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The Green Coupon Company now enters upon its eighteenth year, and as the result of experience can give you no better advice than it has done year after year in the past, viz.:-

1st. Decide to pay cash for your purchases.

2nd. Do business with a tradesman who gives Green Coupons.

3rd. Ask him to supply you with a Green Coupon Directory.

4th. Demand one Green Coupon for every sixpence you spend.

5th. Gum them in your Directory book.

6th. When you have a hundred or more collected visit the Show-rooms of the Green Coupon Company.

7th. Select a useful article or articles for your household.

8th. Continue the operation until your home is well furnished.

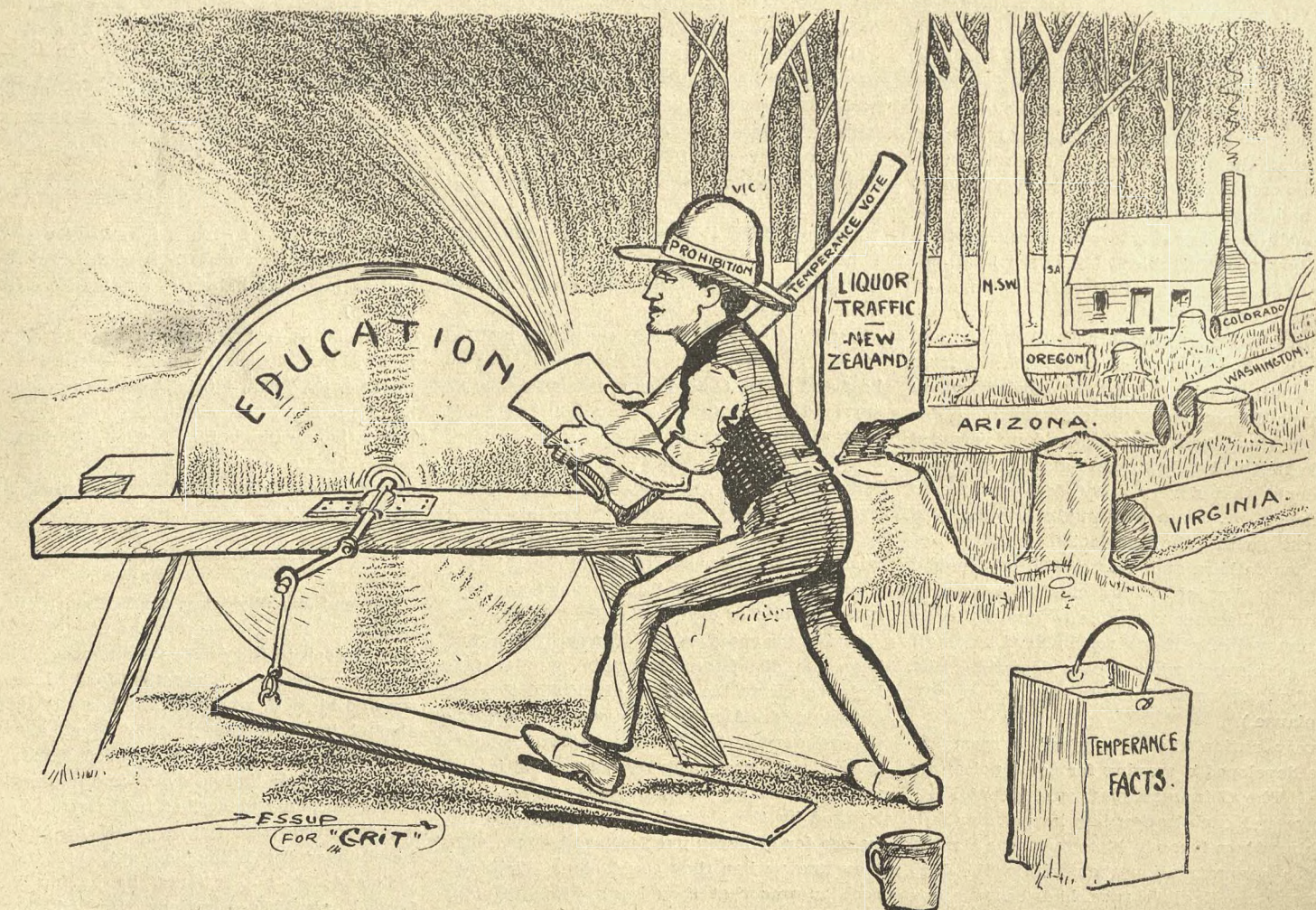
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A JOURNAL OF MORAL REFORM AND NO-LICENSE.

VOL. VIII. No. 41. Price One Penny. THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1915.

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OUR BUSINESS FOR 1915.

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ALCOHOL HAS LOST GROUND.

EXTRACTS FROM AN ADDRESS BY DR. HARVEY SUTTON.

Delivered at the Annual Meeting of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, Victoria, October 26, 1914.

When I accepted the privilege that was offered me of addressing this meeting I could not help feeling that perhaps some apology was demanded from me as a mere man, and that perhaps my apology could best be illustrated by a story I was told of a rather illiterate mayor in an old country town. He was presiding at pleasant Sunday afternoon, dealing with the question of the union of churches. He had around him the ministers of every denomination, and his remarks ran something like this: "This is a matter I have always supported, for I feel that as long as a man's heart is in the right place it does not matter what sex (sect) he belongs to." (Prolonged laughter and applause.) I must say that the fluency of the chairman (Mr. Finlayson, M.H.R.) absolutely overwhelmed me, and, being a medical man—who are notoriously bad speakers—makes my position doubly uncomfortable. (Laughter.) However, you must take the will for the deed. (Hear, hear.)

