

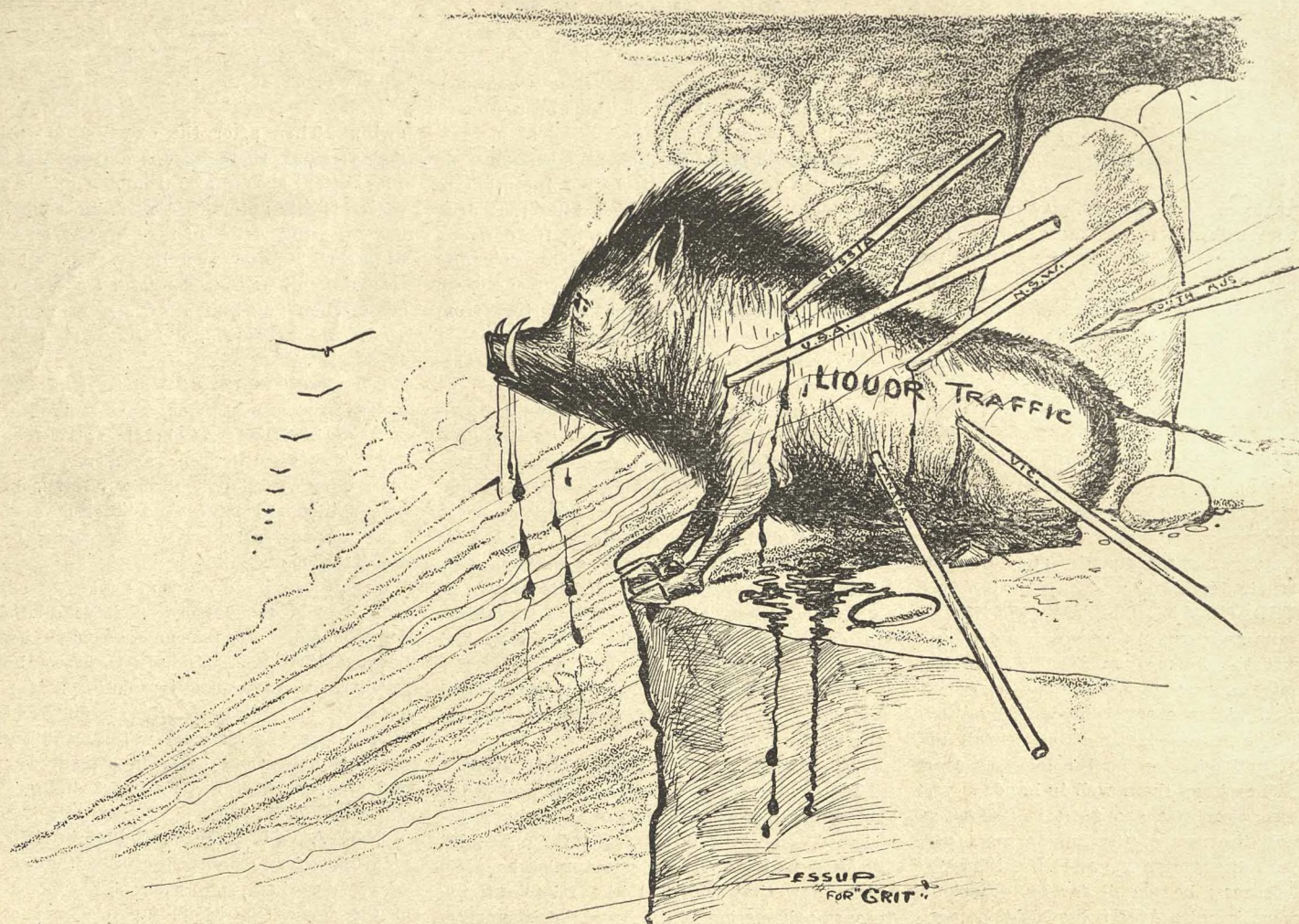
# Grit

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## A WEAK HEART.

SOME CAUSES OF DISCOMFORT, DISEASE AND DEATH.

"The English Sunday Chronicle" had recently among its talks by a doctor an article upon heart hygiene. The writer, after showing that over-eating often produced unpleasant cardiac symptoms, went on to discuss other causes of similar affections. Here is an important part of his interesting statement:—

The heart is a pump, a hollow muscular pump that forces the blood along the circulation by giving it a good hard squeeze a little more than once a second, but it is not a mere automatic organ like a ship's pump. It is alive, and, like all living matter, its action is controlled by our nerves.

A pair of nerves, like a pair of bearing reins run from the brain to the heart and control its action, keeping its pace and rhythm steady and regular. When working properly they allow it to beat at a normal rate, about seventy times a minute. If they lose their control, however, other nerves which accelerate the speed of the heart come into play. The former are in fact a check on the heart, and if their influence is either considerably lessened or altogether removed the heart beats at an alarming rate, as if it was trying to knock the chest wall aside. That constitutes an attack of palpitation.

Excitement or fear or shock will all lessen the control these nerves exercise on the heart, and when we are the prey of these emotions our hearts get out of hand. They take the bit in their teeth.

### VETERANS AND STEADY HEARTS.

Now the greater your nervous control over the heart the longer you are likely to live, and that you may take from me as a bed-rock fact. All the veterans who live to a ripe old age have hearts that beat slowly and steadily, and don't go on the loose at every upset. They keep them well in hand.

You see, every time your heart gallops off it sets all the rest of the human machinery going on the "hustle," and the "hustle," though it may be useful for an occasional emergency, is not a good rule of life. Americans hustle and die young—Englishmen work and live to a good old age. You have only a certain fixed allowance of vital energy to begin with, and it stands to reason that if you use it up recklessly you will wear it out the sooner.

Moreover, you can have these crises of the heart, these attacks of palpitation, once too often, especially when you get past middle age, for the blood vessels are brittle then, and can't stand it, and one day perhaps you end up with a stroke of apoplexy.

You know now a little of the way in which the heart is controlled by the nerves, and the next thing to learn is that nerves can only be affected in two ways. They can either be stimulated or depressed. If the nerves going to the heart are stimulated the heart acts powerfully and steadily; if they are depressed, the heart becomes weak and feeble and frequent; and if they are paralysed the heart ceases to beat altogether.

### ALCOHOL AND THE HEART.

All this digression, if such it appears to be, is by way of prelude to the fact that there are certain substances that nearly everyone takes that have all these actions on the heart, and in a most marked and powerful degree. I am referring to alcohol, and though I do not wish to reproach, it is my intention to point out certain facts concerning that drug and to warn you of certain of its dangers, because a vast number of people, generally men, who are reported to be suffering from "weak hearts" are in fact suffering from nothing more than the accumulated effect of very small doses of alcohol. These hearts are really "weak."

It is a curious fact that for about a dozen centuries no scientific man ever inquired into the value of alcohol as a drug. It was regarded both as a food and as medicine, and its value was taken on trust. Doctors prescribed it recklessly and indiscriminately just as they bled their patients in a previous age. A delightful mirage surrounded its action. It was given freely to the weak and the ailing, to convalescents and nursing women, and even to children.

"Wine for children, beer for men, and brandy for heroes," said Bismarck, echoing the wisdom of his day.

### WE KNOW A LITTLE BETTER NOW.

We know that it is not a food, and when so virile a personality as Lord Halsbury described it as "the liquid food of the people" he was making a very great mistake. We also know that whilst it is a stimulant, increasing the action of the heart, brain, nerves, and almost every other organ for a short time, it is also a depressant of every organ to an equal extent, and that each stimulus has to be bought at a small rate of interest, which if repeated too frequently mounts up to a very respectable bill in time, and which has to be met one day, like all other bills.

You feel very bold and brave at eleven o'clock at night after a merry supper with a few friends; you are a hero in your own thoughts. That is the stimulation period. But you feel pretty cheap and small when

you wake up the next morning. That is the period of depression that people lose sight of.

### POWER OF CONTROL.

Now this is precisely the action of alcohol on the heart. It flogs that organ into increased vigor, and at the same time stimulates the brain so that you get a fine dose of Dutch courage and you see things through a mirage. And therein lies its danger.

But at the same time it diminishes your nervous control of the heart, so that it gallops; the "governor" is temporarily paralysed. And, worst of all, it saps the vitality of the heart muscle itself, so that it really does get weaker. Not in a day, or a month, or even a year perhaps, but it is a certain fact that small repeated doses taken daily for years will end by giving you a "weak heart," which you will put down to anything but the actual cause.

Take my advice if you find your heart in this state. Stop the alcohol altogether, and in a month or so you will be sound and fit once more. Try it.

This kind of "weak heart" is weakest in the morning, when the stimulating effect of the drink of the night before has passed off and the period of depression is in full swing. Then after the exertions of washing and dressing there ensues a terrible period. The patient shakes and trembles, and is quite certain he is going to die. If he could only have one tiny drink of neat brandy he would be all right, and well he knows that fact. Resist it with all your might, for a day will come when you may need a quart to pull you round, and perhaps in time half a bottleful.

Lie down and rest quietly till the fit passes away, and then have some strong soup or beef tea. Alcohol is not a food; it has only two uses, one as a powerful but temporary occasional stimulant in the hands of a skilled physician; the other as a social lever amongst men and women whose power of control is strong.

If you use it as a drug yourself to buck you up, you are doomed. I have dilated at some length on this cause of weak hearts, because it is so frightfully common, but it rarely sails under its true colors; it masquerades in those of others, but you can take it as a fact that doctors invariably suspect alcohol when they are consulted by a male patient who has no heart disease, yet complains of his heart.

### NOT A VOICE OF THE PREACHER.

Do not for a moment think that I am suggesting that such cases take too much in the sense that their faculties are overcome. They do not. They are outwardly, and quite honestly, too, most eminent respectable citizens. Yet all the same they are persistently creating a slight paralysis—a very slight one it may be—of the heart and the nerves, that one day will have to be reckoned with.

The treatment of such a form of weak heart is very simple, and can be summed up in a single sentence. Stop these indiscriminate drinks scattered throughout the day. It

(Continued on Page 13.)



## The Strongest Man in the State.

NETTIE LOUNSBURY CURTIS, Ossining, N.Y.

It was a proud moment in the life of Roland Millerton when a letter reached him from the political leaders of his State asking that he would accept the honor of a banquet from them. He knew that his nomination as Governor of the State was under consideration; for a friend, who was the unofficial mouthpiece of the party, had just left him.

Millerton walked back to the library and closed the door. He dropped into the revolving chair before his desk with a smile on his face and a triumphant gleam in his fine gray eyes.

