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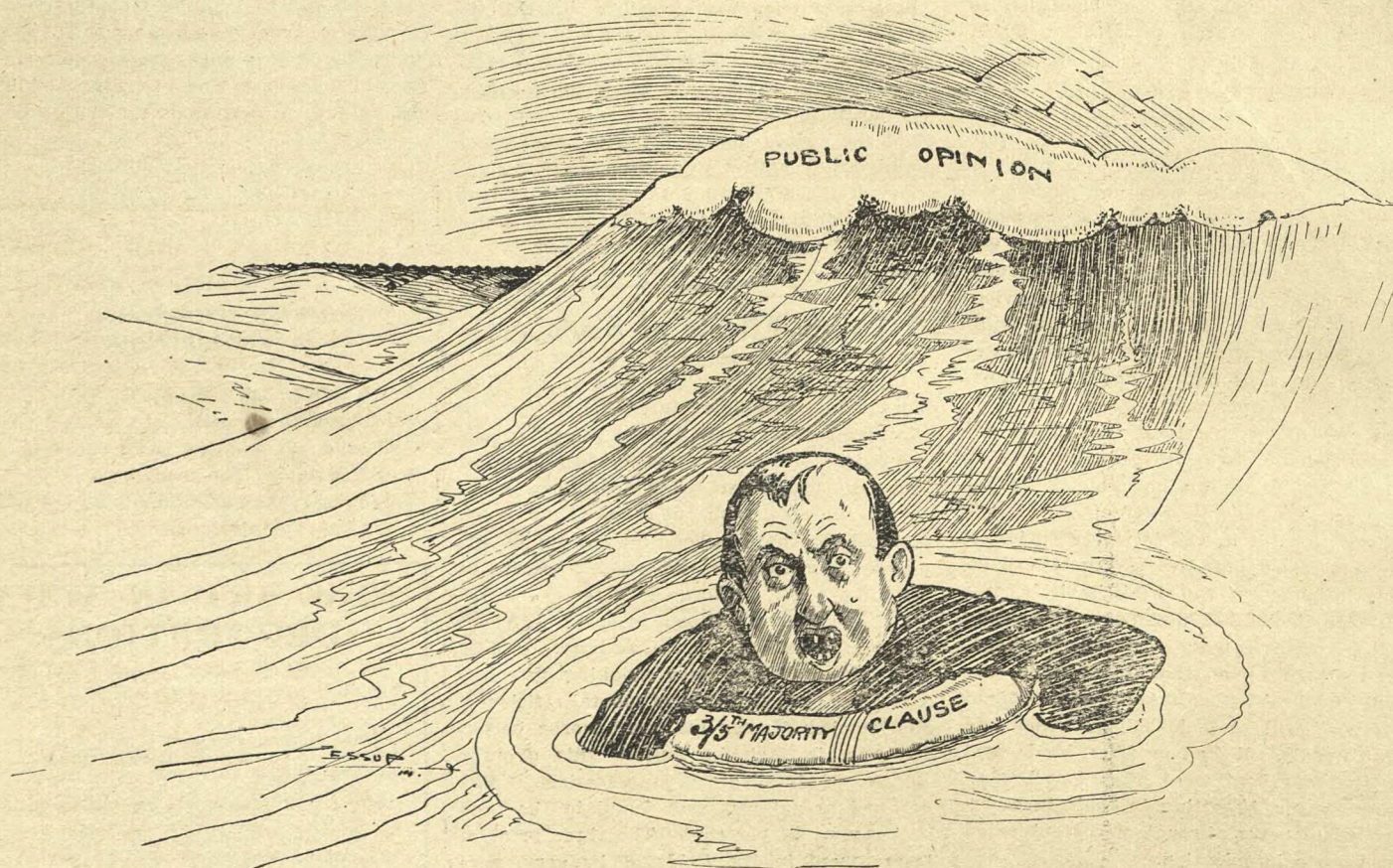
**A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.**

VOL. VIII. No. 12.

Price One Penny.

THURSDAY, JUNE 11, 1914.

Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney,  
for transmission by post as a newspaper.



**HIS ONLY SUPPORT.**

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It must be admitted that the inhalation method seems to have upset the subjects very little; their appetite and condition remained good even after intoxication by inhalation of alcoholic fumes for six days a week during a period of close on three years, and the organs of those killed and dissected during the experiment seemed to be quite normal even under microscopic examination. Moreover, those which were immature when first treated continued to grow normally. Yet the effect of the inhalations on them was so like what follows human over-indulgence in strong drink that they varied in behaviour just like human drunkards, some becoming simply fuddled, while others were excited and often quarrelsome, biting their fellow-subjects of the experiment.

The guinea-pig therefore, though an unwilling alcoholic, seems to resemble man in his reactions under alcohol, though at the same time remarkably tolerant of chronic intoxication. But it was in the offspring of these alcoholised guinea-pigs that the deleterious influence of the drink habit became plain. An alcoholised male parent, healthy though he might appear, almost always begot defective young, even though his mate was normal and healthy. Almost 40 per cent. of the young born from alcoholised males and normal females died soon after birth, and those that survived were often small, nervous specimens, begetting in their turn defective young, even through never subjected themselves to intoxication.

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(By Virginia Terhune Van de Water, in the "Cosmopolitan.")

Before I married Jack Hawley, I knew that he took an occasional glass of liquor. In fact, I had seen him drink cocktails and wine at dinners, and I knew that his mother did not approve of his doing so. She said as much to me once during our engagement.

"Don't let Jack drink, Anna," she urged. "A man is better off without liquor."

I thought her ideas old-fashioned, yet I was too respectful and too fond of her to say so. But I did reply,

"Liquor is bad for a man who does not know when he has had enough, but Jack is not one of that kind."

I said the words proudly. Already I felt that I knew the man I loved better than his mother did. All engaged girls and many wives cherish a similar delusion. I wonder, now, what the effect upon me would have been had Mrs. Hawley told me that Jack's father and grandfather had been hard drinkers. Had I known all the facts, I might, even then, have believed that I could make Jack a total abstainer if I wanted him to be one. Being young and inexperienced, I thought I was worldly-wise, and I smiled inwardly with fond patronage of my mother-in-law-to-be.

In thinking back about the days of my engagement, I have pondered seriously as to what Jack Hawley's mother's duty toward me was. Looking at it calmly and dispassionately, I can see that she felt that my marriage to her boy might be the making of him. Otherwise, he might be all that she wished him not to be. Would I not, under similar circumstances, have held my peace? Would I not have risked sacrificing another woman's child, if, in so doing, I might save my own?

Still—all this is beside the question. I married Jack, and I married him because I loved him better than anything else on earth. Perhaps the happiest weeks of my life were those in which we were furnishing the pretty house we had taken in the suburbs. I had always lived in the city, and my ideal of bliss was to be in a pleasant suburban town with my husband. While we were getting settled, we had our headquarters at Jack's mother's home in New York. Once during that time Jack was called to Boston on business and remained for two days. I saw this occurrence made his mother vaguely uneasy.

"I don't like a young married man to get into the habit of staying away from home overnight," she acknowledged to me. "Don't let Jack do it, Anna."

I laughed lightly. "In our marriage there is to be no 'let' or 'not let' business," I re-

marked. "I know that Jack will never stay away if he can help it."

"I hope not," she said. "It will be lonely for you if he does, for a wife always feels so much safer and more comfortable when her husband is right in the same room with her."

Again I laughed carelessly. "Of course," I said, "I want to feel that Jack is near me, but as to his being right in the same room with me—I shall not get accustomed to that, for he is to have his own room and I am to have mine."

She looked up, startled. "Oh, no!" she exclaimed involuntarily. Then she spoke more guardedly.

"I thought," she went on, "that you and he would occupy the same room—as you do here."

"No," I explained, "Jack and I talked the matter over, and he said that he thought we would both be more comfortable and get along better if each of us had our own room. For instance, I like to read late at night, and often Jack wants to go to sleep early. If we occupied the same room, I would have to give up my night reading, or he would have to be disturbed by my light. So he decided that our plan would make for peace in the family."

"But you are comfortable here, aren't you?" asked my mother-in-law.

"Indeed we are!" I assured her. "But this is only for a few weeks."

The dear soul sighed, and I saw an expression of keen disappointment—almost fear—cross her face.

"I suppose I have old-fashioned notions," she said, at last. "When I was young, husband and wife always occupied the same room."

"Yes, I know they did," I admitted; "but customs have changed since then."

I did not want to seem to run counter to her ideas, and yet I did feel that a matter of this kind was none of her concern—so I began to talk of other things, and she followed my lead readily.

Although I had made little of Jack's absence in talking to his mother, I missed him, and was very glad when, the next evening, he returned to us. He was looking weary, and his eyelids drooped as if his head ached. I asked him if it did.

"Why, no," he answered, "it doesn't ache exactly. But I am tired."

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"No, I slept all right," he affirmed. "But a railway trip always wearies me."

In a few minutes Jack's mother got up quietly and left the room, and my husband and I began to discuss the topic of never-failing interest—our new home. We continued the talk at the dinner-table, but, in spite of our merry chatter, I noticed that my mother-in-law looked vaguely troubled.

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There is no fairer metropolitan suburb than Woodhill. Jack and I found it a charming place to live. The society was delightful, and we were so near the city that the trip in and out each day was not wearisome to Jack. He became a member of the Woodhill Club, and I soon felt as if I had lived for many years in the delightful little town. It had all the charms of the country, combined with the conveniences of the city.