In my work as school medical officer, and also in other aspects of work, I have come into contact with results of alcohol, which perhaps do not meet the ordinary eye. Although there has been tremendous progress made in the battle against alcohol, there is no doubt that a very great deal remains to be done. . . . I am continually coming into contact with the neglected children of drunken fathers and, worse still, of drunken mothers. Probably, the chief agent with regard to diseases traceable to immorality is the removal of self-control, induced by small doses of alcohol, when a man does things he would not dream of doing in his sober senses. (Applause.)

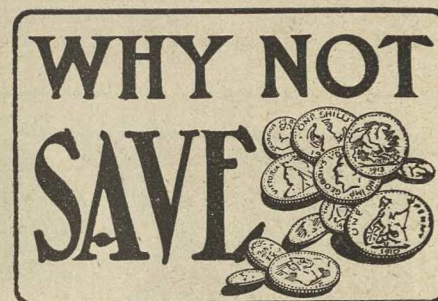
Every nation that we know of seems to have developed a craving for some poison or dope. The Chinaman prefers opium, for instance, and each nation has its peculiar fad. Looking down through history, it was a matter for congratulation that within the last century the English race had become astoundingly sober. Right back to savage times it was a regular thing for everyone to carouse every night. Even in my own student days, the consumption of alcohol was tremendous.

From information I have gathered from the Melbourne hospital, it appears there has been a tremendous change of view there with regard to the position of alcohol. Within the last ten years the amount of alcohol con-

sumed at the Melbourne hospital has been reduced one-twentieth. Going back to 1888, over £1000 a year was spent on alcohol for the treatment of 4216 patients, and in 1913 they spent £44 for 6480 patients. (Cheers.) There was a falling off of about one thirty-third (1/33) of the original total. On the other hand the amount spent in milk has definitely risen. In other words, they now realised that alcohol was a poison, just the same as strychnine. They prescribed alcohol in certain special cases, but it does not appear on the diet list. They no longer advise the invalid to indulge in wine. They had found that alcohol was most useful in certain extremely localised cases. There was no doubt whatever that from the point of view of medical science, the position of alcohol as a drug had been definitely fixed, a position which excluded it from general public use. (Cheers.)

There are other things in which I have been interested in which alcohol has lost ground. A few years ago the usual method for the training of an athlete was to live on beef and beer. (Laughter.) I wonder how he survived the treatment. (Laughter.) He had been reading an article in an American book on the Olympic games on "Training," by Mike Murphy, a celebrated Harvard coach and trainer, and he came across this single reference to alcohol: "Of course, anyone who wishes to train for sports would not think of drinking alcohol." Nothing could have been more definite or decisive. (Hear, hear.)

One of the great results of investigation has been the dispelling of certain popular fallacies, such as the power of alcohol to keep out the cold. Alcohol is not used by Antarctic explorers, and it has been proved conclusively in the case of drunkards, found in the snow, that the temperatures have been lowered by the alcohol. There was also the excuse for drinking put forward by men, that they knew when they could stop. Well, the position was that they knew when to stop, but when they got there they could not stop. (Hear, hear.) They had lost their self-control. Alcohol then must be regarded as the embodiment of demons or devils, and the more we can attack it from that point of view, the greater advance we will make. And it is therefore necessary that we should rely on the education of the child. We want to establish in the child certain habits of good



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living; we want to teach him to respect his body; to realise that it is something worthy, and to inculcate habits of abstinence. (Applause.)

Personally, from the point of view of the medical man, legislation is not very much our interest. We can, I think, teach the child to build up habits of abstinence, not only by legislative means, but, best of all, through the home, by the force of example, and by the power of education. (Loud cheers.)—"Alliance Record."

The eminent physician, Sir William Collins, who is about to retire from the post of Visiting Surgeon to the London Temperance Hospital, says that Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson and himself, who had the liberty of using alcohol in operations if they liked, always ordered it in the form of rectified spirits of wine, in strictly limited doses, and in a period of 25 years only prescribed it 27 times. During that time more than 10,000 in-patients were under Sir William's care, and many thousands of out-patients, he having performed over 6000 operations. He had, therefore, come to regard alcohol in surgical practice as but a fly upon the wheel, and he was ever ready to undertake an operation of any magnitude without the assurance that a brandy bottle was at hand.

PASS "GRIT" ON.

The Savings of James Tate.

A TRUE STORY.

A matter of personal business took me to Mr. Tate's private office in a tall building near the city front. We sat by a great window overlooking countless darting watercraft. Mr. Tate's hand touched lines reaching half way round the world. Suddenly, in a discussion of my plans, Mr. Tate said to me, "Miss Fielde, during our years of pleasant association you have not become truly acquainted with me. I have never told you my history. It might give you a clue to my real aims in life."

"I am a listening sphinx," said I; and Mr. Tate told me what I here record:

THE TRUE STORY.

Of sturdy American stock, home reared in a pious family of total abstainers, with all the advantages provided by opulence and social esteem, a happy life might well have been predicted for me at my birth. But an inherent taint was in me, an appetite for strong drink. It was first demonstrated to my family when I was six years old. On a Sunday when my parents, brothers, and sister had gone to church, leaving me alone with the servants, I took from a closet a demijohn of wine, drank it up, and was found in sodden clothes, lying upon the floor, dead drunk.

During the next ten years I occasionally visited saloons with other lads of my age, in the country town to which my parents had removed. The saloons furnished the opportunity to satisfy my desire for drink, that was constant and uncontrolled, but was unlike the craving that afflicts the old inebriate when deprived of his liquor. It was akin to the ordinary childish desire for sweets.