His retrospections appeared pleasing. Though his gaze wandered through the window in seeming survey of hill and vale and gently flowing stream, yet he saw none of these beauties of nature; his boyhood days on the old farm recurred to his mind. He saw his father bringing back the oxen after their day's work was over; he dwelt with tenderness on his mother and her winsomeness. Again he heard her urging him to hurry up with his "chores," that he might get the quicker to his books.

"My boy must be a scholar, remember; not a dullard!"—her admonition sounded down through the years.

In swift mental review he glanced at his school life in the adjacent town, to which, still under the inspiring maternal influence, he walked in all kinds of weather.

Then thoughts of his college chums and college honors flitted through his mind. He specially recalled the unshed tears of joy in his mother's eyes when the Phi Beta Kappa key was conferred upon him. He had refused to finish the course unless his mother agreed to be present when he was graduated. The expense of the trip was to be defrayed by her son's diligence in leisure hours.

Passing on through the years, he remembered with pride his entrance into the law firm of Blinksley and Nasheth; his evenings devoted to study and general reading, then his first public speeches.

A soft gleam illumined his eyes when he recalled the first time that he met Helena Blinksley—now his wife, and perhaps soon to become the Governor's lady! At the recollection he came back to the present, and reaching up to an electric button near his desk he pressed it. A man servant appeared.

"Gowen, please ask Mrs. Millerton if she can spare me a few moments in the library." The servitor withdrew with noiseless step.

In another moment the door re-opened and closed again upon a beautiful woman of dignified presence. When his wife entered a room, Roland Millerton's sensations were akin to those he experienced when he rambled anew over a familiar mountain crest.

The man rose and went forward to meet this lady of his heart. With a mingling of

pride and humility he placed a hand on each of her shoulders.

"Helena, I desired to share with you at once a bit of news. Our party leaders will honor me with a banquet at the capital next week. I understand that they mean to tender me the nomination for Governor of this State."

"O Roland! How fine! Yet it is just what I have been expecting for months past." Her shining eyes met and held his for a long, happy moment. Then husband and wife moved apart.

"It will give you great pleasure, then, Helena, if I accept the nomination?" asked her husband.

"Yes, Roland dear, it will. You have never failed to achieve the ideals of glory that I have entertained for you. By the way, at this banquet," she proceeded with carefully chosen speech, "will they expect you to make known your views on all public questions—your views on temperance, for example?" A shade of seeming annoyance crossed Roland's open brow.

"I shall keep nothing back, Helena, that ought to be revealed." The tone was quiet and firm.

"But, Roland, you must lay bare your rigid ideas concerning temperance?" The woman's hand was placed half pleadingly on his arm.

Millerton moved away as he answered: "Your husband, Helena, has never refrained from meeting any subject squarely where his principles were involved. The temperance question is not one to be kept in the background. Constant agitation through legislation is our great hope for removing this curse in our midst."

"It will injure your popularity, Roland. You will fail to receive the nomination." A tinge of reproach marked the assertion.

"Then, Helena, I shall lose it," he replied with crisp decision. His fearless eyes met his wife's without flinching, and she turned as if to leave the room. Remonstrance was idle with a man whose public and private life was of crystal purity; but his words arrested her steps.

"Now it will be an easy matter to meet the resistance of my partisans, since I have stood out against my wife," he said with a sigh as he reached for his hat. In an instant Mrs. Millerton was all smiles. "My brave Roland!" she exclaimed with a catch in her throat. "Believe me, it was not from selfish motives that I desired you to keep silence. You are my life's hero! I did not wish you brushed aside from the honorable position you could so well fill."

With tender, reassuring words Roland Millerton comforted her. Then he left to go to his office, and incidentally to write an acceptance of the courtesy offered him by his party.

The banquet given in honor of Roland Millerton some days later represented big

and varied interests throughout the State. There were lawyers, keen-eyed men whose scintillating wits forced recognition of their value; a sprinkling of physicians and divines famous in skill and oratory; several men who represented the basic finances of the country, and then the majority—the leviathans of industry! It was on this class that Millerton knew that success or failure depended.

Seated on his right was a gray-haired magnate in whose employ were 20,000 men. At tables near could be seen financiers whose collective fortunes reached into many hundreds of thousands. An unfavorable plank in his platform meant disaster to all Roland's gubernatorial aspirations. Yet when the Epicurean feast had received its merited share of attention; when the several brief, flattering and delightful speeches gave place to the address of the evening, it was with fearless eye and smiling face that Roland Millerton arose in response to the graceful pleasantry of the toastmaster's introduction.

The speech that followed was a masterpiece of clear, succinct English. It dealt with the problems of the hour for his party. It touched with decided view-point upon what should be that party's ideals for the future. The address was received with so much enthusiasm that again and again the master of the feast had to restrain the too prolonged applause, lest any word of the speaker should be lost.

Suddenly looking around upon the eager, attentive faces lifted to his, Millerton paused. The silence could be felt.

"And now," he continued with slow, incisive utterance, "if I should stop at this point, I might well be branded as a coward too despicable for further notice. I want every man here to-night"—he calmly surveyed his audience with keen gaze—"to understand my attitude on the temperance question. Drink as a habit is a curse to any man. Surely there is no argument regarding that. I consider the licensed sale of alcoholic drinks the most diabolical menace to any race or country. It overshadows public and private life like a Damoclean sword. Mark the trail of the serpent upon the pages of history as you recall the Bacchic orgies of classic antiquity, the Neroian revels of the Empire, the Berserker rage of the wild Norseman in his wassil, and the ravings of the red man maddened by his fire-water, down to the American laboring man, brutish and besotted by his cup!

"Granting that a man has a right to drink even though he injure himself, can he prove to me that his habit harms no one beside himself.

"To be sure there are those who flagrantly avow their independence of all altruistic considerations, who defiantly assert their indifference to unselfish motives, their determination to lead their own lives as free agents—so-called. They stoutly declare that all this talk of the brotherhood of man, and being your brother's keeper, is—rot!

(Continued on Page 13.)





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## New South Wales Alliance.

### THE NEW ZEALAND POLL.

#### IMPRESSIONS BY THE GENERAL SECRETARY.

Another page on the history of Zealandia's struggle against alcohol has been written, and, like much of the cabled military news, it is a story of losses and gains. The losses are contained in the decreased vote recorded on both the local and national issues. Before leaving New Zealand I had the privilege of interviewing prominent prohibition leaders, and, on the whole, they find it difficult to satisfactorily explain why this should be so. The gains stand out in the return to the Dominion Parliament of an overwhelming majority of parliamentarians pledged to reduce the majority required to carry prohibition from 60 per cent. to 55 per cent.

In placing the gains alongside of the losses on available figures, it would appear that with the advent of licensing legislation reducing the majority the people of New Zealand are nearer to prohibition to-day on the actual votes polled than they were in 1911. It is more than possible than the effort made by the New Zealand Alliance entering, as they did, into the political arena with a view of sending into political oblivion the men who stood for the political protection of the liquor traffic, has cost them many individual votes. The political party machines in New Zealand have developed very much on Australian lines, and the intrusion into that arena by the prohibitionists was bitterly resented by both political parties, causing a good deal of heart-burning and no doubt loss of individual votes for our cause.

Another important issue unhappily caused a great deal of division in the ranks of the prohibitionists was the "Bible in Schools" question. There were candidates favorable to prohibition but opposed to Bibles in schools, and vice-versa. As the prohibition movement gathers considerable strength in the

churches, from which also emanated the demand for Bibles in schools, the two issues were confused in the public minds, hence in some cases church people were urged to vote against the prohibitionist on the religious issue and were urged to vote for the brewery candidate because he favored Bibles in schools. This unhappy position played right into the hands of the enemy, who are always happy to have a diverting issue raised at the taking of a poll.

It is satisfactory to note that none of the No-License electorates have gone back to license, notwithstanding the most determined onslaught made to rob these districts of their cherished reform. During the campaign Invercargill came in for special treatment, but that city gave its effective answer, for whereas in 1911 the majority against restoration was 500, in 1914 it reached the splendid majority of 1200.

One thing I was especially impressed with was the lack of consideration for the moral issues involved. In circles where one would expect morality to be the dominant feature, the questions of revenue and personal liberty were urged. The press, which prides itself in many directions, manifested a moral debasement that did not reflect creditably upon journals that are keen to take exception to anything deviating from the strict rule of morality on issues other than that of the liquor traffic.

At this juncture it is not advisable to discuss the issue at too great a length. We must patiently wait the final figures and the summing up by the New Zealand Alliance officials, who will, no doubt, give us the benefit of their knowledge on the whole question.

#### GENERAL SECRETARY TO VISIT NEWCASTLE.

A communication has been received from the Newcastle Branch of the Alliance, inviting Mr. Marion to visit that city on

January 15 and 16, and conduct a series of meetings, telling the story of his recent New Zealand campaign. The invitation has been accepted, and it is possible that other meetings will be arranged in the district following on these dates.

\* \* \*

#### £50 FROM SCOTLAND.

The Alliance has had the good fortune to receive a donation of £50 from a "Gospel Temperance Friend" resident in Scotland. This friend has caught the true spirit of the temperance movement, and, in his own language, says "the Auxiliary desires to aid others to help themselves in the universal promotion of definite temperance, education, and practice. Those who sow the seed to reap the fruit, and all to be as willing to give or do as to request and accept. Personally, I would not have done so much for temperance if I had used less literature, and all I have saved by abstinence from drink and narcotics I have devoted to further temperance. I have never regretted doing so, and some, with God's blessing, are reaping the good results every day. I hope many will follow the example and secure rich harvests. Ten pounds expended on teaching the young temperance might save hundreds of lives and pounds, and £10 contributed for the prevention of intemperance might do more good than one hundred pounds for the cure and cost of drinking results."

Needless to say, the generosity of our friend is keenly appreciated, and it will become the special care of the Alliance to carry out the specified wishes of the donor in temperance educational work. The hope expressed by a "Gospel Temperance Friend" that his action may inspire others will surely find some echo in our own State, and if those who are so far away are manifesting such a keen interest in the welfare of New South Wales, how much more should the local residents wake up to their responsibility and opportunity.

\* \* \*

#### MR. MEYERS AND THE BOX WORK.

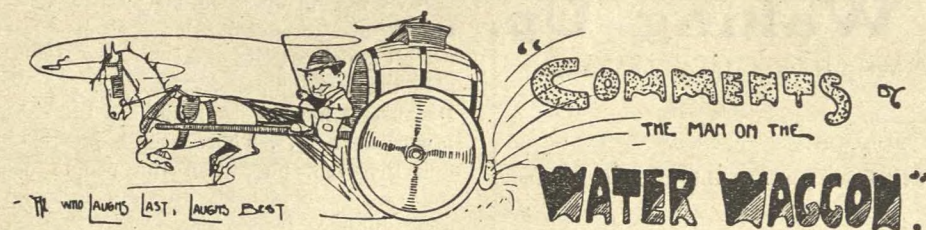
Mr. D. Meyers, the Alliance box agent in the metropolitan district, who has been campaigning in New Zealand for the last four months, returns to Sydney this week, and will resume work in the New Year.

