

# MERCANTILE MUTUAL INSURANCE CO., Ltd.

## WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION POLICIES ISSUED.

The Company also transacts FIRE, PERSONAL, ACCIDENT, PLATE GLASS, PUBLIC RISK, and EMPLOYER'S LIABILITY INSURANCE.

Write or call for particulars.

HEAD OFFICES: 120 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

Tel. 252 Central.

KELSO KING, Manager.



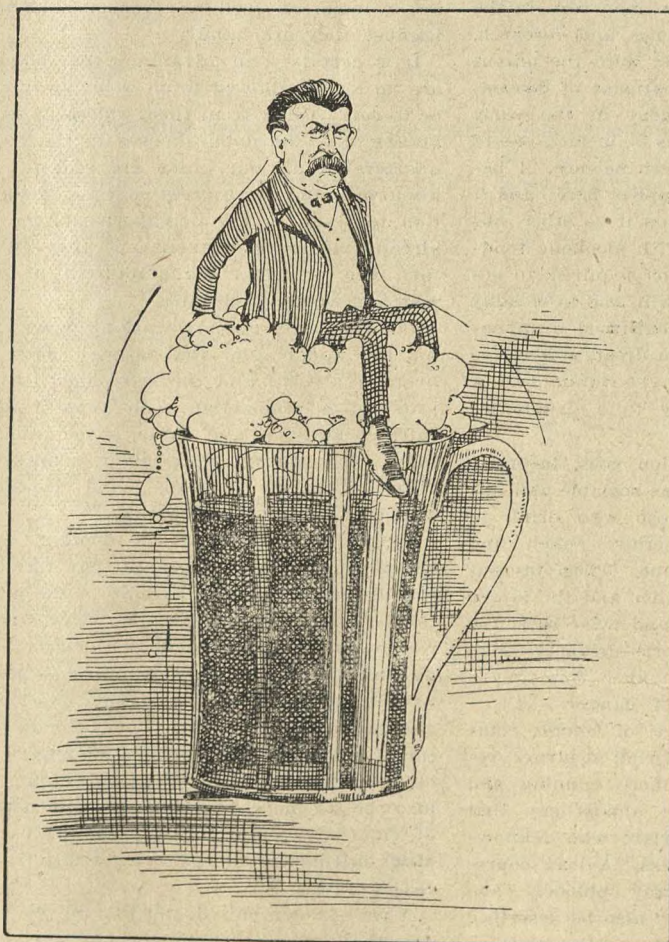
## A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

VOL. V. No. 45.

Price One Penny.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1912.

Registered at the G.P.O., Sydney, for transmission by Post as a Newspaper.



## THE IMPUDENCE OF IT.

### AN INSECURE SEAT.

News Item:—"The Premier went out of his way to make an attack on us—for it was an attack," said one hotelkeeper. "He should have kept his opinions to himself, because it was the hotelkeepers' vote and support which won a good many Labor seats."

### BUT THEY CAN'T BUY MCGOWEN.

News Item:—"The liquor question is more than likely to be the 'king pin' at future elections, and the party with whom the hotelkeepers throw in their lot is more than likely to come out on top."

YOUR LUNCH SUPPLIED AT  
**SILVESTER BROS., The Strand.**  
ALL KINDS OF SANDWICHES MADE. Phone 1092.



# The Verdict of Experts.

## MANAGEMENT OF THE INEBRIATE WOMAN.

An address, introductory to a discussion, delivered before the Society for the Study of Inebriety, in the rooms of the Medical Society of London, 11 Chandos Street, Cavendish Square, W., on Tuesday, July 11, 1911.

BY MRS. BRAMWELL BOOTH,

Commissioner of the Salvation Army and Leader of the Women's Social Work in Great Britain.

### INTRODUCTION.

The subject to which I am to refer in this address is "The Management of the Inebriate Woman." Let me say at once that I hope that nothing I may advance here will be regarded as the final word in this matter. Some of my views are—as might be expected after observation and study of the subject extended over nearly thirty years—very clear and definite; but I recognise all the same that we are only beginning to understand some of the more difficult and obscure problems involved in the fight with alcoholism. Much, therefore, of what seems more or less certain in our experience of to-day must, after all, be regarded as tentative and guiding, rather than as certain and final.

I dwell on this at the opening of what I have to submit to you because I feel sure we shall be compelled to treat inebriety as a far more serious and deep-seated moral disorder than merely as a physical malady, a view which has often been held in the past. And also because, while you will expect me to treat the question mainly from a Salvation Army standpoint, I do not wish to create the impression that we have come to any finality of confidence in our own methods, strongly as we do believe in them, and successful as they appear to have proved. We are ready and anxious to learn from all who have any experience to show us, and we are as far as possible from the feeling which called forth the irony of Job when he said: "Doubtless ye are the men, and wisdom will die with you."

### THE CHARACTERISTICS AND CLASSIFICATION OF INEBRIATES.

It is, I suppose, both easy and difficult to define an inebriate in the sense in which we are thinking of the subject to-day. I do not mean by an inebriate a person who is merely inclined to alcoholic liquor, or who occasionally gives way to that inclination. I mean a man or woman who is, in fact, periodically, if not always, more or less under the influence of alcohol. But that definition involves the chief difficulty, for the more or the less depends, not only upon the more or the less of the poison imbibed, but upon temperament, heredity, health, age, climate, and other things. The influence of alcohol is so subtle and yet so insistent that I am convinced we really have to deal with inebriety as a process, a kind of progress, as well as a condition. And in that progress, influencing if not determining both its beginnings and its development, there are generally to be found the force of the matters I have just named.

An inebriate may, therefore, be really an inebriate long before the usual outward degradations, with which many of us are so familiar, are observed. The importance of this consideration becomes apparent the moment I suggest to you that we ought to recognise this to be so, and, recognising it, to begin much earlier, in the history of each case, to deal with the inebriate than we do at present. If we did so, we should save an enormous amount of human degradation and misery and shame, as well as achieve greater results in the recovery of these most unhappy people.

In whatever direction we may turn in the sphere of medical experience and research, we are more and more met with the urgent need, in the successful treatment of disease, of beginning that treatment in the early stages of the malady. This is, in fact, one of the great lessons of modern science. I believe that this principle applies here; and it seems to me, for this reason if no other, absurd to allow a woman with alcoholic tendencies, whether inherited or acquired, to develop these tendencies at will, and to steadily descend into the pit of confirmed drunkenness, bestowing the while a dreadful heritage upon her offspring, and maybe ruining two or three homes on her way to a drunkard's grave.

So far as my observation goes, inebriate women may be classified as sociable and unsociable. There are those who drink in secret, and who are generally sullen and morose, and seek to be alone. These present a great contrast to the other and the larger class, who are sociable and who seek the companionship of others—drinkers like themselves—and to whom such companionship is a great source of danger.

Many characteristics are, of course, common to both classes. Drink destroys reliability. In its atmosphere cunning and deceit thrive. One might almost say that you cannot find an inebriate who acknowledges her own drunkenness. A long course of drinking produces many physical and moral difficulties that may also be described as characteristics. It destroys the memory and encourages selfishness and sloth, which in their turn produce cruelty and filthiness. It is astonishing to what degrading conditions even high-born women, long accustomed to luxury and refinement, can sink. Continued drinking impairs the judgment, and the impaired judgment leads to continued drinking. I am often amazed at the want of perception in inebriates—their blindness to their own ruin. And just as inebriety often first arises from some small lack of self-

control, it goes forward to destroy all self-control, until many of its victims have become almost, if not entirely, irresponsible.

Undoubtedly, the majority of cases in which parents are convicted of cruelty to their children are due to their drunkenness, and certainly this causes the inhuman cruelty of incest—cases when fathers wrong their daughters of tender years. It is astonishing to me that so often drunkenness is allowed to furnish some excuse for this abominable action, whereas it seems to me that these shocking occurrences only provide us with good ground for a much more serious consideration of, and far more drastic treatment for, the prevention of drunkenness.

### THE CAUSES OF INEBRIETY IN WOMEN.

In dealing with causes, although I do not specially desire to distinguish between men and women, my statements are based upon my own experiences in dealing with the latter.

Facilities for drinking I would put as a first cause. These have perhaps been somewhat lessened recently, but licensed houses are ruinous as well as prosperous largely because they are handy.

It is certainly an advantage that children are no longer allowed to sit in public-houses or to carry drink from them unless in sealed bottles; but the public-houses in the poorer quarters of all our cities are still far too numerous, and are a great source of temptation to those in the neighborhood who are already moderate drinkers, and they are, in fact, the principal manufacturers of both men and women inebriates.

For the better class of working people, and for the middle and well-to-do classes, the licensed grocers and the refreshment-rooms provided in connection with a great many railway stations and large shops, and, in fact, with nearly all popular rendezvous, make drinking generally, and especially secret drinking, only too easy.

Medical Advice.—This is another cause which, though less influential than formerly, is still far too common a cause of the initiation of drinking among women. Unrestricted recommendation of alcohol as a drug has undoubtedly led to habits of drunkenness among women, and especially, in my experience, among married women. The recommendation of doctors that women suckling their children should take beer and stout, and also the far more disastrous recommendation of chlorodyne, and pick-me-ups of various kinds in times of illness, is a terribly fruitful cause of this evil.

A well-known lady doctor told me the other day that, when speaking on the subject of temperance, she warned her hearers against the patent medicines, especially those which are distinguished by words ending in "al" and "in"—sulphonal, asperin, etc.—as being but so many steps to the pit of degradation into which those fall who become their slaves; while many of the tonics advertised under various names are still more dangerous, and yet they are largely recommended by the medical profession.

(To be continued.)





## COFFILL & COMPANY,

### AUSTRALIA'S PREMIER FUNERAL DIRECTORS, CARRIAGE AND DRAG PROPRIETORS.

The Outstanding Features of our Work are:—Modern, Simple, and Complete Methods, Sympathetic Reverence, and Moderate Charges.

Head Office and Mortuary Chambers:—472-84 HARRIS STREET

Tel. Cent. 1160.

Branches all Suburbs.

Central Office: Rawson Place, off George Street, Haymarket. Tel. Cent. 424.



## Where No One says "Don't."

DESTA E. BROWN WOODS, Metcalfe, Ont.

"The doctor positively forbids me to go outside the door to-day," exclaimed Bert Foster petulantly.

"So you'll miss your vote? Sorry, old man!" replied his friend sympathetically.

"Well, you needn't be, Arthur Powers, for if I did go I would vote straight against your pet scheme."

"Against Prohibition? Why?" inquired Mr. Powers.

"Because, for one thing, I don't believe in binding men by law not to drink. I believe in liberty of conscience. Let ministers and these other temperance reformers get to work reforming men through their consciences and leave the law as it is."

"Your pastor is a worker for Prohibition, but since when did he quit appealing to men's consciences? On Sunday he appeals to the drunkard to assert his manhood, but to my mind he is only consistent when he takes his place in the battle-line on Monday to fight the drunkard's battle for him."

"Well, we have had Prohibition here now for three years, and what has it accomplished? There is more drinking done in our town than ever before."

Arthur Powers threw back his head and burst into a hearty laugh. "Excuse me, Bert," he said, "but in the name of all that's wonderful, tell me why liquor men without exception oppose Prohibition if it makes liquor easier to obtain. Why are the brewers and distillers putting up large sums to fight the scheme? Why did such men as Pat Green circulate the petition asking for the vote to-day, that they might repeal the local Prohibition ordinance, if it is easier to obtain the stuff under the law now existing?"

"Well, you may laugh, but I saw a drunken man on the street less than three months ago."

"Really? And while our town had license how many drunks did you see in three months?"

"Oh, of course! But one expects better with Prohibition."

"True, and we get better!"

"But, Powers, you know there is something in a man's nature that makes him want to do what is forbidden. Do you remember the teacher we had who forbade us the first day of school to climb on the shed roof? We had never thought of doing so, but restriction created a desire. We talked about the

fun it would be, and dared each other, until Fred Green, Will Johnson, and Nick Lee took the dare and accomplished the feat. Now that was the direct result of the Prohibition."

"I am not so sure of that. Anyway, only three in the school disobeyed the rules. The rest of us were afraid of the consequences."

"Well, I prefer a decent licensed house to a dive. Look at that house of Shaver's! The boys gather in there and smoke, swear, play cards, and discuss all manner of evil things."