There were private back rooms in the several saloons where boys played cards and drank together, the younger ones proud to keep pace with their elders. The strict surveillance kept over me by my family failed to reach these resorts. My inclination to strong drink was there confirmed.

When about fifteen years old, having passed the common school course, I was sent to a college town to enter the preparatory department of its college. In that town there were about three thousand male students, the majority between sixteen and seventeen years old. There were three or four times as many saloons as the town would have supported without the students. The saloons had young agents out on the street to meet the stranger boy and gain his confidence and get his history for use in making prey of him. They soon learned the amount of his remittances from home, and the time when the money might arrive. They extended a welcome that was captivating to a green, homesick, sensitive lad, anxious to appear to be beyond his years and his condition in his knowledge of the world. Although the law of the state forbade the sale of liquor to minors. I have seen the saloons filled until midnight hours with boys under

age, many of them in advanced stages of intoxication. Had there been no saloons in that college town I might have escaped the worst disasters of my life. It was there that I acquired the peculiar craving for liquor which is consequent upon over-indulgence in it.

During a year at that school I lost all desire for education and cared only to see the world and to be amused. My father had died leaving me abundant means, and I went into business where I made a large income. But before I was thirty years old I had wasted my inheritance and my income in drink and dissipation and had ruined my health.

My family then placed me on a ranch in a prohibition State, where I abstained from liquor for two years, but longed for it every waking minute. I recovered my health, went to an Eastern city, and there secured a position in which good fortune would have come to me had I abstained from strong drink. Great success in my business brought me high honor in the business world. But I could not withstand the lure of drink when it was close at hand. Again I went to wreck and sank low. My family knew nothing of my whereabouts for two years. I was for the most of that time a fisherman along the Atlantic coast, and was always drunk while in port.

Then, discovered by my brother, an eminent physician, I was persuaded to take the "gold cure." Under his care and enheartening, I took the cure, and thereafter did not touch liquor for eighteen months, though I longed for it all the time. Meanwhile, members of my family made great effort to find the cause of my disposition to drink. My forbears had shown no tendency to intemperance and no inebriate was traced among our ancestors. The only clue to my inherent appetite was given by my sister, who remembered that during my prenatal life my mother's physician had prescribed lager beer as a tonic, and that this drink had then been used for some time by my mother, who was usually a teetotaler.

After the gold cure, I went to Chicago to resume my business, but my craving for liquor was such that I could neither eat nor sleep. I became emaciated and very weak. I had had no liquor for ten months, when, sitting one day in the Palmer House, I was accosted by a business acquaintance of former years, who said to me: "Tate, you look as if you were going to die. You have got the grippe. What you need is a few stiff doses of whisky and quinine." I told him he had mentioned the right remedy, and I went straight to the Palmer House bar and took the whisky, but did not bother about the quinine. It took me a year and a half to complete that particular spree, and at its end I had exhausted all my resources. I occasionally sobered up, but if I tasted or smelled liquor I took more and more of it until delirium came on.

The only work that I could then get was that of portering in saloons. My remuneration was merely my lodging and board. To get money for drink I shovelled snow, ran errands, or did any sort of job. I was then thirty-eight years old. I was bankrupt in reputation, honor, means and health. To get drink I had done every evil thing except murder. Then I lost my work in the saloons.

There came a Sunday evening in February when the thermometer was twenty-six degrees below zero. I was poverty stricken, thinly clad and sick, and I had had but five meals in fourteen days. I was lodging in a filthy house but two blocks from a fine old church. I had ten cents hid away in my clothes to buy the drink that I knew I must have or die; and to get that ten cents I had sold my only shirt. Starving, half frozen, delirious, I wandered along the street and saw a sign on the old church inviting everybody into the meeting then being held. I stopped and thought how every remedy known to medical science or to friendship had been tried upon me and had failed to save me. Here, now, was a thing that I had never tried. I made up my mind to test God. I went into the church and hid myself in a back seat. The preacher, in his sermon, said: "No matter how far a man has gone, if he turns about, the Lord will help him." He invited anyone in the audience who desired to turn back to raise his hand. I tried to raise my hand, but was not able; I seemed to lack physical power to do so, and I said: "Oh, God, if there be a God, help me turn about and live a good life. I will serve you as long as I live and will tell my story when it is called for." Then up went my hand and I got up and made my way along the centre aisle of the church, in view of the many hundreds in the aristocratic audience. I took my pride and my sensitiveness to the railing in front of the pulpit, kneeled down and turned my bloated face up towards heaven, and said: "God save me!" In an instant I knew that I was saved from the foe that had always overthrown me. That was nineteen years ago, and from that day to this I have never felt anything but abhorrence toward alcoholic drink, and the desire for it has never returned.

I rose and went from the church to my dirty lodging place, and had the first sound sleep that I had had for many months. In the morning I went to one of the large transportation companies and made application for work. It was necessary for me to fill out a blank covering my history since childhood. For a year previously I had been unable to write even my name without having a pint of whisky to stop nervous shaking. When I made out this application, my hand was steady and my brain clear, and my physical condition was such that I could do a kind of hard work that I had never before attempted. I was set to trucking freight in a large warehouse.

This warehouse was a block long and sixty feet wide. It was so well lighted that any small object on the floor was visible from

(Continued on Page 12.)



Take Home To-day

a Caddy of this

Delicious Tea

at **2/-** per lb.

We assure you that you will be
delighted with your purchase.

GRIFFITHS BROS., WENTWORTH AVENUE and
Opp. TOWN HALL, SYDNEY.

New South Wales Alliance.