As is the case in many small places, the fashionable inhabitants out-Heroded Herod in the matter of gaiety. There was always something in the way of entertainment on hand, and the smart set was at times almost too smart. Jack and I soon observed that there were no houses at which liquor in some form was not offered to the casual evening caller. I, feeling rather elated at my recent emancipation from young girlhood to the ranks of the married-woman-who-can-do-as-she-pleases, took a glass of wine or an occasional highball with the rest of the merry crowd. I often used to smile as I thought of what my mother-in-law would say if she could see my husband and myself, each sipping a cocktail before a dinner or a cordial after our coffee. Yet when Jack and I were in our own home and alone, we did not have such things on our table. But they were always in the house.

One night, some months after our marriage, Jack and I attended a reception where a strong punch was served. The tingling in my cheeks and the sensation of absolute optimism after I had tried a glass of it attested to the potency of the beverage. I spoke to Jack of it as I met him passing through the hall on his way to the supper-room.

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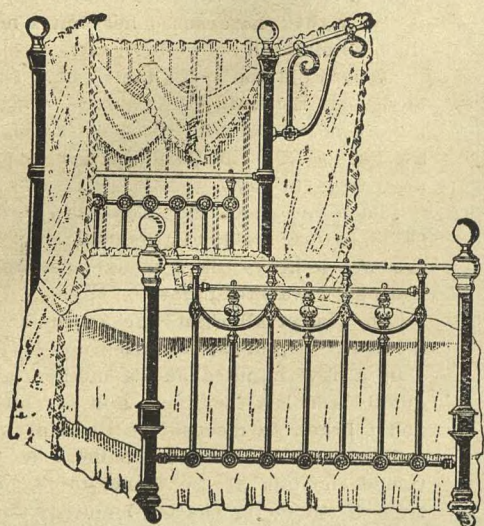
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## New South Wales Alliance.

### FIRST MEETING NEWLY APPOINTED STATE COUNCIL.

The first meeting of the newly-appointed State Council drew together a large attendance of members, who devoted two hours to a heavy business sheet.

Rev. R. B. S. Hammond presided.

### FINANCE.

The financial report was discussed, and it was unanimously decided to proceed with the deferred proposal to hold a bazaar during the present year. The Executive Committee has been empowered to make the preliminary arrangements. Our many friends may take this as a notice to prepare for the great sale, the results of which should place the finances of our organization on a sound footing.

### ELECTION OF EXECUTIVE.

The Council elected an executive Committee of 21 members. The committee is a most representative one, and with its concentrated interest and ability may be relied upon to help things along in 1914-15. The names are Revs. G. Cranston, J. Buchan, M.A., A. Stephen, Slade Mallen; Mesdames Blow, Laverty, Masterman, Stupart; Messrs. W. Winn, A. B. Purcell; Alderman Walker, J.P., I. Greenstreet, F. E. Pulsford, W. B. D. Creagh, S. Hunter, F. C. Petrie, W. C. Clegg, LL.B., H. G. Harward. The President Ven. Archdeacon Boyce; hon. treasurer, Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, and general secretary, Mr. James Marion.

### DEPUTATION TO THE PREMIER.

It was resolved—"That this State Council organize a representative deputation to the Premier at an early date in which a request be made for amendments of the Liquor Act to embody the principle of Bare Majority, State Option, and Earlier Closing, and that details be left in the hands of the Executive.

### MR. PHILLIP SNOWDON.

A letter was received from the Burwood Political Labor League asking the Alliance to arrange for Mr. Phillip Snowdon to speak at Burwood on the question of "Drink and Democracy," should Mr. Snowdon be visiting Australia en route to New Zealand.

It was resolved that an effort be made to secure the services of Mr. Snowdon for Sydney if available.

### OPEN-AIR CAMPAIGN.

On Saturday night, Messrs. F. Wilson, L. Gilmour, W. G. Hanson, and Mr. J. Marion, conducted an open-air meeting lasting 2½ hours in Burwood-road, Burwood. It was surprising how many drunks there were present. At times the tipsy ones made things very lively but their antics only swelled the volume of the crowd. Some splendid shots were fired and the large majority present listened with appreciable interest.

### MR. PIGGOTT FOR NEWCASTLE.

Mr. Piggott attended the State Council of Monday afternoon, and the next morning left for Newcastle. The Committee in that city is

## PASS "GRIT" ON

keen on aggressive work. There are many avenues of work that will absorb Mr. Piggott's energy. The serving of drunken men with liquor is notoriously prevalent amongst the liquor men. The district lends itself to successful open-air gathering. And if a speakers' team can be formed it would be able to accomplish great things.

### REV. JOHN PATERSON, M.A.

General regret is felt in Alliance circles at the approaching departure of Rev. John Paterson, M.A., of Chalmers Church. Mr. Paterson is a vice-president of the Alliance, and both in Broken Hill and Sydney loyally and energetically supported every movement for the suppression of the liquor traffic. He has received and accepted a call to St. Paul's Presbyterian Church, Christchurch, New Zealand, a most important charge.

There is a false idea abroad that the man who identifies himself too strongly with anti-liquor work mars his prospects of advancement in the Church. That this is not so is amply illustrated in Mr. Paterson's call, and is equally clear in numerous other cases. An American writer recently stated: "The Minister who is not against the liquor traffic is not worth listening to, and the Church which is not against it not worth attending."

### THE SPEAKERS' TEAM.

Owing to the removal of Mr. Piggott to Newcastle, Mr. L. D. Gilmour has been appointed to the secretaryship of the Speakers Team. The team has suffered by several recent removals and the members are most anxious to increase their numbers to full strength. Any person desiring to join should communicate with Mr. Gilmour, c/o Alliance, 33 Park-street, Sydney.



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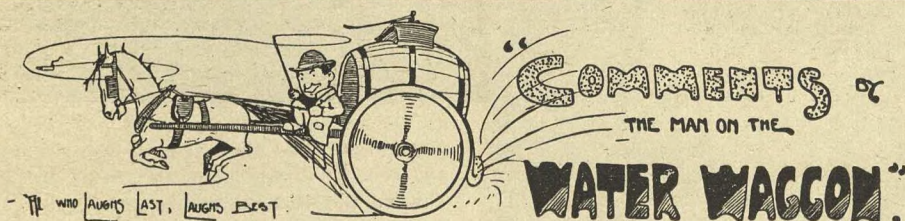
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## MORBIDITY.

What a frightful fiend is morbidity? What a blight is such a tendency upon an otherwise useful life? How it warps the judgment and renders its possessor unable to gain the proper perspective!

In all branches of life—in childhood and manhood in religion and in business—in courtship and in marriage—the taint of morbidity kills incentive and destroys happiness.

It has led more unsuitable partners into matrimony than almost any other factor—has sunk more businesses in bankruptcy—more despondent souls into the devil's clutches than we care to think about.

Yet some people possessed of this fatal trait make little effort to overcome it. If this epistle helps to convince any such one that it isn't at all impossible to hold such a tendency in check, if not quite overcome it, then it will not have been written in vain.

Examples of the woeful lack of perspective engendered by giving way to a solid attack of morbid feeling can easily be found. Here is a specially refreshing one of the effects when in love.

There is always a good deal of morbidity about the "grand passion," and it is well that all young people should bear in mind what a modern philosopher once said: "When the hero has put the question and been accepted in ninety per cent. of cases he feels instantly that he need not have been quite so sudden in the attack, and he would have reached his goal just the same. The melancholy thought that he might lose the girl spurred him on rather hastily. But whilst he hasn't made a mistake if he loves her, morbidity sometimes hurries him on to question a 'passing fancy.'" Now to our story.

Imagine a pretty girl on a long voyage with few men on board ship and the three most eligible—commander, surgeon, and first mate—all in love with her. (This is no fancy picture, for the Waggoner knew the first mate).

This latter was not so very much affected as his actions would have led one to suppose, but he felt impelled to prosecute a very active campaign.

We can imagine him looking at the girl in the moonlight and reflecting that she would all too quickly pass out of his life and mor-

bidity assisted in the general tableau by demonstrating how likely that he would cross and recross the same seas in after years without the gay companionship he was then enjoying. The picture is not a hard one to imagine—the semi-love-sick swain—the alluring presence of the girl—the pessimistic outlook of future voyages without her. He succumbed.

The curtain is not often drawn by novelists upon the after-lives of the hero and heroine. Perhaps 'tis as well. In this case "confusion ruled supreme." The wife developed quite naturally and easily, and without being shown how into a more dangerous cyclone than the first mate had ever before encountered. The frail bark of domestic felicity could not live in such a storm, and didn't try. It would have been useless in any case. Man and wife soon parted. "Oh," said the first mate, "how I wish the doctor had won her."

The doctor grinned.

Such is an instance of morbidity in love, and the false deductions drawn by it. Of course we are not up against matrimony, which is the happiest state of all, but against hurrying into marrying the wrong person.

We all know the results of morbidity in religion. Few of us can estimate the awful damage resulting therefrom. The Waggoner has been trying all his life to estimate which factor was most deleterious to the extension of the Kingdom—the failings of Christians or the morbidity of some of them.

Recently he decided the latter commodity won by some points.

How the sinner must loathe the idea of conforming to the narrow outlook of some unestimable but morbid people. It must help to keep him out of the kingdom—especially if he happens to be of a bright disposition.

We do not believe even 40 per cent. of Christians are morbid, but those who are do more harm than all the others can catch up. A Christian man should be the sunniest character in town—many are the gloomiest.

Satan gets busy then and provides them gratis with a few sultry thoughts to keep them miserable. He is no fool—is Satan.