"And you would introduce liquor into this group as a moralising force? You got that speech, Bert, from some of the whisky men. They give Shaver's the worst name, although it is a heaven to the licensed houses we had here four years ago. But granted that what you say is true, then if Prohibition is repealed we virtually put into Shaver's hands the power to make drunkards of these boys as well as blackguards. Shaver would probably have the license. Certainly no better man would accept it. And after all," he added, "you believe in Prohibition along other lines, why not in this evil? But I must not spend all day on a man who can't vote. There is work to be done." And Arthur Powers hurriedly left the room.

"Prohibitory laws along other lines? Why I suppose so," mused Bert Foster as his head sank back on the soft cushion of his invalid chair. He listened dreamily to the noise in the street below. It grew louder. It was the tramp of a multitude. The people were all moving in one direction. Presently he was down among them, carried along by the eager crowd. On, on they sped. A beautiful town appeared in view. Joy bells were ringing, and at the entrance to the town the mayor stood blandly smiling and bowing a welcome to all. "Welcome! Welcome to License Town!" he said.

"What do you mean?" Bert inquired. "Is there no Prohibition against the selling of liquor here?"

"There is no Prohibition against anything," he explained. "A prohibitory law only creates a desire to transgress that law, so we have no Prohibition. This is License Town."

Bert looked about him. On every side were bright, happy faces. The children danced in glee. A woman's merry laugh rang

out, and louder, louder the joy bells rang. Suddenly a dispute arose between two children. There was an impatient word, a quick blow, and then the mother stepped forward to interfere. "Leave me alone!" shouted the child angrily. "I'll do as I please. I'm in License Town." And on the very threshold of License Town a shadow rested on a mother's face.

Then, as Bert watched and waited, She—the Creature of his dreams—came. More beautiful than ever she looked with the bloom of health on her cheek and the sparkle of love in her eye. Under the intoxication of the ringing bells, he took her hand and told his love in words of fire. She assured him of her love, but when he spoke of marriage, she turned laughingly away. "We can't marry here. Don't you know that the marriage ceremony is a prohibitory law? It prohibits 'all others.' There are no marriages in License Town. It is quite right, too," she added. "A prohibitory law always creates a desire to break that law. If I were compelled by law to love only you I would probably fall in love at once with someone else!"

As she spoke a low-browed, evil-faced man caught her in his arms and pressed his brutal mouth to her rosy lips. Bert started forward in blind rage, but the man laughed boldly. "I'll kiss her if I like! There are no prohibitions in License Town." Then the surging crowd carried both Her and the man onward.

Bert, engaged with his own troubles, had not noticed the changes going on around him. Now for the first time he noticed that the bells were out of tune, and, instead of the merry, musical chimes, were sending forth harsh, discordant notes. The faces around were no longer bright and smiling. The men were coarse and brutalised, while the women were worse, and the children hid in terror at every approaching footstep.

"Stop thief! Stop thief!" a woman called out. "He has stolen my purse!" Bert started to her assistance, but was shoved to one side by two men in deadly conflict. Then, as they struggled, one drew a knife and plunged it to the heart of his opponent.

"Murder! Punish the murderer," Bert shouted to the mayor, who stood looking calmly on.

"We can't punish him," said the mayor. "You see," he explained, "we thought it better not to prohibit murder or theft because people might break the law if we made it."

(Concluded on Page 12.)



# Yes! We Make Good Bread!

If you would like to try the Bread, ring up No. 192 Redfern, or 367 Newtown,  
and ask us to send a Cart. YOU WILL CERTAINLY LIKE IT.

## WILLIAM WHITE, Redfern and Newtown.

### New South Wales Alliance.

We heard the other day of a very interesting incident. A friend of the Alliance had made it a practice to send an annual donation to our funds. After his death his daughter, who inherited his wealth, continued the gift each year, as she believed it would have been her father's wish.

\* \* \*

As children of the Heavenly Father, we all enjoy some portion of His bountiful wealth. We may get much joy by dispensing our gifts in such directions as would be pleasing to Him.

\* \* \*

We believe that the Alliance is on the side of God and righteousness. The demon of strong drink is one of the greatest enemies to the church of God. In fighting against this evil we are waging the battle of the Lord. To do this in a sustained and organized way, the "sinews of war" are essential. We commend this work to all of God's "stewards."

\* \* \*

The attendance at the last monthly meeting of the State Council was much larger than usual. A good deal of the time was devoted to a discussion on an important notice of motion introduced by Mr. G. D. Clark. The lateness of the hour necessitated an adjournment of the debate until the next meeting.

\* \* \*

Mr. G. D. Stark, who is a member of the State Council and Secretary of the Gordon No-license League, is leaving this State to take up his residence in Western Australia. At a representative meeting held at Chatswood on the 15th inst., he was made the recipient of several valuable presents.

\* \* \*

We have received from the South Australian Temperance Alliance a supply a "Facts for Reformers," being their annual year book. It is brimful of valuable information for temperance workers, and all who are interested in the overthrow of the drink traffic. Its "facts" cover not only South Australia, but every State of the Commonwealth; also New Zealand, Great Britain, Canada, the United States, and other parts of the world.

\* \* \*

In addition it gives facts concerning the social, industrial, national, and other aspects of the liquor question. The price is only 5d. per copy posted. Copies may be obtained at the Alliance Office.

\* \* \*

It cannot be too widely known that Mr. E. Tennyson Smith, a prominent temperance and prohibition lecturer of Great Britain, who is now in Australia, is available for temperance missions in New South Wales.

We have in Mr. Smith a man whose work has been specially blessed of God in arousing the people of his own land to greater activity in temperance work. He has been very successful in America and also during his stay in Australia. \* \* \*

The New South Wales Alliance gives its imprimatur to Mr. Smith's work in this direction, but cannot undertake any financial responsibility. Friends desiring to have the advantage of his able advocacy of the temperance cause are requested to make early application to Mr. Smith direct. His address is c/o Victorian Alliance, The Block, Melbourne.

#### HIGH APPRECIATION.

Mr. James Marion has received the following letter from Rev. Alexander Gow, of Hamilton, N.Z.: "As president of the Waikato and Raglan No-license Council, I wish to convey the thanks of the Council for the work you did here. I feel sure that your energy and untiring efforts in organizing, canvassing, and speaking did much towards bringing these two electorates out of the fight in the proud position of being first and second as regards No-license, and second and third of country districts as regards National Prohibition.

"When it is considered that only 81 votes more in Raglan and 170 in Waikato would have given us the three-fifth majority, it will be seen how close and hard a fight it was.

"Wishing you every success in your future work—Yours sincerely,

"ALEX. GOW."

#### NEW ZEALAND CAMPAIGNERS.

The members of the council of the New South Wales Alliance, at the invitation of Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, met at tea on January 15th, at St. Simon and St. Jude's School-rooms, Campbell-street, Mr. H. G. Payne (who organized the prohibition forces in Christchurch, N.Z., at the last general election), Mr. James Marion (the Waikato district organizer), Mr. G. E. Bodley (the Nelson district organizer), and Mrs. Letham (who acted as canvasser in the interests of No-license).

After a few words of introduction by Mr. Hammond,

Mr. Payne, giving his impressions of the late campaign, said the open-air meetings were very largely attended, that the indoor meetings caused much enthusiasm and provided most of the money, but he believed that the most effective work was done under the systematic canvass. A most powerful factor in the cause of prohibition was the enthusiastic support of the Labor Party.

Mr. James Marion told how the vote in the Waikato and Raglan had increased, and attributed this to wise and enthusiastic leadership and careful organization. The movement was given a splendid impetus in that district as a result of a visit from Mr. Wesley Spragg, president of the N.Z. Alliance, who early in the campaign succeeded in raising £300 in one meeting for a fighting fund. Mr. Marion remarked that this acted as a tonic upon despairing workers, and the spirit of generosity and self-sacrifice became contagious. From the start it was realised that success was not only secured through winning votes, but in getting to the poll voters favorable to the movement, and in order to effectively carry out this, a detailed scheme of organization was adopted, whereby a worker was allotted 25 voters to shepherd right through the campaign. This was carried out with thoroughness, and where local workers were not able to attend to voters the paid organizers gave special attention.

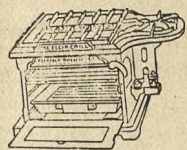
The speaker, in referring to the press, said that several meetings which were advertised in the local papers, and which attracted up to 900 people, were not reported. When asked the reason why it was explained by the local editors that the newspaper proprietors of New Zealand had decided not to publish temperance or liquor matter unless it was paid for at advertising rates. However, on the eve of the poll they came down from their high position and gave a decent report.

Mr. Bodley emphasised the reason for many voting for continuance locally and national prohibition, the grounds being that they did not see why they should vote "dry" in one electorate, while the next might be "wet." The general feeling being that it was not fair to make N.Z. piebald, but that it would be a good thing to prohibit liquor altogether.

Mrs. Letham, who did special work as a canvasser, said that she was pleased to have had the opportunity of going to New Zealand. During the last campaign in this State New Zealand had been so frequently quoted, and there had been so much misrepresentation, that she felt competent to meet the arguments of those who did not favor No-license. A graceful tribute was paid to the woman workers, many of whom got up two hours earlier in order to complete their housework, and thus have time to devote to No-license work.

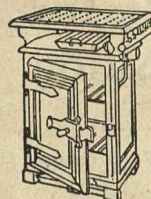
"It's hardly right," the enthusiast urged, "that men who just happen to have the money should be able to take Rembrandts and Van Dycks from countries that have had them for generations." "That's so," agreed the Texan. "Those fellows just go over to Europe and buy 'em, don't they? Why, say, not one in ten'll ever read 'em."



**JUST WHAT YOU WANT!**

THE 15/- BOILER  
GRILLER, AND  
ROASTER.

A Fletcher-Russell Gas Stove or Griller! They have the best improvements and save the gas. It is surprising how little cooking costs, and how little trouble when you instal a Fletcher-Russell. See us about it.



THE STOVE  
THAT SAVES  
THE GAS.

**JOHN DANKS & SON, Propy., Ltd.**

324 PITT STREET (NEAR LIVERPOOL STREET) SYDNEY.

## Comments by the Man on the Water Waggon.

### CHRISTMAS AND THE SO-CALLED "KILL JOYS."

Our contemporary "Fairplay" returns to the attack, and criticising our article of a recent issue, says:—

"This is an amusing claim—that the wowser folk did the most to make Christmas joyful. Why, in the basement of the Town Hall on Christmas Day, thousands of people were given a fine Christmas dinner, and made happy by those who were the representatives of a dead music hall proprietor, the late Mr. Harry Rickards. For years past the big-hearted proprietor of the Tivoli gave this Christmas feast; and his widow continued it as a memorial to a charitable citizen. Yet the wowsers would shut up all the music halls, and condemn the people to do without the light amusement which these halls afford to those who desire amusement after their days of arduous toil. We venture to say that the charitable annual dinner of the late Mr. Harry Rickards has given more joy to the poor than all that wowsersdom has ever done during its existence in this Commonwealth."

Now, we would be the last people to seek to depreciate the excellent spirit shown by the late Mr. Rickards, and again exhibited by his widow. But as we have often pointed out before, the publican cannot ever properly discuss the "wowser," nor his self-sacrificing work, simply because he never comes within a mile of either. Good, indeed, as the giving of one dinner a year may be, the "wowsers" supply such in abundance every day of the year. A week or two ago in these columns we sketched out the philanthropic work done by, not one, but many of the City Anglican Churches—the feeding of the poor—the daily rounds of the professional nurse amidst the sick—the care and constant visiting of the ladies of the church in the slum areas. These facts bring surprise to the face of the "scoffer" simply because he neither knows nor wants to know them.

### THE VEN. ARCHDEACON HARPER'S DENUNCIATIONS.

We simply call them such, because our contemporary in broad headlines states that the venerable gentleman mentioned above "denounces wowsersdom." "Fairplay" reprints portions of his diatribes, printing in

special large letters such ridiculous assertions as the following:—

"It has become the custom of men in this community, again in the name of Jesus Christ, to restrict and condemn legitimate liberty and pleasure in every direction. Here and there and everywhere the doings of men and women are to be interfered with in the name of Jesus Christ."