\* \* \*

#### SEASON'S GREETINGS.

The N.S.W. Alliance desires to extend its heartiest greetings and good wishes to its friends and supporters at this time, and expresses its hearty appreciation of the loyal way in which its many friends have responded to its demands during the past year. This struggle against intemperance must be continuously waged, and we look forward with hope and expectancy for a general advance all along the line in 1915.





### "Old Women of Both Sexes."

An English Admiral of olden days was once discussing the naval policy of the Admiralty. This, he declared, was to send a strong force after the enemy, engage, and demolish him. Asked why, then, he had left a fair sized fleet behind him for home defence he declared he had done so "to comfort the old women of both sexes." We are reminded of this classical remark in 1915 when we hear ejaculations of alarm over the recent German raid on the East English coast. It is hard to find words keen enough to stifle the chicken-hearted who see in this stupid, useless, and unmanly "coup" signs of great portent and alarm.

The words of the military writer who reviews the situation daily in the "Evening News" seem to us to sum up matters very tersely when he says:—

"The German comments on the raid on the east coast of England are almost childish in their lack of understanding of the facts of the case, and of the nature of sea power. The shelling of undefended towns, and the consequent murder of non-combatants, is an 'exploit' which displays a marvellous want of comprehension as to the true function of a naval force. As on land, so on sea, the business of the fighter is to find the enemy and beat him. No number of chimney pots can equal a battleship, and the assassination of women and children cannot bring about a superiority of naval power.

"What Germany achieves by such raids is the exact contrary of what she desires. The result of the bombardment of Scarborough, Whitby, and Hartlepool simply strengthens the arm of Britain, and intensifies the determination of every soldier and sailor to strike harder at the enemy."

This capable judge of military strategy proceeds to show that the best thing that could happen to the Old Country would be an attempt to land a few thousand Germans on the coast.

In the first place the British people would arm as never before and raise a few "million" men to meet the few "thousands" who "might" (?) be landed, and at the same time they would energetically set about despatching another million to the Continent.

THAT is the temper of the English people.

### WHAT AN INVASION WOULD MEAN.

It is a very easy thing to talk about "flinging seventy thousand men across the Channel," and so on.

Very easy.

It sounds well—and the mere threat sends some people into a state of terror. We read last week in one paper of a little scheme outlined by a writer in an English paper. It sounded delightfully simple. First would come the Zeppelins destroying battleships with some ease, then the lighter cruisers and destroyers, then the enemy's battleships making havoc of "some" of our ships, and then in stately order the transports, calm and cool as an ordinary sea-trader, with a mighty host of Germans. There was only one question left unanswered.

What would our fleet—our naval men—our seventy submarines who are as at home on or under the sea as porpoise, be doing? Would they be holding a review on the west coast of Ireland? or where?

A more idiotic move could not be credited the Germans, and we don't think they have any such idea of invasion, whilst our fleet lies off their shores or within hail, in statu quo.

But it sounds so simple that the simple ones believe in such a scheme and fail to realise that even 25,000 men would have no hope of doing anything, even if the 200 transports needed could ever land them.

### DON'T BE SO EASILY IMPRESSED

with mere talk, good readers. We are all apt to be influenced by the apparently confident predictions of our opponents at any time.

It is not unnatural we should be so.

When John Smith, our antagonist in the Banco Court, states that he is going to cut our case to pieces, it takes a little self-control to stand to the dictates of our reason and refuse to be influenced by feelings. In that way we guard our morale, and it is a most useful lesson to learn.

Work out the possibilities—never mind the threats. The "other fellow" is generally in about the same mind as yourself. Remember that.

We have made some real progress in mental culture when reason is at the helm. Then we obtain that mental poise essential to success. The "Great War" will not have hap-

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pened altogether in vain if it will teach us to exercise more judgment and greater control, and these factors help us all along the line—in character—building—in the home—the office—and in the Church.

Not so easily impressed by the forces against you, my friend—that is the desideratum. What are YOU going to do—never mind getting alarmed at the threats of the other side—keep them busy watching you.

### IT TAKES COURAGE,

my friends, not to be unduly impressed by the adversary and his boastfulness—even in our temperance work.

How easy to be brave when one is winning! How people crowd to your side of the fence. But let us get a little set-back—ah, how do the pessimists jump right away.

THEY always said we were bumping up against a brick wall—we could never succeed.

Noble prophets!

Useful friends!

No, Sir, when a man with anything in him gets a set-back he simply grits his teeth, and is after the other fellow all the harder. So must we act when things do not quite come our way.

Let there be no gloomy analysis of the strength and duplicity of our enemy—nor what miserable fake he is likely to spring on us next.

We shall keep him busy trying to undo our good aggressive work—and we shall built so fast he cannot overtake us.

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# The Smiths are Waking Up.

"THEY CREATE A VERY POTENT FORCE WHICH WE CALL NATIONAL SENTIMENT."

By CAMPBELL MacCULLOCH.

The Smiths are waking up again!

Whom do I mean by the Smiths? you ask. The Smith family? No. I mean the folks you call "the common people"; others call them "the average public"; political orators call them "the sovereign pee-pul" (whereat the Smiths always blink and yawn—or wink); I call them the Smiths just for a clearer definition.

Now there are about sixty millions of Smiths in this country, with about twenty or more millions of offspring. They are patient—are these Smiths. They put up with abuse, robbery, arson, and being trampled upon. Politicians who don't figure straight sometimes think the Smiths always sleep. But every now and again the Smiths suddenly wake up, give one shriek, and it is amazing how thoroughly they correct some obvious evil.

The thinking faculties of the Smiths have been rather in disuse of late, but now they are becoming active again. They are learning that, when they think long and hard enough and rightly enough, they create a very potent force which we call National sentiment. Then the Smiths arise some chill, gray November morning and register that sentiment upon a slip of paper five inches or five feet long, and as the direct result the gentleman in the large house on Pennsylvania Avenue in Washington, between the Treasury and the Army and Navy buildings, either orders a new blue carpet for the East Room or begins to get his packing cases up out of the cellar. The gun and the club are going out of date.

And the Smiths are very busy with an abuse at this moment: far more busy than nine-tenths of the population have any idea of. For the Smiths have determined that the consumption of alcohol shall no longer be the chief indoor sport of this country: they have decided that liquor is a menace to their peace, happiness and welfare, and they are going to wipe it out.

"Nonsense!" says somebody. "National prohibition? A joke!" But is it?

As before mentioned, when the Smiths do things they do them thoroughly—once they begin. And they began on this question some time ago while many of us were asleep, and as a result of the Smiths' decision and efforts National prohibition is just around the corner!

As a matter of fact, a good part of the Smiths believe that the total elimination of alcohol in this country will be an accomplished fact within the years which can be counted on the right hand of a man who has lost both thumbs.

"Nonsense!" says somebody again. "Perfectly absurd!"

But wait a minute! Do you, who say "Nonsense!" and "Absurd!" know these two present potent facts:

That 70 per cent. of this country is under prohibition now!

That 51 per cent. of the population lives in prohibition territory at this moment!

Do you know, further, that the Smiths have been so busy that nine States now have complete prohibition; that seventeen States are from 50 to 70 per cent. "dry"; that thirteen States are from 25 to 50 per cent. "dry"; and that there are nine more States having some portion that is close to 25 per cent. "dry"?

Furthermore; at the special election held last September Virginia notified the liquor men of that State that they were to close up permanently on November 1, 1916. About the same time six more counties in Kentucky went "dry," making a total of 106 "dry" counties out of 120 in that State. Ohio, Colorado, Washington, Oregon, and California all voted on the question of State-wide prohibition last November, and Arizona, Florida, and other States will do so in the near future, while Alabama will go back into the "dry" column as soon as the next State Legislature meets.

Again, there is now before Congress a resolution calling for the immediate submission to the States for their ratification of an Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution prohibiting the manufacture, sale, or importation of liquor within the borders of the United States and its dependencies, and it is believed by many, even by enemies of this resolution, that it will pass the House of Representatives the first time it is called up for a vote. Even in the Senate, although the measure will probably be debated, the Smiths cannot be thwarted now, and it is acknowledged by the liquor men themselves that the resolution will be passed there, too, just as surely as that the sun will continue to rise.

Then the "great experiment" will be carried further. Men in Washington, keenly alert to the storm signals hung out by the Smiths, are convinced that the resolution so to amend the Constitution will be speedily delivered to the States for ratification, for all over the land there is a constantly-increasing pressure demanding the elimination of rum from the National life.

The liquor interests strive to maintain a brave front to the Smiths, but among themselves they are sore afraid, as is shown by an editorial in a recent issue of their official organ, "The National Liquor Dealers Journal," in which they despairingly review the situation as already outlined in this article, intimate that the requisite 36 out of the 48 States in the Union are likely to ratify the amendment, and declare that "to us there is the handwriting on the wall and its interpretation spells doom. For this the liquor business is to blame; it seems incapable of learning any lessons of advancement or any

motive but profit. To perpetuate itself it has formed alliances with the slums that repel all conscientious citizens. It deliberately aids the corrupt political powers. . . . Why? Because it has to ask immunity for its own lawlessness. . . . There are billions of dollars involved, but when the people decide that the truth is being told about the alcoholic liquor trade the money will not count."

Last spring an agent of the Wholesale Liquor Dealers' Association of the United States hurried to New York at the behest of his employers and tried to engage the services of a well-known newspaper man to take up the cudgels for his badly worried principals. He offered the man 25,000 dollars a year to write and place in newspapers and magazines, wherever possible, propaganda in behalf of the liquor interests of the country. The man was Edward Marshall; the job is still vacant.

Meanwhile the liquor men indulge in no illusions as to the ultimate fate of their business. With them it is merely a question of delaying the fateful hour as long as possible. They thought they saw an opportunity in the second week of last June when conditions seemed to point to a defeat for the National prohibition resolution in the House of Representatives. At once they clamored for a vote. But when the prohibition forces, who had not been pushing the question, partly because unwilling to embarrass the Administration while other affairs of apparently greater importance were imminent, advocated instant consideration of the resolution in the House, the liquor interests tumbled backward in a hasty scramble to avoid the issue. For they realised that the Smiths were waking up.