Morbidity in the Temperance fight is also to be shunned. Why should we be down-

hearted? Are we not winning all along the line? Do not think in years but in decades—that will best show our progress, for progress we have.

Suppose we are beaten back once or twice. What of it? We only determine to fight the harder. Who would have believed ten years ago there was any chance of carrying prohibition in the United States? Who anticipated the world movement in our favor that is now most apparent?

Fight on brothers, and don't get morbid.

## "A DISGRACEFUL AFFAIR."

Dubbo, 23/4/14.—At the Dubbo Police Court Simon Kent was fined £2 for having assaulted a woman who remonstrated with him for serving her husband with drink. The magistrate (Mr A. Gates, P.M.) remarked that the whole affair was most disgraceful, and that the action of Kent was calculated to bring disrepute on hotelkeepers in general.

Did you vote to keep such a "trade" going?

## ROMAN CATHOLIC ARCHBISHOP WOULD CLOSE SALOONS.

Mrs. Katherine B. Patterson, National W.C.T.U. superintendent, writes that Archbishop Pitaval of Santa Fe, New Mexico, has lately taken a strong stand on the prohibition question. In a powerful sermon he advocated the closing of the saloons in Santa Fe and the State, saying that if necessary he would go out on the streets and speak against them. Sixty per cent. of the voters of New Mexico are Catholics, and it is believed that as a result of the action of the Archbishop, New Mexico will soon be a saloonless State.

In his powerful speech on armaments recently, Mr. Snowden referred to the startling fact that during eight years the Government had spent £360,000,000 on the navy. Parliament and the country would be none the worse to be reminded at least as forcibly that during these eight years the nation has wasted the enormous sum of £1,280,000,000 on intoxicants.



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## Keeping John Barleycorn off the Train

By RUFUS STEELE, in "Saturday Evening Post."

"Why didn't the general manager tell me it was not a boost but a jolt he was dealing when he sent me here?"

The new division superintendent at Omaha drove his right fist into his left palm as he paced the floor of his office in the depot building, his extraordinary legs carrying him across the seven widths of green carpeting in seven strides.

"Why couldn't he tell me the division was shot to pieces?" he pursued, with no listener but himself. "Two freights clean off the right-of-way and four close calls in the three weeks I've been here! And Engineer Dennis Mason and the twenty passenger runners he leads by the nose actually boasting that they never climb into the cab until they've had their bracers! And the G.M. must have known it, too!"

The truth of the situation caught the new Old Man with the force of an unseen locomotive pilot and lifted him across the room into his chair. Why had four superintendents succeeded each other at Omaha in three years? Why had he, after showing a little skill at handling men, been assigned suddenly to the job? Of course the G.M. knew! Why, the G.M. was watching right now to see whether he—Galloping Garson—could knock the liquor out of Denny Mason's crowd without knocking the whole gang out of the railroad's employ!

The superintendent hunched down and draped one long arm across the back of his chair and one leg across his maple desk. He was thinking. In thirty minutes he pulled himself together, like a steel trap that had been sprung, and began to make notes on a yellow pad. His campaign was complete. There was a long chance in it—and he was going to take the chance.

A week later Superintendent Garson pushed the pearl button that summoned his chief clerk and inquired:

"Where is Engineer Dennis Mason?"

"In the engineers' room changing his clothes most likely," the clerk answered. "He's due to take out Number Ten in fifty minutes."

"Tell Mr. Mason to report here immediately. Fill his run with a short-call man—Mason won't be pulling Ten to-day."

Denny Mason entered with his cap collapsed in his great hands. He wore his cab clothes.

"Sit down," said the superintendent.

"No time for that," sparred the red-faced engineer. "I go out in forty minutes—and I haven't oiled."

"Did the clerk tell you your run would be filled to-day?"

"He's crazy! This has been my regular run four years."

The superintendent swung round to face his man.

### WHAT THE PICTURES SHOWED.

"Mason, why do you allow yourself a drink before taking your locomotive, and why do you lead the enginemen who look up to you to do the same thing, when you know the use of intoxicants is absolutely prohibited by the rules?"

The engineer became as righteously rigid as a Patrick Henry statue.

"I stand on my rights as an American citizen!" he defiantly said.

"What will you stand on when you have piled the flier in the ditch as the monument over a hundred dead passengers?"

"Wait till I do!"

"No; I shall not wait!" Galloping Garson assured him. "I'm going to prevent it. Mason, you are discharged!"

"What—what do you mean?" groped the unbelieving engineer. "Why, I've pulled that train under four superintendents."

"Yes; and you have been the finish of three of them. Now it is your finish!"

"I'm a respectable man of family," shouted Denny Mason. "I've got a wife and four kids dependent on me; and—and I know my business!"

"You have the wife and children," admitted the superintendent quietly; "but you don't know your business, and the family isn't able to make you respectable, though they have probably done their best. It will soon be supper-time at your house and your kids will be eating—what? Liver, probably. But Monte Zink's kids will be eating porter-house. You were in Zink's Sunshine Saloon from eleven until two, day before yesterday, and in those three hours you took ten drinks."

Mason's lips parted in scorn—then began to frame the word "spy." The superintendent opened a drawer and lifted out a stack of enlarged photographs. The pictures were

numbered. The first showed Denny Mason in front of a bar. His face was upturned toward the skylight with a small glass held to his mouth.

"You began," said Galloping Garson, "with whisky." He shuffled the pictures. "The third drink was a cocktail." The shuffling continued. "Whisky—cocktail—whisky! In nine and ten you seem to have both eyes glued to a telescope—that means, of course, you finished on beer. Look at the photographs!"

"That thing in breeches there, always staring at the ceiling through a glass, claims to be a respectable family man and an engineer! Say, Mason, while those pictures were being taken through the wall I saw your second little girl coming from school. She had her hands tucked under her arms to keep them from freezing, and there was a hole in her shoe bigger than the dollar you were dribbling to Monte Zink for the stuff that would help you wreck your train. You are fired for being too big a fool to be trusted with an engine. Get out of here!"

The photographs accompanying the indictment had left Danny Mason temporarily without the power of speech. They had transformed the stiffest bully of the Omaha yards into cartilage. They did not accuse—they damned! Mason swayed, clutched a corner of the desk and went to his knees.

"For God's sake, Mr. Garson," he at last exploded, "tear up those pictures and let's begin all over! I swear I'll do whatever you say."

"Get up and go home!" said Garson. "Let your wife know that when she is through with the supper things you have something to tell her. If she doesn't fall dead from shock when you speak kindly to her tell her you've lost your job. You have always told her it was none of her business when she asked why you forgot to bring home shoes for the babies; but this time you'll have to let her make your affairs her business, because you are going to need her help more than you ever needed anything in your life. Tell her you are in the ditch for a reason that no decent man could ever mention as an excuse. Get down at her feet and beg her to help you. Get acquainted with the mother of your children. After you and she have talked the situation over for four or five days, if you feel like it come here and talk it over with me—I mean both of you come."

As Denny Mason staggered out the clerk came in with a sheaf of papers requiring his chief's signature. The clerk stood silently until the pen had ceased its scratching.



"Excuse me, Mr. Garson," he ventured then, "I wish to ask a question: As a student of railroading I should like to know what kind of a sledge-hammer you used to hit that engineer."

In four days Dennis Mason came back. He returned at the heels of a patient-faced woman, who paused awkwardly at the edge of the superintendent's desk but who spoke without timidity.

"We thank you, Mr. Garson," she said. "You've been a friend. I've taught the children to bless your name along with their father's before they tumble into bed at night. Denny and I have come in to tell you that we've had an understanding—we're partners now. It'll be team-work hereafter. If the railroad doesn't need Denny any longer—why, we haven't any complaint; but I wanted you to know—"

The road needed Denny. It did not need him for the flir—*which* was now carrying permanently on the right-hand side of its engine cab a clear-eyed fellow who was no friend of Monte Zink—but for a freight truck that offered the right man an opportunity to earn a passenger run in two or three years.

#### AFTER A YEAR ON THE WAGGON.

After twelve months the Masons again stood before the superintendent. It was a friendly call. The partnership had made good. Man and wife looked about ten years younger. Something was due them and Garson did not withhold it. He told them their example had revolutionised the conduct of twenty men who held the throttles on his limited trains.

"Are the kids enjoying their porterhouse?" kindly inquired Garson.

"It's still liver," smiled Mason; "though the kids will be learning about porterhouse pretty soon, I guess—the home is almost paid for."

Dennis Mason went out of the service a passenger engineer—and a hero. His second daughter, a proud slip of animation, finds no holes in the shoes she wears to school these days, her wardrobe, as one of the details of her college course, having been carefully arranged by a railroad that honors the memory of her father.

Right on the heels of the discovery that the running of trains by steam could be made safe and practical came the discovery that the running of trains by alcohol could not. The secret of an untold number of railroad disasters never has been solved, for the reason that the engineman's stomach was allowed to go to the cemetery instead of to the chemist. Because alcohol became a factor in transportation soon after steam did, and because it has remained a factor, the general public has never learned to distinguish clearly between a hazard consequent on the natural stimulation of an engine and the hazard consequent on the unnatural stimulation of an engineer.

Late in the first half of the last century trains began to do better than fifteen miles an hour, and immediately splintered rolling stock began to litter the right-of-way. A fact apparent at the beginning, which has

never altered a hairbreadth with the coming of devices marvellous beyond the early railroaders' wildest dreams, is that the placing of matter in violent motion—when the matter is measured in hundreds or thousands of tons—is safe only when controlled by intelligence alert to its highest capable degree.