These remarks are, of course, apropos of the recent prohibition campaign in New Zealand. It is to us amazing that any cleric would dare to utter such blasphemy, or allow his name to appear in any newspaper in connection with such. Of course, it is a mere detail, unworthy of the attention of a paper that has become famous for inaccuracy in all matters connected with No-license and religion, that the Mr. Harper who is quoted as speaking in the Wellington Cathedral is an entirely different person to Archdeacon Harper who has just retired from his church at Timaru. It is also of interest that the Harper that pleases "Fairplay" is the greatest anti-gambling cleric in New Zealand. How does that suit you, Mr. "Fairplay?" But appended to this article is another—a "special" from New York, in which the Rector of St. Stephen's, Newark, is credited with the following grotesque statements:—

"A woman is perfectly justified in drinking beer, wine, or any alcoholic liquor, either publicly or privately, provided there is no infringement on the statutes of the community. Her morals or her manners will not suffer from a temperate use of stimulants. It is much worse for her to smoke, or even to dress loudly, than to drink."

And again—

"I would much rather see a woman drinking a glass of beer than parading the broad walk in a hobble skirt. Of course, there is no reason why both men and women should not drink," he exclaimed. "Both religion and morality have always and everywhere looked on a moderate indulgence in alcoholic beverages as innocent and proper. People have as much right to drink them as they have to drink water. The spectacle of prohibitionist intemperance in everything but liquor would repel any sensible thoughtful person from their crowd."

We venture to say that not even the average publican would be likely to back up "Fair-

play" in these sentiments. Every man worthy of the name cannot tolerate a woman drinking at a public bar. These are dangerous and degrading declarations, and the liquor people will not gain much by them.

### A LEFT-HANDED COMPLIMENT.

In publishing Archdeacon Harper's remarks mentioned above, the editor of the fiery and fiction-loving whisky journal has failed to ostracise certain remarks that give the trade a very nasty knock-out.

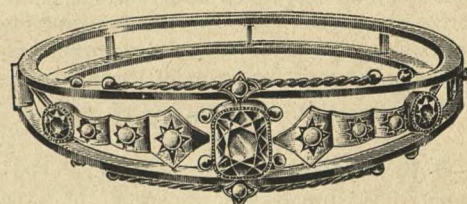
Speaking of the party as a whole, the Archdeacon says:—

"There are two parties, one party avowedly fighting for their own interests. They are the party which claims that the trade in which it is concerned is a legitimate and honorable trade. That is their claim, and they fight for it, but the methods they use are to be reprobated in many instances. They don't claim to be examples of loyalty to the principles of Jesus Christ, but still, from our point of view, many of their methods and a good deal of their language must be absolutely and unreservedly condemned."

"Absolutely and unreservedly condemned," my friends, cannot be said to be weak language. The remarks of the Archdeacon also cannot be construed in any manner possible into compliments.

Yet, the brewer will swallow a great deal to make a small headway in his "trade," and, believing they had secured a powerful ally in the Archdeacon, our opponents smile sickly and sadly under his taunts. We congratulate them upon their choice of friends.

### THIS HANDSOME BRACELET 50/-



Beautifully finished, set with Garnets and Pearls, or with Amethyst, or other gems.

Choice as our Bracelet collection always is, many exceptionally pleasing styles have recently arrived, which those in search of the really distinctive and artistic should not fail to see—especially as our prices represent such economy. Ask or Write for our Big Catalogue.

Country Orders: We Pay Postage.

### W. KERR,

House of Genuine Jewellery Values,  
542-544 GEORGE ST. (Opp. Town Hall)



# The Larger Arguments for Abstinence and Prohibition.

Address of Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts, Superintendent of the International Reform Bureau, at Anti-Saloon League National Conference in Washington, D.C., U.S.A., December 14, 15, 1911.

It is a time when new reinforcements should be brought into the war against the aroused liquor traffic, which is now fighting with the desperation that springs from fear, not alone of Prohibition, but of annihilation. Reform organizations are but the thin skirmish line, which is now hard pressed, and the main army of the Church of God should dismiss "General Apathy" and substitute "General Engagement." Already the churches have allotted four days in the church year for temperance lessons in the Sunday schools, and it is by making these lessons, often taught indifferently, more efficient, that we may best rally the churches to the battle. The temperance lesson of February 25, for example, is on the temptation of Jesus. With three texts Jesus protected Himself against the temptations, and there are three teachings of God's oldest testament of natural law that provide the three strongest defences against temptations to drink, and three unanswerable reasons why everyone should do his utmost to suppress the drink traffic.

## 1. THE ARGUMENT OF HEREDITY.

Stronger than the selfish arguments that closing saloons will lessen taxes and increase legitimate business, or even the proofs of insurance tables that the man who drinks is cutting down the duration of his life from 26 to 27 per cent., is the proof science is bringing that wine taken by a father or mother may blight the life of their children. A man may be willing to fly the motto for himself, "A short life and a happy one," and risk both health and property for fuddle and fellowship, but not many fathers will be indifferent when shown the overwhelming proofs that intemperate parents have fewer and weaker children than temperate ones.

## DRINKING PARENTS BLIGHT THEIR CHILDREN.

Professor C. F. Hodge, of Clark University ("Physiological Aspects of the Liquor Problem"), found that only 17.4 per cent. of the progeny of his alcoholised dogs were able to live, while 90.2 per cent. of the progeny of the non-alcoholised pair were normal. Professor Demme, of Berne, found almost the same proportion of normal and abnormal offspring in the descendants of 10 alcoholic families (17 per cent.), and 10 temperate families (88.5 per cent.). A witness to the consequences of alcoholism in the father is Dr. L. O. Fuller, who presents what he believes to be the cause of many cases of inebriety, or chronic alcoholism, which reach the stage where the victims are recognised as diseased and treated as such. In tracing the parentage of these persons, it is found that their fathers, three times as often as their mothers, were alcoholics. They have inherited a state of nervous irritability, which

makes them more susceptible to alcohol than were their parents before them. If they indulge in alcoholic drinks they will be likely soon to put an end to their branch of the family tree, for, as Dr. Fuller says, "the tendency is for the offspring of alcoholics to become less resistant to the effects of alcohol with each succeeding generation."

## EVEN ONE DRINK.

"Not only the chronic drinker who has injured his constitution by alcohol, but the one who poisons his body cells by temporary indulgence in this race poison may find himself afterwards confronted with the evidence of his unfitness in the person of a defective child. A German physician, Dr. Holtscher, testifies to three instances of this kind occurring in his own practice, where the evidence was indisputable that a defective child resulted from a single intoxication," says Dr. C. W. Saleeby, the wisest, most urgent, most effective motto for the temperance reformer for many years to come.

"There is no wealth but life, and since individuals are mortal, we must devote ourselves to childhood. But children are only to be saved by saving parenthood. To those who believe in these principles I have given the name of Eugenists, and none should apply this name to themselves—though many do—who are not fighting against alcohol, which has been exhaustively proved to be the foremost cause of racial degeneration, and which is now laying its malignant hands even upon the motherhood of our people."

These awful facts about alcoholic heredity mean much more than personal abstinence; they call for home protection laws, not less than the cripple factories that in some countries deform children for beggars, to use in arousing sympathy and securing charity.

## 2. THE ARGUMENT OF PATRIOTISM.

It was an epoch-making event when the German Emperor, in his famous speech to the naval cadets, urged his people to join the Good Templars and Blue Cross Societies, both made up of abstainers, not on individualistic, but on patriotic grounds, as an essential condition of national efficiency and supremacy. He said, in part:—

"The next war and the next naval battle will demand of you sound nerves. Nerve power will decide the victory. Now the nerves are undermined and endangered from youth up by the use of alcohol. Later you will have opportunity to see the target ships and the effect of modern projectiles upon vessels, and from this you will be able to form an idea of the conditions in a battle. If you are in one, you will see frightful devastation and a multitude of things happening. Then is the time for steady nerves and a cool head. Victory will lie with the nation

that uses the smallest amount of alcohol. That, gentlemen, must be your position. Then through you the troops will be shown an example, and that goes farthest with the men. Therefore, this is what I expect from you: that here in the naval academy or on ship-board, in all comradeship and friendliness, which need not suffer in any way thereby, you watch yourselves and each other in this regard, that you do not count the use of alcohol one of your privileges. There are in the navy, in the course of formation, or already formed, Good Templar Lodges, and Blue Cross Societies. Many officers and some hundreds of men belong to them. I hope that you will do everything you can to persuade the men to join. I do not need to call your attention to the example of the British Navy, where 20,000 officers and men already belong to these societies, to the very great benefit of the navy. This is a matter of very great importance to our navy and to our people. If you train the troops to renounce alcohol, I shall have sound and sane subjects. This is a matter of great future importance, for the men, when they leave the service, will carry the thought back to the whole country. If you will uphold these principles it will uplift the people morally. I pray for your co-operation in this work."

In this connection we quote as of profound significance a similar speech of the Crown Prince of Sweden, at the opening of the Good Templar Summer Festival, Hesselholm, 1910:—

"The temperance movement is one of the greatest of our time, a movement by which the people will gain self-reliance and self-control. The final aim is nothing less than the most complete possible liberation of our people from the destructive effects of the use of alcohol. There are, of course, differences of opinion as to the best ways of attaining this end. But that the end can and must be reached is the principal point upon which all are united. In our time the struggle for existence goes on among the people with increasing sharpness, because general development is progressing with remarkable and increasing swiftness. It is of great importance to the State, as well as to the individual, to use the utmost exertion not to be left helpless in the rear and perhaps to be finally overcome by a more vigorous people or community. I believe that this sharp, but at the same time stimulating, struggle, promoting, as it does, the physical, moral, and mental powers, facilitates greater productiveness in the muscle and nerve-taxing work of our modern times. These powers render possible greater intensity and more enjoyment in work, and by that means improve both the quality and the quantity of labor. But what is of yet greater significance, this physical and mental strength is transmitted in a notably increasing degree from generation to generation. All of this will so obviously strengthen the competitive power of a people in the world's markets that I do not hesitate to make this assertion: That nation which is first to free itself from the injurious effects of alcohol will thereby attain a marked ad-

(Continued on Page 10.)



## No-License and Suburban Progress.

THE LIE DIRECT TO THE LIQUOR MAN'S FROECAST.

The liquor people never tire of advertising that No-license means stagnation, desertion, and ruin of the home. The following is taken from the New Zealand "Herald" of January 4th last, a paper entirely opposed to No-license:—

"Auckland is a growing city; and round the parent block, where the warehouse and the factory are jostling for room among residences, there cluster a group of progressive boroughs, themselves towns of no mean size. The touchstone of their state is the collection of books with which the town clerk works.

"In Grey Lynn, where the bars were closed nine years ago, the town clerk can produce figures that show the borough to be in a state of marked progressiveness, growing in popularity and carrying out improvements as fast as its revenue and its rate-payers will permit.

### Gradient of Capital Values.

"During many years past the valuation of the borough has increased steadily in a most gratifying manner, as the following assessments of the gross capital value of the borough show:—1904, £578,943; 1905, £602,907; 1906, £610,823; 1907, £629,083; 1908, £778,202; 1911, £1,056,119. The last sum was in fact very much higher than the officers of the borough expected. It represents unimproved value to the amount of £501,789, and improvements £554,330. The general rate levied is 1½d. in the £ on the unimproved value, and the increased value of the properties has of course raised the revenue proportionately. For the year ended March 31, 1911, it was £2676 8s. 3d.; the revenue for the current year will be £3525 17s. 3d. The total indebtedness of Grey Lynn is now £85,959.

### Activity in Building.

"Remarkable progress has been made in building in the borough, and the number of new dwellings erected year by year is quite surprising. Disregarding repairs and additions to existing buildings, the following figures give the number of permits year by year, the periods ending on March 31 in each case:—1902, 72; 1903, 83; 1904, 63; 1905, 61; 1906, 52; 1907, 60; 1908, 86; 1909, 51, 1910, 80; 1911, 124.

"Since March last year no less than 83 additional permits have been issued. A fair

average for the value of the buildings is considered to be £500; so that the buildings put up in 1910-1911 may be regarded as representing £62,000, and those subsequently erected as having cost £41,500.

### Where They Own Their Homes.

"A notable feature in the borough is that a very large proportion, set down by the town clerk at 85 per cent., of the householders own their residences themselves. This fact, perhaps, accounts for the immunity the borough enjoys from fires, its average of casualties of the kind being only about three per annum. No doubt this is in part due to the tendency among resident owners to take better care of their houses than tenants.

