy weight and a proved washer. Shades Salmon, Mauve, Pink, Cardinal, Tan, Grey, Brown, V. Rose, Saxe, Marone, Sky, Biscuit, Apricot, Navy, Black, and White. 8½d. Yd.

28IN. COTTON SPONGE CREPES, in Brown, Tan, Biscuit, Apricot, Grey, Pink, Lime, Nattier, Saxe, Navy, Black, or White. 10d. Yd.

40IN. FROSTED CREPE, in Navy, Apricot, Salmon, V. Rose, Saxe, Nattier, Sky, Tango Red, and White. 1/6 Yd.

27IN. FANCY COTTON DELAINE, in very pretty Paisley designs, also Light grounds, with small spots and check effects, in various shadings. 4½d. Yd.

WE HAVE JUST OPENED ANOTHER SHIPMENT OF OUR FAMOUS WASHING TUSSORE SILK, a Pale Biscuit in tone. A decided change from the ordinary Tussore Silk.

28IN. WIDE, 2/6.

36IN. WIDE, 3/6.

WONDERFUL EMBROIDERY VALUES.

3½IN. WIDE CAMBRIC EMB'DY. EDGING and 5IN. WIDE CAMBRIC EMBROIDERY INSERTION.

SPECIAL ALL ONE PRICE....2½d. Yd.

9IN. WIDE WHITE CAMBRIC and MUSLIN FLOUNCING, in a big variety of good designs, 4in. wide.

WONDERFULLY CHEAP AT 4½d. Yd.

12IN. WIDE, WHITE CAMBRIC FLOUNCING, work 6in. wide, in good designs, in close and open patterns.

SPECIALLY PRICED AT.....6½d. Yd.

18IN. WIDE WHITE CAMBRIC CAMISOLE EMBROIDERY, with Ribbon-hole Beading at top, dainty designs, in open and close work.

SPECIAL VALUE8½d. Yd.

27IN. MUSLIN FLOUNCING, in new designs, both small and large open patterns.

SPECIAL VALUE10½d. Yd.

27IN. WHITE MUSLIN OR CAMBRIC FLOUNCING, the biggest value we have seen, in a grand selection of designs, 12in. wide.

SPECIALLY CHEAP AT.....1/- Yd.

44IN. WHITE EMBROIDERY SKIRTING, 26in. work, in a good assortment of designs, with plain hemstitched or peaked embroidery edge.

THE SEASON'S SPECIAL AT 1/11½ Yd.

HERE'S A BIG SAVING IN FASHIONABLE RIBBONS.

1/3 QUALITY FOR 10½d.

5¼IN. WIDE BEAUTIFUL FLORAL GLACE RIBBON, in White and Colored Grounds, with exquisite Rose and Floral designs, in a bewitching assortment of colors. All the Rage for Millinery and Belts.

1/3 QUALITY FOR 10½d. YD.

5½ AND 6 IN. WIDE STRIPED GLACE RIBBON, in Light and Dark Grounds, with New Variegated Colored Stripes, in almost any combination of colors.

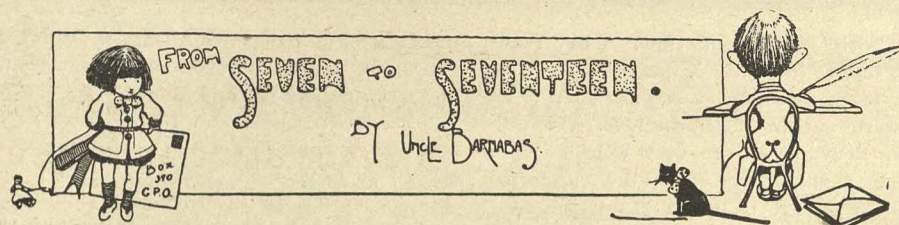
1/3 QUALITY FOR 10½d. YD.

5¼IN. WIDE MOIRE SILK RIBBON, beautiful bright sheen, in Black and all colors.

1/3 QUALITY FOR 10½d. YD.

WINNS' LTD.

18 TO 28 OXFORD ST. (ONLY), SYDNEY.
COUNTRY RESIDENTS.—Our NEW SEASON'S FASHION CATALOGUE is in the printer's hands, and will be issued shortly. IN THE MEANTIME POST ALL YOUR ORDERS TO WINNS, AS USUAL.