NOTES BY THE GENERAL SECRETARY.

THE SPEAKERS' TEAM.

Amongst the most cheering news on my return from New Zealand was to learn of the continued activity of the Alliance Speakers' Team. This fine body of men have continued their excellent work, of educating themselves on the Liquor Question, and then going out and in open-air meetings educating the public.

On the last Sunday of the year a fine meeting was held in the Sydney Domain. It lasted from 3 p.m. to 6 p.m. Mr. Francis Wilson, the leader of the Speakers, Mr. Dillon, the converted chimney sweep, and myself dealing with various aspects of our question.

It was gratifying to find the Domain audience, which reached close on 1000 people, was most sympathetic. The recent happenings in America and Russia, and the facts connected with the rise in the price of beer has not helped the liquor men, and there were strong indications that public opinion is being swung over on to the side of temperance as never before. It will take a great deal of temperance education to win out, and we must have a duplication of speaker-team energy throughout of the State in 1915 to place facts before the public. Three members of the team have gone to the front. Who will take their places?

THE NORTHERN RIVERS.

It is gratifying to know that the temperance stalwarts of the Northern Rivers have been able to undertake the responsibility of engaging an organizer for the five electorates of Lismore, Byron, Tenterfield, Clarence, and Raleigh and also that Mr. Arthur Toombes has been secured for this district. Mr. Toombes has his motor cycle and side-car, and with his wide experience in Australia and New Zealand he will certainly be able to make effective the Alliance policy on the North Coast.

Mr. and Mrs. Toombes passed through Syd-

ney last week, and after a few days' rest in Newcastle, proceed to Lismore.

KENSINGTON LICENSING CASE.

It will be remembered that considerable disappointment was felt when the Metropolitan Licensing Bench, some months ago, recommended the issuing of a publican's license at Kensington, this being the first instance in which a license had been recommended within the Metropolitan area for over 10 years. However, when the applicant came into court for a conditional license, the point was successfully raised by Mr. Clegg, on behalf of the Alliance, that the building had to be erected before the license could be granted under section 81 of the Liquor Act. To the astonishment of the legal talent for the application, the court upheld the objection. It will be interesting to know what is to be the next step by the applicant, but up to date, the building has not been proceeded with, and Kensington is still "dry."

NEW ZEALAND NO-LICENSE HANDBOOK, 1914.

The most up-to-date compilation of facts, figures, and arguments on the New Zealand situation is now available. The Handbook contains over 100 pages. It deals with every No-License area, gives the history of the movement, the figures and percentages of past polls. Valuable information on State Control, and Prohibition in America. It is worth several shillings to any one interested in the Temperance question, but is available for all at 6d. per copy, postage 1d. extra. Write without delay to 33 Park-street. To invest 5/- in a dozen for distribution in your district or to lend to friends would be just about as effective a bit of campaign work as anyone could do.

NIMBIN APPEAL CASE.

The appeal made by the Lismore No-License Council against the Nimbin Publican's

License has been defeated, and so against the will of the residents a liquor bar is being forced upon them. The vote of this village being against continuance at the last poll. Owing to a vacancy in another part of the electorate 40 miles away, the application was made possible. Some interesting sidelights on the illusionizing influence of liquordom is furnished by arguments advanced in favor of the pub. There are two persons Nimbin has not got—a policeman and a doctor. Get a pub, and we get a policeman. With a pub there will be more sickness, and thus create a demand for a doctor! These contentions were seriously advanced. It reminds me of the position in an out-back district of New Zealand, where the farmers opposed metal roads because they would have to shoe their horses. Such extraordinary reasoning—or otherwise may lead to an agitation to keep the war going, otherwise we will have thousands of soldiers out of employment!

The police, who supported the Nimbin application, confessed to having failed to catch a sly-grog seller there before the license was granted, but last week they put him out of business. If they had shown the same activity some months ago it would have been more to their credit, and may have assisted a reasonable bench of magistrates to refuse a license—but then magistrates are not always reasonable, to put it mildly.

DEATH OF MR. R. C. GILMOUR.

Mr. R. C. Gilmour, who for many years was a formidable temperance worker in this State and other parts of Australasia, has passed away.

He was a Church of Christ Evangelist, and an able debater in defence of Christianity. He participated in the famous Sydenham, N.Z., fight.

For some time he lectured under the auspices of the I.O.G.T. His son, Mr. Len Gilmour, is the present secretary of the Alliance Speakers' Team and secretary of the Dulwich Hill No-License League. We extend our deepest sympathy to the bereaved loved ones in their loss.

NEW APPLICATION AT WATTAMONDARA.

Wattamondara is a small wayside station on the Blayney-Harden line. An application for a license is to be heard at Cowra on 14th inst. The General Secretary is visiting the district, assisting the local objectors in their endeavor to keep out a liquor bar.

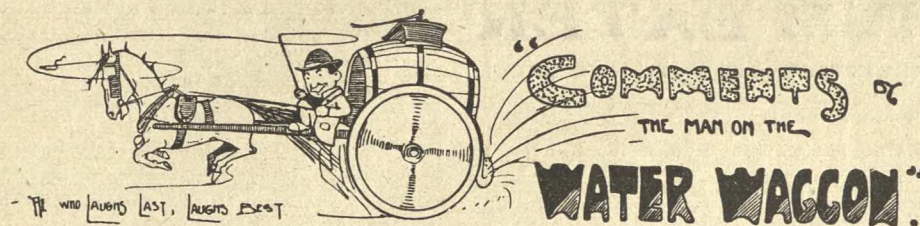
WORLD-WIDE WINNINGS OF 1914.