Now just why are the Smiths waking up at this particular time to demand that the consumption of liquor in the country shall be stopped? Obviously they have not burst from the swaddling clothes of custom into the exercise of thoughtful political might in a day. One must go back into the history of the temperance movement for the last hundred years—which is its whole period in this country—to discover why.

Temperance began as a wholly moral issue, and eventually became an extension of the religious organisations, deriving its animus and activity largely from them. Still the records since 1840, when the individual consumption was 4.17 gallons, show that the increase in the use of liquor was fairly constant until 1907, when it was 22.79 gallons a person for the year. Unquestionably immigration from lands where alcohol was in greater use affected the figures, and also no one can estimate how large a restraining influence the temperance societies exerted in keeping the figures down. But statements regarding individual consumption mean little save that the Nation's gross consumption has been divided among the whole population, which is absurd when one considers that a large part of the population consists of infants and children in arms as well as people in asylums, prisons, and so on, who could not drink even if they would. Then there is the increasingly large number of men and



women who do not use alcohol in any form. It has been estimated that the drinking of the country is done by twenty-five million people, largely resident in cities, which makes the actual individual consumption rise to the enormous figure of eighty-nine gallons a person each year. These figures doubtless appalled the Smiths.

Next to the powerful moral sentiment and religious argument was added the modern question of efficiency. It was discovered that the drinking man did not measure up to the normal standard. Railroads saw that where wrecks occurred through carelessness the glass of the broken pocket flask mingled with the splinters; steel plants saw that the drinking workman endangered other workmen and caused accidents that curtailed output and crippled the plant, thus reducing dividends. Workmen's compensation laws appeared and these demanded higher personal efficiency to justify employment; courts began to take notice of employers' contributory negligence and more careful workmen were needed. It began to seem glaringly illogical that a man who could not work as well or as much as another, because of drinking habits, should be paid the same wages. Suddenly the Smiths realised that the doors of opportunity were beginning to close to the drinker.

To the steadily spreading moral and religious objections to liquor drinking, which had borne the heat and burden of the day and had carried on a long and heroic struggle, was now added the cry of the counting house that "it does not pay." In spite of the profits from the sale of liquor, in spite of the three hundred millions in National revenue derived from it, in spite of high license fees, still "it does not pay."

Nowadays the railroad which fails to post in conspicuous places, print on pay envelopes and in books of rules the warning that "employees must not drink nor enter saloons when on or off duty" is a back-number road. The steel plant which has not a similar rule, coupled with the further provision that the employee known to use liquor at any time is barred thereby from promotion or even steady employment, needs a new board of directors. Public-service corporations are stringently enforcing the rule against drinking, and there are organisations where a close watch is maintained on all employees, the use of liquor at any time being tantamount to dismissal. All this has had its effect, and shows still further why the Smiths are waking up.

National prohibition is only a question of time. Until three years ago even State prohibition was legally ineffective. There had been prohibition in Maine for more than fifty years, in Kansas for forty; but any one could buy liquor in any prohibition State or Territory until the last weeks of President Taft's administration. Then the Anti-Saloon League forces secured the passage of the Webb-Kenyon bill. It had been passed by Congress before and had been vetoed by President Taft; whereupon the League showed its power by getting the bill passed again over that veto.

The Webb-Kenyon bill is the most valuable

prohibition instrument so far secured in the battle against liquor in this country. The Interstate Commerce Law has permitted the shipment of liquor into "dry" territory; that is why prohibition has largely failed in Maine, surrounded by "wet" territory; the desires of her people thwarted by Federal law. The Webb-Kenyon law stops such shipments at the border of any "dry" territory where a law exists prohibiting the sale of liquor. The drug store, the "speak-easy," the "blind tiger," the "bootlegger," have all been largely eliminated. It is now possible to enforce a prohibition law.

Industrial education among the Smiths has further aroused them to sound the knell of the distiller. An arrangement has been devised by which a man may mark dots driven past an opening at a known speed in order to show the average error committed by him (a) without alcohol, (b) with from one to three ounces of whisky, and (c) with tea.

It has been found that three ounces of whisky cause fifty-three per cent. more errors than when the brain is normal. Administration of tea reduced the errors almost immediately to twenty-eight per cent. Four typesetters in a printing office were tested a while ago. Trials were carried on for an hour a day during four days. The first and third days no alcohol was taken; the second and fourth days three-fourths of a tumbler of wine (alcohol eighteen per cent.) was taken, and this reduced the quantity of work by nine per cent. If these men were capable of earning fifteen dollars a week the alcohol reduced their capacity to thirteen dollars and sixty-five cents. It was also found that errors were largely increased.

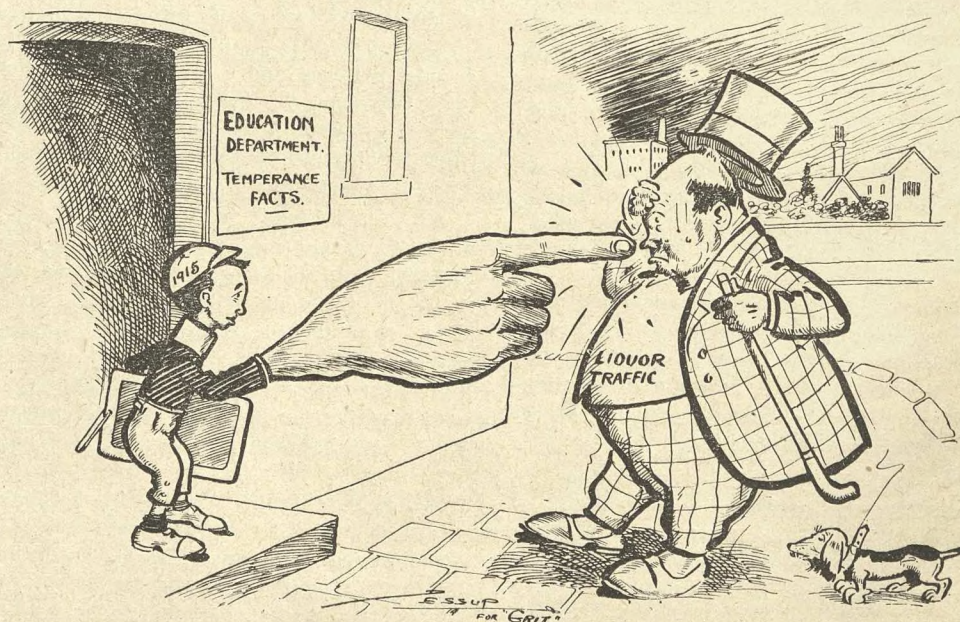
As a result of British army tests carried out by General Wolseley, in which it was conclusively proved that alcohol reduced the physical endurance of soldiers, General Kitchener, when he organised his expedition for the relief of Khartoum, ordered that no alcohol be included among the supplies. Connie Mack, one of the greatest baseball managers in the world, attributes the fact that his team, the Philadelphia Athletics, won four

championships in the last five years to the correlative fact that none of his men use alcohol in any form during the playing season.

The big accident-insurance companies inquire very carefully into the type of men employed in a plant before they accept risks in it, and then adjust the rate to the information obtained. The life-insurance companies make delicate but searching inquiries of all Smiths who go to take out a policy; these inquiries have largely to do with alcohol. Yes, the Smiths are all waking up to the advisability of stopping the consumption of liquor.

There is another side to the story: that of the liquor interests. They assert that National prohibition is confiscatory; that it will throw many persons out of an employment for which alone they are trained. The last census showed that 771,516,000 dollars was invested in the liquor business in the United States. The Smiths have presumably regarded these figures, for they are interesting when the next group, the Nation's liquor bill for 1913, is considered; this amounts to the neat sum of 1,724,607,519 dollars. All the National Government's expenses for the next year are only sixty-two per cent. of that sum! As to the labor argument, the census again shows that of 6,615,046 persons employed in all industries, only 61,009, or less than one per cent., are employed in liquor making. As to confiscation, in West Virginia, where prohibition has recently gone into effect, the breweries have been reorganised, more capital secured, and they have been largely turned into cold-storage and ice plants.

Yes, the Smiths are waking up and they are going to put National prohibition on the statute book of the land; they are going to write it into the Constitution. They are sincere workers—the Smiths—now that they are waking up. And so National prohibition is just around the corner of the square. The band can be plainly heard and the head of the procession is likely to come into view at any moment.—"Ladies' Home Journal."



THE BOY (1915): "YOU WAIT!"



# GRIT.

A Journal of Moral Reform  
and No-License.

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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, DEC. 31, 1914.

**THE NEW YEAR.** I wish my readers a Happy New Year, and perhaps they will be interested if I give them a hint as to how they may obtain what I wish them. May the good wishes, the kind thoughts, the generosity, the consideration that you contributed so freely at Christmas, and that made it so merry, so perfectly lovely and so truly Christian—may these things be continued every day. This indeed would please the Master, sweeten the lot of others, and make our own life a triumph and a joy.

Here is a story of the power of a bad habit:

"Jones," began his economical employer, the day before Christmas, "you have been in my employ for 20 years, and at this season I wish to make recognition of your fidelity. Here, then, is a picture of myself as a Christmas present."

"Thank you, sir," said Jones as he accepted the gift; "it's just like you, sir."

Now let us prove the power of a good habit in 1915. Let the deeds and spirit of Christmas become the habits of the New Year.

## A Personal Chat with my readers

NEVERTHELESS. The war cloud threatens to upset the faith of many, and it is not to be wondered at that people are asking if Christianity has failed. The editor of the "Ladies' Home Journal" says:—

"Nevertheless:

"One fact remains incontrovertible and indisputable:

"'God's in His Heaven:  
All's right with the world.'"

"It may tax our utmost faith to believe it. That is human. But the fact itself remains a fact. There is no room for argument here in the sane and healthy mind. We cannot let go of that. It is human that the mind should be perplexed: that the heart should be torn almost asunder with the frightful cataclysm: for even faith to totter a bit: but the hour has not yet come for us to cast our faith away as a thing that has been weighed in the balance and found wanting. A war, brought about by a few, is not enough justification to strike at the root of the Divine faith of millions.

"It is a dark Christmas: no doubt of that. But, centuries ago, there was also a dark moment on Calvary, and as out of that momentous moment came the Divine Light, so out of this dark moment will likewise come the Divine Light.

"As parents we know that it is not given to children to have the vision and wisdom of parenthood. So surely it is not given us, as children of a Divine Father, to have the vision and wisdom of the Infinite.

"Christmas this year should spell for us a quiet patience and a strong hold on that faith that centuries have taught millions of people is true and unflinching, and, although often bewildering for the moment, invariably leads to the Light."