THE STORY OF RAINDROPS.

There was once a farmer who had a large field of corn; he ploughed it and planted the corn, and harrowed it and weeded it with great care; and on this field he depended for the support of his family. But after he had worked so hard he saw the corn begin to wither and droop for want of rain, and he thought he should lose his crop. He felt very sad, and went out every day to look at his corn, and see if there was any hope of rain.

One day as he stood there looking at the sky, and almost in despair, two little raindrops up in the clouds over his head saw him, and one said to the other, "Look at that poor farmer; I feel sorry for him. He has taken such pains with his field of corn and now it is drying up. I wish I could do him some good."

"Yes," said the other, "but you are only a little raindrop, what can you do? You can't wet even one hillock."

"Well," said the first, "to be sure I can't do much; but I can cheer the farmer a little, at any rate, and I am resolved to do my best. I'll try; I'll go to the field and show my goodwill, if I can do no more. So here I go."

And down went the raindrop, and came pat on the farmer's nose and then fell on one stalk of corn.

"Dear me," said the farmer, putting his finger to his nose, "what's that—a raindrop? Where did that drop from? I do believe we shall have a shower."

The first raindrop had no sooner started for the field, than the second one said, "Well, if you go I believe I will go too; so here I come," and down dropped the raindrop on another stalk.

By this time a great many raindrops had come together to hear what their companions were talking about; and when they heard them, and saw them going to cheer the farmer and water the corn, one of them said, "If you're going on such a good errand, I'll go too"; and down he came. "And I," said another; "and I," "and I," "and I," and so on, till a whole shower of them came; and the corn was all watered; and it grew and ripened—all because the first little raindrop determined to do what it could.

Never be discouraged because you cannot do much. Do what you can. Angels can do more.

UNCLE B.

THE HERO COMPETITION.

Please hurry up. I want fifty hero incidents. Is that too many? I have over 300 Ne's. and Ni's. and "scallwags," and surely they can tell me fifty fine, brave things and thus win a prize and help to interest others.

UNCLE B.

THE LITTLE THAT HELPS.

Give a little, live a little, try a little mirth;
Sing a little, bring a little happiness to earth;

Smile a little while a little idleness away;
Care a little, share a little of your holiday.

Play a little, pray a little, be a little glad;
Rest a little, jest a little, if a heart is sad;
Spend a little, send a little to another's door—

Give a little, live a little, love a little more.

SLOW BUT SURE.

Emma Rankin, "Dalburrabin," South Casino, August 30th, 1914, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I suppose I'll be getting into your black-book again if I am not very careful, so here goes! So you want an account of the 'Steddfof? Right throughout it was a wonderful success. I was not able to go until the final session, owing to my scald, but in the opinion of most people that was the best session of all, so I was fortunate to be able to go then. Everybody was anxious to see "the finish," and our big new hall was packed at a little after seven. That was the evening of the choruses, quartettes, and final of the champion male solo. The grand climax was reached when the adjudicator massed the three competing choirs, and they sang "The Bridal Chorus," from "The Rose Maiden" over again. That was something which I do not think anyone present will ever forget. I was very sorry when it was all over, and there was nothing left for us to do but sing "God Save the King" and come home, although by that time it was nearly midnight. Lismore Festival is next week. It is their sixth, I think, and it is always a very big affair. People come from nearly all parts of the Commonwealth to it. I hope ours grows so good someday.

The beauty spots you have been publishing deserve the name, don't they? I'm glad Grace won, because she deserved it. I believe I'll try for the "hero" prize, as Fred was telling me of a very brave thing which a man whom we know did once. I want to be among the helpers for the "Grit Stall," but, slow as you might think me, I have not yet quite decided what to send. But I have the will, and I'll find the way ere long. Will you tell us when is the latest we can send our things in?