### Bettering the Streets.

"A large amount of street improvement work has been done in the borough; and there is now under way a project which will enable the Council to very greatly increase the amount of street work that can be done for a given amount of money. Heretofore it has had to purchase road metal. Though the world is built of rocks it is quite a costly matter to secure broken stone suitable for road-making, especially when it has to be purchased ready for use. It is not only expensive in Grey Lynn, but it is also not very good. The borough has now done itself a good turn by securing a quarry of its own near the Western Springs. The quarry measures 3¼ acres, and is full of good stone. The Council is now obtaining a stone-crushing plant driven by a producer gas plant. This will give it a large supply of excellent broken metal, and the saving so effected will, it is believed, be sufficient to enable the Council to buy a steam road-roller and not be out of pocket over the transaction.

### Works Done Last Year.

"The works carried out during the past year have included the following, all of which have been completed or are on the point of being finished:—Kerbing and channelling: McKelvie-street, £415; Rose Road, £640; Pollen-street, £622; Richmond Road, £2000; Crummer Road, £1100; Kent-street, £205; Tennyson-street, £390; and Northcote-street, £107. Cutting and formation of King-street, £439. Tarring and sanding 15ft. side-walks on 60 chains of Richmond Avenue and in Surrey Crescent, £600. Cut-

ting down to the levels of Selbourne-street, Rose Road, Murdoch Road, and Browning-street, £2148.

"The works immediately in view are connected with some of those mentioned above. It is intended to metal the streets last named, which lie to the west of Surrey Hills Park, at a cost of about £600, and this work is now commencing. A further contract in Williamson Avenue, for £2000 worth of work, has just been let; and another contract for £537, has been accepted for the formation of Grosvenor-street and Elgin-street.

"After seeking for the best system of kerbing and channeling, it was decided to adopt a very neat and effective style of concrete blocking, in which the kerb and part of the channel is made in one piece in short sections, and the rest of the channel bottom in an additional set. The channel is easily laid, and looks well. It is extremely strong, and, as everything is square and fits nicely the joints are easily grouted, and the channel is as sanitary as it can be. Moreover, the construction is cheap. About two miles and a half have now been laid down, and they have proved a great success.

### Well Ahead in Sanitation.

"From the point of view of sanitation, Grey Lynn claims notice for real progressiveness. Its healthfulness is high; these were not a single case of typhoid fever in the borough last summer. The Council has, as few local bodies have done, enforced the use of covered garbage cans, and does the collecting itself; and it has reaped the reward of proper attention to this matter, in that the health authorities, trying to urge other places to do well, tell them to look at Grey Lynn, and see how to do it.

"The borough is far ahead in its drainage, for the reticulation of sewers is complete. In fact, as soon as the intercepting sewers of the city and suburban scheme are ready, the Grey Lynn local system can be connected in full working order, and the householders may then immediately install modernised sanitary equipment. The borough is in this respect exceptionally well advanced.

In general, Grey Lynn has moved ahead very comfortably during the past several years, and those who care for its interests and government are able to say that they are more than satisfied with its progress as, at the new year, they look back at the immediate past.

# J. HEATH,

## Complete House Furnisher, 549 GEORGE ST., SYDNEY.

The **FINEST** and **MOST UP-TO-DATE** FURNITURE SHOWROOMS are now completed, and stocked with absolutely the best selected complete household furnishings in the Commonwealth. Whether large or small purchasers, the same courteous treatment given in the past, will be extended to all in the future.

**EXCEPTIONAL VALUES. ——— SURE SATISFACTION.**



# GRIT.

A Journal of Moral Reform  
and No-License.

"Grit, clear Grit."—A pure Americanism, standing for Pluck, or Energy, or Industry, or all three. References probably had to the sandstones used for grindstones—the more grit they contain the better they wear.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Subscriptions may commence with any issue.

The paper being posted for 52 weeks for 5/-, outside the Commonwealth 6/6.

Remittance should be made by Postal Notes payable to "Manager of Grit," or in Penny Stamps.

Change of Address or non-delivery of the paper should be promptly reported to the Manager.

All Communications sent to  
ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND,  
Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

## NEW ZEALAND SUBSCRIBERS.

One year's subscription to "Grit" is 6/6 in advance.

To save the trouble of money orders, you may send postal notes, accompanied by name and address, marked for "Grit," c/o Rev. J. Dawson, N.Z. Alliance, 113 Willis-st., Wellington; Mr. J. H. Fountain, Dentist, Christchurch; Mr. J. E. Frost, c/o "The Post," Timaru; Mr. E. Trafford, c/o King's School, Remuera, Auckland.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 25, 1912.

## THE HAND THAT WRECKS THE CRADLE.

Recently there was an editorial in the "Scientific American," entitled, "The Hand that Wrecks the Cradle," and defining that hand as heredity, and saying further that what is most needed in our day is a more painstaking and scientific study of the germ plasm of human life, the protoplasmic essence of a new creation, that which has in it all the elements of development and growth, good or bad.

The science of eugenics, race improvement by every scientific and moral method, is coming to its own. It must be so if we are not to be on the descending scale—a degenerate people. If "25 per cent. of the present generation is producing 50 per cent. of the next," and if "imbeciles, paupers, criminals, and defectives, are reproducing faster than physicians, lawyers, merchants, etc., nothing can be more important than the study of parent-hood, selection for heredity.

The alcoholic habit is a great out-stretched hand beckoning the long line of the susceptible, the vicious, and the criminal, to destruction,—largely because of hereditary influence. The inebriate is the hereditary drunkard; the man who gets drunk with no bias from inheritance is the victim of an acquired vice—a more hopeful case. The common drunkard is more often made so be-

cause of the saloons in his neighborhood, his associations, bad housing, poor food, sanitation, and poverty.

We unhesitatingly say, when the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors throughout the country shall be abolished, a noble dower of blood and a saving environment will be the certain heritage of our children and children's children.

## LIQUOR AND POLITICS.

At Yass lately the hon. secretary, Mr. Sheekey, of the Yass Electorate Licensed Victuallers' Association, who was on a motor tour through the Federal territory, said:—"In the Yass branch of the Licensed Victuallers' Association there are about 30 hotels. The hotel-keepers' following amounts to 360 votes, approximately. Taking the Yass secretary's figures as a guide, a Labor candidate's majority could easily be turned into a minority should the Licensed Victuallers' Association decide to withdraw its support from the Government." It would be interesting to know how this gentleman arrived at the number of 360. It is not likely that each house averaged 12 voters to the family. If not, does the publican only employ those who vote as he wishes, or is he counting on the customers who can be bought with a beer? The Labor Party might well pray to be delivered from its friends. Labor all the world over has turned liquor down on account of its economic, as well as its moral, faults, and we do not believe that any Labor Government is enthroned on the froth of the pot. It is there independently of the Vanishing Liquor Trade, and it is a piece of impudence for the Liquor Man of Yass to contradict "Fairplay," the official organ of the Liquor interests, which emphatically declares they did not take any political side. There is no doubt it would pay the liquor people well to have the next election before April 13, and thus avoid a No-license poll, but they will find money can't do everything, and the Labor Party will never accept a bribe from its greatest enemy. Mr. Sheekey says:—"The party with whom the hotelkeepers throw in their lot is more than likely to come out on top." Mr. Sheekey seems to forget that in every part of the habitable globe the liquor folk have had notice to quit. The 53,000 majority against them in New Zealand is but the echo of Canada and the States, and the closing of 512 bars in Victoria will all have its influence in N.S.W., and it will take the Liquor people all their time to keep a foothold in the State without trying to put a party in power. Political parties may well be scared of an alliance with a dying trade.

## THE "FAIRPLAY" TYPE.

A paper called "Fairplay," running in the interest of "Beer and Pugilism," is pleased to sneer at what it calls Puritanism, and endeavors to discredit all sane reform in connection with its two pets by branding the reformer as a wowser and his standard as puritanical. We give an interesting specimen from the last issue, revealing the standard of this "Beer and Pugilism" journal:—

"It would be interesting to know what some Sydney policemen think they carry guns for. Every second day we hear of some poor John being battered half to death by a cowardly gang of bottle, boot, and picket fighters. And all the time the silly fellow has a Web-ley .45 to his hand, the use of which might well rid the community of one or two bifurcated excrescences that sadly need amputating. It would appear that some kops are as afraid to go gunning as some others are too ready." While a policeman, according to this, may kill a few "bifurcated excrescences," the wowser who is sane enough to try and knock out that which is responsible for the said excrescences is taboo. The ladies are evidently to be allowed some privileges, also without fear of incurring the disapproval of the "B. and P." paper. We cull the following from the same issue:—"A feature of the New Year's night scrap was the delighted squeals from the ladies' gallery. When Lester was knocked clean off his feet in the 13th the feminine yells of "Good boy, Smith!" could be heard at the railway station. It was reminiscent of the down-turned thumb at the gladiatorial sports of ancient Rome, when it was always the women who signalled 'death.'" Pugilism is undoubtedly a refined sport and beer—well, of course, it is glorious beer. 'Nuff sed.

## WHY NEWSPAPER MEN ARE BALD AND GREY.

Anyone who knows anything about "Grit" knows that Uncle B. is bald, and that the editor is bald, and where the hair still grows it is fast becoming grey. We give an official and scientific explanation of this sad fact. The cause of baldness is a bacillus, called pigmentophagus, a voracious feeder, and one which multiplies with an activity approximating perpetual motion. The strong, vital resistance of youth keeps it down, but low vitality, arising from care, grief, or moral shock, favors its growth and multiplication, and consequent baldness.

The anxiety caused by those who don't pay, the grief felt on account of those who won't respond to our entreaty to pay in advance, and the moral shock on finding how many meanly endeavor to evade their financial responsibility have given the pigmentophagus a great opportunity lately.

Ed. "GRIT."

N.B.—Please send 5/- worth of hair restorer (i.e., your sub. for "Grit"), Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

## The Greatest Compliment.

is constantly being paid us. Our clients like our institution well enough to recommend it to their best friends. Our present big business has been almost entirely built up in this way—recommendation from friend to friend. We have now the largest staff of Shorthand and Commercial Teachers in Sydney enabling us to give proper attention to each student. We find positions for all competent students.

## METROPOLITAN BUSINESS COLLEGE.

Prospectus on application.  
"Holt House," 56 York Street, SYDNEY.



# Chasing Work.

THE UNROMANTIC BUT PATHETIC SIDE OF STAGE LIFE.

(By HENDY.)

I pulled myself together: this would never do. I stood up and without thinking walked down towards Circular Quay, and, feeling utterly worn out, entered a small lodging house "for respectable men." The six men with whom I shared a room were anything but respectable, their language and general behaviour was decidedly the reverse, but I was too dispirited and weary to take much notice, and fell into a troubled sleep. On awakening next morning, I remembered that I had to go to the — theatre to see the stage manager. I arrived there at 9 o'clock and waited until 11, when a small red-faced man, with "actor" written all over him, and wearing a large cigar, came into the office. I introduced myself, and asked for work. After having a good look at me he told me that I could go on supering (a super means a supernumery, that is the extra people always needed in big scenes, such as race-course and fire scenes) at 12/6 per week, and told me to go round to the back, meaning the stage. Feeling rather elated and very nervous, I did so. The stage was full of people, most of them in groups, but I noticed that some of them, better dressed than the others, seemed to "stand off." I found out after they were "part" people. I may say here that there is a great distinction drawn between even a man who only speaks one line, and the supers. After waiting for a few minutes the little man with the red face bustled on to the stage, and there was a silence. "Good morning, ladies and gentlemen." After the responsive chorus of "Good morning," he said: "Now, you boys, line up." We did so, and he stood looking us over as though we were a lot of prize cattle. Presently he pointed to one of us, then at another. Those pointed at fell out and had their names taken by the A.S.M. (assistant stage manager). When I was beginning to lose hope of getting the job he happened to catch my eye, and pointed. It was as though a load had been lifted off my shoulders, and I breathed freely again. The unlucky ones were then dismissed, and the rehearsal commenced. "Ladies and gents for the first act, please," said the S.M.; and to me it seemed strange, never having been behind the scenes before, to see the actors and actresses reading through their parts. Every now and then he would turn to us supers standing in the wings, and give us instructions, such as "When you hear Mr. — say 'Time to be going,' cheer off stage, or when you get such and such a cue, rush on to the stage laughing and talking as you would in the street." In the second scene of the first act, we were supposed to represent English rustic lads and lasses, and had to go through a dance. Then the trouble started. I made a mistake twice in the steps. The S.M. bounced off the chair on which he was sitting, upsetting the small table in front of him, and, stopping the rehearsal, called me all the "sticks"

