

MARCH, 1915.



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Grit.

A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

VOL. VIII. No. 52.

Price One Penny.

THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1915.

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



("The British Government does not propose anything drastic, but it has great powers, and means to use them discreetly and fearlessly."—Lloyd George.)

BILL SYKES: "IF HE LETS HIM LOOSE I'M DONE."

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THE VERDICT OF EXPERTS.

ICELAND.

THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC FOREVER OUTLAWED FROM THIS ANCIENT COLONY.

One of the modern victories of the prohibition movement is the enforcement of total prohibition in the Danish colony of Iceland, which came into operation on January 1 of the present year. For a long time preparations have been made for this event. Public opinion was growing steadily for a long time before the Alting, as the Icelandic Parliament is called, was persuaded to enact legislation for the complete suppression of the ancient cruelty of the liquor traffic; but, as in other parts of the world, the rising Christian sentiment of the community has at last overcome the selfish avarice of those willing to make money out of what debauches and degrades their fellows. The story of this Northern Europe reform is told recently by Larsen Ledet, in the "American Patriot," in the following interesting article:

"Midway between Europe and America is Iceland, the isle of the old Vikings, a country of 30,000 English square miles, and with a population of about 100,000, formally a part of the Danish Empire and practically an independent country, united with Denmark in a common kind.

"From ancient times the Icelanders have been fond of the glass. But in the latter part of the last century, in 1884, a Norwegian shoemaker founded a Good Templar Lodge in one of the smallest towns in the country, Akureyri. And the seed planted there became in the course of some few years a mighty tree which now overshadows the whole country.

The little lodge in Akureyri sent out agitators east and west. From farm to farm, from house to house, over snowfield and glacier, over river and cataract rode the enthusiastic spokesmen of the temperance idea. Many a time and oft they were obliged to pass the night out in the snow because it was impossible to reach any human habitation.

But when the first gem has been laid in the Icelandic soil, it grows. One after another new lodges arose, and soon the membership figures ran into hundreds. The majority of the clergymen, a great number of medical men and practically all newspaper editors and journalists became members of the I.O.G.T. Week after week Icelandic Good Templars wandered mile after mile in gloom and darkness in order to reach the place where their lodge held its meetings. Such burning faith, such glowing enthusiasm as

that of the Icelanders is not to be met with in any other nation or among any other people.

"And thus, before twenty-five years had elapsed, Iceland had outdistanced all the other countries of Europe in the temperance cause. The descendants of the old Vikings were again the ones to give a lead to the rest of Europe. The beginning of the legislation which has now culminated in the total abolition of the drink traffic was made in 1888. The Alting—the thousand-year-old Parliament of the country—resolved in that year that no new spirit licenses could be issued until the inhabitants of the municipality had given their consent. Since that time only a very small number of licenses have been granted—almost everywhere, the inhabitants voted out the alcohol. In 1899 the Alting imposed so considerable a tax upon the merchants and tavernkeepers trading in spirits that most of them were obliged for economic reasons to stop the business.

"On January 12, 1900, the Alting passed a bill prohibiting the manufacture of alcoholic drink. And after a general plebiscite in 1908—which showed a considerable majority in favor of the advocates of prohibition—the Parliament of the country—resolved in that Prohibition bill. The prohibition against the import of alcohol came into force on January 1, 1912; that against trading and retailing comes into force on January 1, 1915.

"The thirsty minority—for, of course, such exists—has since the passing of the bills entertained the hope that its coming into force should be put back. It realises that prohibition cannot be evaded. But if only it might be permitted to drink for five or ten years more, its honor would be saved, according to its own opinion.

"At the outset the friends of alcohol placed their hopes in the King. But Frederick III. attached without hesitation his name to the bill, and he is further said to have added that it was a pleasure to him, and that he hoped he might see the day when he could sanction

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a similar law applying to all the rest of the Danish Empire. Then it was tried whether it might not be possible to satisfy the friends of prohibition with a very high tax on spirits instead of total prohibition. They said: 'Prohibition will require a bigger tax on necessities—it would be better to wait a little—it is more sensible to tax such a luxury as alcohol—let's try it for a year or two.' But the Alting's answer was a negative. It preferred—if it had to choose between two evils—a tax on coal and petroleum rather than unhindered access to strong drink. And each time the question came up for renewed debate in the parliament the votes of the friends of prohibition increased in number. Meanwhile, the king died, and the alcohol party now conceived a brilliant idea. 'Sooner or later,' they said, 'the new king may be expected to visit Iceland; let us for that occasion postpone the coming into force of the prohibition law!' It is hardly necessary to point out the insult of His Majesty contained in the assumption that the lack of strong drink would cause him inconvenience in any way, or that it would not be a pleasure to him to comply with the laws of the land. The proposal was thrown out by all the other votes against four. The soap-bubble that burst on that occasion was the last. Since then the thirsty minority have realised that it is the unalterable will of the people that Iceland shall be cleansed of intoxicating drink."

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THE MIRACLE.

By THOMAS CRAWFORD GALBREATH, in the "American Magazine."

He seemed to fill the whole of the big Union Station at Chicago as he rushed wildly down the steps from the ticket office and out toward the iron gates, beyond which he could see the long line of a waiting train and hear the hissing engine. In one hand he flourished aloft the streaming ribbon of blue ticket he had just purchased, in the other he awkwardly clung to a bulging, tattered suit case.

"Iss it—" he shrilly entreated the uniformed man who placidly guarded the one open gate—"iss it—to Denver?"

The beseeching look in his eyes gave way to a glare as he waited, what seemed an age, for the quiet man's answer.

"Fourth track over. Leaves in five minutes."

Then others, many others, came pushing along behind him. Nervously he glanced, first one way, then another. Self-contained fellow beings brushed past him. They, too, must be going to Denver.

"Yes," indifferently returned the conductor. "This train has no day coaches. All Pullman. You pay extra: six dollars for lower, four-eighty for upper. Get aboard. You can pay later."

He understood little of what this meant. But he grasped the main truth: this train would take him to Denver and, again, of his little money he would have to pay yet more.

Bewildered, he asked—and his foreign accent was pitched in a high nervous key:

"Iss it that I can get to Denver the sooner on this train than on a train that costs not so much?"

"Much sooner," laconically answered the busy man.

"I go—then I go. It iss that I get to Denver so quick. An' you take me—quick?" There was pleading in his tones, and his eyes rested trustfully on the conductor.

The porter carried his suit case into the rear seat of the car. In a little while another man came and took the seat facing him. He noticed that the others' clothes were very rich and neat. They were even a little gaudy, but he did not know that. A large diamond pin gleamed from a neat cravat. There were diamonds in his cuff buttons. From a heavy watch chain that belted the front of his fancy vest there dangled a diamond-studded symbol of some order. Above his massive neck and shoulders a heavy-jowled face looked carelessly at an evening paper.

The little man instinctively pushed himself far into the window corner of his seat. He felt that this man and he were not of the same world; yet here they were within a hand's touch of each other. His own slouchy suit case was almost touching the neatly strapped, full leather bag of this man. He drew in his shapeless clod of spongy shoe as he caught the contrast be-

tween it and the highly polished, well-shaped boot of the other. This man's face was clean and rosy and full-fleshed. He knew his own was rough, brown, and furrowed, like the Michigan fields after a harrow had gone over them. This man had money; he must be wealthy. And he—he had no money. A bitter gleam came into the narrowing eyes as he thought of money. He had not envied the other man his clothes or his diamonds or his life of ease and pleasure. None of these things had moved him. But—money! Why had this other man much money—so much that he could spend it on extravagant self-adornment, while he—he had so little money? And he needed it. Oh! How he needed money!

He could have hated this man who had so much of what he needed, this man who was so near him yet so far off, this man who had not even noticed his presence. But—Oh, well! He sighed as he turned to look out of the window. Oh, well, he must not hate. He didn't begrudge his fellow man anything. And he was on his way to Denver. At least he should be grateful for that. Again he sighed. The man in the other seat caught the sigh as he turned a sheet of his paper. He looked, at first indifferently, then with interest, on this wistful-eyed country fellow whom a strange fate had thrown so close to him. He had never before seen a man of this dress and type in a Pullman. He wondered mildly. Then he went on with his paper.

It was an hour before the conductor came round.

"Four-eighty, four dollars and eighty cents," he explained. "Upper two—that's this section. To Denver, you said. Four-eighty."

The little man drew a much used wallet from his pocket, awkwardly slipped from it a heavy rubber band and laboriously finding five one-dollar bills, thrust them toward the conductor.

"I do not care," he burst forth. "I do not care, conductor! I pay you everything I got—everything if it iss that you get me there in time—before it iss that it may be too late!" He put forth his brown, calloused hands in entreaty. "You will do it—is it not that you will do it, conductor? God!"—he breathed hard at the word as he now pleaded with a higher power—"you will not let it be that it iss too late, God!"

The man in the other seat stared with a new interest. When the conductor had gone he handed his paper across to the other.

"I do not read it much—now. The mind—it will not stay with me."

The richly dressed man slowly lifted his contemplative gaze from the point of his shoe as he replied:

"You are welcome, my man." Then he

arose and went into the dining car, where supper was being served.