Although neither of us find much time for "grubbing in the garden," ours is beginning to look bonny. There are not such a great many flowers out yet, but all the sweetpeas, poppies, phloxes, cornflowers, and roses, etc., are almost ready for blooming. The freezias and violets are in their glory. We have one lovely big vine of bell-clematis (wild) and just now it is just one mass of

tiny, creamy bell-shaped flowers. Kathleen has been away for a fortnight's holiday, and when she came home she brought about nine different kinds of roses, so, if we manage to get them all to grow it will make a difference to our garden.

Kathleen and I went to the Public School concert on the 20th inst. It was really great, as they generally are. The first part was filled with choruses, fancy drills, etc. The items I liked best, I think, were the boys' choruses, "The Coming of The King" and "The Sailors," and the "club swinging" by the senior girls. The second part was the operetta "Cinderella," which was very good. A little girl about ten years old played the name part, and, as our newspaper say, "the way she played it would have done credit to a much older Cinderella."

I must really close now, and "go to bye-bye," uncle, else I'll get no beauty sleep at all, and that would not do as I need all I get.—Your loving niece.

(Dear Em.,—I quite enjoyed your description of the 'Steddfof. It must have been fine. I am so glad you are going in for the "Hero" competition. I am glad you have the will to do something for our stall. Wish you were near enough to be able to send some flowers. Beryl and Milcie have both sent some perfectly lovely flowers lately. We people of the city go silly over flowers. A wee girl said to me the other day, "Please give me one of those flowers. I want it for mother, she will just exactly go mad when she gets it."—Uncle B.)

EVERYTHING IS GOOD WITH ME.

Kathleen Rankin, "Dalburrabin," South Casino, writes:—

My dear Uncle B.,—Since I last wrote I've had such a lovely holiday; in fact, a lot of lovely things have happened; but I liked the holiday best. Well, I went to Lismore in the afternoon one Friday, and stayed at one of my sister's place, about a mile and a half from the town, until the following Wednesday. Then I left by the motor-car for Nimbin, about 20 miles from Lismore. We arrived at Nimbin at about five, and I found my brother-in-law waiting for me, and after a rather rough ride we arrived at our destination, five miles from the township. Nimbin is only a little country place, you know, with hills and scrub all around. Going to my sister's place you have to cross seven creeks and through a lot of scrub. But, still, I think it is an ideal place for a holiday, with all lovely scrub near the house and a creek right alongside it and ferns galore. Anyway, I had a real good time there for a week. Then I returned to Lismore for another five days, and then home again to all the dear folks at home, and here I am now. Em and Fred and I went to the 12th July celebrations on July 15, and they were really splendid. A few nights ago we went to a school concert, and it also was good. I enjoyed the girls' club swinging and the boys' sailor song most of all. For the second part they played "Cinderella," and it was real good. Everything is good

with me, isn't it? Well, Uncle, Em and I would both like to do something for the bazaar. If you would give us an idea what would be best we would be very pleased. I must close now. With best love to all "cousins" and own dear self.

(Dear Kathleen,—I read your letter with great interest. I think it just fine that "everything is good with you." I pity the people who are like the old rooster, who, when leaning up against a post said, "What's the good of anything; yesterday I was an egg; to-morrow I will be a feather duster." May your ever preserve your enthusiasm and power of appreciation. You can never be old so long as you do. I cannot suggest what you and Em are to do for the "Grit" stall, but I will be glad of anything from a pincushion to a pound of butter.—Uncle B.)

"PUSS."

Edith Waters, Balonne-street, Narrabri, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—How have you been getting on all this time. How is it that my letter is not in "Grit"? I sent a letter and my photo also. It was sent to you about five or six weeks ago, but I see it has not appeared in "Grit" yet. Is there any whooping cough down that way? There is plenty up here. Our baby will be five months old on August 21, and he has it. His name is Clifford Norman. We are having very dry weather up here now. We had a half holiday to-day, as one of our school teachers was to be married. We are going to have a week's holiday next week. It is nearly 9 o'clock, and I am a little bit sleepy. I am just wishing for next week to come. I will say good-bye for this time. I forgot to tell you what they generally call me at home. Well, I will tell you now—"Puss," because I eat a lot of meat.—I remain, yours truly.

(Dear Edith,—So you are called "Puss." I expect you are more like a kitten, and like lots of play. I hope your letter and photo will turn up. I must have a hunt through some of my 15 pockets and see if I am to blame or the post-office people. Give Clifford Norman a wee kiss from me, and tell him I hope he will some day be a Ne'.—Uncle B.)