and "ham fats" (theatrical expression for amateur) he could think of. Six months previously I would have made him eat his words, but things were different now, and I had to submit calmly while the fiery-tempered little man made funny remarks at my expense. At half-past one we were finished for the morning, but there was another call for 3 o'clock, and I can tell you I felt pretty miserable when I saw everybody rushing home to dinner. I could hear them grumbling because their meal might get cold. Ye gods, what would it matter what it was like so long as it was a meal? I hung about the theatre till 3 and rehearsed till 5, and left after having been told to come back to the theatre at 11 next morning. The play was to be produced on the Saturday night, and this was Tuesday, and, of course, we would not be paid, or get "treasury," as it is termed, until the following Friday, so you worked the first fortnight for 12/6; that is less than a shilling a day, and I began to wonder if the time would ever come when I would sit down to a decent meal. I was desperate, and had I had the means at the time I verily believe that I should have been guilty of self-murder. I happened to pass a pawn-shop, where I saw a suit of clothes advertised for 10s. They were fairly decent. An idea came to my head. Could I pawn the clothes I was wearing for 15s, and purchase the suit advertised? Trembling with fear that my proposition might be refused, I entered after putting it to the test. He looked at the clothes I was wearing and said "12/6, dot's all I gif." I jumped at the chance. It would at least leave me 2/6. Hastily changing my clothes in the back of the shop I pocketed my half-crown, and made for a cheap restaurant. I emulated my successful meal of the previous day, and felt quite elated at the thought of a bed and breakfast. Having finished my meal I rose and felt in my pocket for the half-crown. I stood rooted to the spot. It was gone, and my pocket was as empty as ever. I had a great job to persuade the manager that I really had intended to pay him. However, he finally let me go, and I, now almost despairing, made for my seat in Hyde Park. This misfortune was the last straw. In my anger I cursed God and man. I could not sit down for long. My thoughts were not pleasant. I must have action, or I felt I would go mad, so I quite accidentally walked down Park-street to "Poverty Point" and stood there. (Poverty Point is situated at the corner of Pitt and Park Streets, opposite the Criterion Theatre). Here comes the actor when out of work. Here comes the actor returned from tour. If he is lucky and "the ghost has walked" (salaries have been paid) regularly he most likely spends it on the "boys," as he calls his fellow pros. Here I got into conversation with one of the small-part people I had seen at the theatre during the morning, and he in turn intro-

duced me to another man who turned out to be a suburban manager. He happened to mention in a casual way that he was taking a company out on tour. I expressed a desire to go out with him. After some conversation he told me that he thought I could be fixed to play utility parts, and assist with the baggage and stage. It did not sound very much, but the salary of 30s. per week and hotel expenses was a bait that I jumped at. I left him, after having arranged to meet him on the following morning at 10 o'clock "on the point."

It was consoling to know that something might turn up on the morrow, for my situation was still practically as bad as ever. Moreover, the insufficient food was telling on my health. Late that night, as I sat shivering in the Domain (for the nights were as cold as the days were hot), I asked myself, "Is there any justice in the world? No; everything is wrong. Where's this just God I've been taught to believe in? Can it be possible that such a power can exist, and see one like myself, willing to do honest work, dragging out this existence? Why, I wouldn't treat a dog like that, let alone any one whose advocate I am supposed to be. God," I cried, my misery finding expression in words; "God, I denounce you; why, you must be utterly evil and cruel." As I spoke the words I knew I did not mean them. They were rather the wandering, unreasoning fancies of a half-starved, semi-delirious man. I fell asleep, and strange dreams came to me. I could see my mother's gentle tear-stained face. She seemed to be looking me straight in the eye, and I could hear her voice saying, as distinctly as I can hear the noise of the traffic now, "My boy, my boy, don't think like that, don't forget all I have tried to teach you since you were a little child. There is One who in his own good time, will set everything right. Don't let the first little adverse wind that blows make you break faith with Him. Play the man, and trust on, for He knows, He knows." The vision faded, and I awoke with a start. The dream was so realistic that at first I could not think where I was. Then I remembered, and broke into passionate sobs, and did what I had not thought of for many long, long months. I went down on my knees, and prayed for strength to bear and endure the trials I was undergoing. After this I felt calmer, and with the comforting thought that after all I was not quite alone. I sank off into a deep untroubled sleep.

(To be continued.)

## BACK COPIES.

Many thanks to all those who so promptly and kindly sent the copy of "Grit" asked for. A sufficient number has already come to hand.—Ed. "Grit."

## PIANOS, ALL PRICES.

For Very Best Value and Easy Terms

**J. L. ESTENS,**

53 AND 55 FLINDERS-ST., SYDNEY

is unequalled. Established 28 years.

Coogee Tram stops at door.



# S. P. BRAY, HIGH-CLASS PASTRYCOOK AND CATERER, Head Office: 498 George Street, Sydney.

Branches in Principal Suburbs.

New Factory at Paddington.

TELEPHONE: CITY 1923.

TEA-MEETINGS, SOCIAL FUNCTIONS, WEDDING RECEPTIONS catered for on shortest notice.

HAMPERS and PICNIC PARTIES specially attended to.

Manufacturer of PURE VANILLA ICECREAM and various WATER ICES.

Price List on Application.

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

## The Larger Arguments of Abstinence and Prohibition.

(Continued from Page 6.)

vantage over other nations in the amicable yet intensive struggle for existence. I hope that our country will be the one which will first understand and secure this advantage."

The patriotic argument has almost won the greatest of moral crusades, that of China against opium, where the chief cry has been not that opium injures individual health and happiness and hurts business and increases crime and poverty and taxes, but rather this, "That China may be strong." The Chinese people have noted the victories of anti-opium Japan over China and Russia, and they have noted and associated with opium their own weakness when their Government had fled from its historic palaces at the approach of the 16,000 white soldiers of the Pekin relief army. France has also adopted the argument of patriotism in putting up official posters warning the people, because of the declining birth-rate of that dying nation, against "Alcoholism," a word we ought to substitute for drunkenness, as the chief peril to be avoided. It means, in the words of the poster, "the chronic poisoning which results from the habitual use of alcohol, even when the latter would not produce drunkenness." Surely I need not say that the State should do more than warn the people against a traffic that imperils the nation? Prohibition is justified, ay, required, as a means of national self-preservation.

### 3. THE ARGUMENT OF RACE DEGENERACY.

Great Britain, alarmed by the fact that 80 per cent. of those who offered themselves for the Boer War could not pass the physical examination, adopted the official poster, but

with this heading, "Alcoholism and Physical Degeneracy," which suggests that not one race, but the whole human race, is in peril of degeneracy through the increasing use of alcohol. Defenders of the drinking usages continually parade the fact that the races of Northern Europe are the leading races of the world in physical and mental vigor, although their drinking habits have long been the subject of song and story. But, alert thinkers have noted that the peasants were formerly too poor to drink freely, and that it is from these men of simple life the nation has re-united itself as the rich families have washed themselves away in beer and brandy. It is a new condition that now confronts Europe, in that new methods of manufacture and preservation and transportation have cheapened drinks and carried them everywhere just when the working classes are getting higher wages and shorter hours of labor, and are living to a much larger extent in cities, with social inducements to drink greater than ever before. And these conditions are being rapidly extended to the teeming millions of Africa and Asia and the islands of the sea, where only mild native drinks were in common use until recently.

The first great battle against race degeneracy should be made at the fourth Brussels Congress on Alcoholism, which is to meet some time in 1912 to consider what steps the great commercial nations holding territory in Africa can take to check the natives' increasing use of liquors, which are most injurious alike to morals and missions and legitimate commerce. Drink is killing buying power, and the very buyers themselves in these new markets of the world, and not churches only and reform societies, but chambers of commerce everywhere, in protection of honest trade as well as from considerations of humanity, should bring irresistible pressure to bear on this coming Par-

liament of the World in support of the proposal, drawn by the International Reform Bureau, and adopted by the United States Senate and ex-President Roosevelt and by the American people in a petition representing 19,000,000 of our people, that all the civilised Governments shall by international agreement prohibit the sale of all intoxicants and opium among all the uncivilised and newly-civilised races of the world. As Congressman Hobson shows in his great speech on alcohol as "The Great Destroyer," degeneracy of the human race the world over is threatened in the widening markets of alcohol. The chief purpose of the Brewers' World Congress recently held in Chicago was to push the sale of beer in China, Korea, Japan, and other lands that have been less cursed than the white races with this race poison. This beer extension movement should arouse the whole Church of God to march in upon the God-defying revels of alcohol and slay by its ballots this defiant foe of God and man.

### HE COULD CHANGE IT.

M. Camille Saint-Saens, the great musician, and the life-long friend of animals, took into his home a little dog. The enraged concierge waited his chance and notified the owner of the house. Soon a letter arrived for the musician, which said: "Monsieur, my house is not a zoological garden!" Saint-Saens sent back the answer: "Monsieur, if you wish your house to be a zoological garden, you have only to live in it."

## THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST

IT IS WORTH WHILE TO ORDER ALL  
YOUR

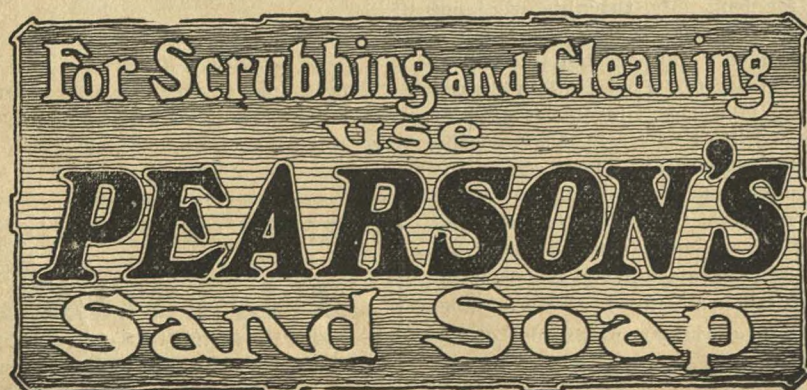
GROCERIES

FROM

JOHN WARD,  
(LATE WINN AND CO.)

Botany Road, Redfern.

'Phone, 283 Redfern.





# From Seven to Seventeen

The BOYS' and GIRLS' OWN

(By UNCLE BARNABAS)

## IS IT WORTH WHILE?

I wonder did you ever see the postcard of the tired rooster? He was leaning up against a post, and was supposed to be saying: "What's the use of anything? Yesterday I was an egg; to-morrow I'll be a feather-duster!"

I sometimes meet some foolish little people who do not think it is worth while writing to Uncle B., or trying to win a prize, and some of those who think it would be nice to do so always put it off, and poor Uncle B. goes to Box 390 and finds it like old Mother Hubbard's cupboard—quite empty; then he sighs, and says, "Dearie me, I will have to write two pages all myself."

Next time you wonder if it is worth while doing anything, you think of the stupid old rooster, and say, "Well, I won't be like him, anyhow; I will do something, however little," for the thing we are most often sorry for is having done nothing. If you came into "Grit" office, the first thing you would see is a motto, "Do it now," and when you turn to go out there it is facing you again. Whatever be your gifts or your opportunities, they do not count for as much as your "efforts to do." The more effort we make the easier it is to make, and the world is always on the look-out for a "trier." Don't be a talker—they often do well; but they always get found out—be a doer.

\* \* \*

A fountain-pen salesman entered the office of a prosperous business man, and after giving a number of forcible arguments succeeded in receiving an order for five hundred pens, the business man promising that if all was satisfactory larger orders would follow. The young salesman was greatly pleased, and, quickly pulling out his order-book, began writing it down. The merchant was about to leave the room with another who was awaiting him when, turning, he noticed the salesman. Then he broke forth: "Hold on, sir, I decide to cancel that order right now," and with no other explanation walked into his private office. The salesman, crestfallen, waited a few minutes and then left the store. A short time later the bookkeeper said to the proprietor, "Why did you cancel that order?" "Why," said the successful business man, "he talked fountain-pen to me for nearly half an hour, and then booked my order with a lead-pencil." His practice did not agree with his profession.

UNCLE B.

\* \* \*

## YOUR CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

The account of how you spent Christmas must be posted by February 8th, and the account of your holidays need not be sent till the last day in February. Have a try. I have received one most interesting account already. If the age were only seventy, not seventeen, I would have a try for the prize myself.—Uncle B.