For seventy-five years American mechanical genius has found perhaps its farthest expression in locomotives and train development, yet the invention of the airbrake has been as powerless as the invention of the automatic block system to reduce the operating importance of the human factor—the passengers are still at the mercy of the man on the forward end, the brass-bound captain, the switchman who now pulls the levers in a tower, and the brakeman with his colored lamps and flags.

In this new railroad era of "The people be blessed!" the facts come out. It appears that the vital concern of railroad officials has always been not the rolling stock but the men. For two generations the stuff that could make employees of the transportation department lapse from mental alertness has been a bigger worry than governmental commissions. Railroad officers have wrestled—even as Jacob wrestled—with an enemy more dangerous than open switches, washed-out bridges, and train orders that overlapped. Also, like Jacob, they wrestled unto reward. An insight into what has been and is being accomplished by the railroads makes the familiar propaganda of prohibition seem childish and vain.

The net results are embraced in the two-fold statement that train-wrecks are going out of fashion and that every man of the seven hundred thousand men who operate the trains of the United States has subscribed to a rule that appears to leave him no hour in the twenty-four, whether on or off duty, when he may lift an intoxicant to his lips.

It was because two fingers of red liquor can turn a ten-million-dollar safety block-signal system into a ten-million-dollar waste of money that Rule G was framed. This rule, as worded with the maximum of adroitness by the American Railroad Association and set forth in the Standard Book of Rules, is in force on every railroad in the country. It reads thus:—

"The use of intoxicants by employees while on duty is prohibited. Their use, or the frequenting of places where they are sold, is sufficient cause for dismissal."

Most employees concur in the opinion that the rule is wholly prohibitive—that the loophole one at first seems to see is nothing but a deceptive shadow on an unbroken stone wall. Division superintendents, who are the book-keepers of the men and directly concerned in enforcing Rule G, differ somewhat in construing its clauses—though none complain that it does not meet their requirements as fully as any mere rule might do. The weakness of Rule G lies in the punishment it prescribes for violation.

All the men of the transportation department begin young. For the most part they

are youths who drift away from the small town and the farm. They begin at braking or firing on freights. There is no such thing as a permanent fireman's or brakeman's job. It is strictly a progressive game that it played. Before the superintendent or the trainmaster admitted the applicant or probation the young man had passed a physical, moral and educational examination more rigorous than he would have to survive to get into the army. He was made to account for every month of his time since he left school. He told of his parents and of what the family hearth was like.

#### THE ROAD'S BEST INVESTMENTS.

He was admitted finally, not merely because he answered questions well, but because it was believed he was a man capable of being developed. He does develop or he vanishes from the service. The fireman develops into a freight engineer; and on the proudest day of his life he is allowed to pull a passenger train. The brakeman, after four, five or seven years, becomes a freight conductor; after as many more fruitful years he may be uniformed and made master of the train that carries you. Engineer and conductor are the survivors of the fittest of a choice lot.

The railroad regards an engineer as of more interest commercially than his engine, and a conductor as better property than an observation car—the road regards the men it has developed as its chief investments.

The penalty for violation of Rule G is discharge; and a railroad has no eagerness to discharge its chief investments. The roads have gone at the matter the other way round. In varying degrees and by dissimilar methods they have undertaken to assist their men to keep Rule G unbroken.

"People don't quite understand railroading, because railroading is so different from anything else," a veteran passenger conductor said. "For instance, the general impression is that a train in motion is controlled from division headquarters. This is a mistake. A train is controlled from its front and its middle. We are told when to start and when to stop; the rest is in the hands of the engineer and the conductor. They put the train in motion and they land it in the station or in the ditch. Their responsibility is shared by the brakemen and the fireman, by switchmen, signalmen, and the dispatcher who sends the train orders and the operator who scribbles them off the wire and hands them to the conductor; but primarily it is the man on the front end and myself who are responsible.

"I need my wits about me sixty seconds in every minute and sixty minutes in every hour. Things have happened to my train sometimes just because all the wits I have were not enough. It is my opinion that one day, when the devil had used all the tricks in his bag to ruin a trainman and had failed in his attempt, he sat down and invented booze."

"One man or one generation didn't make railroading what it is," said an engine

(Continued on Page 14.)



# GRIT.

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Little Peter Pumpkin blew his little nose,  
Wiped his streaming eye-lids,  
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Sneezed twelve times—no fewer,  
Till his mammy cured him  
With Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

## SUNDAY SCHOOL AND RELIGIOUS BOOK DEPOT.

CHAS. C. MHELL,

Bible House, 242 Pitt-street, Sydney.

# A Personal Chat with my readers

A LITTLE MORE  
ALWAYS POSSIBLE. nal" the following  
paragraph:—

"There is a lot of truth in the homely old saying: 'You never know what you can do till you try.' To many a woman it has seemed that burdens were imposed on body and soul to the limit of endurance. Then a greater trial still was superimposed, and as by a miracle, the strength and grace sufficient for the day of need were provided. A High-School teacher who supported her aged mother and father thought she was doing all she could, and a little more. Then her married brother lost his wife, and his mind failed and he went to an asylum. There was no one to take the little girl, two years old, left behind but the sister, the school-teacher. It seemed to her impossible at first to take on this added responsibility. But gradually, as she gave her life to the little one whose tiny fingers clasped her own in trustfulness, she found a joy in living beyond any other reward of service—spiritual or material—that ever came to her. Now the children whom she teaches, devoted to her always, find her nearer the saint and the angel than ever—though they don't know why. Let us believe that our shoulders are always adjusted to the burdens they are asked to carry."

When the late General Hector Macdonald was here he spoke to a number of boys and described the successful man as the one who, having done his best, does just a little more. It is a very common thing to see a family of 8 or 10 living very happily on an income that a family of 3 or 4 find insufficient. In fact when the larger family tried to plan how they could meet all the expense of an addition to the family they failed to figure it out, and yet in practise they managed it to their own benefit and to the happiness of their children. It is a fact beyond dispute that the children of large families are better in every way than those of small families.

## THE CHILD WHO "BOSSES" MOTHER.

him till the blood runs."

An older woman who heard her remonstrated. She said: "My dear, you don't want to break that child's will. Some day, when he most needs it, it won't work. Turn it into right channels, but don't destroy it."

"But I'm afraid he'll get the best of me," rejoined the young mother.

"Well, Mary," said her adviser, "if you

go on trying to get the best of him that way you'll get the worst of him."

This is true, but on the other hand I fear it is much more common and even more harmful to take the attitude of the mother who says:—"I don't care what happens as long as the child is happy." A child learns to feel a kind of contemptuous pity for a mother who weakly gives in to avoid a "scene." When a child ceases to respect they will cease to obey us. The child that can get what it wants if it only teases long enough is surely laying up trouble for the mother as well as itself. Child training is not to be accomplished by haphazard, it is a science of which most parents don't even know the A.B.C. As a minister I say that hundreds have asked me to go after a wandering and an erring child, thousands have asked me to pray for their sinful but still loved ones, but I can remember clearly the very few who have asked how to train the child, how to guide them, what to tell them, and how to safeguard them from those things which have claimed so many victims. The prodigal son, the ruined girl, is the unanswerable argument that proves the incompetent parent. The doctor who is an expert golf player is not thereby the safest to call in on account of sickness, and the man who is a successful business man, or the woman who is a charming social star are not thereby qualified any more than the golfing doctor to take care of the child. When parenthood is a side line children will go astray, but when parents realise that they owe everything to their children then they will take pains to train them rightly, and have results more satisfying than to be found in any other of life's ventures. At no distant date some one will surely start a training class for parents that will command a wide respect and prove of incalculable blessing to the race.

The Editor

ALLIANCE BAZAAR  
OCTOBER NEXT.

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



# PAY-DAY DRINKING.

By THOMAS KELLY, President Coledale Miners' Lodge.

"The fellow that drinks liquor is a damn fool!" The speaker was a man of about fifty, and a glance at his condition showed that the declaration was a personal allusion. He was in his usual "pickled" condition after pay-day, and, with a little thought, he continued, partly to himself and partly to the barmaid who had refused credit: "I am a prohibitionist, and have been for years; I vote against liquor and I talk against liquor, and I try to stop the making and exhaust the supply." All of which was literally true, especially his attempts to drink it all up. He was a hard worker and a hard drinker. Another type was a small, mild man who worked every day and was good for a double shift any time he was needed. He seldom went to the office, but his wife was a constant visitor, taking up his wages as fast as his time could be turned in. She was of that raw-boned sort, every inch a shrew. About once a year Bill got drunk, not as any particular celebration, but he seemed to be able to stand his domestic life only about so long. On these rare occasions he did not land with a whoop but usually picked up a barrel stave, and quietly walked in the back door, and the family came out the front, not stopping to look back, but sailing up the street, bent on putting distance between themselves and Bill. Then Bill would sit on the front porch and tell the neighbors that it was "a damn strange thing if a fellow couldn't be boss of his own house once in a while." That was all the harm there was in Bill, and after it was over he went back to work, submitting to the old order of things.

## CARL, THE CARPENTER, AND OTHERS.

Carl was a carpenter, a silent man, who chewed his "mail pouch" and served the company. He mended the tippie screens and fixed water lines, and was a general handy man. His drinking was of the periodic type, only he "saw things," and the neighbors usually had to come in and sit on his arms and legs for a day or so till the doctor could bring him round.

Casey's booze turned his mind to fistic triumphs. His pay-day drink usually ended in "woes," "redness," or rather blackness, of eyes, and "wounds without cause."