A PAIR OF BOOTIES.

Beryl Elvery, Bonnie View, Alstonville, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Will you have me for a niece? I am nine years old. My birthday is on March 23. I have three sisters and one brother. I read in "Grit" that other little girls are writing about making things for the bazaar, so I will knit a pair of booties for it. I have two miles to walk to school. I am in second class. Dad has been

taking "Grit" for a long time. I like reading the letters in "Grit" on page eleven. Our garden looks nice now, there are such a lot of flowers out in it.—With love.

(Dear Beryl,—You are very welcome as a Ni', and I thank you for the promised booties. Won't it be grand if all the Ne's and Ni's send something. Are your brother and sisters older than you? I think two miles walk in the country is fine, and you ought to pity all of us poor folk who spend our time on noisy, nerve-racking, expensive trams.—Uncle B.)

NOT YET.

Elaine Roddan, Actolat, Murray-st., Cooma, Sept. 7, 1914, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I suppose you think I have given up writing to you. My holidays are just over. I had a good holiday. I am getting put up at school to another class. There is one of the teachers in my school in the hospital in Sydney. Some soldiers are going away from here to-night. I was glad to see that Grace Hawkins got the prize for the Beauty Spot. The Murrumbidgee River is a very pretty place.

It has been very hot here to-day. Ivy, my sister, teaches Sunday School now. I can't get her to write yet. I think this is all.—I remain your loving niece.

(Dear Elaine,—I am pleased that you wrote those words "not yet." It means that you have not given up trying, and I believe it if you persevere you will catch Ivy in a writing mood, and she will tell us what she thinks about the difficulties and blessings of Sunday School teaching. I am so pleased you had a lovely holiday, and hope now you will send a contribution to the "Hero" competition.—Uncle B.)

A FINE COMPLIMENT.

Thelma Clifton, 3 Clare-st., Surry Hills, Sydney, 7/9/14, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I would like very much to be your niece. I was to tea at cousin Gladys Brittan's place last Sunday, and there I saw a copy of "Grit." I had heard of it before, and that is the first time for me to see a copy of it. I think it was a lovely, fascinating, and appealing paper, and I wish it good luck. The first page has on it, Which is the most to be feared, "war or beer." And of course I say beer has killed more people than war. I saw some lovely letters on Page 11. How do you manage, uncle, to reply to all the ni's and ne's? I wonder do you keep a special postman.

I would do any kind of work rather than be a barmaid, and I would rather be in the "front" than a publican. What do you think, uncle?

They tell me you have a lot of ni's and ne's from Albion-st. school, and I am going to get more from Crown-st. school. And then

if all's well start a "Grit" league. What do you think, uncle? Do you think that would make things look up and shine?

I am in 5A class, and I am 12 years of age, and I hope to get the Qualifying Certificate in November. I will do my best any way. I belong to St. Nicholas' Church. I attend church every Sunday, and I like the children's service best of all, which is every Sunday morning. Now, if you think I am worthy to be your ni, please reply soon, as I will be on the look out for the postman.

With love to you and all cousins.

Would you like me to call with ice cream, uncle?

(Dear Thelma,—I am proud to have you as a ni. You paid "Grit" a fine compliment when you said it was "lovely, fascinating, and appealing." It made me think of the tipsy man who told a lady she was "fascination without interruption." That's pretty neat, isn't it? I will send you a dozen copies of this issue of "Grit" and hope you will be able to enthuse some of your school mates. It would be great to have a "Grit" league. When you ask will you call with an ice cream, I feel like saying, as the school boys do, "now you are talking." It would just make me smile to see that ice cream coming. Write again soon, and tell me when your birthday is.—Uncle B.)

* * *

Edith Ross, 35 Bennett-st., Moore Park, Sept. 10, 1914, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I have heard a great deal about you uncle, and would like very much to see you have such a lot of nephews and nieces round about here. In fact you have enough to carry all the hotels right out to the ocean. Would that not be a good thing, uncle? A blessing to many. I am twelve years old. My birthday is on the 11th of April. I am the eldest of three children. I go to Albion street public school, but of late I am on the sick list, and that is how I have time to write this. I am in lower fifth class, and belong to St. Michael's Sunday school, where I believe you have many ni's and ne's. I don't know yet what I am going to be yet, but I would like to be some good in the world. What do you think is the best thing for me to go in for. Now, do you think I am good enough to be on your list. I don't mean the scalawag list. I hope to see my letter in print soon.—With love from your niece.