## LITTLE THINGS.

A good-bye kiss is a little thing,

With your hand on the door to go,  
But it takes the venom out of the sting  
Of a thoughtless word or a cruel fling  
That you made an hour ago.

A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare

After the toil of the day,  
And it smooths the furrows ploughed by care,  
The lines on the forehead you once called fair  
In the years that have flown away.

'Tis a little thing to say, "You are kind;

I love you, my dear," each night;  
But it sends a thrill through the heart, I  
find—

For love is tender, as love is blind—

As we climb life's rugged height.

We starve each other for love's caress,

We take, but we do not give;

It seems so easy some soul to bless,

But we dole the love grudgingly, less and  
less,

Till 'tis bitter and hard to live."

—Anon.

## ANOTHER NEW NI.

Mary L. Bailey, Kerringle, Mullaley, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I would like to be one of your nieces. I like reading "Grit," especially Page Eleven. I was thirteen on the fourth of last September. I cannot send you my photo yet awhile, because I have not got one of myself. I have two brothers and one sister. She is married; she has been married just four months to-day. There are not many flowers out in my garden. I have a lot of pot-plants; there are a good few of them out. I milk two cows every morning. I get a good lot of milk from them. The grass is fairly green here. I cannot think of any more news this time, so I will close with love.—From your loving niece.

(Dear Mary,—So pleased you are going to be more than a reader of "Grit" in future—you are going to be a helper by writing. I wonder if you know who wrote and what is the finish of the lines—

"Be good, sweet maid, and let

Who will be clever."

Try and find out. All your cousins will be glad to know what comes next. I wonder what names you have for the two cows you milk. It always seems so strange to me that country people never appear to like milk. I am like a calf—you can't give me enough of it. Write again soon.—Uncle B.)

## EVERYTHING IS LOVELY TO THOSE WHO HAVE EYES TO SEE.

Beryl, "Karlsruhe," Bexley, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—At last we have had some glorious rain. How the gardens love it! To-day has been beautifully cool, quite

frosty, and it makes one feel it a joy to be alive. Wasn't Christmas Day sweltering? We spent a very quiet day in reading mostly. We went to morning service (they did not hold one in the evening). There was a splendid congregation, and the singing was very enjoyable, especially the dear old Christmas hymns. Flowers were very scarce, but in spite of all the church looked lovely. I am very anxious to hear the results of the Sunday School Exam. held in November. I expect they will be out soon. I went up for the exam. It is the first time our Sunday School has taken part in it. Since I last wrote I have had some delightful letters from Cousin Bonny. What an interesting writer she is. Don't you think she should write a book? We had a lovely Watch Night Service here last Sunday. The choir and congregation turned up in large numbers. The singing was very bright, and Mr. Holliday gave a very helpful address. Am enclosing postal note for 5s.—our subscription for "Grit," which I see is due again. Fondest love to all cousins and your dear self from.

(Dear Beryl,—It is quite a pleasure to read your bright, happy letter. May you always see the bright and beautiful side of things and never cease to enjoy things. It is very nice that you and Bonny enjoy writing to one another. I hope you did well at the Exam. Be sure and let me know. Thank you for the 5s. I am looking forward to your account of your holidays, as I am sure you will try for my prizes.—Uncle B.)

## WHO WANTS A WATER-MELON?

Kathleen Rankin, Dalburrabin, Casino, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—In your letter in answer to mine, you asked me to send you a copy of our photo in the sea, but I think this would be difficult, because I don't think the man who photographed us belongs to Byron Bay, and it would be hard to get a copy unless he sold some postcard photos at the Bay. But, never mind, when Em and I are taken up here we will send you a p.c. of ourselves, which will be just as good. I am glad you liked the birthday card I sent you. I was pleased also to hear that you are coming up before the end of the year, and hope it won't be long. We have plenty of room for you, and you may depend you will be welcome. I received a nice letter from Cousin Emily Mann on Friday last. I did not remember putting Kath at the end of my letter to you, but I suppose it was because I hadn't enough room on the page to put it in full, so I am making sure I have enough this time. We are having very hot, dry weather, and there is no prospect of rain. All our flowers are dead, and if it doesn't soon rain we will have to start felling limbs off the trees to feed our cows on to keep them from going dry altogether. I wish you were up here now, Uncle B., to enjoy some of our lovely water-melons. We sell as many as the shopkeepers can buy, and then they are going to waste. I will close now, dear Uncle, with heaps of love to all my relatives.—I am your fond niece. (P.S.—Em wants to know,



BOOKLET ON "HEALTHFUL LIVING" POSTED FREE.

# VEGETARIAN CAFE,

45 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY.

please, does it matter how long she makes the description of her holidays.)

(Dear Kathleen,—You did put Kath, and there was room for more, so you must have been sleepy. Thanks for the promise of a postcard photo. How I wish I was near enough to call round for a water-melon. They are lovely, but I like a rock-melon better. It does not matter how long the Christmas and holiday accounts are. I have a pair of scissors and will cut bits off it if they are too long, which is better than too short—'cos I can't cut bits on, can I?—Uncle B.)

## THANKFUL TO UNCLE B. AND PAGE 11.

Emma Rankin, "Dalburrabin," Casino, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am glad that we have a prospect of seeing you up here before the end of the year, but I do hope you do not leave it till about December to come. Yes, I've heard about that poor fellow on the boat, and I wonder if that is how you felt. I do not think I told you that Cousin Milcie and I have been exchanging letters for about eight months now, so I have you, dear Uncle, and Page 11 to thank for at least three correspondents. Oh, I do wish it would rain here, as we're having a real drought! I cannot remember when we had a real good fall of rain last. Dad took Kathleen and I to the pictures on Friday night, and we enjoyed them immensely. Picture-shows are common enough, I know, but as we only go occasionally we enjoy them all the more. The native apple trees are all in flower about here, and the pure white flowers look lovely among the green leaves. They are the only things which do look nice and fresh, because the weather is so dry. Good-night now, Uncle. With love to you and cousins.—I am your fond "ni."

(Dear Emma,—I wonder will I ever get as far as Casino. I hope so. I think I will have to get a caravan and take a dozen of my ne's and ni's with me, say, during the Easter holidays, and go round visiting—only you all live so far apart and so far away. I like the pictures sometimes, but some of them are rather stupid and some are hard to understand; but in spite of that, there are seats for over 60,000 people in the picture shows of Sydney, and about ten run from 11 a.m. to 11 p.m. Don't forget to try for the prizes.—Uncle B.)

## 'TIS FATAL TO PUT OFF.

Doris Wotton, 339 Parramatta Rd., Leichhardt, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am very sorry I have not written before this, but I kept putting it off. We have been having our holidays, but they will soon be over now. I went to Katoomba with my mother for a week, and I enjoyed myself very much. I went down

the Leura, Katoomba, and Wentworth Falls, and I like Leura Falls the best. I did the Federal Pass, but I took the whole day to do it. The day before we came home we went with the other boarders to Wentworth Falls, and we did the National Pass there. One day it was thundering and lightning and nine horses were knocked down by the lightning, but only three out of nine were killed. After it had stopped raining, we went to the look-out at the top of Leura to see the mist rising. When we got home we could hardly see across the road for the mist. I must conclude now. With fond love to all your nieces and nephews, also yourself.—From your loving niece.

(Dear Doris,—I am glad you did not put off any longer. My put-off ne's and ni's are already too numerous. You must have had a lovely time up the Mountains. I get rather tired of climbing the passes, but what an appetite it gives you, and how cool it is at nights, so that it is worth while making your muscles a bit tired after all. Poor old horses, they are so patient and often not very kindly treated. I felt quite sad when I heard of that lightning accident.—Uncle B.)

## WHAT NEXT.

I want to draw the attention of the readers of Page 11 to the following portion of the annual report of the Metropolitan Business College:—"The disparity between demand and supply in the case of trained girls, although great, was not as striking as the disparity in the case of boys. Every week throughout the past twelve months, we have had to disapprove business men in search of trained boys. The experience of business men with regard to trained boys is, however, only a repetition of their experience in regard to boys generally. The city is some hundreds of boys short. The commencing salaries for trained Shorthand-Typistes and girl Bookkeepers have varied from 15s. to 30s.; the commencing salaries for boys ranging from 17s. 6d. to 35s. Owing to the great demand, commencing salaries for girls have shown a tendency to rise from 15s. to 17s. 6d. and £1. The dearth of boys has, of course, increased the demand for girls." This college won 14 first places and obtained 311 passes in public competitions and examinations. In addition, positions were found for 250 students. I will be glad to send a copy of the annual report, not only to the "Seven to Seventeeners," but to any reader of "Grit."—Uncle B.

## A GOOD WORK.

"You speak of everybody having a mission. What is yours?"

"My mission," said the parson, "is to save young men."

"Good," replied the girl, "I'm glad to meet you. I wish you'd save one for me."

## Where No One says "Don't."

(Continued from Page 3.)

And ever louder, louder the bells rang forth their harsh, discordant notes.

Bert watched a woman approaching. A woman—but with all the grace and purity of womanhood gone. Her eyes were bleared and bloodshot, and on her cheek was the flush of intoxication. She carried in her hand a half-emptied bottle, while from her lips rolled half-articulate, maudlin blasphemy. Bert was turning from her in disgust when something familiar in this reel-ing, maudlin creature revealed her identity.

"My love! My lost love!" he cried. "Have you come to this?" Then, as old memories thronged fast upon him, he held out his hand. "Oh, come! Even yet let us leave this cursed place."

The bottle dropped from her hand and the drunken flush left her cheek, but the face raised to Bert's was one from which all hope had forever fled; and in the eyes was the unutterable woe of the damned.

"I can't go," she said. "Don't you know? This is Hell! Look!"

Bert looked in the direction she pointed. The mayor was just removing his smiling mask. He stood revealed—the King of Darkness.

"No longer need of the mask!" he said. "They are all mine now. Licensed evil is one of my cleverest schemes." Then the Devil's laugh rang out to mingle with the cries, the groans and the curses of his victims.

"Oh! Is there no escape?" Bert panted. "Oh-h-h! Oh-h-h!"

"Here, wake up! What's the matter?"

Bert opened his eyes to find himself in his own room and Arthur Powers vigorously shaking him by the arm.

"What's the matter?" Mr. Powers inquired. "When I entered you were shouting ten thousand murders. What's wrong?"

"I was in hell," Bert answered.

"Then," said his friend, laughing, "let me welcome you back to the abode of mortals, and at the same time congratulate you upon your short stay in the nether regions."

Bert rubbed his eyes sleepily.

"I wish also to inform you," continued Mr. Powers, "that we carried the day with a sweeping majority, so for at least three years more our town will have Prohibition."

"Thank God!" Bert exclaimed fervently. Then, in answer to his friend's questioning look, he added whimsically, "I once spent an afternoon in License Town."—"Union Signal."

## WHY HE DRANK.

A temperance lecturer in Otaki, N.Z., made use of the following.—"I do not object so much to the man who, as an epicure, slowly sips a small glass of good champagne or Burgundy. What I do object to is the man, like the Chinaman, who, on being asked if he enjoyed the glass of crude raw spirit he had just drunk, answered 'Me no drinkee for drinkee, me drinkee for drunkee.'"



# The Feats and Defeats of Liquor.

## ASSAULTING THE POLICE.

Oswald Shortus was charged before Mr. Clarke, S.M., at the Newtown Court, with being drunk, and also with assaulting Constable Cameron whilst in the execution of his duty on January 13.

The constable told the Bench that Shortus was drunk, and he arrested him. On the way to the station accused struggled to get away, and they both fell to the ground. Other policemen came to his assistance, and they got Shortus to the police station, and charged him. Constable Cameron was about to search accused, and pulled two bottles of beer out of his coat pockets. Accused then struck the constable a heavy blow on the chest, and one on the shoulder.

The magistrate convicted him, and imposed a fine of £2, in default one month, for being drunk, and £5, in default two months' imprisonment, for assaulting the police. He would not allow time to pay the fines.—"S.M. Herald," 18/1/12.

## A "GENTLEMAN'S" SUICIDE.

### END OF DRINKING BOUT.

At the Manly Courthouse on Jan. 18 the Acting City Coroner, Mr. H. S. Hawkins, held an inquiry on the death of William G. Clark, who was found dead with his throat cut.