* * *

With the coming of night the interior of the highly polished car glistened under the glow of the lights. The little man's face no longer looked toward the window, where everything had solidified into a mass of blackness. His eyes, used only to reflections from fields and trees or to the light of a coal-oil lamp, blinked under this fairy-land enchantment. He wondered that there were people who took this as their right. It was not for him; only by accident had he happened to come upon it. He felt himself an interloper. These people were not his kind. He felt there was nothing in common between them and himself. Money had made this possible for the few. And so money had created a gulf of separation, on one side of which were these quiet, smiling, low-talking, ease-loving people, on the other side, himself. He felt the strangeness of it all, but he was not painfully embarrassed by it. An emotion so superior to self-consciousness held him, a poignant, heart-stabbing anxiety such as these people, he thought, could never know. For they had money.

He had not moved from his seat when, two hours later, the other man reappeared. The big fellow seemed friendly as he fell into the opposite seat.

"I didn't see you at supper. Had your supper?" he inquired.

No, he—he had had a late dinner and he was not hungry. He could not tell him that the money was so little and he had need of all of it. And now that the ordeal of luxuriously dining among these people was imminent, he was timid, too. He shrank from it. He knew they would mark him as one apart from them. So he had put it that way: he had eaten a late dinner, and was not hungry.

The other man did not press him on that matter. But he seemed friendly and talked on. He told him a little of the country through which they were passing. In an impressionistic manner that caught the interest of the wistful-eyed listener, he described how the pioneers, over sixty years before, had made their way painfully and laboriously across this same country in their Conestoga waggons, travelling ten, fifteen, twenty miles a day.

"We've got them beat when it comes to spanning the country. In a half-hour we can knock out their full day's journey. And then at night they stopped. But there isn't any night on a transcontinental railroad. We keep going daylight and dark."

Then he held the other's interest by telling of the fertility of that land. "Little fertilizer and big crops. That's the way of it. A man with a head as fertile as that wouldn't ever get bald," he laughed as he stroked his own scanty hair. "All these farmers own automobiles, have houses with all city conveniences, and they're building banks and organizing loan associations at every cross-roads to take care of their money. A farmer's life must be a pretty nice life?" he mused questioningly, and waited.

(Continued on Page 15.)

BUY GRIFFITHS' TEAS

New South Wales Alliance.

EARLY CLOSING CAMPAIGN IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

Mr. James Marion, writing from Adelaide, says:—

The event of the week has been the great inspirational meeting held in the Exhibition Building, Adelaide.

The oldest local residents do not remember such a successful demonstration in favor of temperance reform in this city. Three thousand people filled every available seat and late comers, not being allowed to stand under the Public Halls Act, had to leave.

The meeting opened with the National Anthem and prayer, led by Rev. Frewin, M.A. (Anglican), the audience repeating the Lord's Prayer.

The Acting President of the League, Rev. F. Lade, M.A., presided and delivered a magnificent address. Mr. Lade's brilliant and forceful handling of "The Case for Early Closing" was a great treat.

I had the honor of representing New South Wales and dealt with the popular fallacies of the Liquor Party.

Of my own effort I will say nothing beyond the fact that such utterances that I made were most enthusiastically received.

The collection and financial appeal in promises which followed resulted in £450 being raised, £51 being given on the plates. Considering the fearful drought that the State has passed through the results are considered excellent.

Mrs. Helen Barton made the final address, and pleaded in the interests of women for their vote for six o'clock. Mrs. Barton's humor and pathos combined to make a soul-stirring speech. A resolution in favor of six o'clock closing, moved by Major Smeaton, M.P., was carried unanimously. The meeting was exactly what it was called "a great inspirational one," and concluded at 10.30 at which time nearly the whole of the huge audience were still present.

THE LICENSED VICTUALLERS' MANIFESTO.

Following up the meeting in the Exhibition the publicans issued a manifesto, the most attractive part of it being that relating to the effect of early closing upon the religious life of the community. Here it is: "We are convinced from observation and experience that extremists in any propaganda are dangerous leaders, and altogether unreliable; that some clergy are dividing their congregations on the liquor question by their intemperate zeal; that they are denying the power of the Gospel to save from all sin by asserting that the curtailment of hours of selling alcoholic beverages will save from one form of evil; that the adoption of such a policy is calculated to drive sober and right thinking members of congregations out of the churches, and by so doing is injuring the religious life of South Australia."

Just how much capital the lecturers and press writers are getting out of this part of the manifesto, only those on the spot can realise.

One speaker suggests that the publicans are becoming "too wowseristic." Another parson threatens to apply for the position of "chaplain to the liquor forces," whilst someone says that the manifesto was written "after they had all been to the penitent form."

The subject is one for both caustic and humorous handling, but the attempt to make the spiritual welfare of the community the excuse for the late hour selling of liquor is in my judgment the most astounding piece of audacity and hypocrisy that has ever come to the surface in an anti-liquor fight.

REV. R. B. S. HAMMOND'S VISIT.

A telegram has been received to the effect that Rev. R. B. S. Hammond is to devote the last 10 days of the fight to campaign in this

State. A full programme of meetings is being planned, and there is no doubt but what the last few days will call forth the best that is in every speaker. The final liquor-lying crusade, with which every reformer is familiar, will give Mr. Hammond an opportunity of exploding the liquor fallacies that fool so many unthinking voters. Mr. Hammond arrives in Adelaide on March 17th.

SUBSCRIPTIONS TO "GRIT."

S. Cocks, 31/12/15, 6s.; R. Hughes, 31/12/15, 6s.; Mrs. Chandler, 31/12/14, 10s. 6d.; Mrs. W. Waters (agency), 6s.; Mrs. Grant, 31/12/15, 6s.; Rev. Scott Neil, 13s. 6d.; A. G. H. Lewis, 6s.; Thos. Terry, 6s.; Miss M. Brown, 31/12/15, 12s.; Rev. G. Thompson, 6s.; Mrs. M. Millard, 6s.; A. Quayle, 6s.; D. Blanch, per Miss Davis, 4/3/16, 6s.; Miss Woodward, 6s.; Miss E. G. Wallace, N.Z., 17/12/15, 7s. 6d.; Mrs. F. J. Lethbridge, N.Z., 28/2/15, 16s.; S. S. Paterson, N.Z., 16/11/14, 7s. 6d.; D. Steptoe, N.Z., 16/12/14, 7s. 6d.; J. Harris, N.Z., 31/12/14, 7s. 6d.; A. Meier, N.Z., 17/12/15, 7s. 6d.; Miss Whitehouse, N.Z., 31/12/15, 7s. 6d.; G. Nairn, 9s. 2d.; G. Bland, 30/4/14, 20s.; Rev. J. H. Robinson, 6s.; A. T. Phillips, 6s.; G. H. Lock, 6s.; Mrs. Place, 6s.; Rev. Varcoe Cock, 31/12/14, 6s.; Prison Gate Home, 14s.; S. Stocker, 6s.; H. M. Reid, 6s.; Mrs. M. A. Rodda, 12s. 6d.; Mrs. A. C. McCulloch, 6s.; Mrs. W. A. Lorking, 20s.; N. Barnes, 23/10/15, 3s.; Alec. Pringle (agency), £1 15s. 6d.; Rev. Ritchie, 31/3/15, 11s.

The following per A. Toombes:—V. Myers, 11/3/16, 6s.; C. R. Tulk, 11/3/16, 6s.; F. W. Stratford, 11/3/16, 6s.; H. McPherson, 11/3/16, 6s.; J. W. Duley, 11/3/16, 6s.; W. Ellis, 11/3/16, 6s.; Mrs. E. C. Savill, 11/3/16, 6s.; S. Stevens, 11/3/16, 6s.; A. F. Wallis, 11/6/15, 1s. 6d.; Jas. Jolly, 11/6/15, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. Grassick, 11/6/15, 1s. 6d.; Miss H. McAuley, 11/6/15, 1s. 6d.

The following per Miss F. M. Donaldson:—Miss H. E. Donaldson, 11/6/15, 1s. 6d.; Miss K. MacMuller, 11/6/15, 1s. 6d.; Miss K. Donaldson, 11/6/15, 1s. 6d.; Mrs. T. F. Maher, 11/6/15, 1s. 6d.; Rev. H. Walker Taylor, 31/3/15, 9s. 6d.; E. A. Murray, 20s.

The following per Mr. Jones:—Miss J. R. Truscott, 12/3/16, 6s.; Miss Truscott, 12/3/16, 6s.; Jas. Richardson, 7s.; L. A. Tanner, 12s.; Miss J. A. Roweth, 10s.; Mrs. Mitchell, 10s.; Miss J. Gough, 31/12/15, 6s.; Mrs. Oakley, 14s.; E. Andrews, 23/7/15, 6s.; V. Pryor, 31/3/15, 19s. 6d.

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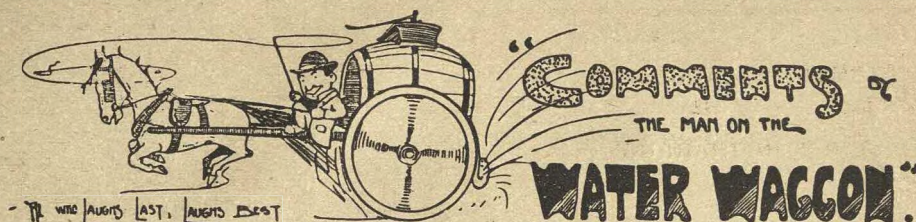
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LABOR AND "GRIT."