(Dear Edith,—I am glad to have you as a ni, and hope you will soon be off the sick list, and still find time to write to me. The best thing you can be is a good woman. That is greater than being a Queen. I do not know what you are best fitted for, so I will have to get my friend Mr. Jones to tell you, so look out for a letter from him in "Grit."—Uncle B.)

HAVE YOUR CLOTHES TAILORED BY AN EXPERT.

TAILOR, COSTUME
and
BREECHES MAKER.

W. NICHOLSON

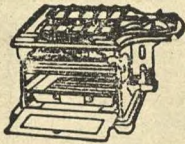
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Opposite Hotel Australia.

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Exclusive Designs Arriving each
Weekly Mail.



Have You A Fletcher-Russell Griller?

You needn't worry about lighting the old kitchen stove so early in the morning when you have a splendid little Fletcher-Russell Griller just beside it. Turn on one gas tap and put the kettle over it. Turn on the other, and on goes the pan. Light up the inside, and you can bake some hot scones, or grill anything you fancy.

THIS HANDY LITTLE GRILLER COSTS ONLY 20/-.
And we have other styles at a few shillings.

JOHN DANKS & SON PROPTY., LTD.

The House for Light and Heat,
324 PITT STREET, NEAR LIVERPOOL STREET, SYDNEY.

This is Where You Laugh.

• •



VERY SUGGESTIVE.

There is a painter of the "impressionist" school now confined in a lunatic asylum. To all persons who visit his studio he says "Look here, this is the latest masterpiece of my composition."

They look, and see nothing but an expanse of bare canvas. They ask: "What does that represent?"

"Why, that represents the passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea."

"Beg pardon, but where is the sea?"

"It has been driven back."

"And where are the Israelites?"

"They have crossed over."

"And the Egyptians?"

"Will be here directly. That's the sort of painting I like—simple, suggestive, and unpretentious."

* * *

A commercial traveller had taken a large order in the North for a consignment of hardware, and endeavored to press upon the canny Scottish manager who had given the order a box of Havana cigars.

"Naw," he replied. "Don't try to bribe a man. I couldna tak' them—and I am a member of the kirk!"

"But will you accept them as a present?"

"I couldna," said the Scot.

"Well, then," said the traveller, "suppose I sell you the cigars for a merely nominal sum—say sixpence?"

"Weel, in that case," replied the Scot, "since you press me, and no' liking to refuse an offer weel meant, I think I'll tak' twa boxes."

NO IMPROVEMENT.

In a certain local store a lusty-lunged auctioneer was holding forth in glowing terms on the virtues of a particular brand of cigars he was endeavoring to induce his audience to purchase.

Holding up a box of cigars, he shouted, "You can't get better, gentlemen, I don't care where you go, you can't get better."

"No," came a cynical voice from the back of the crowd, "you can't. I smoked one last week, and I'm not better yet."

* * *

CLIPPING THE HECKLER.

At an open-air meeting in the North West Durham by-election:—"Give away, man, an' dee some woork," urged a heckler. "But I am as much a worker as you are," said the orator with dignity. "What do ye woork at?" "Just at the present moment I am trying to get some sense into your head, my friend." "Aw reet, honey, but what are ye?" The orator looked quietly at his tormentor for a moment, and then remarked, "Oh, put me down as an unsuccessful wood carver."

* * *

HE CHANCED IT.

In the course of a recent sermon, Dr. George A. Gordon, of Boston, in one of those delightful impromptu "asides" in which he occasionally indulges, remarked that it did seem to him sometimes as if Christians were about the most stupid people in the world. An eminent educator of the city usually attends Old South Church, but that morning he was not able to be present, and at dinner-time his wife, reporting on the sermon to which she had listened, quoted this particular remark of Dr. Gordon's. The small boy of the family at once spoke up and said, "But mother, do you think that was a very tactful remark? There might have been some Christians there." No one has laughed more loudly or frequently over this incident than Dr. Gordon himself.