Hugh became a millionaire, and his month's pay became largesse to be scattered in small change to the birds.

And so we might follow on through all the Illawarra types of pay-day drunks—singing, laughing, swearing, crying, fighting, preaching, and soliloquising.

Passing on to the foreign quarter, we might dwell on the "sheep drunk," "monkey drunk," "lion drunk," "hog drunk," and not exhaust the possibilities of pay-day.

If we wished to go into historic drunkenness, Hebrew literature presents us with Noah, overcome by the wine and exposing his nakedness; Lot, made drunk by his daughter to commit incest, and rear up a race

from destroyed Sodom; while pagan annals even invent a god to preside over Bacchanalian revels, and Christians sing, "We've Reached the Land of Corn and Wine." Our boasted Anglo-Saxon race had its birth in the land of Beowulf, where the "mead-hall" was the nation's council chamber and laws were made at the great tables around which the brute heroes drank from foaming horns, and shouted their boasts amid the flow of strong drink.

## TEMPERANCE: AN ISSUE IN AGES PAST.

We have also the traditional temperance movements, the Jewish Nazarites, the wise men, crying "vanity of vanities," and there is not so much difference, after all, in the solemn wail, "At last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder," and the blunt self-accusation of the old booze hoister, "A man that drinks liquor is a damn fool." Yet modern civilisation, seeking other worlds to conquer, has again tackled the problem. With our national and international figures turning to grape juice, lemonade, and buttermilk, there may be possibilities, but when a mere mine manager begins to talk about cutting out the "wet" and running a Y.M.C.A. mine, he is "bucking the game" with a fair amount of nerve. A great point has been made between the way a "gentleman" drinks and the manner in which a laborer takes it on. But is there a difference? When the various types around a mine take their spree everyone knows it, and their social standing is affected according to the current standards of their neighbors and, perhaps, the company. When those higher up, at their banquets, clubs, and social sessions, become incapacitated, possibly the spectacle is less public, but we will venture to say that nearly every man on the job can tell you all about it, the only unfortunate part of it being that they are apt to exaggerate the facts rather than minimise the incident, and, if it is a question of drinking on duty, the higher up an official is the more nearly he is on duty all the time. The trouble is the old doctrine of "the king can do no wrong" exists just about as tenaciously as the racial custom of drinking. It is all right for everyone else to "slop it up" but the other fellow.

However, the whole problem in the coal business is an industrial one, and we might as well face it in this way: We need not affirm or deny it has a moral or an ethical side; the question is narrowed down to a glaring sin against industrial efficiency. The fact that our mines try to operate five or six days out of every month at a shameful loss is a disgrace not to be lightly passed by. Instead of wasting time devising petty schemes for harassing the men who lay-off pay-day, or of forcing them to work in a besotted state, or of driving them out of town, it is a matter worthy of the best brains of the coal industry to see how they

can begin to "revise downward." Public opinion can put out of the business any custom or practice. When drunkenness in the public eye becomes an offence against public opinion, as dictated by the best and most powerful forces of society, it will be indulged in only by the degenerates, as is the worst of our present-day habits.

## SEE THAT DRINKING IS UNPOULAR.

Australians try to get things by short cuts. If everyone in Australia had wanted what they voted for the vote would have been unnecessary, for each person could have disapproved of drinking in a way that would have abolished drunkenness. However, public opinion seems to be sometimes formed by a well enforced law. That is, the law-breaker is unpopular for being found out. Now, if the public and the coal companies could unite in their campaign against booze they could get rid of it, only it would hurry up things a bit if the movement started with those higher up. Of course, every effort helps—gets society ready for the change—but it must be shaped into an industrial policy if anything large is to come of it.

When we are babbling temperance at the mines we are jabbing at something racial, nobody knows how old—but it is generally admitted that the liquor problem is the next important matter to be settled. The reason we are constrained to bear the ills we have rather than fly to others we know not of is that if 50 per cent. of our men lay off five days out of every month the loss in output is only about one-tenth, while if we "fire" one-tenth of the population bodily on account of drunkenness, we have lost our tenth and have not made a clean sweep either. Another difficulty in starting a campaign with the slogan "clear out the drunks" is that by the time these fellows are fired out a few times they will perhaps get wise enough to make the next fellows a good bunch of men. Then who will be the loser? Still, 10 per cent. is worth trying for. Let's see: Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday after pay-day are the drunks' holidays. Who will be the first to cut out Wednesday, or will we set Thursday for the limit of a drunk, and put the blocks to the fellow who is "too much sick" on Tuesday? Possibly, after all, the thing can be revised both upward and downward. How about all the highbrow stuff concerning labor efficiency when the operator is losing 10 and the miner 20 per cent. on account of pay-day drunkenness?

Curing this ill is a man's job if anyone wants to go to it, and it is not altogether a job for the Y.M.C.A. Coal-mining seems to be about the one industry in the world where a fellow is allowed to lose money for his employer and himself two or three days every two weeks, and then go back to work as if nothing had happened. In this problem, to take the initiative the little reformer is placed in the light of Shakespeare's Iago, who, urging Roderigo to help himself to what the gods had prepared, said, "Zounds! sir, you are one of those who will not serve God even if the devil bids you!"



## NEW ZEALAND NOTES.

On of the outstanding features of the campaign here is the strong endorsement of the No-License movement by the Presbyterian Church. It stands second to none for its enthusiastic and active participation in the fight against the liquor party and its influence counts for something in New Zealand. This can be realised slightly when we compare their church membership here with that of New South Wales. In New South Wales the Roman Catholic Church has a membership of about 25 per cent, of the population and the Presbyterian Church about 13 per cent. In New Zealand the figures are exactly opposite, the Presbyterian Church claiming one-fourth of the population. So the power and influence of this church for our cause is something to be thankful for.

During the past few weeks I have visited quite a number of small towns, and almost invariably I have partaken of the hospitality of the manse and received the active co-operation of the minister and officers of the kirk.

We were recently discussing the advent of a new minister and questioning as to his attitude to No-License, when quite dogmatically I was assured that he was sure to be a prohibitionist, as he had recently come from Invercargill. The fact of having lived in a No-License city was proof positive of his being a friend. Truly a splendid tribute to No-License.

It is remarkable the similarity between the tactics of the liquor party here and in Australia. The circular of 1910, purporting to come from the New South Wales Alliance office, and urging the folks to get ready for the next campaign by the No-License party against smoking, has its equal in a recent production by the local liquor party. An anti-smoking leaflet, published by the Hope Mission in Boston (a license city, by the way), has been republished and the local liquor folk say "this is a facsimile of a picture issued by the American prohibitionists." There is nothing on the leaflet to associate it in any way with the prohibitionists, but when driven to extremities there is nothing the liquor crowd will not do to draw attention from the main issue of liquor and No-License.

The annual convention of the prohibition forces of New Zealand will take place in Wellington next month. A deputation, a thousand strong, will wait upon the Premier to urge the abolition of the unfair three-fifths majority.

Mr. R. L. Herps, who rendered good service in the recent New South Wales campaign, arrived in Christchurch to-day to

take up work in connection with the coming prohibition poll. With several organizers at present assisting and a prospective visit from the Editor of "Grit," New Zealand must feel a little indebted to New South Wales for the services of workers loaned for the fight.

The congregation of St. Paul's Church, Christchurch, one of the most influential churches of the Dominion, last night gave a unanimous invitation to the Rev. John Patterson, M.A., of Chalmer's Church, Sydney. Mr. Patterson did noble service in the last New South Wales poll, and will be a distinct loss to the forces in your State if he accepts the invitation. Of course your loss will be New Zealand's gain, and this year every fighter is needed here.

The liquor folk here seem to have splendid control of the press telegraphic department. Immediately any message of benefit to us is transmitted through the land concurrently a telegraphic message is received from "a correspondent" or "special correspondent," or "our correspondent," which, by equivocation or misrepresentation, attempts to destroy the value of the original message.

In this morning's paper appears a cable from Sydney notifying us of the move for bare majority. Under this a telegram from "a correspondent," stating that the majority for continuance was increasing each election, and that a "bare majority" was therefore of no value. It also added that the president of the New South Wales Alliance had recently said at Enfield that "prohibition had received a decided set-back in the Mother State."

[The president of the Alliance has not recently spoken at Enfield, and never there or anywhere else said that "prohibition had received a setback in New South Wales." This is the lie direct to the "correspondent" who thinks it safe to make statements 1300 miles from New South Wales.—Editor "Grit."]

I met grim Death in the park one day,  
And here's what the tyrant had to say:  
"I'm weary of mowing with my scythe,  
Of parting children, and husband and wife.  
This word of advice to mortals I give,  
Observe it if long you want to live:  
Of victims to colds, there would be fewer  
If folk used Woods' Peppermint Cure!"

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242  
PITTS

Punctuality. Quok Despatch.

### PRINTERS.

#### WHY PROHIBITION WILL GAIN.

"Prohibition as it is applied to politics may never cause the elimination of the liquor traffic of this country, but Prohibition as it is being applied by the large corporations and the big business interests of the country is as certain to go a long way toward accomplishing this end as it is that day follows night." So says the "Atlantic City Review," which goes on to remark:—"The big railroads have said that they will not employ men who drink. The big steel corporations, or at least several of them, have said that they will not employ men who drink. The order has been given that men who drink, whether the drinking is done in their own time or while actually engaged in performing the services for their employers, will not be employed. The trend of the times in the business world is towards absolute sobriety. The big corporations say that they have accidents enough with careful and sober men, and they are not willing to take any chances with the man who permits his brain to become befuddled with drink."