The following appreciative paragraph from Sydney "Worker" is worthy of a reprint, if only to show what peculiar views some people hold; also to emphasise the fact that we must stand to our own judgment of right and wrong—of what is fair and unfair.

That any subscriber to "Grit" should demand our refusing business from a paper that may hit his political beliefs astonishes us. We must reply that we are neither Labor nor Liberal; we are for moral and not political principles.

Extract "Worker":—

"Sydney 'Grit,' a smart little weekly devoted to social and temperance subjects, has to face the obstacles that beset the paths of all reformers in all lands. It has the fault-finder and the 'stop-my-paper' subscriber. In this issue the Editor (Reverend Robert Hammond) quotes some sample extracts from letters he has received, of which the following is one:—'The one blot in your paper is the advertisement of 'The Worker,' and if it continues when my subscription is again due I will not be taking it any more after that.' To this, 'Grit's' editor neatly rejoins: 'I wonder if this subscriber finds a liquor ad. a big enough blot to stop him from reading any daily or weekly paper? I am afraid 'Grit' must continue to be like a rose, and they all have a thorn.'"

Quite true, Mr. "Worker." There are always thorns about—each one of us meets them every day.

It means simply a call to our manhood to handle them firmly and without fear of consequences.

One cannot dismiss this final thorn, however, without a gentle reminder to our dissatisfied brother, that he must look for higher things from us than party strife. He must remember that neither party in present-day politics is a temperance party; but at the same time no party leader has stood more boldly to us than Mr. Hall. With the actions of certain Liberal leaders we have from time to time been compelled to quarrel. It was impossible to read other than self-interest or a desire to smoothe to the well-lined pockets of "The Trade."

"The Waggoner" was one of the first to condemn the practice of some years back—the bracketing of Labor and Liquor together, and the lack of effort to secure the services of Laborites in our work.

When, friends, we have secured the frank and logical support of the working man, we have won our battle.

You won't secure it by attacking him.

We want his brotherly co-operation, and the way to get it is to approach him with friendly yet courageous argument and win him to our cause. It can be done.

THE SILENT LIQUOR TRADE.

In furtherance of the above appeal, we shall quote another paragraph from the working-man's paper, which may convince even our subscriber that the Labor leaders are not bound to the liquor party.

Under the above heading appears this piquant criticism of our friends "the enemy":

"Not so long ago, when the local option poll was on, the liquor interests filled the country by placard, letter, and newspaper article with a plea for continuance, and claims to righteousness.

"Since then war began, and as a result of the dangers of drink, Russia stopped the sale of liquor all over the country.

"We have heard no protest from the usually noisy liquor interests. There has not even been a letter of protest in the 'Herald,' and can words—ordinary words—say more than that?

"Later still, France prohibited the sale of her national liqueur, absinthe. The Drink Trade is still silent."

This we consider a masterstroke and worthy of the admiration of our party.

Where, indeed, is the howl the Liberty Leaguers should have set up?

Why are they silent, indeed?

Why?

Because they know full well there is no reply possible.

None whatever.

Russia alone has settled the argument—annihilated the opposition.

True, the position of a Leaguer in Sydney is not a happy one, especially as he is almost always a U.L.V.A. man, too. His alcohol condemned by half the world, his members routed by dissension and decay of organization, his profits disappearing—ugh—1915 is a bad year for him! And a good one for us. Brethren, what say all of you?

A STRIKING EXAMPLE.

The following cable is reprinted from the "Sun"—

(Published in "The Times.")

LONDON, Thursday, March 4.

Correspondents with the Russians are the most profound believers in prohibition. They never imagined how far-reaching would be its benefits. The prohibition of vodka has increased the efficiency of the army.

It was first evidenced in the promptness of the army mobilisation. During a period

when money was tight, the deposits in the savings banks increased enormously. It is now impossible to buy even a glass of beer in any hotel or restaurant in Russia. The correspondents have not seen for six months a tipsy officer or soldier.

At one stroke Russia has freed herself from a curse that paralysed the peasant life for generations. This is nothing short of revolution. Graft and corruption have been stamped out of the army service, and the improvement in the organization has added to the comfort of the soldiers' life resulting in the highest morale.

LIQUOR AND LABOR.

Get the Saloonkeeper's Job or He Will Get Yours.

(By MATT. S. HUGHES.)

Some men will lose their jobs under prohibition.

Thousands and tens of thousands of saloon patrons will lose their jobs under license.

There are several thousand patrons of the saloons in the California penitentiaries who are there because of the operation of this flourishing liquor industry. They have lost their jobs. Their families have suffered and are suffering. We have saloon-insane in our asylums. They have lost their jobs and their families are suffering. We have saloon-paupers in our almshouses. They have lost their jobs and their families are suffering. We have saloon-sick and disabled in our hospitals. They have lost their jobs and their families are suffering. We have saloon loafers on our streets. They have lost their jobs and their families are suffering.

Somebody is due to lose his job whichever way the California election goes. It rests with the voter to say who.

When the saloon puts a man out of his job it unfits him for any job. He is down as well as out. He becomes a negligible quantity in the social order except as a bill of expense against those who are asked to vote for the saloon.

On the other hand the saloonkeeper out of a job is on his way to decent citizenship; his family is relieved of a social stigma; the social order exchanges a destroyer for a producer.

Let's force them all out of bad jobs into good jobs.

At a recent wedding the bride was Miss Jane Helper and the bridegroom was Mr. Newton Lord. The bridegroom, however, was very angry when he saw in the newspaper an account of their wedding, headed in the usual way: "Lord—Helper."

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Revival Among British Soldiers.

TEN THOUSAND SOLDIERS JOIN POCKET TESTAMENT LEAGUE.—MORALS OF SOLDIERS IMPROVED.

REMARKABLE SCENES AMONG THE TROOPS IN TRAINING ON SALISBURY PLAIN.

By GEORGE T. B. DAVIS.

A remarkable Bible revival is in progress among the British soldiers quartered on Salisbury Plain and elsewhere in England. Already more than 10,000 of the troops on Salisbury Plain alone have joined the Pocket Testament League, and have agreed to carry a Testament with them and to read a chapter daily, and over 3000 have declared their acceptance of Christ and enlisted under the banner of the King of Kings.

The movement began some time ago, when Charles M. Alexander, the well-known Gospel song leader, accompanied by two soloists, a pianist, and a representative of the Pocket Testament League, spent five days travelling from one Y.M.C.A. marquee to another on the Plain holding Gospel meetings. From the beginning the meetings were a great success. The soldiers crowded into the marquees, and when the tents were filled they let down the sides and the men stood outside during the service.

GOSPELS AS HYMN BOOKS.

The meetings began with the presentation to each soldier of the Pocket Testament League edition of the Gospel of St. John, containing hymns, pictures, and stories. Using the gospel as a hymn book, Mr. Alexander led the men in singing appropriate hymns. The men quickly caught up the new choruses, such as "I Am Included" and "Good-bye, God Bless You," while they rang out lustily the familiar strains of the "Glory Song" and "Tell Mother I'll Be There." Now and then the famous song-leader called upon one of the soloists to sing a hymn such as "My Mother's Prayer," or "Will the Circle be Unbroken?" Again Mr. Alexander would stop the soldiers in the midst of a hymn and give them a straight talk on the manliness of living a clean Christian life.

At the opportune moment the idea of the Pocket Testament League was explained, and the men were told how during the last six years the movement had swept round the world and hundreds of thousands of all classes from one end of the world to the other had been enrolled in the League by making it the rule of their lives to carry a Testament with them and to read at least one chapter daily. Special Testaments, with waterproof covers, weighing only 2½ ounces, published by the Pocket Testament League Headquarters, 47 Paternoster Row, London, were offered to any soldier who wished to join. It was clearly stated, however, that in order to secure the Testament he must first sign a League membership card, and then sign the pledge in the Testament he received.

A RUSH FOR TESTAMENTS.

The eagerness of the men to make the promise and join the movement was astonish-

ing. At one tent, when those who wished to become members were asked to come forward, the soldiers literally stormed the platform in their eagerness to join. At another tent over 300 soldiers were enrolled in a few minutes. At still another there was not time to give out the Testaments that night, so the men were asked to present their membership cards and secure the books at the marquee next day. Early the following morning a stream of soldiers asking for Testaments began, and continued until thousands of men had been enrolled in that marquee.

A REMARKABLE SCENE.

During the closing days of the meetings conducted by Mr. Alexander thrilling scenes were witnessed as the soldiers were asked not only to join the League but to yield their lives to God. One night over a thousand men were crowded into a tent. Over 300 joined the Pocket Testament League, and at the close of the service 192 soldiers in the presence of their comrades rang out after the song leader the words "I Accept Christ as My Saviour, My Lord, and My King." The editor of a London journal who was present

declared it was a sight he had rarely seen equalled.

Bishop Taylor-Smith, the Chaplain General of the Forces, when asked for a word of encouragement to the men whose lives had been influenced, wrote: "My dear Mr. Alexander, I rejoice to hear of the blessing received on the Plain. May you see greater things than these because of Christ's position and power. Give to the brethren from me Hebrews xiii: 20, 21.—Believe me, yours always, J. Taylor-Smith, Bp. C.G."