MAKING THINGS CLEAR.

The commercial traveller stepped into the dining-room, seated himself at the vacant table, and glanced from the menu to the pretty waitress. "Nice day, little one," he began. "Yes, it is," she answered, "and so was yesterday, and my name is Ella, and I know I'm a peach and have pretty blue eyes, and I've been here quite a while and I like the place, and I don't think I'm too nice a girl to be working here. If I did I'd quit my job. My wages are satisfactory, and I don't think there is a show or dance in town to-night, and if there is I shall not go with you, and I'm from the country, and I'm a respectable girl, and my brother is a cook in this hotel, and he weighs 200 pounds, and last week he wiped up this flour with a hundred-a-month travelling man who tried to make a date with me. Now, what will you have?"

* * *

SPARE THE ROD.

Little Clarence: "Pa, that man going yonder can't hear it thunder."

Mr. Callipers: "Is he deaf?"

Little Clarence: "No, sir; it isn't thundering."

* * *

"Let's find the sunny side of folk,
Or be believers in it;

For there's a slumbering good in all,
And we perchance may wake it;

Our hands contain the magic wand;
This life is what we make it."

* * *

A gentleman at a fancy fair lately, being solicited by a young lady who kept a stall, said he wanted to buy what was not for sale—a lock of her hair. She promptly cut off the coveted curl and received the sum asked for it, namely £1. The purchaser was showing his trophy to a friend.

"She rather had you!" said the friend. "To my certain knowledge she only paid 12s. 6d. for the whole wig."

* * *

Most any one can be an editor. All an editor has to do is to sit at his desk six days in the week, four weeks of the month and twelve months in the year, and "edit" such stuff as this:—

"Mrs. Jones, of Lost Creek, let a can opener slip last week and cut herself in the pantry."

"John Doe climbed on the roof of his house last week, looking for a leak, and fell, striking himself on the back porch."

"While Harold Green was escorting Miss Violet Wise home from a church social last Saturday night a savage dog attacked them and bit Mr. Green on the public square."

"Isaiah Trimmer, of Lebanon, was playing with a cat last Friday, when it scratched him on the verandah."

"Mr. White, while harnessing a bronco last Saturday, was kicked just south of the corn crib."

6d. BE COLLARED BETTER AT 6d. 6d. THE KOLLAR KING 6d.

J. BURLEY, MERCER.

41 & 43 GEORGE STREET WEST (TOOTH'S IS OPPOSITE.)



Wedding Cakes
Wedding Receptions

SPECIALITIES.

The Blue Ribbon Bread
Wheatmeal Bread

HAWKINS & ABBERTON

447 PARRAMATTA ROAD,
LEICHHARDT.

Prize Winners:
1911, 1912,
1913, 1914.

WAR AND POLITICS.

ELECTION AND LIQUOR POLL IN NEW ZEALAND.

(From "Daily Telegraph" Correspondent.)

Wellington, N.Z., August 29.—The proposal to postpone the general election, and with it the liquor plebiscites (Dominion prohibition and local no-license) is being energetically canvassed by means of petitions. Politically, the argument for postponement is that 8000 (perhaps more) voters will be absent on oversea military duty, and that those left behind will be in no frame of mind to give the serious concentrated thought that a general election (and the liquor plebiscites) demands. In the party arena, the Opposition probably favors, and the Government almost certainly opposes, postponement. As to the liquor issue, the proposal secretly receives the enthusiastic support of "the trade," and is openly espoused by the Moderate League (which the prohibitionists suspect to be the tool of "the trade"). Probably the prohibitionists are against postponement, but are loth to show their hand too strongly, because they fear that they will be manoeuvred into a position which will enable their opponents to accuse them of lack of patriotism.

The raising of the issue of patriotism v. party, and the suggestion that both "the trade" and the prohibitionists should present their fighting funds to the Empire cause, at once places the prohibitionists in a difficulty. Finance is not so easy a matter with them as it is with the brewers. "The trade" could win eclat by presenting to the Empire defence fund money which it could easily replace. A 12 months' extension of time for liquor licenses would probably be cheap at the price. But everything that the prohibitionists would give to the Empire defence fund would be out of pocket. They would have hard work to replace it, as war-time is not conducive to the giving of subscriptions.