Mr. Marion will speak on this subject at the Lyceum People's Own on Sunday afternoon, January 24.

"MY MILLINER."

MRS. ANDERSON
LATEST CREATIONS IN
TRIMMED MILLINERY

7 THE STRAND, SYDNEY.



I cannot resist the impulse to reprint an advertisement that appeared in the special columns beside the leading article in the "Sydney Morning Herald" of Christmas Day. I reprint it because many need to be reminded of "the admonitions of the Great Authority," and also because they are binding on us to-day as they were on Christmas Day.

1914 CHRISTMAS 1914.

THE SADDEST CHRISTMAS THE WORLD HAS SEEN.

ARE YOU DOING YOUR SHARE TO ALLEVIATE THE MISERY OF THE WAR?

THE ADMONITIONS OF THE GREAT AUTHORITY:—

"THIS GRACE ALSO."

"Only they would that we should remember the poor; the same which I also was forward to do." (Gal. II., 10.)

"Behold, Lord, the half of my goods I give to the poor." (Luke XIX., 8.)

"Ye have the poor with you always, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good." (Mark XIV., 7.)

"As we have therefore opportunity let us do good unto all, especially unto them who are of the household of faith." (Gal. VI., 10.)

"Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these ye did it not to me." (Matt. XXV., 45.)

"Whosoever shall give to drink unto one of these little ones a cup of cold water only in the name of a disciple, verily I say unto you, he shall in no wise lose his reward." (Matt. X., 42.)

"He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth to the Lord, and that which he hath given will he pay him again." (Prov. XIX., 17.)

"Distributing to the necessity of saints." (Rom. XII., 13.)

"See that ye abound in this grace also." (II. Cor. VIII., 7.)

"Now concerning the collection for the saints. . . even so do ye . . . everyone of you . . . as God hath prospered him." (I. Cor. XVI., 1-2.)

"That now, at this time your abundance may be a supply for their want . . . that there may be equality." (II. Cor. VIII., 14.)

"God loveth a cheerful giver." (II. Cor. IX., 7.)

"The administration of this service not only supplieth the want of the saints, but is abundant also by many thanksgivings unto God; whiles, by the experiment of this ministration they glorify God." (II. Cor. IX., 12-3.)

"Thanks be unto God for His unspeakable gift." (II. Cor. IX., 15.)

DO SOMETHING TO PUT YOURSELF RIGHT IN THIS MATTER.

AND SUBSCRIBE TO ONE OF THE MANY WELL-ADMINISTERED FUNDS IN YOUR CITY.

A WEIGHTY ARGUMENT.

In the cables in the morning papers of December 25 I noticed the strongest, most forcible, and weighty argument in favor of Prohibition that I have seen for many a long day: "New York, Thursday—A receiver has been appointed for the Hoster and Columbus breweries, which have a capital of 12,000,000 dollars. Their failure was due to "dry" voting in many States." It is pretty hard to believe that prohibition does not prohibit after that. It will no longer be difficult to understand why the brewer fights No-License and Prohibition. Can anyone now ask, "why don't you go for the brewer?" Why, there are no publicans in the popular sense, for they are only the servants of the brewer, the very slaves of the brewer, and you can't hit a bar without hurting a brewer. After a memorable debate in the House of Representatives at Washington, U.S.A., 197 voted in favor of submitting to the States a constitutional amendment providing for National Prohibition of Alcohol, 189 voted against the proposal. It was necessary to have a two-thirds majority to make the resolution effective.

PHYSICALLY-FIT WASTERS.

The following letter needs no comment:—There are a great many physically-fit men in this city who, by not offering their services to the country in this dire hour of peril, stand much in danger of being classed with wasters and wastrels. There is one bar in George-street where several tall and able-bodied men (every one of them physically fit for a soldier) may be seen every day at

W. KERR,

Hall Mark of Value.

542-544 GEORGE STREET, SYDNEY.

Opp. Town Hall.



Finest house in the city for all kinds of up-to-date LADIES' JEWELLERY, where you are bewildered by the enormous variety from which to choose and the vast range of prices suitable for every purse.

NEW GOODS BY EVERY MAIL.

CALL AND INSPECT OUR STOCK.

the unromantic trade of pumping up pints of beer for other wasters equally well fit to strike out in defence of the Empire. And this hotel bar is typical of dozens of others in and around Sydney. This is a disgrace to their manhood. A list of the professions and callings of those who have volunteered to serve their country, recently published, embraces well nigh every vocation, from a professor to a tripe dresser, but not a single barman or hotelkeeper's son is mentioned. And it should be remembered that of the two thousand odd barmen and cellarman employed in the city and suburban hotels, fully ninety per cent. of them are under thirty, and physically fit. In fact, hotel proprietors will not employ a barman who is not tall, young, and strong. And, again, the many hundreds of young fellows who feed and fatten by the racecourse and the boxing ring, as vultures fatten on a corpse, are by strength, age, and general fitness well qualified to shoulder the gun in defence of the easy-going nation they are loafing on. The flower of our manhood is going to the front, volunteering to go, without compulsion or threat, while these thousands of able-bodied wasters, most of them without ties, and with no ambition beyond drinking beer and talking "sport," are permitted to remain in ease and safety at home. It is about time these people got a rough hint to turn their steps towards the barracks, to get a move on in the direction of the officer "who'll put them through."

HAVE YOUR CLOTHES TAILORED BY AN EXPERT.

TAILOR, COSTUME
and
BREECHES MAKER.

W. NICHOLSON

(Late Druce)

48 CASTLEREAGH-STREET, SYDNEY.
Opposite Hotel Australia.

Any Order Executed from measures left when visiting Sydney are guaranteed to prove satisfactory.