Joseph Williams stated that the deceased came to him on the morning of Monday last. He said that he had been drinking for the past fortnight, and that he had not had a good meal all that time. Witness procured him a meal, and then deceased said that he meant to cut his throat that night. Witness sympathised with deceased, and told him that there were better things in life than that, and then deceased broke down completely. He told witness all about himself, and said, "I'm a gentleman, and have letters to friends here, but I have not used them. It is the city that has ruined me; I was all right in the country." Witness then told deceased that he had better go to the farm at Deewhy, where he would have a home, and tried further to encourage and cheer him. Deceased said he would go.

It was further stated that deceased went to the farm and was given a bed there. He was still very despondent, and went to bed early. Two other men, when returning to the farm dormitory at about 9 o'clock that night, found Clark lying across his bed with his throat cut, and a blood-stained razor on the floor near him.

The Coroner, in returning a verdict of suicide, prefaced his finding with the remarks:—"I sincerely commend the Salvation Army for their endeavors to save this man, and regret that their good intentions should have been frustrated. I am glad to hear that they have taken steps to communicate with this man's relatives and friends, and I am quite satisfied that they did everything possible to save him."—"Daily Telegraph," 19/1/12.

## POLICE COURT RETURNS.

### YEAR'S TRANSACTIONS AT THE WATER.

The following is a return of the business transacted by the Clerk of Petty Sessions at the Water Police Court for the year ending December 31, 1911:—

Petty Sessions Court.—Number of cases under the Vagrancy Act and drunkards punishment provisions of Police Offences Act, 6088; number of Petty Sessions Court cases where accused had been arrested, exclusive of those under the foregoing, 1428; number of Petty Sessions Court summons cases, exclusive of those mentioned in the first instance, 2328; number of cases committed for trial, 191; number of shire and municipal appeals dealt with, 119; number of applications for auctioneers, pawnbrokers, hawkers, stage carriage, second-hand dealers, collectors, and other licenses made to the bench, 369. The total of the first four items is 10,035, as compared with 9218 for the previous year.

Convictions at the Water Police Court for drunkenness and other offences under the liquor and pure food Acts:—Drunkenness only, 4076; drunkenness and disorderly conduct, 377; women convicted of the foregoing offences, 869; foregoing offences committed between 8 a.m. on Saturday and 8 a.m. on Sunday, 1210; similar offences committed between 8 a.m. Sunday and 8 a.m. Monday, 99; Sunday trading, 1; selling during prohibited hours other than Sunday, nil; selling liquors without a license, 20; under the Pure Food Act, 14.

## THE CANVASSER, JEWELLERY, AND DRINK.

Robert McNab (42) was charged at the Central Court with larceny as a bailee of a quantity of jewellery valued at £18, the property of the Sydney Jewellery Company. The evidence was that the accused, who was a canvasser, was given the jewellery to sell in the ordinary way and had pawned it. He said that he had been drinking. He was sentenced to three months' hard labor, to be suspended under the provisions of the Crimes Act, upon surety being found for his future good behavior, and conditionally that he made restitution to the extent of £10 7s. 6d. In default of the latter, he was ordered to be imprisoned for an additional two months.

## SLY GROG-SELLING.

Edward Chapman, 51, was charged at the Water Police Court, before Mr. J. L. King, S.M., with having on January 14, not being the holder of a license authorising the sale of liquor, nor the servant or agent of a holder of a license, at Charles-street, Sydney, sold beer. It was stated that the police went to accused's house, and there found three men drinking. They also found 47 bottles of beer. After being fined before for a similar

offence he stopped the practice for some time, but recently had started again.

It being a second offence, accused, who pleaded guilty, was fined £100, or in default nine months' imprisonment with hard labor. He was permitted to pay the fine by instalments of £10 monthly upon his finding a surety in £100 or two in £50 each. The liquor found on the premises was confiscated.

## THE AUSTRALASIAN FOOTBALL TEAM.

Christopher McKivatt, the exceedingly able captain of the Australian football team now playing in this country, has been giving the Press some interesting particulars of his experiences, and amongst other things explained much of the system upon which the Australasians act upon the field of play. "We so practise movements in our training that in a match you will never see one of our team with the ball unless he is supported by one or more colleagues on either side. The man nearest the one with the ball must always back him up. To carry out that system to the letter means, of course, that every man must be in perfect condition, and able to last the full 80 minutes without fatigue. There can be no doubt we have kept in condition so far, but it has only been done by living the simple life. Here, at Southport, we live together under conditions which tend to keep every man fit. We neither drink nor smoke, and by getting to bed by half-past ten every night we are ready for training early every morning. Rigorous training is required from every member of the team, and any player who is not ready for training at the specified time in the morning is fined."—"Alliance News."

## TESTIMONY OF NOTED CHINESE TOTAL ABSTAINER.

Wu Ting Fang, former Chinese minister, described to his countrymen, at a recent temperance meeting in Shanghai, his experience with the customs of social drinking in America, says "The Western Christian Advocate." After telling how he yielded to the temptation to drink, while in Washington, he explained:—

"But the result of all this is, although I have found that strong drink—champagne, cocktails, and whisky—is very pleasant to the taste, I found it was not healthy. So some years ago, after my return to China, I was converted to what you may call a vegetarian, but I call sanitarian. I used to be a moderate drinker of wine, but now I am a total abstainer in that respect. The result is that I feel much stronger and healthier—stronger physically, mentally and morally."

This statement by the eminent Chinaman is especially pertinent in connection with the remarks by Hon. John Wanamaker, on another page, regarding the entertainment of foreign officials at social functions, and the opportunities offered to men of strong character to set a worthy standard for the representatives of other nations.



**BUY**

# Griffiths Bros.'

**DELIGHTFUL FLAVOR.**

**2/6 per lb.**



# Signal COCOA

**DELICIOUS BEVERAGE.**

**2/6 per lb.**

**Address: 534 George Street (Opp. Town Hall) Sydney.**

## This is Where You Laugh.



### A VEGETARIAN COME-BACK.

Answer to proverb in last number (Meet each day's irritations with smiles):—

If you want to meet each day's irritations with smiles,

Don't irritate your smiles each day with meat.

### NOT ON THE MENU.

A traveller in the dining-car of a Georgia railroad had ordered fried eggs for breakfast. "Can't give you fried aigs, boss," the negro waiter informed him, "lessen you wait till we stop."

"Why, how is that?"

"Well, de cook, he says de road's so rough dat every time he tries to fry aigs dey scrambles."

A Business Proposition.—"See here, Mr. Sands," said Mrs. Tompkins to the grocer, "what do you mean by giving me only nine-tenths of a pound of Swiss cheese when I am paying for a pound?" "In selling Swiss cheese, my dear Madame," said the grocer with dignity, "business caution prompts me to allow myself ten per cent. for the holes, which, as you must be aware, make no impression on the most delicately-adjusted scales."

Past Illusions.—Wife, fondly: "Do you remember, John, how you used of an evening to hold my hand—my sweet little roseleaf, you used to call it, you funny boy—for hours and hours? How silly my old boy used to be!" Old Boy, grumpily: "Nonsense, Jane! Don't be stupid! I was always practical and businesslike. I did that just to keep you from the piano!"

### A WISE BOY.

Mr. Slimson: "Willie, didn't you go to the trunkmaker's yesterday and tell him to send round the trunk I ordered?"

Willie: "Yes, pa."

Mr. Slimson: "Well, here is the trunk, but no strap."

Willie: "Yes, pa; but I told him I thought you hadn't better have any strap."

### NO EXCUSE.

Of the diplomatic circles is a delightful woman whose English is still French. She was urging an officer of the Navy to attend a ball, the invitation to which he had already declined.

"I can't," he protested, "I have burned my bridges behind me."

"Oh," she replied, "I will lend you some of Henri's."

### LEND HIM MY TOOTHBRUSH.

An interesting set of people inhabit some of the mountain districts. They take life easy, and usually live to a ripe old age. At a tavern recently, I was in conversation with the proprietor, when a buxom, but scantily attired, miss approached and said, "Dad, yer mind that peaked-nose fellow with the speckled-trout suit on, what came in yesterday?"

"Yes, Sal," replied the old man, "what about him?"

"Wal, he wants two sheets on his bed," said Sal.

"I reckon," says grand-pap, "he's one er them dudes from up no'th, so's yer bettah move my sheet ovah to his bed, and lend him my toothbrush if he wants one."

### NOT FIT FOR THE JOB.

"Daddy," piped mother's little darling, "is the sea a mile deep?"

Daddy, who was also an editor, glanced up crossly from a huge pile of manuscripts. "I don't know!" he snapped.

Mother's little darling looked disappointed. A little while later he asked:

"Is the moon really made of cheese, daddy?"

Again came the response:

"I don't know!"

Another look of disappointment, another silence, and another question:

"Do cannibals use postage stamps?"

No less savage than the cannibals themselves was the distracted manuscript hunter as he roared for the third time:

"I don't know!"

"Well, I say, daddy," exclaimed the youthful inquirer, very seriously, "who made you an editor?"

"What is it, do you suppose, that keeps the moon in place and prevents it from falling?" asked Araminta.

"I think it must be the beams," replied Charlie, softly.

### "GRIT" SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Geo. Simmons, 2s. 6d., 18/6/12; H. Penn, 6s. 6d., 1/11/12; Rev. E. E. Crosby, 5s., 31/12/12; Mrs. P. Miller, 5s., 31/12/12; E. A. Griffiths, 5s. 6d., 31/12/12; Mrs. Bowditch, 2s. 6d., 13/7/12; D. Dash, 5s., 31/12/12; J. Stockman, 5s., 18/1/12; W. F. Armstrong, 5s., 31/6/12; Mrs. Anderson, 5s., 7/12/12; M. G. Hule, 5s., 19/1/13; N. Richardson, 6d., 21/1/12; F. G. Cox, 6d., 14/1/12; G. H. Fleming, 6s. 6d., 6/10/12; Mrs. Blenkin, 5s. 3d., 19/12/11; Mrs. Ada, 5s., 31/3/13; N. McRobie, 6s. 6d., 14/12/12; Miss Ayling, 6s. 6d., 14/12/12; S. Wilson, 6s. 6d., 14/12/12; J. Murdoch, 6s. 6d., 14/12/12; Mrs. Lyttle, 6s. 6d., 14/12/12; Mrs. Strang, 6s. 6d., 14/12/12.

### A WONDERFUL PRESERVATIVE.

# P. & B. PAINT

A PAINT THAT COVERS WELL AND FORMS AN EXCELLENT PRESERVATIVE FOR WOOD, METAL, OR STONE, AGAINST THE RAVAGES OF ACID, MOISTURE, FUMES, VERMIN, ETC.

THE PARAFFINE PAINT COMPANY, Challis House, Martin Place, Sydney.  
D. S. Evans, Australasian Manager.



# For Fathers and Mothers.

## WHEN SUNDAY AFTERNOON COMES.

### HOW ONE MOTHER PLANS FOR IT.

The family uncertainty over the best way to spend the quiet times between services on Sunday has touched many a Christian home with restlessness on the day of rest. But what can we do about it? What have you done in your home? Here, says the editor of the "Sunday School Times," is the richly suggestive story of one mother's devoted, consecrated, and beautifully simple ways of entering into the spirit and opportunity of the day with her children.

I may bring to my children all the beautiful things I can find for their pleasure and amusement; but, if in this I leave out myself, if I fail to enter into their joy, I have lost my richest inheritance, my children's love and confidence. Under these circumstances I cannot possibly understand their longings or desires. I must, indeed, "be a child again," if I would see life from my children's viewpoint. How can I understand that the hours of Sunday afternoon are long and wearisome to them, unless I speak as a child, feel as a child, and think as a child?

Sunday afternoon is never a dreary time in our household. For years I have read much aloud on that afternoon. This is what we love best of all. In summer I read out of doors under the trees or on the piazza. In winter, before an open fire. The children lie on the grass, or on a rug before the fire, if they choose; and I usually provide a plate of nuts or apples. A fact worth remembering is that healthy children like to eat under almost all circumstances, and are happy when so engaged. Simple things such as I have mentioned do not hurt, even "between meals." This idea is not aesthetic, but it's natural. During my reading I sometimes notice that my boys get into all sorts of shapes, or find the dog's tail and the kitten's ears conveniently handy; but I simply read on. That is one way a boy listens. At the end they know the story, and have been impressed with its beauty. Of course, I realise that I myself must enjoy and believe in what I read, or it can carry no force to them. So I choose what has appealed to me by its strength, simplicity, and sweetness. I have never found any book of Bible stories that pleased me. I prefer to know the story myself, take my child on my knee, cuddle him close, and tell it in the most natural way I can. Little ones are easily impressed by the story of the Christ-child. I try to make it as much a part of their life as the love of parents or the comfort of home.