On the single issue of postponement—apart from dedication of fighting funds—the prohibitionists would probably have less definite objection. They realise that the carrying of their reform needs a serious mind on the part of the electors. They also apprehend that the war will cause financial

strain, both private and public, and that the average elector, when reminded that prohibition means the loss of nearly a million of annual liquor revenue, will ponder the point more seriously than he would in normal times. A proposal to cancel nearly a million of public revenue, and to stop a trade which employs thousands of people, is likely to lose some ground at a time of general economic pressure.

But the same element of strain is in favor of the existing Government. "Don't swap horses when crossing a ford" is an argument that appeals to many electors, and there would be a large "stability" vote for the Government just because it is the Government. Shrewd heads on the Government side have figured it out that electors who are politically undecided would vote for the Government in a time of crisis. A suggestion has been made in Parliament by Sir Joseph Ward, leader of the Liberal Opposition, that the expeditionary troops should be allowed to record their votes for parliamentary candidates and on the liquor issues before their departure. (About a thousand of them, however, have already gone.) Sir Joseph proposes a party vote, apparently holding that independent candidates do not count. In his pre-voting scheme, the departing soldier would vote for a party, and the candidate accepted by that party in the voter's electorate would receive the vote. There are three parties. Reform, Liberal, and Labor, and the lastmentioned will not contest all the seats. Some seats will probably be contested by a Liberal and not by a Labor candidate (or vice versa) in accordance with arrangement between those parties. Thus a number of prevotes cast for the Liberal candidate in, say, Grey would apparently be lost if the Liberals agreed to support the Labor candidate in Grey, which is quite likely. Whether Sir Joseph Ward thought of this contingency is not clear, but he shrouded his proposal in vague language. Sir Joseph Ward, at a later stage of the debate, remarked that he did not believe the people would tolerate

any design of the Government to use the crisis for party gain.

The Prime Minister, Mr. Massey, assured Sir Joseph Ward that the Government had not the slightest desire to take advantage of the present crisis for party purposes. No one could say what would be the position in December, but legislation (the most important ever introduced in New Zealand) would have to be passed, and he could assure the Opposition that no attempt would be made to take a party advantage of the position. The Prime Minister added that it would not be his fault if he did not pass a bill giving members of the expeditionary force the right to vote at the forthcoming elections.

DRINK AND MURDER.

Of 269 murderers committed to the Wisconsin State Penitentiary at Waupun in recent years, nearly half were under the influence of alcohol when the crime was committed, and 27.9 per cent. had been arrested before for drunkenness, according to a report made by Dr. Rock Sleyster, superintendent of the Wisconsin State Hospital for the Criminal Insane, and formerly physician in charge of the Wisconsin State Prison Hospital. According to Dr. Sleyster, alcohol was used to excess by 41.5 per cent. of these 269 murderers, while only 12.6 per cent. were abstainers.

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How to Interpret God to Our Children.

A HOUSEHOLD STORY.

By S. D. GORDON.

It is fairly pathetic what a stranger God is in His own world. He comes to His own, and they who are His own kinsfolk keep Him standing outside the door while they peer suspiciously at Him through the crack at the hinges.

To know God really, truly, is the beginning of a normal life. One of the best pictures of God that I ever saw came to me in a simple story. It was of a man, a minister, who lived in a New England town. He had a son, about fourteen years of age, going to school. One afternoon the boy's teacher called at the home, and asked for the father, and said:

"Is your boy sick?"

"No. Why?"

"He was not at school to-day."

"Is that so?"

"Nor yesterday."

"You don't mean it!"

"Nor the day before."

"Well!"

"And I supposed he was sick."

"No, he's not sick."

"Well, I thought I should tell you."

And the father said, "Thank you," and the teacher left.