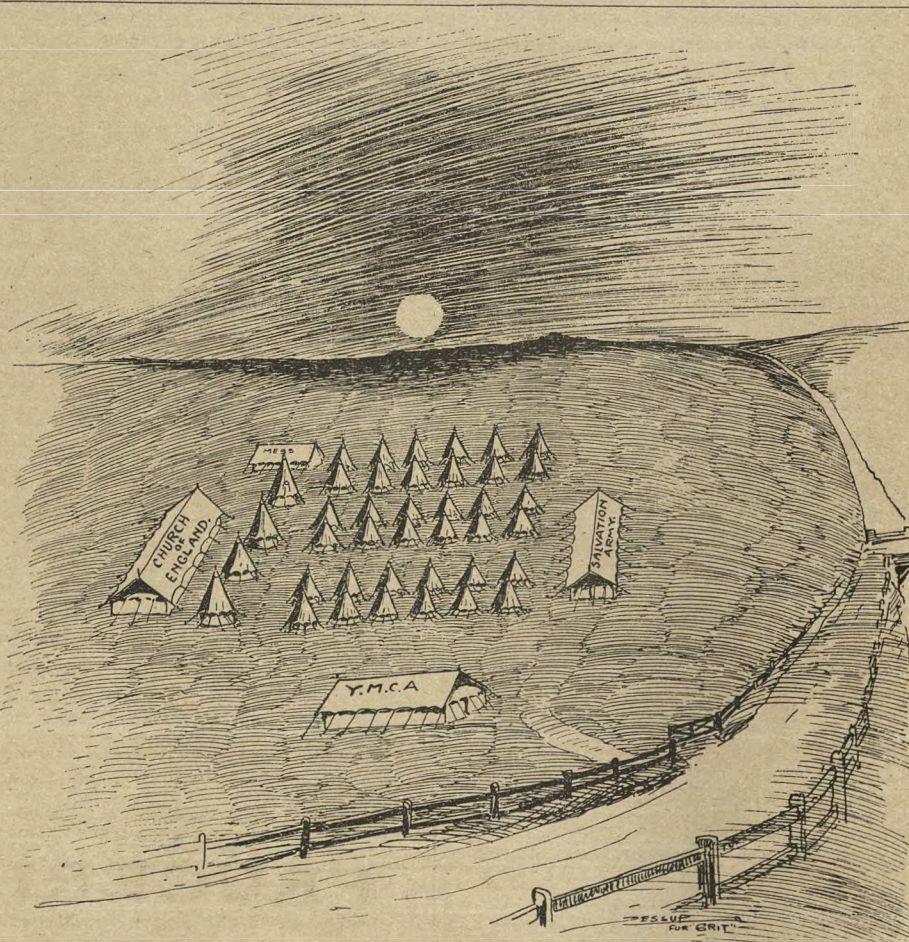
Later, Dr. J. Wilbur Chapman arrived in England from America, and he and Mr. Alexander conducted two brief but notable missions in London. At their conclusion, at the urgent request of the National Council of the Y.M.C.A., the evangelists held three thrilling services for soldiers at the Crystal Palace and Wendover, when as the result of the inspiring messages in sermon and song, hundreds of the troops stood up and openly confessed Christ as their Saviour.

BIBLE REVIVAL SPREADS.

The Bible revival on Salisbury Plain did not end with the visit of Mr. Alexander and his party. The movement continued to spread among the men from tent to tent, and the demand for Testaments increased.

Mr. Henry J. Lane, a business man who has worked day and night in one of the Y.M.C.A. marquees on the Plain as an honorary worker enrolling soldiers in the League, and leading them to a decision for God, sent to the

(Continued on page 9.)



THE SENTINELS THAT NEVER SLEEP.

The Smiths are Waking Up.

By CAMPBELL MacCULLOCH.

The Smiths are waking 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 people"; 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 very 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 seventy per cent. of this country is under prohibition now!

That fifty-one 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 fifty to seventy per cent. "dry"; that thirteen States are from twenty-five to fifty per cent. "dry"; and that there are nine more States having some portion that is close to twenty-five 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 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 debarred, 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 thirty-six out of the forty-eight 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 ad-

vancement 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 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 twenty-five thousand 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 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

(Continued on Page 14.)

GRIT.

A Journal of Moral Reform
and No-License.

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

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1915.

SAFETY FIRST. The New South Wales Government railways and tramways started with the new year a publication called "Safety First."

This movement for safety has accomplished wonderful things in America, and is very welcome in New South Wales. The February issue of this four-page leaflet contains interesting illustrations of "the proper way to elevate a ladder" and the way to couple trams. The following striking sentence stands out on the front page:—

"It is bad enough to take risks yourself, but

It's criminal to make risks for others.

Old Cain indignantly asked, "Am I my brother's keeper?" The plea is not valid. You are undoubtedly morally responsible. If you will gamble, do not let it be in human life."

Dr. T. L. O'Reilly, assistant medical officer, writes a "Health Talk," in which he says:—

"Our defending army is found in our blood. Its fluid part contains anti-toxins which neutralise and render harmless the toxins or poisons with which the invading microbe seeks to poison and overcome us. But our chief fighting unit is the white cell of the

blood, of which there are many millions in our bodies.

"Under our microscope the white cells (which are 1-2500th part of an inch in diameter) can be seen to gradually surround, and envelop and destroy the invading microbes. When alcohol is taken the white cells are seen to be more or less paralysed, and do not work as effectively. Alcohol is therefore a disadvantage to any one attacked or liable to microbic attack, and no one is exempt."

We congratulate the department on this valuable contribution to the public safety.

THE REMEDY.

It is both natural and right that those of us who enjoy anything should share it with others, or if we have benefited by a remedy that we should tell others.

J.A.McI. writes the following suggestive and interesting letter, and bears witness as do many thousands of others to the saving power of the Lord Christ. He says:—

"Lady Constance Lytton, sister of the Earl of Lytton, and a renowned suffragette, who has been in prison three times, writes these words: 'Perhaps the most crushing thing in the whole of one's prison experience is 'that you have no mind of your own.' You are not allowed to do anything from choice. You have to do just what you are told, whether you like it or not.'

"This, the loss of one's free will, is the greatest calamity that can befall a human being. God made us free-will agents, hence our superiority to the beasts. When we lose that Divine Power we are again on a level with them.

"How many human beings there are who cannot obey the dictates of their conscience. How many human beings are there who would like to banish the 'drink fiend' out of their lives? But they are not 'free-will' agents. Satan has enslaved them and they must obey his voice. You cannot deny this, my reader. There are thousands of men and women in Sunny New South Wales who wish that they could discard 'strong drink.' And some of them belong to so-called Liberty Leagues.

"But there is a way, dear reader, whereby man can again become a free-will agent, and banish the drink fiend. He may again become 'a man,' and be ready to act according to the dictates of his conscience. The remedy is perfectly effective, because it is God-given. Hence there is only one cure, as only one remedy is required when it is a perfect one. If you are enslaved, dear

reader, try it. I can guarantee its effectiveness. It has made a thorough cure in every case where it has been tried. We speak what we know, and I personally can testify of its power to cure quickly and effectively. The remedy is to be found at the Cross. The Blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

THE DAILY PAPERS.

It is a startling thing to us in New South Wales, where the daily and weekly papers are dominated by liquor advertisements, and where decent people protect their children and their homes from every enemy except the biggest enemy, alcohol, and where they welcome papers full of specious and lying advertisements alluring the innocent and ignorant, to find that in the States of America one-fourth of all the daily newspapers decline liquor advertising.

Five hundred and twenty daily newspapers in the United States will accept no advertising of whisky, beer, or other alcoholic liquors. An inquiry directed to every daily newspaper in the States brought replies from 679 out of 2160. Only 159 of those replying will accept liquor advertising of any kind, and a large number of these will accept only advertising of beer. America gives us a good lead. Who will be a pioneer? The individual must start the movement. Refuse to take the daily paper, and tell them why. You will be called a fool in your day, as all pioneers were, but in the days to come you will rank among the heroic ones who made a great reform possible. Have you any initiative? By that I mean dare you do the right thing when no one else will do it? Thousands will do it once the heroic ones give a definite lead. It is just as needful to protect your home and boys from a lying advertisement as from a lying companion. If you teach that familiarity breeds contempt, then see that your children do not become familiar with harmful liquor as disguised in the flappedoodle of a liquor advertisement.

The Editor

"Conductor, can you tell me how that brakeman lost his finger?" asked the inquisitive woman. "He seems to be a very nice man. It is a pity he should be crippled."

"That's just it, mum. He is a good fellow. He is so obliging that he wore his finger off pointing out the scenery along the line."