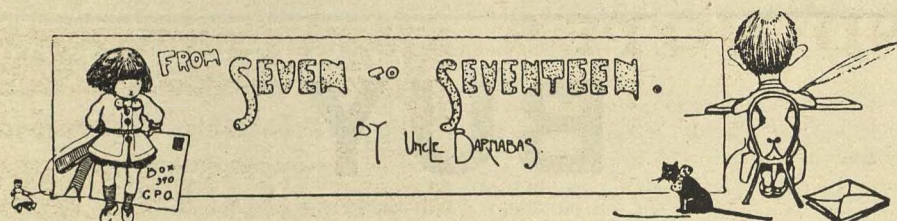
#### IF THE WHISKY WEREN'T THERE.

The following story is told by A. A. Hopkins in his book, "Profit and Loss in Man":—

"Some years ago in a village of Western New York on election morning the recognised village toper went to the polls. He asked for a prohibition ballot, and a liquor seller got him one, supposing a joke was at hand. Folding it as best he could, with trembling hands, the bleary-eyed, bloated-faced, ragged, unkempt man went to the ballot-box and registered his wish. Then they began to scoff and sneer at the drunkard who had cost a temperance vote. 'A pretty temperance voter you are,' said one. 'Why, if there was a bottle of whisky yonder there at the top of that Liberty Pole, and if you could have the whisky by climbing the pole at the risk of your life, you know you'd climb.' And then the drunkard straightened himself up as best he might and answered them. 'Know it!' he said, with trembling, painful emphasis: 'Know it! Oh yes I know it. And I know another thing, gentlemen: if the whisky wasn't there I wouldn't climb.'"

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**WINE—NATURE'S TONIC**  
Procure it in bottles or cases from the  
**VEGETARIAN RESTAURANTS**  
283 CLARENCE STREET and 45 HUNTER STREET  
(One door Town Hall) (One door Castlereagh-st.)





### DO YOU READ YOUR BIBLE?

I suppose there is not a ni or ne without a Bible, but do you use it? Does it interest you? Does it help you? Remember many thousands of children to-day are just like Timothy, who knew and loved the Bible as a little boy—see Second Epistle to Timothy, chapter 3, verse 15. If you are not using your Bible and finding it helpful, it is because you are not doing it in the right way. Will you look up these references:—

1. **Search** daily. Acts xvii. 11, 12.
2. **Meditate** deeply. Psalm i. 2; Psalm cxix. 15, 48, 97; Joshua i. 8.
3. **Desire** earnestly. Psalm cxix. 72, 97, 103, 131, 167; 1 Peter ii. 2.
4. **Obey** instantly. Joshua i. 8; Ezekiel xxxiii. 30-33; James i. 22; Matthew vii. 24; John xiv. 15; Deut. xxix. 9; Deut. xxx. 11-14.

### A NEW LIQUID MEASURE.

Two pints make one quart.  
Four quarts make one gallon.  
One gallon makes one argument.  
One argument causes one quarrel.  
One quarrel causes one fight.  
One fight, two policemen.  
Two policemen, one magistrate.  
One magistrate, forty shillings or seven days.

### A REAL DIFFICULTY.

Ruby Godfrey, The Island, Kameruka, Bega, writes:

Dear Uncle B.,—Just a few lines uncle to ask you if you could help me out of a difficulty.

Well, it is this: The other day I received a letter from a "Grit" cousin, signed M. L. Arthur. The address is—"Plainby, Crow's Nest, Queensland."

Through the letter I cannot tell whether it is a boy or a girl, and I am in a bit of a fog. I really ought to be ashamed of myself to say I have not seen the name in "Grit" before. But I haven't, really, that I can remember. So if you could let me know, please, uncle, I would be very grateful. With love from.

(Dear Ruby,—I am afraid I cannot help you in your real difficulty. I do not know Louisa, or it might be Mark Lenard; but what M.L. stands for. It might be Martha it is more likely to be the former. Are you not ambitious to win the Beauty Spot prize? I have not very many. Next week I will start and put one in "Grit" each week.—Uncle B.)

### NEAR THE ZOO.

Naomi Wingfield, 14 Roy Street, Newtown, Wellington, April 15, 1914, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I suppose Lenore will have

told you all about our wanderings since we last wrote to you.

We now live near the park, where there is a Zoo. There is a lion and lioness and two cubs. The lion's name is King Dick. What a noble animal he is. I think we have most fun looking at the monkeys. There are two baby monkeys at present in the Zoo. It is just wonderful how the mother monkey looks after the baby. She takes it in her arms and seems to croon over it, just as our mothers do. "We live in a dry" area. I think this will be all at present. I am your affectionate niece.

(Dear Naomi,—I have seen King Dick, and the day I saw him a baby monkey in a cage was so small that he got out through the bars and had a frolic on his own, but he soon scampered back. I hope you like your new home, and that before long the "dry" area will grow very much in New Zealand.—Uncle B.)

### WANTED A PHOTO OF UNCLE B.

Nellie Abbott, 44 Napier-st., Paddington, 10/5/14, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—It is not very long ago since I wrote to you. I will promise you that I will get my photo taken as soon as possible, and send it to you. But, uncle, couldn't you put your photo in "Grit?" I am sure that my cousins would be glad to see your face. The letters in "Grit" (7th May, 1914) were very interesting, especially Frances Brown's letter. In my last letter I told you about the Shakespearian concert. It turned out a great success. My youngest brother would be very pleased to write to you if he sees "Grit," and I will help him to write straight away to you. Wishing yourself and "Grit" every success.—From your niece.

(Dear Nellie,—So glad you have promised to send me a photo as soon as you can. I must get a "map of my face" some how and put it in "Grit." I have just got an idea, and think I can promise a picture soon. So glad you will help your brother to become a ne. It will be fine when I have 300 ne's and ni's.—Uncle B.)

### WHERE'S MOLLY.

Daisy Hawkins, Wyville, Cooma, May 8, 1914, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I heard Grace say that she was writing to you, and my conscience pricked me, and I thought that for once I would be good. I was very pleased a couple of weeks ago to see a letter from Bonny. I suppose she has a lot to do, now she is seventeen, and I wonder if she will have time to write at all when she is eighteen. Do you think, uncle, that Grace is at all like me by her photo. I was told the other day that she was, but I don't think so. I

am enclosing a postal note for 6/-, which is last year's sub., as my sister has not time to write. I have not had a letter from Kathleen lately, but the other girls have had letters from Emma. Have you seen Molly, who is in Sydney now. She left Wellington some time in February. Well, uncle, I must close now, with fond love to you all.—I am your loving niece.

(Dear Daisy,—I was surprised to hear Molly was in Sydney. Wherever she is, she is on my scalawag list. Nothing but a visit now, while she is in Sydney, will make up for her long silence. I do not think you are much like Grace, but then I am not good at seeing likenesses. I am better at noticing differences. I wonder which you are best at?—Uncle B.)

### A PHOTO AT LAST.

Grace Hawkins, Wyville, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—How are you getting on. We are having very cold weather up here now, and we are feeling it more since we came home. We had a beautiful time while we were away. The Friday before we came home auntie drove us into Rutherglen, Victoria, where we had our photos taken, one of which I am enclosing for you in this letter. I hope my cousins will not take fright at my face, but I can't help it, can I. We have had frosts and fogs up here already, but we haven't had any snow yet. Our new minister is a very nice speaker, and is getting along well up here. Well, uncle, I must close as I've other letters to write. Fond love to all my relations down your way from your sincere niece.

P.S.—I'll write more next time.—G.H.

(Dear Grace,—So pleased to receive your photo at last. It is a good one, and will look well in "Grit." In America they do not call it a photo, but "a map of your face." I wish a few more of my ne's and ni's would send me a "map of their face." When it snows, send for me. I love to be in the snow.—Uncle B.)

### A CHAMPION BROTHER.

Annie Chapman, Plymouth St., Enfield, May 5th, 1914, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I have not much news to tell you, but thought I must write to keep myself free of the scalawag list. Last Wednesday afternoon Miss Marshall from Leinco, China, spoke over at the Sunday school on missionary work, and told us pathetic little stories in connection with it. Her address was very interesting, doubly so because she wore a Chinese costume and showed us quaint little articles which the Chinese use. Among the latter were two pairs of Chinese shoes, the smallest of which were about 1½ inch long and 1 inch wide. Oh! They were tiny!

Last night St. Thomas' Gymnasium Institute held their annuau concert, and it passed off well. During the interval two medals and three certificates were presented: the medals for St. Thomas' cricket team and the certificates for debates. My brother got one medal for the best bowling average.

My friend told me she would write to you one day, so hoping she will do so, and wish-



ing "Grit" every success, and with good wishes to you and my "Grit" cousins, I remain, yours truly.

P.S.—I enclose a postal note, my mother's subscription for "Grit." Ruby Godfrey hasn't written for some time, and she promised us a description of the cheese factory. I was looking forward to it with interest.

(Dear Annie,—I am glad you wrote, and you will be pleased to see a letter from your friend. Please congratulate your brother for winning the bowling average. We are proud of the doings of the relatives of ne's and ni's, as well as their own doings. I agree with you, the missionaries are always interesting, and the pathos of their stories should prompt us to gratitude as well as generosity.—Uncle B.)