**A FEW SEEDS.** A few seeds to plant in your heart are in order while we are on the

threshold of a New Year. There are spots in the sun, motes in the brightest sunbeam. Why, then, should we expect to find a human creature without faults? A woman at her best says, "I want a child to love," never "I want a child to love me." Sometimes we may feel it necessary to tell people of their faults. We ought not to be surprised if they feel it an impertinence.

The way of the transgressor is hard, but it is mostly hardest on the friends of the transgressor. Do not pronounce your verdict

until all the evidence is in. There is more good than bad in most people. In the new year give the good in you a good chance and give the bad in you a bad time, and you will have a better year than the last.

**THE WAR AND RELIGIOUS WORK.** Loss of life, loss of the best years of manhood, loss of ideals, loss of commerce are all things that follow in the wake of this wicked war.

Have you thought of its effect on religious work.

The Young Men's Christian Association at Geneva had three secretaries, and at the outbreak of the war one of these was called to the Swiss colors, one to the German, and one to the French, with the result that the association was left without workers. Dr. John R. Mott has abandoned his proposed world-tour. Everybody knows that the church peace congress was broken up as soon as it convened.

Sunday-school workers have been preparing for a world's convention in Tokyo next year, but now the leaders look grave.

Not only have present troubles lessened gifts, but they will divert the general stream of unpledged benevolence. Relief work, that will be made necessary in behalf of all nations, will have first claim upon the sympathies of the public.

There will be a sifting out of many frailer organizations and a careful examining of the relative claims of the causes which demand public support. All of this may mean more than any man can yet tell.

If you have less to give there will be more reason to weigh well the claims on your charity. If you have a widow's cruse or a small boy's loaves and fishes, you are under solemn necessity to add much prayer that God may graciously add a thousand-fold to the power of your gift. He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Never doubt but that He has a thousand ways of doing what you have no single way of doing.

The Editor



## The British Labor Movement and the Liquor Question.

(By PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P., FOR "GRIT.")

During the last fifteen years the attitude of organized Labor to the liquor question has undergone very considerable change. At one time the British Trade Union Congress refused to admit to its agenda paper any resolution on Temperance Reform. It was argued that that was a subject which was outside the domain of Labor politics. Formerly trade union lodge meetings were almost invariably held on licensed premises, a wet rent being paid for the use of the room. In recent years great conferences of British Labor have passed the most drastic resolutions, in which the liquor traffic has been indicted as a prolific cause of crime, insanity, physical deterioration, poverty, misery, and ruin, and in which the demand has been made for legislation giving to the people complete power to suppress the traffic by the popular vote. In many of the great unions the branch meetings are no longer held on licensed premises, and in connection with the Trade Union Congress there is a flourishing "Trades Union Officials' Temperance Fellowship." The importance which the rank and file of the trade union movement attach to sobriety in their officials is shown by the fact that in recent years practically all the men appointed to the positions of general secretaries are known to be total abstainers. The British Socialist organizations are also on the side of the Temperance movement. The greatest of these—the Independent Labor Party—has repeatedly passed resolutions at its conferences calling upon the branches to discountenance the consumption of liquor, and at not two per cent. of its clubs is intoxicating liquor of any description sold. When the important Government Licensing Bill was before Parliament in 1908 every member of the Labor Party gave a full support to the measure. At the Labor and Socialist conferences held during the time this bill was before the country resolutions were passed approving its provisions. At the last conference of the Independent Labor Party, held at Easter, a recommendation of the executive was unanimously adopted that the branches of the Party in Scotland should educate public opinion in favor of the No-License provisions of the Scottish Temperance Act, which was passed last year.

### A COMING TOGETHER.

These facts show how sympathetic is the attitude of the British Labor and Socialist movements to the cause of Temperance Reform, and how practical is the support which is given to it. There are a number of reasons for this attitude of British Labor to the Drink Traffic. The relations between the organized Temperance party the Labor and Socialist movements were formerly far from friendly. That was at a time when the Temperance party were unwilling to admit that poverty was in a large measure due to the economic system, but would insist that universal abstinence from liquor

would solve the poverty problem. That is no longer the position of the British Temperance party. They now assign to the Drink Traffic its proper place as one of the important social evils, as a traffic which wastes a vast amount of social wealth, which aggravates greatly the poverty of the working classes, and causes a considerable proportion of our crime, insanity, inefficiency, and misery, but they agree that if the liquor traffic were abolished there would still remain more deep-rooted and serious economic and social evils to treat. That is precisely the view of the Labor and Socialist movements, so that the relations between these and the Temperance party are now friendly and harmonious. This better understanding has been productive of good, both to the Labor movement and to the Temperance Cause.

### WHY LABOR OPPOSES LIQUOR.

But Labor has its special reasons for regarding the Drink Traffic as one of its worst enemies. To the extent to which the resources of the laboring classes are wasted on liquor the problem of unemployment is aggravated, and any aggravation of unemployment injuriously affects wages and the standard of labor conditions. The strength of the bargaining power of Labor depends mainly upon keeping down the competition of the unemployed. The workman who spends his money on drink is not helping to support useful employment. On the contrary he is assisting to employ labor in producing a commodity which is unnecessary, unproductive, wasteful, and injurious. The labor employed in connection with the liquor traffic is so much potential labor diverted from wealth production to harmful occupation. The workman who spends money on drink is not keeping up wages by maintaining the expenditure of his class. There never was a greater fallacy put forward than to assert that if the drink traffic were abolished wages would fall, because the cost of living had been reduced. The man who drinks has a lower standard of living than the total abstainer. It is the latter who keeps up wages by keeping up the standard of working class life, by insisting upon better housing, better food, better clothing, holidays, education, and other useful and productive forms of expenditure.

### THE MISSION OF LABOR.

It is the workman who drinks who is the despair of the trade union organizer, and of the political Labor Party in the old land. The man who wants his money for liquor begrudges any payment to a trade union. He is the man who is the enemy of Labor in a trade dispute. It is the drinkers who provide the blacklegs, and who defeat the efforts of the sober workmen to improve their lot. In politics it is the drinker who is the tool of the vested interests who exploit the working class. Clear thinking on political and social questions is a hard job. It

needs a clear head to do the task. The drinker destroys his brain, or renders it incapable of intelligent action. In the great work of economic and social emancipation which the democracy is now called upon in all countries to carry out, there must be no wasting of the mental, physical, or financial resources of the workers. All they have of these if fully conserved or used will be found to be by no means too great. The working classes should be engaged in a great economic and social war for the regeneration of humanity. Every unit should be at its best for such a great contest. It is because drink destroys mental, physical, and financial efficiency for Labor's great historic work that intelligent working men regard it as one of the great enemies to be overcome.

### THE TWO LINES OF ADVANCE.

There are two ways in which the liquor traffic can be destroyed. These are personal abstinence and collective effort. After making every allowance for the influence which bad industrial and social conditions have in driving men to drink, the fact remains that drinking is one of those evils afflicting the working classes which it is largely in their own power to overcome. It is not true to put all the responsibility for the drinking habits of the working classes on "the capitalist system." That is in a measure responsible, but there are hundreds of thousands of working men who drink who are simply indulging in a base and selfish appetite. While working men should endeavor to practise personal abstinence they should also use their collective power to take away the opportunity and temptation to drink by voting the saloon out of existence. If working men are not prepared to exercise restraint in regard to personal appetites which are bad, and to realise their duties in regard to social evils now, they can never be fitted for the far greater responsibilities of government to which they ought to aspire. No movement, either political or industrial, can ever attain to real and permanent greatness unless it has a moral basis. "They enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin," and though it may sometimes be a temptation to the Labor Leader to excuse, or even encourage, the weaknesses and vices of his class, any temporary success attained by such methods will be bound to result sooner or later in disaster. A Labor and Socialist movement, by every article in its creed, is bound to be the active and open enemy of the liquor traffic, for the traffic is one of the most dangerous and oppressive of private monopolies, and one of the greatest hindrances in the way of true democratic progress. That is why the British Labor Party is a Temperance Reform Party.



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# CITY OF CRANIA.

(By HENRY JONES, for "Grit.")

## CHAPTER IV. SELF FIRST EVERY TIME.

When Dr. Gall and his guide left the town of Iam they wended their way towards a town surrounded by a high wall. As they approached it his guide told him that the residents were dissimilar in appearance, and noted for characters quite different to the residents of either of the towns they had visited. As Gall, by this time, owing to what he had seen in the other towns, was so thoroughly interested, he patiently listened to his guide's description of the people referred to. "In the first place," remarked his guide, "the people living yonder are very primitive and selfish. No matter what they are given they never say 'Thank you.' They accept your gifts eagerly, and if they are pleased they simply say 'Ah, that is just what I wanted!'—but never 'Thank you.'"

### THE GREAT WALL.

The wall surrounding the town was high and had only one gate, over which were written the words, I WANT. The gate was opened in answer to their knocks, and after examining their passports the keeper allowed them to enter. Inside the wall they noticed a number of people walking about; some arguing, some fighting, and some bartering and others sitting or standing against the wall, trees and doors, as if they wished to observe all and avoid being observed.

### TALKERS AND DOERS.

"Those men and women," said his guide, pointing to a group, "whom you notice arguing, never fight. They are the residents of the suburb of COMBAT. They simply love to argue, criticise, and debate, but they never come to blows, because they lack aggressiveness. In this town they try to settle all questions by argument. If the other residents want to go to war with their neighbors these people are sent first to start the quarrel. If you notice they have short tilted noses, and they carry their heads thrown well back, and slightly to the one side. On examining their muscles you will find them rigid and knotty, as a result of the influence of the combative spirit. Their voices are high pitched, and when they say 'No,' they express it with a snap and laugh Ha! Ha! Taking Gall by the arm, his guide pointed to a man standing with his back to them, and said, "That man is the most quarrelsome fellow in the town. If you notice his head it will serve as a good illustration of an argumentative man. "For instance," said his guide, "his head is very full just around the ears, in fact, so full that the ears stand out from it."

### BREAKERS, NOT MAKERS.

"That group," remarked the guide, pointing to a number of men fighting, "belong to the suburb of 'Destroy.' They have soft muscle in repose, in fact their muscles are quite limp and flabby; but when properly roused they become like iron bands. "If you notice their faces," continued the guide, "you will be struck with the appearance of the

jaws, which are heavy and wide in the region of the molar teeth. Also, their heads present an interesting lesson. Just above the ears the brain is large and presses the ears out and down. It reminds one of the shape of a lion's or tiger's head. All these people have a low guttural voice, and laugh Ho! Ho! When irritated they tear their clothes, destroy property, stamp their feet, roar like lions, and if they cannot do sufficient damage to their opponents with their fists, they reach out for a brick or a bottle." "It reminds me," said Gall, "of the lion, cat, and tiger when roused, because they always extend their claws." "These men," said his guide, "when educated, convert this destroying propensity into aggressive energy, pushfulness, force of character. The people of 'Combat' also when educated turn their argumentative spirit into defending the right, protecting the weak, and displaying moral courage to say 'No' when asked to say or do anything likely to militate against the development of their higher nature. The people of 'Combat,' said his guide, "never beat a retreat in a noble cause, and their spirit of courage inspires others to stand out with bold rigidity against evil and wrong living."