REVIVAL AMONG BRITISH SOLDIERS

League Headquarters in London a letter giving a graphic account of the Bible revival among the troops. He writes:—

"After a visit from Mr. Alexander and his party, the Lord manifested His Presence in a remarkable way. Until then there had been few decisions for Christ, sometimes one and never more than two a day. After the above-mentioned visit and the introduction of the Pocket Testament League, there came upon the soldiers a great desire to hear the Word of God. As it was told out men were gripped by the power of the Holy Ghost, and hour after hour they came to the counter and with bowed heads confessed Christ. On one occasion a group of 30 were listening to the Gospel when the speaker asked who would volunteer for the service of Christ. Immediately a non-commissioned officer, about six feet in height, who was on the outside, put up his hand and said, 'I will, sir,' at the same time pushing his way to the front. Within a few seconds 12 others joined him. No sooner had these been dealt with and prayers offered than another group came forward. Thus it continued until the 'last post' sounded and the soldiers hurried away to their lines."

MOVEMENT INTERESTS LONDON EDITORS.

A few weeks later the Bible work among the soldiers had aroused such widespread interest that Mr. Lane and Mr. A. J. C. Thomas—who had witnessed an almost equally wonderful work in a neighboring Y.M.C.A. marquee—were invited to London to tell about the spiritual movement among the troops.

To a group of editors of London journals who had gathered to hear the story, Mr. Lane told how the work began, and of its remarkable influence on the morale of the troops. He said:—

"For weeks we have had a stream of men coming to join the Pocket Testament League, and at the same time accepting Christ so rapidly that I could not deal with them in ones and twos, but I had groups of eight and ten and more. This has been done in the tent while the latest comic song was being sung. These men listened as intently as if there was no other sound or voice to be heard.

"A merchant of Exeter was there in the marquee one day, also the Wesleyan chaplain. They purposely stood at the back where I could not see them just to see what was taking place. The merchant said this: 'If I had read it in a book, or heard it from the lips of anyone, I would have discounted 50 per cent, and would not have believed the rest.' The chaplain said that he had never hoped to witness such scenes or feel the power of God as he did then. Directly the little book was opened and the Word of God was read, the whole expression on the men's faces was changed and they became deeply concerned, and the result was that applica-

tions for the Testaments became so numerous that we could not supply them all. Men were bringing their chums all day in dozens. One man would get a Testament, and I said, 'Let the others know you have a good thing,' and the next day, time and again, the remaining number in that tent would come and join, and the demand was so great that at no time have we had sufficient Testaments, though I thank God we had a grand supply, but we have never had sufficient to meet the demand. The soul winning has coincided with the supply of Testaments. It is an extraordinary thing. I have tried to introduce another line of things, but that has failed. In no cases have we had any difficulty in leading souls to Christ from morning to night when we have had the League Testaments behind us.

SWEARING CHANGED TO BIBLE READING.

"An officer came in who was not a Christian man nor had he very much sympathy with Christian work. He said: 'What are you doing here? Extraordinary things are happening in the lines. Men who used to curse and swear I hear reading and praying. What is it you have got?' We showed him the Testament; he did not take it, but still we had his testimony. One is struck by the fact that non-commissioned officers have been influenced by their men. One came to me and said, 'When I came here the tent was a hell upon earth. Language was so dreadful and behaviour so wretched that we could not get to sleep. When some of them came in we got up out of their way. Everyone has joined the Pocket Testament League, and now there are hymns and Bible readings. The attitude of the rank and file has changed.'

"A sergeant came to me and said: 'I'll tell you what has brought me here. I have about the roughest section in our battalion, a tough lot of men. They have had to be carried from the canteens drunk and have given the non-commissioned officers untold trouble. Now they have all joined the Pocket Testament League, and they came to me this morning and said, 'Sergeant, you see what we've done, and isn't it time you did the same?' 'Well, I couldn't stand that, so before I went to drill I had to come here.' He accepted Christ.

RECRUITING FOR CHRIST.

"Some of these men have done a thing that some of us would hesitate about doing. They have gone straight back to their ungodly companions and have besought them to turn from their evil ways and come down and get

a Testament and start right; and in tent after tent all the men take it in turns to read a portion every day, and sometimes they sing a hymn. I have had three or four of these men bring a chum up to the counter, and they are asked if they have given their hearts to the Lord. Then they stand with bowed heads while I offer a prayer so that every one within the sound of my voice knows what is going on. I have seen a group of men who were at first disinterested become attracted by the sound of praying. When the first group have been attended to there is another waiting. This has gone on until one has been absolutely exhausted in pointing men to Christ. It is such a blessed thing. What is being done in these two marquees can be done in every marquee in this country by the agency of the Pocket Testament League. I want to thank God for the Pocket Testament League. This was His purpose and way of working. I would not be true to our God and Father if I did not say that the Pocket Testament League in His Hands has already brought 1200 men to Christ and 4200 to promise to read a portion of God's word every day.

TO EVANGELISE THE BRITISH ARMY.

"Last Saturday there was a line waiting just like a theatre. They waited patiently for their turn to come to yield themselves to Christ. I was forced to adopt the plan of dealing with them in groups, but the work amongst these men has just ebbed and flowed with the supply of Testaments. I have never dreamed of seeing such marvellous things in my life. I believe that the Pocket Testament League work would evangelise the British army both at the front and at home if men would go out trusting God to use it."

Mr. Thomas, in describing his work, told how he takes the soldiers who apply for Testaments into a quiet corner of the tent, one or two at a time. They sit down at a table and sign their names in the Testament agreeing to join the League. Then he shows them how to become a Christian, has prayer with them, and sends them out to openly confess Christ. In a few weeks he and his workers have enrolled over 1400 men in the Pocket Testament League, and over 600 soldiers have yielded their lives to God. Mr. Thomas verified Mr. Lane's statement that the tide of revival ebbed and flowed with the supply of Testaments.

If this story interests you, pray that the Bible revival may continue to grow and increase among the soldiers on Salisbury Plain, and that it may spread throughout the British Army and Navy.

NOTICE.
TERRILL (Late George St. West.)
PIANO REPAIRING & TUNING.
RING UP 571 ASHFIELD, or write to
20 GOWER STREET, SUMMER HILL.

CITY OF CRANIA.

(By HENRY JONES, for "Grit.")

WALKING SIGNBOARDS.

When travelling in a strange country we invariably take our bearings by the various fingerposts and signboards without stopping to question their genuineness. Of course, custom has a lot to do with habit, and perhaps custom has caused the councils and business people to place the signposts and signboards in conspicuous places. However, whether it is the result of custom or confidence in human nature, we usually conclude from the signboards we see in a strange town that they give some indication of the class of work the owners of the signboard does, or the kind of goods he deals in. It seems quite natural for us to believe the signboards; in fact, a man would be considered very suspicious if he doubted; that is, if he expressed his doubt. Since the beginning of things man has communicated his desires and feelings by means of signs. It was the first language our ancestors used, and out of it grew the language we now use. Man began by consciously and designedly using signs to reveal his true character and intentions, and he still consciously, and unconsciously, reveals his character and motives by signs, but how few people really believe this, and how many tell you that you should be very careful about judging by appearances.

FOLLOW THE LEADER.

It is just a matter of education or prejudice whether we believe in signs or not. A man acquainted with the ways of civilisation will make a beeline for a red light the instant he realises he is seriously ill, or thinks he is. The man who has been disturbed by a burglar in the night will give the alarm, call out "Police! Police!" or make straight for a blue light, just because he has been taught to do so, and he never tarries to question the facts that all police stations have a blue light in front of them, or should have.

When travelling, or touring the world on a "Cook's" you never fail to obey the instructions on the coupon, viz., "Follow the man from Cook's"; if you do you lose the number of your place. You never for one moment think of asking the guide if he is genuine, you see the cap and badge, and on you go after him.

PROVE ALL THINGS.

There is a vast difference between ordinary signboards and human signboards. In the former case the signs are often misleading and false, but in the latter case never. In the first case a man may choose his signboard, but in the latter case he unconsciously and faithfully produces, or evolves it.

Human signboards are permanent and ineffaceable so long as we carry on the "straight business" that produces them. The rainbow was chosen as a sign because the rainbow will last as long as man—and no longer; it is part and parcel of his nature, so long as he is normal. God makes no mistakes when he establishes a sign. Heaven and earth may pass away, but the signs

which God has chosen will remain—all "scientific teaching" supports this fact. Mind you, there is a vast difference between "scientific teaching" and the "teaching of science," therefore it becomes all the more important that we should endeavor to become more scientific, so that our faith shall not be disturbed or shaken by "recent discoveries," "the higher criticism," and "modern thought." The science of man is one of the grandest and most sublime subjects for the Christian, especially the young Christian. How much easier is it to deal with your soul, temptations, and passions when you understand yourself from a scientific point of view. Why so much bickering, jealousy, intriguing, and petty scheming in some of our churches and Christian organizations. When men or women know the true limitations and possibilities of their natures they soon find their niche, and take their place therein with calm, fruitful resignation.

FIND YOUR PLACE AND KEEP IT.

Perhaps most of the sorrow and pathos of life comes from the fact that we try to fit the square peg into a round hole. We get into the weary groove, and do not discover the fact until too late. Because your father was a minister, lawyer, or crossing sweeper it does not follow that you will be. Nature does not allow families to "corner" callings. Nature's ways are strange, but consistent. Your father might have been a successful man and known for probity, but did your father understand the science of man and select a suitable woman to be the mother of his children. Remember it was to the "seed" of Abraham the promise was made, not the soil. This should be borne in mind by all who contemplate launching out on to the sea of matrimony. During my twenty years of practice I have frequently found good, honest seed spoilt by bad, sour soil. Young men, don't be satisfied by winning the affection of a young woman; you must realise the imperative duty of educating the mind for the sake of your unborn children. This can only be done by studying your choice from a scientific point. Become conversant with the principles of temperament and mental manifestation. Half the sour, discontented and fickle children you meet are the result of discontented, disappointed, and unnatural mothers.