#### A PHOTO.

Lillian Ivers, Belgrave-street, Burwood, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I have just finished reading "Grit," and I am afraid I am on the scallawag list by now. You will find in the envelope a photo. of me, and a card for the "Beauty Spot" Competition. The photo. was taken up at Blackheath, on the Mountains. It was taken one afternoon; I think it was New Year's Day. I am in the yard of the cottage we stayed at. I always fed the cows, and horses when they came to the fence. There was one old cow I fed for a few days, and after awhile if I was not there to give her some bread she would moo, and I would have to go out and give her something. We stayed at Blackheath for a month, and we had a jolly time. We went to such a lot of places, but I liked the Grand Canyon best, and I think you would too, Uncle. On the 21st of December my little nephew, Gordon Davies, died, he was 13 months, and such a bonny boy. He was the only nephew I had. He was the first grandson of the Rev. Thomas Davies. I suppose you know Mr. Davies. My cousin from Wagga was staying with us for eight months, and he went home at Christmas. It will be Empire Day in four more days, but we are having it on Saturday in the park. It is my birthday next Monday, the 25 th of May. I think it is funny about Bonny and the mouse. I am not afraid of mice, but I am of rats. Love to all my cousins and yourself.

(Dear Lillian,—Thank you for your photo; it will appear in "Grit" soon. We are always interested in photos, and I am so glad when I get one from a ni or ne. We are all so sorry to hear of dear little Gordon, but he has gone Home, and is therefore far happier, and we must not sorrow as though we had no hope. I hope you had a very happy birthday. Will you write and tell us all about it?—Uncle B.)

#### A BEAUTY SPOT.

Beryl, "Karlsruhe," Bexley, writes:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—Just a tiny note re "Beauty Spot" Competition. Enclosed you will find one of Como Bridge, situated about 40 minutes' journey from here. I have tried

everywhere to get a view of some spot nearer home but have been unable to, and also found it impossible to get pure black and white; but still this is set in fairly dull colors, isn't it? We have many spots worthy of a snapshot close to here, all within a half hour's trip, but the travelling photographers compel the stationers to buy large quantities of each separate view, and so cause the scenes to be overstocked and lying about. I think it a great pity, because it stops our district from being known so well.

Must say good-bye now, promising to send a longer letter soon. Although 'tis so long since I wrote, I still think of you and all members of Page "Double One" as much as ever. Fondest love, from your loving ni.

(Dear Beryl,—Thank you for your contribution to the "Beauty Spot" Competition. I have some very pretty cards already sent in. We will all expect that longer letter—a good old-time letter. I am glad to think that many of those who do not write do not forget us.—Uncle B.)

#### COOKING AND WRITING.

Ruby Godfrey, The Island, Kameruka, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Well, here I am at last, writing to "Grit" again. I suppose you uncle, and the cousins thought I had forgotten all about "Grit," but not quite. I read the letters on Page 11 just the same, although I haven't had much time for reading, I found time to read those. Well, Uncle dear, I think you will forgive me for not writing when I tell you that mother has been very ill, and of course I, being the only big girl at home, have been kept busy. Mother seems a little better now. I think she is going away somewhere for a few weeks to see if the change will do her good. The worst of it is, Dad was away, but we did not tell him all about her; he is home again now. I am writing this letter, uncle, and cooking the dinner at the same time, so please excuse mistakes if there are any. We are having glorious weather here at present, lovely bright days and nice fresh nights; if any-

thing a little cool some times. I think you know our Minister, Uncle, at least I think Mr. Hammond does, so I suppose you do, his name is Rev. N. W. Gardner. He is so nice and is very earnest in his work, and liked very well by all his congregation. He was saying he knew Mr. Hammond and thought him a very nice and earnest gentleman, but you had better not tell Mr. Hammond that, because it does not do for some people to hear too much good about themselves as they (might) get conceited, but I do not think Mr. Hammond is one of those sort, do you? I had a nice letter from cousin Nettie not long ago, and also one from Dulcie Davis, and another one from a Queensland cousin. I think it is nice to get letters from one another of the cousins, and any other cousins I would like to hear from that would care to write to me; but Uncle, in the future I will try to write more often. I must not forget that I promised to write about cheese making—but I am afraid I have written nearly enough for this time. Did you get the other letter I sent you, asking you a question? I hope you did. I am going to the hospital this afternoon to see a girl friend of mine who has just been under an operation for appendicitis. My cousin Elsie is taking me in. We are still all waiting to see your photo. in "Grit." If you have not one of your own, ask Mr. Hammond if he would be kind enough to lend you one of his for the occasion. We would be quite satisfied with one of his. Well, Uncle dear, I must close now, hoping this will find you quite well, with love to self and cousins, I remain, your loving niece.

(Dear Ruby,—I wonder if the dinner suffered from your writing to me? There is an old saying, "We can't do two things at once." It evidently is not quite a true saying. I think your idea a very good one. I will ask Mr. Hammond to lend me a "map of his face," and see if we cannot make it look sufficiently like Uncle B. to satisfy everyone. Please write the cheese-making account as soon as you can.—Uncle B.)

# BUY GRIFFITHS' TEAS

## GRAINUS PORRIDGE FOOD.





## Have you a Bath Heater?

Robust people love the cold plunge or shower on frosty mornings, but medical men forbid other folks to likewise indulge.

Those who can't take it cold, must do one of two things to get the necessary warm bath—either boil a pot or instal a good bath heater. Think before doing the latter, as there are many heaters that give trouble. The Fletcher-Russell doesn't. It heats one to four gallons of water in a minute, to from 60 to 105 degrees with a minimum use of gas. It is the quickest, safest, and most economical.

Safe and sure, no trouble, gas doesn't go through the water. Ask us all about it, and see it working at our warehouse or

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PRICES  
FROM  
£5/5/-.

## This is Where You Laugh.



### HAD DAMAGES ENOUGH.

An old colored woman was seriously injured in a railway accident. One and all her friends urged the necessity of suing the railroad corporation for damages.

"I 'clar' to gracious," she scornfully replied to their advice, "ef dis old nigga ain't done git more'n nuff o' damages! What I'se wantin' now an' what I'se done gwine to sue dat company foh is repairs."

\* \* \*

### TOO MUCH.

Norman White, who was in the American political ring recently, told this story to lighten up his tariff opinions:—

A new baby arrived at a house. A little girl had been the pet of the family. Every one made much of her, but when there was a new baby she felt rather neglected.

"How are you, Mary?" a visitor asked of her one afternoon.

"Oh, I'm all right," she said, "except that I think there is too much competition in this world."

\* \* \*

### DAD WASN'T FEELING GOOD.

"Willie," said the teacher, "what shape is the earth?"

"It is an oblate spheroid."

"And what kind of shape is that?"

"I asked father, and he said he guessed it was a scientific way of saying the world is in mighty bad shape at present."

\* \* \*

### EMERGENCY REPAIR.

"John," shouted the wife, in the middle of the night. John snored a bit louder and turned over.

"John," she said, with increased emphasis.

"What is it?" grunted John.

"Get up, the gas is leaking."

"Aw, put a pan under it an' come back to bed."

### DAD'S SARCASTIC.

There is a certain long-suffering father whose nerves sometimes give way under the constant fire of questions from his talkative eight-year-old son.

"Dad," asked the youngster, just as the old man had one evening settled down for a perusal of his newspaper. "Dad, am I made of dust?"

"I think not!" responded the unhappy parent. "Otherwise you'd dry up now and then."

\* \* \*

### SPEED RECORD BROKEN.

Two Irishmen employed on a man-o'-war, finding things a bit slow one morning, decided to liven them up a little. So Dennis, instructed by Mike, placed himself astride one of the big guns and held a deck-pail over the muzzle.

"Now," said Dennis, "let 'er go!"

Whereupon Mike touched her off and she went, sure enough—likewise Dennis and the pail. When the officer in charge came running up, he said: "Michael, what has become of your friend?"

"Oh," said Mike, "he just wint afther a pail of water."

"I see, but when is he coming back?"

"Well," answered Mike, "I'm sure I can't tell exactly, but if he comes back as quick as he wint, he'll be back yisterday."

\* \* \*

"Well, auntie, have you got your photographs yet?"

"Yes, and I sent them back in disgust."

"Gracious! How was that?"

"Why, on the back of every photo. was this: 'The original of this is carefully preserved.'"

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A tourist, "doing" one of the many old inns of England, had ordered tea and a sandwich. The waiter was boring her with his tiresome descriptions of the historic connections of each piece of furniture, and the legends surrounding every article in the house.

"So everything in the house has a legend connected with it," she remarked, when he paused. "Well, do tell me about this quaint old ham sandwich."

\* \* \*

Mrs. Brundage was crossing the ocean for the first time. One morning, as the captain was standing near her, she said:

"Pardon my ignorance, but how do you manage to find your way across the trackless ocean?"

"By means of the compass, madam," replied the gallant captain. "The needle invariably points north."

"But," queried the woman, "suppose you wish to go south?"

\* \* \*

He was a genius. There was no doubt about it. His hair was long, and there was a dreamy, far-away look in his eyes, and he had a scheme that would make him rich. "What is your scheme?" asked a friend. "Come to a quiet corner, and I will tell you. 'Tis this. It has been estimated that the common housefly lays 20,000 eggs in a season." "Well," answered his friend, "what of that?" "I propose," continued the other, "to graft the housefly on the hen."



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### Keeping John Barleycorn off the Train

(Continued from Page 7.)

runner who has pulled a trans-continental limited over a mountain division for twenty years; "and it is all one man can do to master enough of it to run an engine as it should be run. If there is any industrial job in the world that calls for more complete concentration, sounder judgment and quicker action than the engineer's, or that has more natural distractions, I have never heard its name.