### CONCEALING FEELING.

"The men," remarked the guide, "you notice sitting against the wall with their feet pushed well under the chairs, their coats buttoned, and who keep moving their hands as if they are washing them belong to the suburb of 'IhIDE.' They have, as you will observe, round shaped heads that seems to rest on their shoulders as if they did not possess a neck; they laugh in the letter 'E,' speak in a soft, low tone of voice, and move their eyes from side to side that give to the face a sly look. These men have the faculty of hiding and concealing thoughts and feelings in such a remarkable manner that they can lead you to believe they mean one thing, while they are actually accomplishing another. By reason of the lack of education and training they become cunning, intriguing, and accomplished deceivers. However, with education they turn this secretive faculty into diplomacy, tact, and policy."

"Sometimes," said the guide, "we find in this town men in whom the faculties of concealment, combativeness, and destructiveness are equally large and active. When we meet with such we are certain to experience great difficulty in dealing with them, because they will start a quarrel in such a cunning manner that it is very hard to say what injury they will inflict. Amongst the most cunning we find the light eye, either grey or blue, amongst the most ferocious and destructive we find the eye streaked with yellow, and amongst the most combative and argumentative the dark or brown eye obtains."

### THE CHILD IS FATHER TO THE MAN.

"The Perfect, who presides over the city of Crania," continued the guide, "endeavours by precept and example to teach these people

to gain a right view of their motive faculties, so that by cultivating the higher faculties they are able to direct their existing energies in proper channels, thereby unfolding and developing a more harmonious character. With this end in view the children are placed in schools at an early age. All parents are taught how to detect an abnormal propensity and the method of restraining. For instance, when a child is found with large combativeness it is naturally opposed to dictation, and will argue with and criticise its parents, teachers, and elders. They are like the sons of Mars, always desiring war and fight, so they are taught to use this faculty to fight their own weakness, defend the defenceless, construct sentences, and create ideas instead of attacking and criticising the ideas of others. The children with the faculty of destructiveness large, have a natural tendency to tear their clothes when angry, stamp their feet if opposed, and make a noise when they handle crockery, or slam a door when leaving a room. These are taught to walk quietly, speak softly, stand still when angry, and say thank you, instead of thanks. If they are responsive to the education influences they soon manifest decision of character instead of temper and hatred.

### THE DODGERS.

"The most difficult children to train and educate are those from the suburb of Ihide, because it is natural for them to evade the truth, tell only half they should tell, and keep people in suspense. When with the secretive faculty is found the light eye they are prone to cunning and intrigue. If you ask them a question capable of being answered in one word, they will annoy you by qualifying their reply. You have to literally "drag" information out of them. They certainly never let their right hand know what the left hand is doing whether it be good or evil."

The following dialogue may serve to illustrate the working of the faculty of secretiveness and the light eye. In a certain town a man was charged with murder. The murder was committed in a public park hardby. The only eye witness to the crime was the accused's nephew. The judge, who presided, had the reputation for astuteness in cross-examination. In a sympathetic and encouraging voice he asked the youth what he knew about the case.

"Well," replied the youth, "do you know the park?"

"Yes," replied the judge.

"Do you know the well in the centre of the park?"

"I do," replied the judge encouragingly.

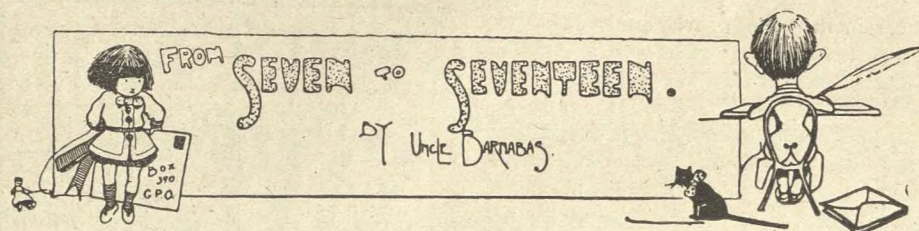
"Now do you—you—ken the—the pump?" asked the boy with some hesitation.

"Ah weel do ken the pump," replied the judge, thinking he was going to succeed in extracting the desired evidence.

"Well," replied the youth with a twinkle in his light blue eye, "you can go and pump it, for you cannot pump me."

P.S.—Next week's issue will contain thin types of heads, illustrating the people of Combat, Destroy, and Ihide, also of Ihoard and Appetite.





### THE NEW YEAR.

I am full of good wishes for you all, but you can do more for yourself in a day than all my good wishes will do in a year. The New Year, 1915, will be the crop from the sowing of 1914. If you sow selfishness you will reap unhappiness. If you sow greediness you will reap a bigger appetite. If you sow broken promises you will reap the distrust of your friends. If you sow laziness you will reap a back place in the procession. On the other hand, if you sow diligently by serving others, you will reap a harvest of friends. If you sow earnestly endeavors to please God you will reap the blessing of happiness, usefulness, and the joy in your heart that is always the fruit of right doing. May you sow good seed and plenty of it in 1915, and then you will be sure of a Happy New Year. I wish you a happy year of sowing in 1915, and that between us we make Page Double One better than ever it has been.—Uncle B.

### HIS BEST.

(By Eleanor Duncan Wood.)

The day had been one long struggle  
Such as all teachers know,  
When the hands and feet are restless  
And the childish minds so slow;  
And my head ached with the burden  
And my lips forgot their smile,  
When slowly the littlest scholar  
Came plodding down the aisle.

He was inked from his curls to his shoetops;  
The children giggled to see;  
But his hands grasped a grimy paper  
And lifted it up to me;  
His brow was damp with effort  
And he spoke with a hearty zest:  
"Look at my copy, Teacher;  
I tell you, I tried my best."

Pot hooks, and worse than pothooks;  
Scratches and blots galore!  
A gust of mocking laughter  
Rippled from desk to door;  
He turned to them wide-eyed, wounded:  
"Why do they laugh—the rest?  
It's the truth I'm tellin' you, Teacher;  
I tried just my level best."

I curbed my tongue and my temper;  
Dame Life keeps a cynic's school,  
Where only the goal is honored,  
Where only the mighty rule.  
My boy should not learn so early;  
I pressed him close to my heart:  
"Thank you, Dear, for the copy;  
I'm sure that you did your part."

And I know when the great All-Teacher  
Gathers His chickens in,  
Most of us sick with longing  
For the joys that might have been,

How warmly His arms will fold us,  
How close we will creep to His breast,  
If in spite of our sorry records,  
We have really done our best.

### A GAY HOLIDAY.

Rosa Jamieson, Mount View, West Wyalong, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I now take the opportunity of writing to you, as I will soon be 18, and will then lose the privilege of being your Hon. Ni.

Since writing last I have been for a month's holiday to Dulwich Hill, Sydney. I arrived in Sydney on the 10th of July, and stayed till the 4th of August. The first Sunday I went to the Dulwich Hill Methodist Church in the morning, the Lyceum in the afternoon, then to Y.W.C.A. rooms at 4.30; heard the address there, stayed for tea, and we met a lady who came with us to the church in Campbell-street, where the Rev. R. B. Hammond (whom I think is a very intimate friend of yours) preached. It was the anniversary night of the Men's Brotherhood. It was a grand sight to see so many men stand and sing the hymn "He will hold me fast," which I think has been a great help to them. I think Rev. Hammond is a wonderful man, and has done and is doing a grand work in the city of Sydney. I did enjoy the service and the sermon. I did not have time to make myself known (or perhaps felt a little too shy, Uncle), but I had a hearty handshake and a "Goodnight." The lady we were with, who is a great admirer of Mr. Hammond, did not cease talking about him until we saw her into the tram. The next Sunday I went out to William-street Methodist Church to hear my stepbrother, Rev. V. C. Bell, preach on "The Church and the Unemployed." The next Sunday I was out at Guildford Church for the services.

While down there I went to a couple of plays—"Buntz Pulls the Strings," which was very nice, and also "Gipsy Love." The last Saturday night we went to the "Life of Queen Victoria" pictures at the Lyceum. I enjoyed it immensely. The next day, that memorable Sunday when the first idea of this horrible war was known, we went to the Lyceum, where all the prayers were for Peace. It made one realise what an awful thing it would be. What an awful reality it is now. One Wednesday afternoon I went to hear the Town Hall Organ Recital. The organ is a magnificent one, and I think it is a little of heaven on earth to listen to it.

On the Monday night I left, and arrived home again on Tuesday, after a happy time.

Since then I've been to Arian Park, Temora, and Wyalong Shows.

We have finished shearing, and the harvesting has commenced.

We had an exceedingly dry winter, and the crops are very disappointing, many people having let the stock eat them, as the wheat is too short to be of any use. Since the beginning of this month we have had plenty of thunderstorms, which though it has caused the grass to grow, has hindered the harvesting considerably. I will have to close, or the "Grit" will not be large enough to hold it. With fond love and best wishes.

(Dear Rosa,—Your letter is most interesting. What a gay little holiday you had—what variety. So you went to the "Brightest Spot in Surry Hills"? What a pity you did not ask Mr. Hammond to take a message to Uncle B., he could have done it so easily. Will see that Mr. Jones sends back your photo. I expect you are all interested in what he writes; he is very clever, it is no good trying to deceive him. You are a ni. from 7 to 17, and may be a hon. ni. from 18 to 80. So don't think you are going to drop out of "Grit" yet awhile.—Uncle B.)

### I LIKE EXAMS.

Marjorie Terriss, Shakespeare Walk, Nelson, writes:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—I'm writing to see if I may be one of your nieces. We have taken "Grit" for over two years now, and I always read Page 11 with the greatest interest. I am 15 years old, and am finishing my second year at the Technical School. Two years ago I won the right to go to Tech., as we call it, free, and now I am trying for a Continuation exam for three more free years. I hope I get it. Not long ago I passed the A.R.C.M. musical exam., and one of my brothers passed the singing. I like exams., don't you? I noticed in one of the cousins' letters some mention of an essay competition. Will further mention of it be in next week's "Grit"? I should like to enter for it. I hope I may be one of your nieces. I'll write again before long. I remain, yours affectionately.