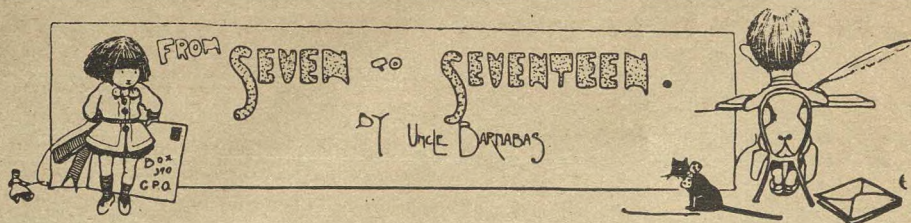
LET HIM CAST THE FIRST STONE.

While lamenting the fact that expectant mothers sow more than two-thirds of the seeds of evil in the world, it is to be equally regretted that fathers in the majority of cases contributed to it by criminal silence, ignorance, and selfishness. The bride should be fully aware of her responsibilities, but the bridegroom should be doubly conscious of his duties to the bride. If he had a slight knowledge of the science of character-reading he would be in a better position to train and educate the feelings and direct the thoughts of the woman he believes to be his affinity.

SPEAK THE TRUTH, BUT IN LOVE.

To face the real vital problems of life is the duty of every man and woman. From the cradle to the grave we battle with ourselves just because we do not understand the laws of our beings. In the management of children we often resort to most crude, primitive, and cruel methods. When we realise the fact that "we have no right to punish any child, but it is our duty to correct it," then there will be some hope of permanent improvement in the human race. Punishment engenders fear, and service through fear never gains a victory or secures the natural affections of a child. A child is here as the result of our personal and selfish desire, so it certainly should be obvious that it is our duty to study the child, give freely of our love, and become intimately acquainted with its weaknesses and possibilities. Very often people give more thought to animals than children, just because they have been taught to study animals and judge of their good and bad points. Many well-meaning people refuse to believe that some children are born with a "kink," or predisposition to evil, yet they willingly contribute to the support of asylums for imbeciles, idiots, and maniacs. When parents begin to understand children and pay more attention to the teachings of phrenology there will be less need for the cane, house of detention, and doctor. If you call your child a "scamp," "brat," "hussy," or little devil, you can't blame the child for manifesting the attributes of either. Nothing hurts like ridicule, so why should we express surprise when our children turn out bad if we ridicule them. Every child possesses the germ of good, and it is our duty as parents and citizens to educe that good. The Government pay a bonus for bringing children into the world because they are good assets, but there is no law to punish the parent who spoils that asset. If a child is born with a predisposition to steal (and there are many), and fails to overcome the temptation to do so, the law punishes him; but if the child proves that some person wilfully placed temptation in his way the law exonerates him and punishes the tempter. Now if a child inherits a tendency to drink, why should the law penalise him for drinking, seeing the law allows temptation to exist at almost every turning. Tote shops were closed because the law said they were a temptation to gamble. Very rarely is the gambling propensity (desire) transmitted, but invariably the tendency to drink is transmitted from parent to child, even to third generation. If the law does not remove temptation we must set to work to teach our children how to overcome temptation.

In future issues a series of illustrated articles will appear instructing parents and students in the science of phrenology. The time spent in reading them will repay you, as the knowledge gained will put you in possession of a power for good that no other science can give in the educating of the child and its parents. Phrenology is the key to reading walking signboards.



BEING SURE.

I often hear children saying "I am quite sure," and they are very positive, and yet it turns out that they are wrong. If a thing depends on what we think or know or have seen we can't be "quite sure" about it, because our thought muscles are like our other muscles, they are not strong enough or well enough trained when we are young to work accurately. no matter how hard we try. What we know may be quite right, but there may be some things we don't know that would make all the difference. What we see may easily be misunderstood. The other day I was carrying a big basket and walking with a little girl. Just as we came to the Quay we passed a clergyman. The next day I scolded him for not coming to see me at lunch time, and he said, "Oh, I saw you going towards the Manly wharf with a big basket, and was sure you were off for a picnic, and so did not keep my appointment." Now, I did not go for a picnic, I went on the Mosman wharf. I was carrying a basket of washing, and I got back in time to keep my appointment. So he had no right to be quite sure when he was quite wrong. When it is so easy to make mistakes it does not do to be "cocksure," does it? But there are things we can be sure of—do you know what they are? I can be quite sure of God's promises, I can be quite sure of His love, and I am certain that if I trust in the Lord Jesus that He will never disappoint me. Did you ever hear of the dear old lady who was "quite sure" she would go to heaven? Some one said, "But suppose God forgot you or did not take you to heaven." She replied, "Then He would be the loser, as I would only lose Heaven, but He would lose His character." She meant, of course, that since God had promised to save those who repented and trusted Him, she could be "quite sure" He would do it, otherwise He would cease to be God. Be "quite sure" that you are sure of the right things.

UNCLE B.

CAMPING.

Millie Bannerman, Sherwood, McLeay River, writes:—

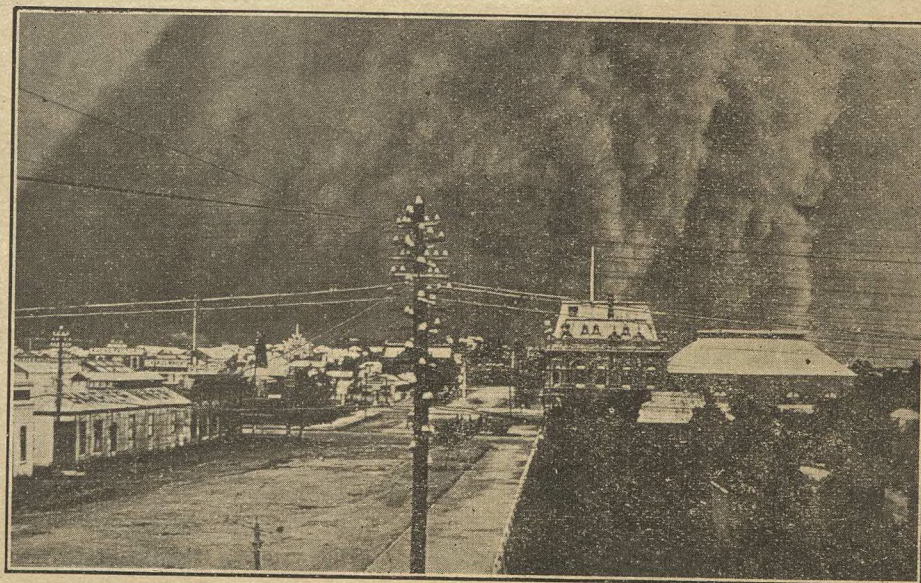
Dear Uncle B.,—Here I am writing at last after having such a long spell. We are having very hot weather here, and fairly dry too. I am just home after spending a fortnight at the beach enjoying the sea breeze. We rented rooms, three girls and I, and found our own food, but we hadn't time for cooking, we were too busy running about. One day we went to Smoky Cape lighthouse. The man was kind enough to show us through, and then we all wrote our names in the visitors book before leaving. We were in bathing twice a day, only one day the

blue bottles were too bad, we didn't care for the look of them.

Well, Uncle, we are just after having a lovely melon. I wish you were near to have some with us. Perhaps if I just think of you next one we are eating it will do. I'm sorry I couldn't post you one. Well, Uncle, I haven't time to write any more just now, so will close with love to all cousins and yourself. I remain, your fond cousin.

P.S.—Please find enclosed Father's subscription for "Grit."

(Dear Millie,—You must have had lots of fun camping by the beach. I can't help wondering what you are if you did not have time to cook. I am sure you had good appetites. I think you ought to have written at least two pages more when you must have had so much fun to write about. I am quite sorry I am not near enough for a melon. Thank you for subscription.—Uncle B.)



A BROKEN HILL DUST STORM.

ABOUT THE PICNIC.

Walter, Liverpool, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am coming to the picnic on the 27th. Where is it going to be and what are we going to do? On Tuesday we had a big fire out in new cemetery. The fire brigade had to go out and keep the fire away from the houses. A lot of new men come every day to the camp to train. The hotels are always full of men at night now. I am sending you some tongue-twisters. They may be useful to you to put in "Grit."

(Dear Walter,—It is good news to hear you are coming to the picnic. We will go to Parsley Bay I hope, and we are going on April 10. I must draw up a plan for next week's "Grit." Thank you for the tongue-twisters.—Uncle B.)

HATES SCHOOL.

H. Hullett, 112 Patterson Road, Hastings, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I saw my letter in "Grit" a few days ago, and as I have not many lessons to learn I think I will answer it now. I am in for my junior free-place this year, besides a musical exam., and so I shall have a very hard time of it. I simply hate school, and music is not much either, if teachers will give it to you if you don't practice. We had a man and his two sons down at the baths a day or two ago, and all the school got out at half-past two to see the competitions. I say uncle, you said that I was the only one you could look to for a letter from our family, and so I thought it was up to me to get some one out of another family for you. I have succeeded in getting one girl to write, and I'll try for others, too. My word, some of my cousins are very anxious to see your photo, and I often wonder what you are like myself.