"Giving all my attention while I'm running is not sufficient; I have to prepare my mind for the run before I climb into the cab. I leave things as harmonious as possible at home, kiss the wife and kids, and promise to think about them—when I reach the other end of the division. I avoid quarrels or arguments, and never go near the mail-box before starting out—there might be a reprimand or a query there that would creep into my thoughts when I ought to be devoting myself exclusively to the throttle, the steam gauge and the Johnson bar.

"I do my gabbing and my story-telling with the fireman before we start. He never speaks to me when we are in motion except on business—and then he doesn't holler round the boiler; he comes and stands by my side so I won't have to take my eyes off the track and the semaphores that tell me every two or three minutes what about the block ahead. I build a stockade round my mind and then stand at the gate with a gun; I admit no thoughts except those that concern my orders and my train.

"Some enginemen may think they are big enough to carry a drink; I know I'm not. Frankly, I had rather take the limited over the division with a bandanna across my eyes than with two swallows of whisky in my insides!"

The railroad's big opportunity to help the men with Rule G grows out of the fact that the beardless husky who comes into the service as fireman or brakeman is not likely to have habits already fixed. The first step in co-operation is along the line of protection. The young railroader has some sort of home at one end of the division. The other end of the run, where he will lay over several nights a week, immediately becomes of interest to his superintendent.

The Old Man makes it his business to foster a stopping place for railroaders in that town which will supply something in the way of a cheerful atmosphere, company and diversion. Many a branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, offering bed, board, athletics, reading room and amusements, thrives in an unpromising place for

the reason that that place happens to be the end of a railroad run and the railroad company secretly takes care of the deficit.

One Eastern road is said to contribute substantially to the Y.M.C.A. in no less than a dozen towns. Many a concern, sectarian or secular, with accommodations near the tracks and the ability to keep the railroader from wandering down town after supper, finds the railroad a sympathetic listener to the story of its financial needs.

A more difficult task than starting the youngster right has been keeping the veteran out of temptation. The railroad has learned to fight King Barleycorn for every individual who slips into the danger zone. The modern superintendent—through his observation, through his trainmasters, through his countless little sources of information—keeps himself as well informed of what his men are doing in their off-time as when they are running the train. He is not spying on them; he is spying for them.

#### THE CASE OF TIP BUNTER.

At the first appearance of financial or domestic difficulty the railroader is surrounded with every supporting influence—so that he will not go looking for solace in the neck of a bottle. One Western superintendent who is an odd mixture of iron and benevolence never misses a picnic of any of the brotherhods. He swings the offspring and persuades the wives to tell him the secret of their pies. Once, when he put off a conference with his general manager to attend an outing of engineers and their families, he was asked whether he considered his going to the picnic as of more importance to the road.

"I do," he replied. "It is absolutely necessary for me to know how every engineer is standing with his family. I must know whether he is proud of his kids. If I don't find a man caring more for his wife as she grows older I prepare to keep a close watch on that man and his run. The engineer who knows he has an angel at home—or a bunch of angels—is not going to want a drink, is not going to pile up his train. One picnic is of more service to me than a hundred detectives. After every little outing of this kind you'll find my train-masters busy with a list of names. The men whose names are on that list are going to be studied; then they are going to be wrestled with."

The superintendent knows that men do not drink liquor because they are thirsty. His business is with the fact behind the act. There was the case of Tip Bunter. No better mechanic ever groomed mountain-climbing locomotives in a certain Utah round-house. His skill at setting engine valves is attested by the fact that he was

twice taken back into the service after knocking holes as big as a boiler-head in Rule G. The skeptics said he would fall again. He did; and the foreman told him to get out of the round-house for ever. The mechanic went on a two weeks' spree.

The Old Man of the division saw Tip Bunter, after he became sober, leaning against a telegraph pole and looking the outcast he was. The Old Man went over and planted a shoulder against the pole.

"What made you do it, Tip?" he inquired.

"I had a right to get drunk if that suited me," testily muttered the jobless mechanic.

"Just as we have a right to let you go hungry because you no longer suit us," assented the Old Man. "But what was the good of doing it?"

"Oh, because nobody cared a rap."

"That isn't true and that isn't the reason. Why did you do it?"

"You're so darned inquisitive I'll just tell you, though it doesn't cut any ice one way or another," snapped Tip Bunter. "Nineteen years ago, back in Tennessee, I married a girl whose folks didn't like me any more than my folks liked her. Both sides made all the trouble for us they could. Finally the girl's people convinced her that I was a bad one. I was so disgusted I skipped out and went to New Zealand. I heard two or three years later that a boy had been born after I left. It took me fifteen years to realise what I should have done under such circumstances.

"Lately I've got to thinking what a fool I was, and I can't stand it—that's about all there is to it. You wouldn't like to tell the con of that train over there to carry me to the next town, would you?"

"Suppose I made them take you back in the round-house for three months, would you give me your word not to take a drink during that period?" asked the Old Man.

"No—because I might not be able to keep my word."

"I'm willing to take a chance on your word."

Two weeks before the three months expired Tip Bunter appeared at the superintendent's office.

"Lift my promise off my neck and fire me!" he said. "I haven't slept for three nights."

The Old Man grasped Tip Bunter by the shoulder, threw him into a chair, and went about coaxing a soul back into what had become beef. It was a changed Tip Bunter who slipped away to the round-house—after he had given his word to go another quarter year dry.

When the third three months, served under a third promise, were ending, the Old Man sent for the mechanic.

(To be continued.)



## Soldiers of the Cross.

FIGHTING THE "LOW-DOWN WHITES" IN ALASKA.

Dr. Grafton Burke, a medical missionary in the Yukon River region of Alaska, is one of the pluckiest uplifters that ever crusaded for the weak, the meek, or the lowly. The difficulties he has encountered since he went to Fort Yukon six years ago would break the fighting spirit of a man of ordinary courage, but Dr. Burke is the kind that never gives up. He would have had smooth sailing if he had been satisfied with practising medicine among the Indians of Alaska; he probably would not have had an important enemy. But when he set out to drive the liquor-sellers out of business because they were poisoning the ignorant Indians, Dr. Burke found that he had a big fight on his hands and that the odds were against him. He went to Fort Yukon with Archdeacon Hudson Stuck, the climber of Mt. McKinley, who describes the doctor's work in the New York "Evening Post." Archdeacon Stuck holds that the activities of lawless men—"low-down whites" is what they are called in Alaska—are due largely to the fact that Congress has not provided the necessary police facilities. Here is his story:

The efforts for the betterment of the Indian people gave every good promise, save in so far as they were hindered and thwarted by the dissolute white men on their periodic debauches. When it was recognised that things grew worse as the number of such men increased, and that the situation threatened to get out of hand altogether, application was made to the Federal judge at Fairbanks for the appointment of a justice of the peace at Fort Yukon, and since there was no one else in the whole village who could possibly be appointed, the Court commissioned Dr. Grafton Burke in that capacity two years ago. These officers in Alaska are without salary, and are expected to maintain themselves upon fees, which, at such a point as Fort Yukon, are altogether insignificant. Dr. Burke took the office very reluctantly, and only because he felt that it was his duty to do so, and because he realised the imperative necessity of a resident magistrate.

He was, perhaps, the most popular man in all the country around until he became justice of the peace; he has now become the most unpopular. His office soon brought him into conflict with the reckless libertines who use the place. Last winter things came to a climax. To give or sell liquor to an Indian is a felony in Alaska, and Congress has shown wisdom in recognising the terrible effect of intoxicating liquor among these people and the urgent need of keeping it from them, but Congress would have shown greater wisdom if, upon making such stringent laws, it had, at the same time, set up an adequate machinery to carry them out. On the whole 1600 miles of the American Yukon River there are six deputy United States marshals. These men owe their position largely to political influence,

sometimes are eager to suppress this illicit traffic—and sometimes are not.

Archdeacon Stuck thinks that if the Yukon Indians are to survive they must be protected from the "low-down whites" who sell liquor to the men and debauch the women. He says some of the men who prey upon the natives are Indian traders. We read on:

For the last five years, at every mission station on the Yukon, the death-rate has exceeded the birth-rate. Liquor and disease—the two go hand in hand among the Indians—are working their inevitable havoc with this gentle and kindly race. Here is no economic pressure such as drove the Indians from the plains; here is no white population hungry for Indian land; if any such preposterous notion has entered any head as the result of extravagant magazine and newspaper articles let it be dismissed at once.

The white population of the interior of Alaska, and particularly the white population of the Yukon River, is less than it was seven years ago. There are millions of acres to be had for the asking, and no one asks for them: "waiting for the plow" they may be, as the perfervid imagination of some has described them, but as all who know the country will admit, at least they have yet a very long time to wait. In the opinion of the present writer, nine-tenths of the vast interior of Alaska will always be an arctic wilderness, and he has formed that opinion from eight or nine years' continuous travel in it. In his judgment the only question is a question of an inhabited wilderness or an uninhabited wilderness, and, speaking broadly, the Indians are the only race who will ever make their homes in it. If these people are wantonly destroyed it will be the foulest blot that has ever soiled the escutcheon of the United States. But if they are to survive, then more stringent measures must be employed to suppress the "low-down whites" who infest the Yukon River and intrude themselves into native villages against the wishes of the people for no other purpose than to debauch and corrupt.

Meanwhile, the writer looks across the thousand leagues from New York to the Yukon with pride at the spectacle of this young physician, his devoted wife, and the

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Government school-teacher, maintaining a little garrison for the defence of the Indians against those who would trample them in the mire, body and soul, and is eager himself to get back to the scene of the conflict.—"Literary Digest."

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