(Dear Marjorie,—So you like the exams! Well, I never did—they are like the sea, full of surprises, and with considerable power to upset. You have done well, and many of your new "cousins" will envy you. The essay you referred to was to be on "The bravest thing I have seen or heard." I hope many more will send in, so far I think I have seen or heard." I hope many more will send in; so far I think I have only about six, and yet all of my ne's and ni's must know of some good and brave deed. You are a very welcome ni.—Uncle B.)

### WELL DONE, FATHER.

Clare McIntyre, Glenmore, Pittsworth:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—It is a long time since I have written to you, so I suppose I am on the "scalawag" list. Since I have written to you Father has been presented with a silver cup for the best export cheese from Queensland.

Isn't the war awful? One of my brothers volunteered, and is away at Enoggera training. We got a letter from him yesterday.



He likes the life very much. He says they expect to leave for Sydney the end of this week. I see by a lot of the letters you receive your nieces are trying to find out who you are. I think I could make a fairly good guess. I would like to see your photo. in "Grit," though. We have been having dreadfully hot weather up here, but it is cool again to-day. We need rain very badly.

Christmas is getting very close now. Our Sunday school has started practising singing for a Christmas Tree, which we are going to have a few days before Christmas. I must stop now, as I have no more time for writing. With best love.

(Dear Clare,—We all congratulate your father on his success with that cheese, and expect you are all very proud of that silver cup. The war is very awful, far more so than any of us can realise, and it will make this Christmas the saddest one the world has ever known. I might tell you, you are not the only ones who have been having hot weather, so don't growl too much. Hope you will tell us all about the Christmas Tree.—Uncle B.)

#### A FORGOTTEN BIRTHDAY.

Joan Lemm, "Croombs," writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am not at all anxious to grace the "scalawag" list, so I am writing again. My examination is over now, so I have no excuse for laziness in letter-writing, have I? I sat for a bursary, but I don't know whether I shall be successful or not.

I am quite envious, Uncle B. You sent Page 11 greetings to all your November ne's and ni's, and omitted little me on the 4th. I got a hair-ribbon, a book called "Peggy Saville" a pretty little bag, and some birthday cards. I also got a photo. of my sister, and Joan, my little niece, who is four months old.

My Sunday school prize is for attendance—a book called "Molly's Heroine." It is very nice, but "Peggy Saville" is a beautiful book. The author is Mrs. De Horne Vaizey. I have also read of her books, "Pixie O'Shannessy" and "More About Pixie."

We have a baby magpie. He was brought from Guyra. We are going to teach him to talk, but we will avoid "Bottle-O." Now I must "bottle-up," with love to all cousins, and yourself, from your loving ni.

(Dear Joan,—Being a man, of course I must make an excuse and put the blame on someone else. Well, the truth is, I have been enjoying a little holiday, and was not in Sydney when your name was in some mysterious way dropped off the list. I think I put it on, but if I am too late to wish you a happy birthday, I certainly wish you a bright and happy new year. I hope you win the bursary. We will all be so interested to know. Thank you so much for the story—and the clippings. I am afraid you will find it slow work teaching the magpie. I believe they learn best when they are covered up in the early evening.—Uncle B.)

#### EVERYTHING SPLENDID.

Kathleen Rankin, Dalburrabin," writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Here I am once more (and it's time too, I suppose you think), because

that three months has nearly expired, hasn't it? I read in last "Grit" that you are going to publish a "black list," and I was very much afraid that I'd be on it. Well, the Lismore Show is just over. Fred came back yesterday (Saturday). He was away four days, and had a real good time, although his pony didn't win much, only divided second in the Water Jump, and besides that he was entered in the Maiden High Jump and the Galloway Hunt, but didn't win anything in either. We are having glorious weather here of late; certainly it has been a bit hot; but it often brings us rain to cool the air. There is abundance of grass everywhere, and so beautifully green, too. Fred and I went to a patriotic concert some time ago, and I can safely say that I never enjoyed anything more, and I think everybody enjoyed it thoroughly. There was a splendid audience and a splendid programme; really, the whole affair was splendid. I will enclose a photograph of myself for Mr. Jones. I hope you haven't the other one printed before this arrives, as I think it is a horrid one. I wonder if Mr. Jones would mind sending it back to me, as it is the only one I have left. I must close now. I am your fond niece.

(Dear Kathleen,—I always like to read of anything that is simply splendid all through. Many things are if we would only help them with enthusiasm instead of killing them with coldness. Why, you helped that concert because you were a splendid listener. Mr. Jones will have to give that photo, back to me, but I have not yet decided whether you need it more than I do. I tell you it is no idle threat that I made about that black list.—Uncle B.)

#### MISSING NI'S.

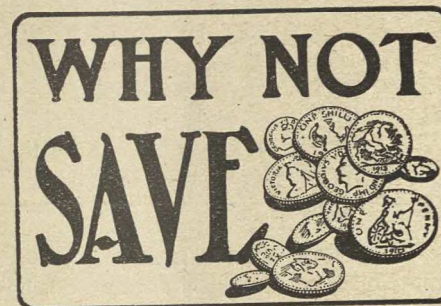
Winnifred Stone, Briar Vale, Nov. 29th, 1914, writes:—

My Dear Uncle B.,—

It is a good while since I wrote to you, but not three months, yet.

I am very interested in "Your Mental Measure" page in "Grit." It is ages since a letter from Rini appeared in "Grit." I wrote to her over a year ago, but received no answer; the letter, perhaps, went astray. I sat for my Qualifying Certificate on the 16th of this month, and two other mates also sat.

The weather was very hot up till the 27th, then we had some very cold weather and a horrible frost, which cut about three-quarters of an acre of pumpkins, melons, and a few of our early potatoes. It never



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touched our fruit; so I think we will have a lot this year. The cherries will be a lot earlier this time.

By the way, uncle, what has become of my dear old cousin, by name Kathleen Belbridge. She owes me a letter. I may be able to see her at Christmas time as I will be making tracks through Orange on my way to Manildra for a holiday.

I read a good book the other day, "Fighting the Good Fight." I did enjoy it, but it was so sad in places. I will close my short letter now, dear uncle. With love to all my cousins and yourself.—I am, your loving niece.

(Dear Winnifred,—You miss Rini and Kathleen; I miss quite a dozen more, and so I hope this meets the eye of some of those I have got on my scalawag list. Perhaps they will make a good start in the New Year. I hope you were successful in your qualifying exam. So glad you mentioned the book you liked, as it is nice to know of a good book.—Uncle B.)

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because I NEVER hurt. With my system, Teeth Extractions MUST be painless. The state of the tooth means nothing—I can extract even the most abscessed tooth, and you will not feel the slightest twinge. Where would be the sense of offering YOU money, if I should hurt you, when I know that I will not—? Ask my Patients. They know this is the truth.

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**READ  
THAT**



## THE VERDICT OF EXPERTS

(Continued from Page 2.)

is an unfortunate fact that such people carry their liquor too well—at least outwardly.

Of course you will have a very bad time for a while, and there will be many moments when you will long for the confidence and sense of bien etre inspired by a stiff whisky and soda. You will need strong tonics and good food, plenty of fresh air and exercise to make you sleep, for at first you will miss the feeling you had when you came home from the club.

There are tonics that strengthen and invigorate the heart, such as small doses of strychnine and digitalis, but these being some of the most powerful drugs known must be left to the discretion of your own doctor.

But you will get your heart sound and strong again if you take the advice given in this article. Than that there is nothing more certain in this world, unless it is the fact that you will steadily go down hill and get your heart weaker if you don't take it.

Nor must you think that the doctor is posing as a temperance lecturer when he talks in this serious way. Nothing is farther from his mind.

## The Strongest Man in the State

(Continued from Page 3.)

"Personally, I must decidedly differ from this view, nor can I understand how a man can choose liquor-selling as a business. Not long ago I heard a man say that he thought the temperance organizations were too hard on the saloonkeeper, but how can a man remain in a business that can but degrade both himself and others.

"Then, too, in a sister State, I know a Christian man who is a banker and influential politically, who could have done great things at one time to advance the temperance cause, but he was afraid to move because the liquor-sellers were his heaviest depositors!

"However, I am not here to-night to enter upon a temperance tirade." His cursory survey of the room revealed many hostile faces and many hands even then toying with wine or liquor glasses. "We are approaching the election for Governor of this State. On the eve of the struggle I desire my good friends to understand that I mean to fight the liquor traffic as long as God gives me health and strength."

He sat down amid an ominous silence that had gathered like a pall over the banqueters. The gray-haired magnate sat with head resting on his hand; his face was partially shielded. Far off at a table a man arose. He confessed that his enthusiasm had been checked by the later part of Mr. Millerton's speech, and he widely differed from that gentleman in his views on the temperance question, and so forth and so forth—and resumed his chair. Then another and still another took the floor in cold criticism of the

evening's guest. Such sentiments, according to one speaker, were an infringement of personal liberty. They were a reversion to the days when it was unsafe for a man to think his own thoughts and so forth and so forth.

There was a movement at the right of the guest of honor. The gray-haired magnate was on his feet.

"Mr. President, honored guest, friends: I stand before you at this critical juncture to emphasise the truth which every delegation here to-night will corroborate, that what our party needs at this stage of its organization is—a man of intrepid courage, a man whose convictions of right weigh heavily against his pet ambitions. Such a man we see before us in the person of our honored guest. Where is there another man brave enough to risk defeat on the eve of nomination? I declare him the strongest man in this State. Therefore, with the endorsement of the Tricot Club of this city, I present the name of Roland Millerton as the nominee for Governor of this State."

The man of influence took his seat. His words had caused a revulsion of sentiment among the disaffected and roused the sympathetic. A low murmur rose. It swelled louder and louder till deafening acclamations reverberated through the banquet-hall. Then with a wild rush of enthusiasm the dignified nominee was lifted in the arms of his admiring adherents and carried to his car. "Three cheers for the strongest man in the State," was the hilarious cry. It was echoed by the crowd."—"Union Signal."

"Circumstances" never yet made the man do right who didn't do right in spite of them.

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## "Safety First" Advocates assail Liquor Traffic.

Vote for Elimination of Use of Intoxicants in  
Industries of Nation.

When the liquor question came up for discussion at the National Congress on Industrial Safety in Chicago, October 14, it is reported that not a single member came to the defence of alcohol. The discussion started when L. R. Palmer, chief inspector of the Pennsylvania department of Labor and Industry, said that "sixty per cent. of industrial accidents are charged to liquor."

"Milk has taken the place with our men that liquor used to hold," asserted E. K. Pritchett of the Macey Company at Grand Rapids, Mich., "and this is how it happened. After forbidding the men to use alcoholic beverages, we arranged to have milk wagons at ten o'clock each morning. We then permitted them to halt in their work and go out and buy bottles of fresh milk. We find this arrangement practically has solved our drinking problem."