Well, as I have nothing more to say, I will close now, with love to all cousins and yourself.—I remain, yours sincerely.

P.S.—I would like some of my cousins to write to me.

(Dear Hazel,—It surprises me to find you hate school. There must be something

wrong about your school, for they are the loveliest places in the world for fun. Can't you get some fun out of your horrid old lessons?

Tell me what sort of fun you like best. So glad you are keen on getting others to write. I hope some one writes to you.—Uncle B.)

FINE DUST.

Opal, Chapple St., Broken Hill, Feb. 24th, writes:—

Dear Uncle,—I suppose you think I am rather sharp in writing so soon, but as you asked when we had our last dust storm I thought I would answer at once. We had a small one last Thursday. It was just enough to make a hard cleaning day of Friday. But after we had got a little straight

and most of the dust out, up came a beauty on Friday afternoon. Mother and I were driving into town when we first noticed it. To those who have not seen a big dust storm it would be a splendid sight to stand and watch it approaching. The great clouds of dust rolling and tumbling upon one another in the sky forming all shapes, and of a brown color, in some places almost ginger, and in others so dark as to be of a purplish hue. I am enclosing two photos taken at different places. One is at the beginning of the storm and the darker one when it was almost upon the city. Well, uncle, you are a funny person. Do you remember several months back is answering one of your nieces' letters you said that you only wished you were two or three persons, or had half-a-dozen hands, so that you could take it a little easy sometimes instead of always being so busy, and yet when I ask you are you a certain person you say "Yes and No."

We have Umberumberka in properly now. It is so nice to have a lot of water. We have been cutting a good few trombones lately. On Saturday we cut one 18½ lbs. Well I guess I must stop now, as it is time I was going out. It is not very pleasant to go out on a night like this for it is blowing a hurricane, and that means dust. Well, good-bye.—I remain your niece.

P.S.—Edward is enclosing the photos under a separate cover.

(Dear Opal,—Fine dust is rather an ambiguous term isn't it? "Grit" is fine dust, and I suppose it is unreasonable to expect Broken Hill to want "Grit."

I cannot find those photos. Did Edward forget to send them, or did the dust cover them up?

What are trombones? How do they grow? What are they worth?—Uncle B.)

A GIRL WORTH KNOWING.

Olive Roberts, 221 Market-street, Hastings, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—A girl I know has asked me to write to "Grit," and has offered to lend me her "Grit" copy when it comes, so that I can see the letters. I suppose you will know her. Her name is Hazel Hullett. I would like to be one of your nieces if you will have me for one, and I am told that you do not refuse any. Well, I will write about Hastings and my sisters and brothers next time.—I remain, with love.

(Dear Olive,—The girl who put you on to writing to "Grit" is a girl worth knowing. We will look forward to a long letter from you next time. Do you know why Hazel hates school? When is your birthday, and how old are you?—Uncle B.)

DOES THE KAISER REMEMBER?

Everard Ford, "Kellerberrin," Balmoral-st., Wahroonga, writes:—

Dear Uncle Barnabas,—I am just writing to let you know I am not dead, but wish that Giant Alcohol was. I think it is most disgraceful the way in which the Australian Government handles the liquor problem. To think that nations like France and Russia will stop liquor, and although Mr. Lloyd

George has common sense enough to comment favorably on their action, yet none of those in power in the British Empire have grit enough to move in the right direction. I find "Grit" facts very interesting. I wonder if the Kaiser remembers that he said that in the next great war the most abstinent nation would win. Do you know if King George is a teetotaler?

I have had a great many Epicure beans, a good many tomatoes, and some melons and pumpkins from my garden, and I am now wiring it off to keep my fowls out of it.

I hope "Grit" will have a happy birthday, and will get measured. I also hope he will tell us how tall he is, and how much he has grown since last birthday, and that he will B. happy. I am sorry I shall not be able to accept your kind invitation. Wishing you every success on the 27th, I remain, your loving "nephew."

(Dear Everard,—I have wondered if the Kaiser remembered what he said about the next war. It does not seem as if he did. I am glad you find "Grit" interesting. I am sorry you won't be able to come to the birthday party. Did you notice it was to be on April 10.—Uncle B.)

A DOGCART.

Zillah Warden, Wallendbeen, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Glad you will accept me as a niece. My birthday is on the 9th of December. I call my dog Kaiser. I have a sulky which he can pull my two youngest sisters about in. I am sorry to say I had a little kitten, but it died.

I will send you a photo. when I get it taken and see what Mr. Jones will say about it. I collect money for the poor children in Sydney every Christmas.

We had a very heavy rainstorm last Friday week at Wallendbeen. It was about 2½ inches.—I remain, your niece.

(Dear Zillah,—So you have a real dog cart? That is fine, but what does Kaiser say about it? I expect he gets some fun out of it. I will look forward to getting your photo. That was a real big rainstorm you had. I wish we had one like it here.—Uncle B.)

A GOOD IDEA.

May Barnes, Market Square, Wollongong, March 4th, 1915, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I think it is about time I wrote to you. Don't you? I haven't written to "Grit" for about ten months.

In September we went away for a holiday to Dalton. We stayed at my grandmother's place. I had a real good time while I was away. I used to go to C.E. every Wednesday night, and Good Templars' Lodge every Thursday. We had a cheery banquet one night. And New Year's Night we had a social. I went to two picnics, and sometimes I went to Gunning with my Uncle Tom when he was taking cream in. I saw the reaper and binder at work, and I watched my uncle shearing sheep. Uncle has an orchard, and when the cherries were ripe I helped pick them.

PASS "GRIT" ON

We came home in January. Sometimes I go for a surf. But I like warm water best. Last Sunday we had our Harvest Festival.

Mother is sending 3/- for our "Grit" subscription. It wouldn't be a bad idea if all your nieces and nephews who are so anxious to see your photo in "Grit," first sent their own photo (that is, if they have one to send, or if they haven't yet sent one) would it, uncle? No more news this time. Love to all my cousins, also yourself.—I am, your affectionate niece.

(Dear May,—You have been a real scallywag, and I am glad that at last you have written again. I think your idea is a good one, and hope all my ne's and ni's will send along a photo and I will soon get a map of my face for you then. I could have helped pack those cherries in my private packer. Write soon.—Uncle B.)

* * *

Thordis Ford, "Kellerberrin," Balmoral-street, Wahroonga, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—In the Christmas holidays I went to Thirroul. One day when I was in the breakers a great big wave lifted me off my feet, and they were about two feet off the sand. Another day I made a lovely sandcastle. I have got a very fast way of running, and it is such a kind of running that I cannot explain it. I am doing weights and measures now. I have done L.C.M. and G.C.M. I am just beginning Greek. I can say the Greek alphabet, but I can only write the first six letters. I am very much interested in geography, history, and arithmetic, and my brother and I like using the semaphore alphabet (which the scouts use). On Christmas I got about twenty-five presents. One of the nicest was a home-made cardboard picture of Santa Claus, with a real wallet on his back and in his hand a folded letter. I have been reading in French the story of "The Three Bears and Little Silver-hair." We are giving to the W.C.T.U. motor ambulance. I like playing "God Save the King." You forgot my birthday last year; I was eight on September 27. I wish you a happy birthday.—With love, your loving Nephew.

(Dear Thordis,—Your letter is most interesting. Fancy receiving 25 presents at Christmas; that was fine. I am sorry I forgot September 27 of last year; I won't do so next time. I wonder how you found out your special way of running? You will find school very interesting now you are doing all you tell me.—Uncle B.)



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Baker,

32 Victoria St., Paddington

Tel.: Pad. 111.

TRY OUR STEAM-MADE BREAD.

This is Where You Laugh.



THE "STOPPER."

It was about half-a-dozen years ago that we were en route for Ireland for the Christmas holiday. The train was late, and made frequent stoppages between the stations. During one of them an official came to examine our tickets.

"Where for, please?"

"Cork!"

"Cork!"

"Cork!"

"Are you all Cork?"

"Och, yes!" cried one of the party; "we're all Cork, an' if yer train was the same, maybe it 'ud be aiser to draw; but, bedad, I never saw such a 'stopper' in my life!"

* * *

A WOMAN'S WAY.

"To begin with, what is your age, madam?" was the lawyer's question.

"My own," she answered, promptly.

"I understand that, madam; I mean, how old are you?"

"I'm not old, sir," with indignation.

"I beg your pardon, madam. I mean, how many years have you passed?"

"None; the years have passed me."

"How many of them have passed you?"

"All. I never heard of them stopping."

"Madam, you must answer my question. I want to know your age."

"I don't know that the acquaintance is desired by the other side."

"I don't see why you insist upon refusing to answer my question," said the lawyer, coaxingly. "I am sure I would tell how old I was if I were asked."

"But nobody would ask you, for everybody knows that you are old enough to know better than to be asking a woman her age."

And the lawyer passed on to the next question.

* * *

HE KNEW.

"Willie," said the teacher, "how much is six and four?"

"Eleven," said Willie promptly.

"No. Try again."