Exclusive Designs Arriving each
Weekly Mail

ESTABLISHED 1887.

A MODERN OPIUM EATER

A NEWSPAPER MAN'S STORY OF HIS OWN EXPERIENCES WITH THE DRUG.

(By No. 6606, in "American Magazine.")

Five years ago I was editor and manager of a metropolitan daily newspaper. To-day I am a convict serving my second penitentiary sentence—a "two-time loser" in the language of the underworld, my world now. Between these extremes is a single cause—opium.

For five years I have been a smoker of opium. For five years there has not been a day, scarcely an hour, during which my mind and body have not been under the influence of the most subtle and insidious of drugs. And now, after weeks of agony in a prison where an honest warden has made it impossible to secure the drug, I am myself again, a normal-minded man, able to look back critically and impartially over the ruinous past. If I can set down here fairly and simply the story of those years, I shall have done something. I think, that may save many an unfortunate whose feet have turned toward the road I travelled.

Few people in the United States realise the extent to which opium and kindred drugs are being used to-day in this country. You, my reader, may have read of the Federal Government's strict prohibitive law against the importation of smoking opium, and concurred idly and without interest. But do you know that the United States Revenue Service has a roster of over three thousand known users of opium in San Francisco alone? Countless other thousands are unregistered. Every other great city in the country has similar rosters, and numbers its "fiends" by thousands and tens of thousands. Hundreds of cans of the contraband drug are sold daily in New York, Chicago, Denver, New Orleans, Salt Lake, and Portland. The United States army posts have been invaded, and thousands of the wearers of our country's uniform are users of opium, morphine, and cocaine. The severest penalties have not seemed even to check the habit.

Starting at the Presidio in San Francisco with transports returning from the Orient, the drug habit has spread among the enlisted men in the army by leaps and bounds. The reason is easily found. Not one man in a hundred, once he has tested the peace, the mind-ease, the soothed nerves and the surcease from all sorrows, disappointments, and responsibilities that come from a first use of opium, ever again has the will-power to deny himself that delightful nepenthe. Opium is like the salary loan shark—a friend to-day, smoothing difficulty and trouble with a free and easy hand. To-morrow it becomes a master, exacting a toll a hundredfold more terrible than the ills it eased.

My first experience with opium was accidental. As a San Francisco reporter I had specialised in Chinatown and Chinese subjects. Not a licensed guide in the city knew the real Oriental quarter as I knew it. I had taken scores of friends to opium dens on

slumming parties, but had never touched a pipe nor been tempted to do so. When I became a newspaper executive and finally attained the chief position of responsibility on the — I naturally spent less time in Chinatown, but I still kept in touch with my news sources, sources that scored many a good "beat" for my paper.

At the time of which I write I was overworked. I was the one experienced newspaper man in an office of "cubs." Every line of copy in our eight-and-ten-page sheet passed through my hands. I wrote the more important headlines, planned the "make-up," and in addition directed the efforts of the business office force. I short, I was doing the work of three or four men and the strain was beginning to tell on me. When my day's work was done I was always utterly exhausted. I slept brokenly and sat down to my daily task absolutely unrefreshed. I was approaching a nervous breakdown and knew it, but conditions on my sheet were such that I could see no immediate relief.

One evening I attended an important dramatic opening that I did not care to intrust to any of my inexperienced cubs. From the theatre I started for the club where I passed a few hours occasionally. On the street I met a fellow newspaper man, a dramatic critic, who, like myself, has since passed into oblivion.

"Take me for a stroll through Chinatown," he asked. "There are some things I want to see first-hand, and you're the one man I know who can get behind their doors."

We went. During our trip my friend suggested a visit to a "hop-joint." I led the way to one little know to ordinary slummers. The mummified Chinese in charge was an old acquaintance of mine and welcomed us warmly. He was smoking opium when we entered and the unventilated cell in which he lived was heavy with the fumes of the drug. I took one deep breath of the pungent, sweetish, smoke-laden air. My friend squatted on the bunk chatting with the Chinese. Again and again I inhaled the smoke fresh from the pipe, taking it in thirstily to the very bottom of my lungs. To my amazement, my weariness, my nervousness, my brain-fag slipped from me like a discarded garment.

"Say, Lee," I demanded, when I realised the delightful exhilaration that was stealing over me, "cook me up a couple of yen poks" (pills). "I'm going to smoke a few."

Willingly he toasted the brownish syrupy drug over his dim lamp, rolled the pill into shape, deftly attached it to the bowl and then handed me the pipe and guided it over the flame while I drew into my lungs my first pill of opium.

In sixty seconds I was another man. My barren brain, in which I had been conning over an introduction to the criticism I must

write before I slept, leaped to its task. The ideas, the phrases, the right words, which, until then, had eluded my fagged mentality, came trooping forth faster than I could have written them had I been at my desk. My worries and responsibilities fell from me. I remember even to-day that as I smoked my third or fourth pill the solution of a problem that had been a bugbear for days came into my mind like an inspiration.

I smoked six pills before we left. As my friend and I separated he looked at me curiously.

"I've often wondered how you do the work you do and hold up," he said. "Now I know. I'm going to try that myself the next time I'm stuck for my Sunday page story. My brain is virile and as clear as crystal and I didn't take a pill—just breathed the air. I've surprised your secret, old man. Good night."

I didn't tell him he had seen me smoke my first pill.