#### When the Time Goes Too Quickly.

In pleasant weather we very often walk to the woods. Many times on these rambles I have taken various members of my Sunday-school class whose afternoons are not provided for. Under the mighty oaks and beeches there are myriad things to entertain both big and little children. Here many ways lead up to God—plain paths for little

feet—and the conversation is easily guided in their direction. I try to do this so lovingly that the children unconsciously love Him; so sincerely that no doubt creeps in; so tactfully that they do not know I teach. The careful shaping of a nest, the storehouse of a squirrel, the slender, swaying stalk of a flower, the bright-hued leaf, the clear spring in the hillside, or the thick bark of a tree—each in its own way carries its lesson and tells of the Father's care. It does not need many words, for children are quicker to understand and more susceptible to beauty than grown-ups. During the summer we often take a small basket of lunch, and stay under the trees reading and talking until darkness comes. The time goes only too soon.

When the weather is cold, we always eat our evening meal on a little table before the fire. This we do only on Sunday nights, and this meal is more enjoyed than any other during the week. The youngest boy makes toast; a pot of tea or cocoa is brewed over the fire, and the inconveniences of eating only add good cheer and appetite. If a guest comes in, so much the better; no difference is made. I have noticed that our children always ask for supper earlier on Sunday than any other day, because it is "so jolly."

I remember amusing a little boy one rainy Sunday with a box of red and white stone building-blocks. Together we built a "beautiful castle." We chose white blocks for the foundation, and on these we wrote with a pencil such words as "truth," "honor," "obedience," the little boy finding the words. Nothing was said about "life" or "character," but I am sure he understood.

At another time, when we were visiting where there was a houseful of cousins, we whiled away a long August Sunday afternoon by asking each other Bible questions. These had been printed on cards for Sunday entertainment. Dear grandma, past eighty years old, joined us and knew more than all the rest.

I bought a large number of Perry pictures, and these have proved a source of delight. Titian's "Tribute Money," comparing the hands and faces; Michel Angelo's mighty head of David; Millet's "Potato Planting" and "Gleaners," telling of the poor; Blashford's strong Christmas Angels; Guido's "Aurora," where the artist has told on canvas the story of the wonderful glories of the dawn. These I have enjoyed, particularly with my children. Then there are many pictures of cathedrals and great churches. Part of a child's education should be a knowledge of the beautiful stories and myths gathered about these places made sacred by the labors of holy men. Sometimes I point out the various ways in which different artists have treated the same subject. For instance, Corregio's "Holy Night," "The Adoration of the Magi," by Durer, and the

"Adoration of the Shepherds," by Murillo, will show something of the difference in the Italian, German, and Spanish ideas of the Nativity.

#### The Beautiful in Song and Story.

One of my boys, who loves a pencil, found pleasure one Sunday in drawing a map of Palestine. Another day we traced on it various journeys. I have taught a good many children, including my Sunday-school class, how to make a good outline map of the Holy Land by using carbon paper to make the impression. To fill this in and finish neatly will take more than one Sunday afternoon.

Music has been my helper on many a stormy Sunday. My education in music was small, but this little has been a source of blessing. Now my children are learning to play on different instruments, and we play together. I am sure we make music in our hearts and home, but am not so sure what outsiders might say. When I know my child is happy and at home, I can stand a good deal of noise under the name of music. Sweet old-fashioned songs and hymns are within our ken, and these we enjoy together.

An illustrated magazine article on St. Francis of Assisi was the text for one afternoon's talk. We found a book in our own library that told many beautiful things about this holy man. We remembered that a neighbor had travelled in Italy, and she lent us some views of Assisi. One step led to another, and we spent a long afternoon in this sunny spot in southern Europe. St. Francis's life among the poor, his love for the birds and animals of the forest, his great desire to live just as the Master did, the vine-clad hills of his home, the ever-blooming flowers—these interested the children greatly. It was, of course, only a little; but it is "the littles" that count. They make the foundation for great things in the future. Some day they will learn of the times in which St. Francis lived, of the state of the Church, and the part he played in history. This is the story of but one afternoon. Any mother can do the same, and there are myriad subjects. I never know just what I will do. I watch for opportunities, and make the best of them.

Mothers, let us be glad that guiding little children is our part of the world's great work. There is no higher work. I am sure, if we believe this and are willing to give ourselves to our children, we will never be at a loss to know what to do on Sunday afternoon.

#### NOBODY KNOWS.

"Pa, if Methuselah was the oldest man, who was the oldest woman?"

"Hush, my son! Not even the census man knows that."

ROGERS BROS.

Clean or Dye Ladies' Dresses from  
3/- to 7/6, equal to new.

181 OXFORD STREET AND  
775 GEORGE STREET



TO EVERY VOTER IN NEW SOUTH WALES

## Colemanes' Eucalypte Remedies

WHY? BECAUSE they are manufactured in AUSTRALIA from AUSTRALIAN products by AUSTRALIAN labor, and are offered to the public by a genuine AUSTRALIAN FIRM. On EVERY bottle trade mark "TREE OF LIFE" appears.

NONE GENUINE WITHOUT

### COLEMANES'

Tree of Life Extract for Influenza, Colds, etc.

Healo Ointment heals every hurt.

Melba Jubes and Eucalypte Lozenges for the Voice and Throat.

Special Oil for Rheumatism, Sciatica, etc.

#### HEADACHE CURE.

There may be a dozen things that cause you to suffer from Headache or Neuralgia.

### HALF HOUR HEADACHE HEALERS.

Give almost immediate relief and cure the worst of these complaints in half-an-hour. They are of great value for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Influenza, Sleeplessness, Brain Fag, and all Nerve Troubles. They contain nothing that is harmful.

PRICE, 1s. PER BOX.

### E. FARIS-INGS,

City Pharmacy,  
BURWOOD, SYDNEY.

#### SUNDAY SCHOOL AND RELIGIOUS BOOK DEPOT.

CHAS. C. MIHELL,

Bible House, 242 Pitt-street, Sydney.

VERY BEST FUEL AT LOWEST RATES.

"Grit" Readers, Order From  
WARBURTON AND SON.

Telephone: 215 Central, or 106 North Sydney

Head Office: Warburton's Wharf, Bathurst-street, and Branches, North Sydney and Neutral Bay.

### A. MILLMAN,

LICENSED PLUMBER, GASFITTER, and  
DRAINER, IRONWORKER,

190 RILEY STREET, SURRY HILLS.

Estimates given. Repairs a Speciality.  
Tel. Paddington 451.

### H. BETHEL & CO.

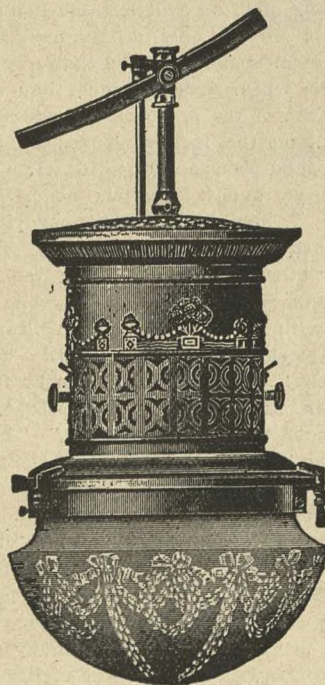
242  
PITTS

PLAIN AND COLOURED PRINTING.  
MODERATE CHARGES.  
PUNCTUALITY. QUICK DISPATCH.

### PRINTERS.

## VESTA.

Increased Light at Less Cost.



A Delight in the Home—A Necessity in  
Business—A Luxury in Church or Hall.

### Vesta Gaslight Co.,

Offices: 108 PITT ST opp. G.P.O.

Telephone 63 City.

Send for Descriptive Catalogue.

### GEO. WIELAND,

THE CHEAPEST BUTCHER ON EARTH.

For Satisfaction Try Him.

'Phone 563 Redfern.

23 Abercrombie St.

## GOOD VALUE IN BLOUSES

AT

## WINNS' Ltd.

THE HOME OF GOOD VALUES.

We invite your attention to this list of some of the dainty Blouses we are now showing. Whether you are in need of low-priced articles or something for better wear, we are equally well situated to please you thoroughly. Our range is very complete. Our values are leaders.

WHITE MUSLIN BLOUSE, trimmed with Embroidery and Tucks, with high collar. Price 1/6.

WHITE LAWN BLOUSE, with pretty Embroidery front and pin tucks, also Embroidery Insertion collar, 1/11.

DAINTY LAWN BLOUSE, with square neck and tucked front, also similar style with embroidery front and high collar, finished with tucked cuffs. Both at the low price, 2/3.

PRETTY WHITE MUSLIN BLOUSE, with nice quality embroidery collar or low square neck of embroidery insertion, trimmed at front with 3 rows of embroidery insertion and tucks, 2/11.

Very Pretty LAWN BLOUSE with front of Embroidered Allover and tucks, with square neck, finished with two rows of Embroidery Insertion, or with high collar of Embroidery, 3/6.

WHITE MUSLIN BLOUSE, Allover Embroidery front, inlet with Val. Insertion, high collar of Val. Lace, or with square neck of very pretty Insertion, 3/11.

STYLISH LAWN BLOUSE, with very dainty Embroidery front, trimmed with Embroidery Yoke and Val. Insertion, also cuff of same, 4/6.

WHITE LAWN BLOUSE, with very pretty front of Embroidery, inlet with Val. Insertion and with Embroidery Yoke. Also other pretty styles, with square neck and embroidery cuffs, 5/6.

HANDSOME MUSLIN BLOUSE, trimmed with Embroidery, dainty yoke of Val. Insertion and nicely-tucked sleeve, finished with Embroidery Insertion also. Similar style with square neck of Val. Insertion, 6/11.

CREAM JAP. SILK BLOUSE, with pin tucks, fastening down back, high tucked collar and cuffs to match, 3/11.

DAINTY CREAM SILK BLOUSE, trimmed with Val. Insertion, nice quality, three-quarter sleeves. Price 5/6.

CREAM SILK BLOUSE, open front, nicely tucked with large and pin tucks, high lace collar and plain sleeves, with very neat cuffs. Price 6/9.

CREAM SILK BLOUSE, with fine Val. Insertion yoke, nicely finished with band of imitation Maltese Insertion, front inlet with Silk Embroidery, and finished with 4 rows of Insertion, with fine tucks between, high collar and tucked cuffs, also other similar styles at the same price, 6/11.

WHITE SILK BLOUSE, a very pretty style with Silk Embroidery Front, pin tucks and Val. Insertion, finished with Val. Lace Yoke and Medallion, other similar styles at same price, 7/11.

Very Choice CREAM SILK BLOUSE, with Silk Embroidered Front, fine Val. Insertion Square Yoke, very pretty sleeves, with inlet of Val. Insertion and cuffs of same; other pretty designs at the same price with Val. Insertion, Vandyked shape necks and embroidered fronts, 9/11.

#### GENUINE BARGAINS IN SILKS.

Real Serviceable Quality at Prices that offer a Saving.

Just read down this list of some of the Cheap Lines our Silk Section contains. The values are certainly not to be beaten. These are not reduced prices explained by their failure to sell; but are lines continually in demand. Call and see if our claims are not justified, or write for patterns of any that you require. Yours will be the satisfaction at the saving effected.

20in. BLACK MERV. SILK. Usual value 1/3. For 1/-.

27in. JAP. SILK, Cream, White, Black, and all colors. Usual value, 1/3. For 11d. Note the width.

27in. JAP. SILK, in White, Cream, Black, and all colors. Usual value, 1/6. For 1/3.

33in. COLORED SHANTUNG SILK, in the following good shades: Fawn, Saxe Blue, Reseda, Moss, Light and Dark Brown, Helio., Amethyst, Light and Dark V. Rose, Navy, and Black. Worth 3/6. For 1/9.

20in. MOIRE SILK, in Brown, Navy, Helio, Amethyst, Moss, Prune, and Light Electric. Worth 1/3. For 8½d. This is particularly suitable for Underskirts or Skirt Linings.

## WINNS' Ltd.

THE ONLY ADDRESS,

18 to 28 Oxford St., Sydney.