"Twelve."

"No."

"Thirteen."

"No, no, you're guessing now. But why couldn't you have guessed ten?"

"Because it don't make ten," said Willie confidently. "Five and five make ten. I remember that."

ONE OR THE OTHER.

"Yis, sor, wur-rk is scarce," said Pat, "but Oi got a job lasht Sunday that brought me foive dollars."

"What?" said Mr. Goodman, much shocked. "You broke the Sabbath?"

"Well, sor," returned Pat apologetically, "it wuz me or the Sabbath. Wan of us had to be broke."

* * *

OBLIGING.

A recruit very anxious to join Kitchener's army enters recruiting-station determined to accommodate himself to any condition required.

Officer (filling in form): "What's your religion?"

Zealous Recruit: "Well, what are you short of?"

* * *

MISS HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON MATRIMONY.

By Miss Margaret Nibrah, Washington, D.C.

To wed or not to wed, that is the question. Whether 'tis better, after all, to marry And be cajoled and bullied by a husband, Or take up stenography or clerking, And slave, alas! for SOMEONE ELSE'S husband?

To love—to wed—and by a wedding end The struggles and the thousand petty cares That "slaves" are heir to—'tis a rare vocation

Devoutly to be wished for! To love—to wed—

To wed—perchance DIVORCE!

Aye, there's the rub!

For in that dream of bliss what jolts may come

When we have cast aside our little jobs, Must make us wary. There's the sorry thought

That makes so many spinsters hesitate; For who would bear the long, eternal grind, Th' employer's jokes, the chief clerk's contumely,

The insolence of office boys, the smoke Of last week's stogies clinging to the hair, When she herself might quickly end it all BY GETTING MARRIED?

Who would not exchange

A dingy office for a kitchenette—

A keyboard for a cook stove or a cradle— But that's the dread of something worse to come.

After the honeymoon—that life of CHANCE From whose dark bourne so many have returned

By way of Reno—fills us with dismay, And makes us rather bear the jobs we have Than fly to evils that we know not of? Thus cowardice makes spinsters of—so many!

* * *

"My plate is damp."

"Hush," whispered his wife. "That's your soup. They serve small portions at these fashionable affairs."

DENTAL CARE.

Every patient gets the same degree of painstaking care and attention in my surgery. I am very gentle with old people and nervous folk, and exercise every consideration for their feelings. You have nothing whatever to fear when you come to me for an extraction or a filling. My special anaesthetic acts successfully in every instance. The pain is completely killed and in no case does the anaesthetic act upon the heart. Let the tooth be ever so abscessed, I can extract it perfectly without causing you even the slightest twinge of pain or leaving any disagreeable after-effect.

My method of filling teeth is also painless. I use great care when drilling that I do not hurt you, and, once in, you can depend upon the filling staying there.

My fees are:—

Perfectly Painless Extractions, from 2/-
Painless Fillings, from 5/-

Consultation is Free, and gladly given. May I advise you just what would be the best course for you to follow—?

DENTIST REANEY

The No-Humbug Dentist.

Opp. Grace Bros. Hours: 9 to 8 Daily.
And at 8 OXFORD-STREET, CITY.

PASS "GRIT" ON.

THE DIAGNOSIS.

People who go to the chemist's to have their diseases prescribed for occasionally get very strange diagnoses. One day a farmer wearing a long countenance is said to have entered a chemist's shop and remarked: "I seem to have something queer in my stomach, and I want you to give me something for it."

"What are your symptoms?" the chemist asked.

"Every little while something seems to rise up and then settle back again, and by-and-by it rises up again."

The chemist put his chin in the palm of his hand and meditated. "Look here," he said, gravely, "you haven't gone and swallowed a lift, have you?"

DON'T BE ONE-EYED

READ

THE WORKER

IT GIVES ALL THE POLITICAL NEWS OF THE WEEK.

ITS CARTOONS SIZE UP THE SITUATION.

ALL NEWSAGENTS. TWO PENCE.

The SMITHS are WAKING UP

(Continued from Page 7.)

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; 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 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 Kit-chener, when he organised his expedition for the relief of Khartum, 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 reorganized, 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 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."

ITS REAL PURPOSE.

"Waiter," called the irascible customer, "do you call this an oyster stew?"

"Yassah," replied the sorely tried servant.

"Why, the oyster in this stew isn't big enough to flavor it!"

"Oh, sah, he wasn't put in dar fur flavorin' pupposes, sah; he's jus' put in ter christen it."

HAVE YOUR CLOTHES TAILORED BY AN EXPERT.

TAILOR, COSTUME
and
BREECHES MAKER.

W. NICHOLSON

(Late Druce)

43 CASTLEREAGH-STREET, SYDNEY.
Opposite Hotel Australia.

Any Order Executed from measures left
when visiting Sydney are guar-
anteed to prove satisfactory.

Exclusive Designs Arriving each
Weekly Mail

ESTABLISHED 1887.

THE MIRACLE

(Continued from Page 3.)

The little man answered him. Before he was aware of it he was giving this richly dressed fellow detail after detail of his own experiences as a farmer. When he had finished, he became suddenly self-conscious.

"Why iss it that I talk this way at you? You cannot care. It iss not your life."

The big man heartily reassured him: "That's just it; I do care. I want to know more about those Michigan farms. I may want to buy a farm some day myself. And you're just the man to help me keep the other man from cheating me. But not to-night. It's time for us to turn in. Here, porter," he called, "make up our beds. And to-morrow morning I want to talk it all over pretty carefully with you. By the way, you'll be doing me a favor if you'll eat breakfast with me. I can talk and listen better when I eat. That's it; I'll count on talking it over at breakfast. We can eat at one of the little tables in a corner by ourselves. We won't be interrupted then."

The big man's heart expanded under the success of his little game. His eyes twinkled approvingly, but they were not seeing the little fellow across from him. He was beholding a former self, whom he had forgotten existed. This other self was some small embodiment of a man he, as a boy, dreamed he might one day become. But it was such a dream as only boys and poets dream. The big game had engrossed him—the game of competition. He had, at least, played the game according to the recognised rules. And he had proved himself to be among the fittest. Many, of course, had succumbed. He had done his part toward overcoming them. But he had survived. Strange how his boyhood notions had undergone such a change!

Impulsively he turned toward his companion. He was a boy again!

"Turn in. It's time to be going to bed. That lower berth—it's more comfortable. You'll sleep better in it. You go to bed in it."

By the bewildered look in the little fellow's eyes he saw that his act was not understood. "Lower" and "upper" were strange words. For the instant he was disappointed that his generosity was not to receive the reward of appreciation. Then he smiled; it was not a bad joke on him. Besides, the little old fellow would probably object if he understood.

"See," he explained, drawing aside the heavy curtains. "You turn in here. I'll put on this light for you. See? When you want to go to sleep, just push down on it. I'm going to crawl in here above you. Good night. Hope you sleep all right."

But the little man did not sleep. For a long time his anxiety as to the outcome of his journey held him wide awake. At last the monotonous accents of the car wheels as they sped from joint to joint of the interminable track lulled him into sleep's borderland. On after midnight, as they swung round an especially sharp curve and the very train seemed to hold its breath, he was startled into broad awakeness.

He felt wretchedly alone as, in the vastness of the night, he lay there, wide-eyed, while above and all around him, very close, many other human beings rested in their beds. Their very physical closeness but emphasised their spiritual aloofness. Someone, soft-footed, brushed past his curtains. He could hear the heavy breathing of someone just across the aisle. But—how far apart were the worlds they lived in!

The simple faith that had served him from day to day as he went about his labors on the farm was now slipping from him. Was that God who permitted these people about him to live in luxury while his whole life's future would be miserably wrecked because he lacked a few hundred dollars—was that God a just God? His soul became embittered as he thought of the diamond-studded charm that dangled mockingly from the watch chain of the man above him. It was merely an ornament of dress. And yet if he but had in his possession what it cost, he believed he would be able to purchase—yes, he could buy a life with it.

(To be continued.)

YOUNG PEOPLE'S TEMPERANCE LEAGUE OF N.S.W.

By the courtesy of the Chums' Club, the Young People's Temperance League will share its room in Moffitt Chambers, 283 Elizabeth-street, Sydney, so that the headquarters of the League will now be at that address. The General Secretary may be seen at headquarters on week days (Monday to Friday) from 2 to 5 p.m., and at any other time by appointment. The office will be open only during those hours for the present, in order that the Secretary may devote the remainder of the day to organizing work. Friends are invited to call and make themselves known.

A supply of literature suitable for juvenile temperance workers will always be available at the office at moderate prices.

A number of honorary lecturers are now available for Band of Hope and juvenile Temperance meetings. Applications should be made to the General Secretary. The League desires all societies making application for their services to understand that it is expected that travelling expenses be defrayed or a collection taken at the meeting in aid of its funds.

Already the League has the formation of four Bands of Hope in hand, two of them being at country holiday resorts.

The Independent Order of Rechabites, at its annual conference at Wollongong last week, unanimously endorsed the work of the League. All of the five great Temperance bodies of the State and seven heads of Churches have now given their endorsement to the movement, in addition to the large number of leaders of social reform whose names have already been published.

The movement has a great future of usefulness before it, and commences its work under very encouraging circumstances.

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