A half hour later I wrote a column dramatic criticism that was quoted on the billboards and I reeled it off as fast as my fingers could hit the typewriter keys. I was never at a loss for a word. The story in its entirety seemed to lie ready in my brain. My task finished, I went to bed without my customary drink, and dropped asleep as peacefully as a child. For the first time in weeks I slept soundly and awoke refreshed and clear-minded with a zest for the day's labor.

That was the beginning. After that I visited Lee, first at intervals of several days, then, by degrees, more frequently, until finally I became a daily user of opium. I shall never forget one conversation with the old Chinese den-keeper on the occasion of my third or fourth smoke. He looked up with his bland smile of welcome as I came in. It was evident that the man expected me. This nettled me. Nothing could have convinced me then that the drug could ever become a necessity to me.

"Well, Lee," I said throwing myself on the bunk, "chef me up a few extra big ones to-night. I'll take more to-night, for this be about my last smoke. I'm going to quit."

In silence he adjusted my favorite bowl to the pipe. In silence he deftly toasted the pill, completed the operation and twirled the ivory mouthpiece around to me. Greedily I drew the fragrant smoke into my lungs. He noticed my eagerness. Indeed, I could not even pretend to conceal it. He watched me inhale the smoke until my lungs puffed out like a pigeon's breast then exhale it slowly, in little puffs, regretting each. At last he spoke.

"You no quit," he said softly. "Every man alleetime say he quit. Every man alleesame you. Smoke one time, smoke two time, smoke tlee time, then smoke alleetime. Chinaman, white man, chokquay (negro) alleesame. No can quit. Bimeby you die you quit. Bimeby maybe you bloke,—no more money, no more fliend bollow money, no can stealem money, maybe you quit one, two days. Bimeby maybe you go jail, no got fliend bling you hop, no got money givem

policeman catchem hop, you quit. You got money, no go joi, you no quit. I heap sabe. Bimeby you see."

I laughed at his warning. Had I but known it, the wisdom of ages, the experience of untold thousands of wrecked lives were summed up in the halting words I allowed to pass me unheeded.

When I became a regular smoker I bought a "layout"—pipe, bowls, lamp, tray, yen hocks, everything—and indulged my habit in the "joint" of a white smoker where I was a favored patron and could lie at ease, privately, without fear of discovery.

By this time the cost of opium had become a very appreciable and permanent expense. From a few pills at first I increased my allowance day by day until it took thirty or forty "fun" (a Chinese measure; there are 76 fun in an ounce) to give me the mental relief I craved. The physical craving—the body's demand for it—can be satisfied with approximately the same amount each day. The mental craving—the mind's demand—increases daily. What satisfies to-night is too little to-morrow, and so on. To feel even normal I now needed three or four times the half dozen pills which at first had given me such exquisite pleasure. To get the exhilaration, the soothed nerves, the contentment I craved, I, like each of the millions before me, had to use more and more each day.

Thirty-six fun of opium at retail costs, at an average, three dollars. A fifty-cent tip to my "cook" and a quarter for the privilege of the room in which I smoked made my habit cost me about four dollars a day, which made a ghastly hole in even the good salary I earned. I began to buy my opium by the can, paying from 25 dols. to 30 dols. for tins averaging 460 fun. The elimination of the retailers' profit helped temporarily, but the ever-increasing demands of my habit soon overcame the saving.

I had been a user of opium about eight months when I first began to realise a mental change in myself—a new moral viewpoint, so to speak. I handled a story of the arrest of a criminal with real regret, while the news of a clever crime with the perpetrators safely at liberty was a personal gratification. The realisation of this change came about peculiarly.

A big story broke one day. A prominent official had robbed the city of a large sum. The man had disappeared. Detectives and a hundred reporters hunted the town over for him. His home, his friends, his relatives, and every outward bound train were watched without result. I handled the story, personally, from the desk. As I rewrote an introduction to the mystery, I kept revolving in my mind the problem of the absconder's disappearance. Where had he hidden himself? The problem was complicated by the belief that a woman with whom he was infatuated was with him.

I was still pondering over the mystery as I lay smoking that evening. I had reached the stage now in which I rushed from my work to the layout and lay beside it smoking

and dreaming until far into the night. That night, my habit appeased, I lay seemingly half asleep, but with an alert mind working automatically without effort of will. "Suppose I were in S—'s place," I argued. "What would I do? Try to get away by rail? Nonsense. I would know that every outlet in the city was guarded and, besides, with pictures scattered broadcast over the country, an appearance in any other city would be an invitation to arrest. Hide in a local hotel? With prying bell-boys, clerks, and chambermaids?—never. My own and relatives' home of course were impossible. Where, then, would I go?"

The answer came to me like a flash. I roused my lethargic body with a sudden start. I knew where that criminal would hide. Given its full quota of opium, my brain furnished the solution. If his flight had been planned in advance he would have his companion rent an inconspicuous, detached, furnished cottage where they could live alone and at ease while the hue and cry wore itself out. Then, when the hunt slumbered, a disguise, an automobile to an obscure port and a steamer to Honduras.

But the missing man had been forced to leave without preparation, owing to the unexpected appearance of expert accountants. What then? The alternative lay ready. One of the French roadhouses, a small one preferably, kept without attendants by some man and his wife of the type whose lips are sealed effectively with gold. Of course! How simple!

At seven o'clock next morning I started in a motor car with a list of six roadhouses I had selected. My experiences during the hunt are not relevant here. It suffices to say that at the fifth house I located my man. By means of a trick note I brought him down to me, white-faced and shaking. We had been acquaintances for years.

"What are you going to do?" he stammered, "turn me over to the police?"