And the father sat thinking. By and by he heard a click at the gate, and he knew the boy was coming, so he went to open the door. And the boy knew as he looked up that his father knew about those three days. And the father said:

"Come into the library, Phil." And Phil went, and the door was shut. And the father said: "Phil, your teacher was here this afternoon. He tells me you were not at school to-day . . . nor yesterday . . . nor the day before. And we supposed you were. You let us think you were. And do you not know how badly I feel? I have always trusted you. I have always said, 'I can trust my boy Phil.' And here you've been a living lie for three whole days. And I can't tell you how badly I feel about it."

Well, that was hard on Phil to be talked to quietly like that. If his father had spoken to him roughly, or—had asked him out to the woodshed for a confidential interview, it would not have been nearly so hard. Then, after a moment's pause, the father said, "Phil, we'll get down and pray." And the thing was getting harder for Phil all the time. He didn't want to pray just then. And they got down. And the father poured out his heart in prayer. And the boy knew, as he listened, how badly his father felt over his conduct. Somehow he saw himself in the mirror of his knees as he had not before. It's queer about that mirror of the knee-joints. It does show so many things. Many folks don't like it.

And they got up. And the father's eyes were wet. And Phil's eyes were not dry. Then the father said:

"My boy, there's a law of life that where there is sin, there is suffering. You can't detach those two things. Where there is suffering there has been sin somewhere. And where there is sin there will be suffering. You can't get those two things apart. Now," he went on, "you have done wrong. And I am in this home like God is in the world. So we will do this. You go up to the attic. I'll make a pallet for you there. We'll take your meals up to you at the regular times, and you stay up there as long as you have been a living lie — three days and three nights."

And Phil didn't say a word. They went upstairs, the pallet was made, and the father kissed the boy and left him alone with his thoughts. Supper-time came, and the father and mother sat down to eat. But they couldn't eat for thinking about the boy. The longer they chewed upon the food, the bigger and drier it got in their mouths. And swallowing it was clearly out of the question. Then they went into the sitting-room for the evening. He picked up the evening paper to read, and she sat down to sew. Well, his eyes weren't very good. He wore glasses. And this evening he couldn't seem to see distinctly—the glasses seemed blurred. It must have been the glasses, of course. So he took them off and cleaned them very deliberately, and then found he had been holding the paper upside down. And she tried to sew. But the thread broke, and she couldn't seem to get the needle threaded again. You could see they were both bothered. How we do reveal ourselves in the details:

By and by the clock struck nine, and then ten, their usual hour for retiring. But they made no move toward retiring. She said, "Aren't you going to bed?" And he said, "I think I'll not go yet a bit; you go." "No, I guess I'll wait a while, too." And the clock struck eleven, and the hands worked around toward twelve. Then they arose, and locked up, and went to bed, but—not to sleep. Each one pretended to be asleep, and each one knew the other was not asleep. By and by she said (woman are always the keener), "Why don't you sleep?" And he said gently, "How did you know I wasn't sleeping? Why don't you sleep?"

"Well, I just can't for thinking of the boy up in the attic."

"That's the bother with me," he replied.

At last he said, "Mother, I can't stand this any longer; I'm going upstairs with Phil." And he took his pillow and went softly out of the room, and up the attic stairs, and pressed the latch-key softly, so as not to wake the boy if he were asleep, and tiptoed across the attic floor to the corner by the window, and looked—there Phil lay, wide awake, with something glistening in his eyes, and what looked like stains on his cheeks.



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And the father got down in between the sheets with his boy, and they got their arms around each other's necks, for they had always been the best of friends, father and boy, and their tears got mixed up on each other's cheeks. Then they slept. And the next night when sleep time came the father said, "Good-night, mother. I'm going upstairs with Phil." And the third night he slept in the place of punishment with his son.

You are not surprised to know that to-day that boy, a man grown, is telling the story of Jesus with tongue and life of flame in the heart of China.

Do you know, I think that father is the best picture of God ever I saw? God could not take away sin. It's there. He could not take away suffering out of kindness to man. For suffering is sin's index-finger, saying, "There's something wrong here." So He came down in the person of His Son, and lay down alongside of man for three days and three nights. That's God—our God. And beyond that He comes, and puts His life alongside of yours and mine, and makes us hate the bad, and long to be pure. To be on intimate terms with Him, to live in the atmosphere of His presence, to spend the day with Him—that is the true normal life. —"Daily Bible."

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