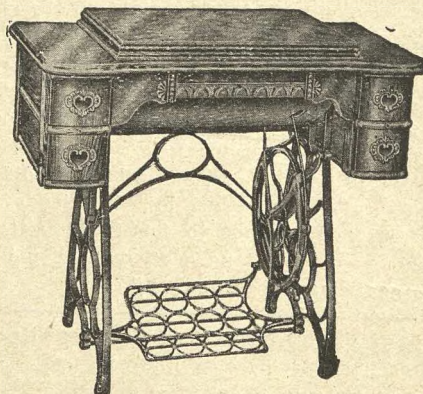
Later the organisation, represented by 700 delegates, unanimously and enthusiastically adopted the following resolution:—

"Whereas, it is recognised that drinking of alcoholic stimulants is productive of a heavy per cent. of the accidents and diseases, affecting the safety and efficiency of workmen; be it

"Resolved—That it is the sense of this organisation to go on record in favor of eliminating the use of intoxicants in the industries of the nation."

The members of the National Safety Council employ more than a million men.—"Union Signal."

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## Spreading Sunshine

### CONCENTRATION.

There is a wonderful amount of meaning to be got out of this simple word. There are many men who fail and are unable to spread sunshine, because there is no sunshine in them, simply because they have divided their energies. They have dabbled at many things without bringing their whole forces to bear on one object. You get a great example of this fact, when you see your small son take his magnifying glass, and collecting the rays of the sun, focus them upon some object, preferably the bald spot on the head of his sleeping uncle. While the rays are allowed to be distributed, there is no harm done, but once they are concentrated and focussed on one spot, things begin to move.

It is exactly the same way in ordinary life. The greatest proportion of the unemployed when asked for their particular vocation will reply "I can do almost anything." It is this fact that they can do almost anything—moderately, and do nothing really well, which causes them to be amongst the unemployed. There is always work to be found for the experts.

You cannot judge a man by the amount of work which he performs. A laborer will do more actual work than a professional man, yet the professional man receives a great deal more remuneration with a minimum of effort. It is to be remembered, however, that both individuals are very necessary to the community. The men who fail are those who fail to concentrate. They have not the faculty of turning defeats into victories. They go under too easily. They have not concentrated their energies, and they cannot withstand the shocks. They can do many things indifferently, and not the one thing excellently.

Carlyle put things well in his rugged style when he said "The weakest living creature, by concentrating his powers on a single subject, can accomplish something; whereas the strongest, by dispersing his power over many subjects, may fail to accomplish anything. The drop, by continuing falling, bores a passage through the hardest rock. The hasty torrent rushes over it, with hideous uproar, and leaves no trace behind."

\* \* \*

I was walking the other day with a Minister of the Crown, and he met a member of his staff, who raised his hat to him. As we passed on we were discussing whether the raising of a hat from one man to another was civility or servility. The opinion was rather divided as to whether it was neces-

sary. It was quite agreed that when a lady was present it would be quite the orthodox thing for any man, irrespective of his position, to raise his hat.

President Jefferson was one day riding with his grandson, when they met a slave who took off his hat and bowed. The president returned the salutation by raising his hat, but the grandson ignored the civility of the negro. "Tom," said the old man, "do you permit a slave to be more of a gentleman than yourself." What held good with Jefferson holds good to-day. Last year a friend of mine was in London and was walking along the Strand with Sir Thomas Lipton, when an employee belonging to the firm was met. The employee raised his hat, so did Lipton. In answer to an enquiring glance from my friend, Lipton said, "I cannot afford to let one of my employees be more polite than myself." You see, great minds in different ages run in much the same groove.

Ritcher put the matter very well when he said, "Men, like bullets, go further when they are smoothest." Likewise honey catches more flies than vinegar. People who pride themselves of their rough outspoken personality, very rarely accomplish as much as a man who has the gentle kindly consideration for the feeling of others.

\* \* \*

It is much easier to start a quarrel than it is to end one. A match is sufficient to set a whole forest alight, and it is surprising how easily serious troubles and differences of opinions are caused by the simplest of things. I think it is "Ella Wheeler Wilcox" who puts it like this—

"Alas how easily things go wrong:

A word too much, or a kiss too long;

And their falls a mist like a blighting rain.  
And the world is never the same again."

It is only a question of a little give and take, and quite a lot of differences would be eliminated. The fact that a harsh word has been used or even a visible snub given is not much excuse for cutting up rough. You remember that one of the great secrets of Sir George Reid's political life was his urbanity. He could be sarcastic at times, and he could be equally kind. On one occasion, at a big public meeting, a dissatisfied elector through an egg at him; the egg was old—very old. It hit him right on the chest, and spread all over his dress suit. "That egg," he said, as he wiped it off with his handkerchief, "is just about as rotten as the man who threw it." On another occasion he was subjected to a severe personal attack in the State House, which he did not reply to. When asked by his friends why he did not attempt to justify himself, the reply was, "What no gentleman should say, no gentleman need answer."

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suitable for little girls from 2 to 4 years,  
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roidery and Torchon lace, 4/11, 5/11, 6/11,  
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15/6.  
VERY PRETTY HAND-MADE BABIES MUS-  
LIN FROCKS, trimmed soft Malines lace  
and Embdy., and finished Merv. Ribbon,  
13/9.  
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imitation Cluny, 4/11 and 5/11.  
CHILDREN'S SOFT WHITE VOILE FROCK,  
made in Magyar style, scalloped edges,  
whipped pink, blue, or white silk thread,  
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HOLIDAY HATS, in Linen, Pique, and Pop-  
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Tussore, trimmed self or black bands,  
Worth 2/11. BARGAIN PRICE, 6d.  
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3/11. BARGAIN PRICE, 1/-.  
LADIES' WHITE RAFFIA AND CHIP READY-  
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Petersham or Stamped Velvet Bands. BAR-  
GAIN PRICE, 1/11.

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BOYS' COTSWOLD SUITS, made in smart de-  
signs of Brown or Grey English Tweeds,  
with vent and strapped backs, step collar,  
open front, and two outside pockets. SPE-  
CIAL VALUE, 9/11.  
BETTER QUALITY BOYS' COTSWOLD SUITS,  
made from special quality English Tweeds,  
in all the newest and most fashionable de-  
signs and colorings, including Greys, Browns,  
and Greens, made with vent and strapped  
backs, step collar, open fronts, and two out-  
side pockets, with button over flap, 12/11,  
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BOYS' SMART WASHING COTSWOLD SUITS,  
in special quality Tussore Repp, made with  
three outside pockets, open front, step col-  
lar, and vent and strapped backs, fast  
washing, 8/11.  
BOYS' SMART RUGBY SUITS, made from  
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Tweeds, in neat serviceable colorings. Coats  
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linenes, in colorings of Butcher Blue, Tus-  
sore, and Brown, with belt to match, 5/11.  
BOYS' GOOD QUALITY CRASH SCOUT SUITS,  
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BOYS' GOOD QUALITY TUSSORE SILK  
SCOUT SUITS, with belt to match. SPE-  
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BOYS' BUTCHER BLUE LINENE WASHING  
TUNIC SUITS, made button to neck, with  
belt to match, 3/11.  
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SUITS, in White, Tussore, or Blucher Blue,  
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### A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

(Original—Milthorpe.)

A number of people had collected around the notice board of a newspaper.

The newspaper was giving details of some of the German atrocities, and one of the crowd remarked, "wait until the British get there; they will pay it back with interest." Another bystander said, "Oh, I don't think they will; the British are too chivalrous." Listening to the comments was an old chap of about 70. He became wildly excited, and commencing to take his coat off said, "The British are shiverous, are they? You're a — liar. I'm an old man, but a Britisher, and here's at you. I'll teach you they're not shiverous." (This story wins the prize this week.—Ed. "Grit.")

### IN DONKEYS' HIDES.

A German temperance journal, "Der Guttemplar," relates that two Germans who were crossing the Luxembourg frontier declared to the Customs officials, "We have with us three bottles of red wine each. How much to pay?" "Where is it" asked the official. "Well, inside us." The official gravely looked at his tariff-book and read: "'Wine in casks, 20s.; in donkeys' hides, free.' Gentlemen," he added, looking up, "you can go." There is more truth underlying the reply than doubtless the official was aware,

for 'does not the Scripture say, "Wine is a mocker. . . and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise"?'

(Sent by Joan Lemm.)

### PROMPTING THE BEADLE.

(Sent by Arthur Wade.)

Nothing if not ambitious, the young minister at Lindfield determined on a plan to gain him greater popularity.

"Well, John," he said to the beadle after service on Sunday. "I was just thinking it might greatly enhance my sermons if you would oblige by saying 'Amen' now and again."

"Right, right, I will, sir. But how am I to know when to say Amen?" inquired sturdy John.

"I'll have a bag o' green peas beside me, John, and if you just sit under the pulpit I'll drop one when I wish you to speak," was the reply.

The following Sunday all went well until suddenly John exclaimed hurriedly, "Amen!" Amen! Amen! Amen!" "Hush, John," the minister whispered, "the bag has burst."

### A CAMP YARN.

Officer: "What's the matter with that soup you're turning up your nose at?"

Private: "It's full of sand and grit, sir."

Officer: "Now, look here, my man; did you come to camp to grumble or to serve your country?"

Private: "Well, I did come to serve my country, sir, but not to eat it."—(T. G. Ross.)

### DON'T JUDGE BY APPEARANCE.

A ganger was looking for smuggled goods in an Irish house, when a woman flew past him with a bundle on her back. He ran after her, and before she got to the end of the stairs she sat suddenly down on some of the lower steps and he fell right over her, and when he examined her parcel he found it was only some turf.

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### A GRAVE JOKE.

A man a little the worse for liquor one evening on his way home took a short cut through the grave yard and fell into an open grave. After many vain attempts to get out he tried to make himself as comfortable as he could till the morning. When a second passer-by fell in, not being able to resist the humor of it, he called out, "Can't you let the dead rest in peace." The other was so frightened that in a desperate effort he managed to reach the top and cleared off. The gravedigger came to the rescue of the first in the morning, and both had a laugh over the incident of the night when he related what happened.

### A SMART FELLOW.

Two darkies were brought to court for stealing.

After hearing the case the judge said: "Well, Tommy, you will have to do six months."

"I'm very sorry, boss," replied Tommy, "but I have to do some shearing next week." After arguing for a while Tommy was taken to a cell.

Soon after, Tommy said to the warder:—

"Well, how long did Jacky get."

"Oh, just the same as you," replied the warder.

"He will do it quicker than me," said Tommy, "him a very smart feller."

(Sent by George W. Dickinson.)

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