"I don't wear a star," I replied angrily. Opium hates the law. "I haven't a drop of 'copper' blood in me. You're perfectly safe. But I want a signed confession covering this entire business. It can't harm you, for they've got the goods on you anyway if you're caught. I'll hold up the story till our late edition. Meanwhile, it's your move."

His face lighted with relief.

"I'll do it," he cried. "Have a drink."

A half hour later I was glancing over a signed document that meant a "beat" that was worth while.

As I rose to go he waved me back and ordered another drink.

"You've been 'right' with me," he said, "and I feel I can trust you. I'm a bit puzzled about the safest sort of a 'get-away,' from here. What would you do in my predicament?"

I replied without a second's hesitation.

"In your place," I said, "I would 'phone to some public garage for a machine to be here at noon. About eleven o'clock you and your friend stroll off through the woods in the rear. It's less than a mile to Pierre's.

Maybe you know him?" He nodded. "Well, he would forget his own mother's name for a century note. When the machine gets here you'll be gone. Have the proprietor here send the chauffeur down to San M—, telling him to wait at the railway depot there for you until eight o'clock to-night. Leave plenty of money to pay him in advance. Tell the boss here to tell the exact truth to the police when they come: that you went away before the car came and ordered it sent down empty to the San M— railway station. The detective will have the chauffeur in custody before night, but there isn't a man who wears a star who will believe the truth. When he says he didn't see you at all and has been travelling around with an empty machine, they'll laugh at him. Meanwhile lie close at Pierre's. They'll never look for you within a mile of here in identically the same kind of house. It's too simple for their complex intellects."

As I talked, looks of startled wonder flashed from his heavy, puffed eyes.

"Man!" he cried. "Are you a mind reader? First you locate me here, then you tell me word for word the exact idea I had in mind."

"I'll tell you more," I said laughingly. "You'd be hidden in a little furnished house somewhere instead of here, if the experts hadn't come on you so unexpectedly."

He leaped to his feet.

"You're uncanny," he cried. "I did intend that. Thank heaven, you're not one of those police hounds. Are you an opium smoker?"

"Are you?" I retorted, ignoring his question.

"Yes," he said, and we smiled together.

This brings me to the crux of the incident, the reason for its telling. It is proof of the most important point I wish to make, which is that an equal number of brain convolutions plus an adequate amount of opium will invariably produce precisely the same impulses and ideas. Take two men of similar intellects and propound a problem, preferably in criminality. If both men are users of opium their minds will arrive at exactly the same result by exactly the same mental processes. I have tested it scores of times and the results were the same nineteen times out of twenty.

In this lies the proof of the terrible power of opium over the mind of its slave. It controls his every thought and impulses as absolutely as the brain controls the muscles. And opium-made plans, plots, inspirations—call them what you will—are devious, tricky, shrewd because of their abnormality. No one but another smoker will ever come within leagues of guessing what a "fiend" will do under any given set of conditions. A normal brain and an opium brain have nothing in common.

There is but one exception to this rule. An opium smoker suffering from the drug and lacking the money to buy what alone can still the frightful agony in nerve and limb is as simple as a coot. He will try anything that promises money. The more foolhardy the stunt, the more it appeals to him.

(To be continued.)

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.

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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, JANUARY 7, 1915.

THE NEW YEAR.

Nothing makes me feel so hopeless as ignorance, and we humans have a vast capacity for stupidity. Between the intelligent person who is responsive to the appeal of reason and the incentive of high ideals and the gross and sensual person who only responds to the lust of the flesh are a very large number of people who are in the main good and whose greatest drawback is that they are without knowledge—they are ignorant and don't even know it. In the coming year we will best serve the cause of moral reform and No-License by pushing "Grit." People may get an inspiration at a meeting, but they get an education only by the slow and regular course of reading. Educate! Educate! Let that be our watchword. Invest in education—send someone "Grit" for a year as a birthday present or a New Year's gift. Pay for your own "Grit" so that we may be able to pay our way and not be hampered by the interest on a big overdraft. Use your old copies of "Grit." Send them to friends and urge them to look into it. There are people who want us to make "Grit" more like the "World's News," when everyone would read it, and when no one would get any good from it. That does not appeal to me.

A Personal Chat with my readers

"Grit" is interesting, and if people do not find it so, the remedy is not to come down to them but to bring them up to a higher standard. The subscribers who don't like "Grit" are the ones who never read it. Only the other day a business man was asked if he had seen Mr. Jones' articles. He said, "No"; adding, "I am very interested in him and all he writes." It was pointed out that for a month or so "Grit" had contained his most interesting articles, and he then confessed he "never opened his 'Grit.'" That man is a fine Christian, but he ought to face the fact that he is a great discourager of the only paper that stands for what he stands for on the matter of liquor reform. Push ahead, friends, it is a long way, a hard way, a slow way, but a sure way to educate in 1915.

I am constantly asked if a pledge is of any value, and I never hesitate to say of course it is. In spite of divorce the marriage pledge is of undoubted worth. In spite of broken business agreements, a business pledge or undertaking is of the greatest value. In spite of those who break it, the total abstinence pledge holds as often and for as long as any other pledge. When I meet a man who has broken the pledge and feel inclined to be discouraged, I remember a few hundred who did not break their pledge, and also the fact that my own pledge taken on October 20th, 1890, has been kept and has been of the greatest value to me, and then I just go on going on taking pledges.

Lord Kitchener's sister, Mrs. Frances E. J. Parker, has instituted a teetotal pledge for soldiers for the duration of the war. In a letter to the "Daily Mirror," dated October 27, she explains her object as follows:—

"Yesterday my brother, Lord Kitchener, made an appeal to the public asking that all who desire the efficiency and well-being of our troops would refrain from treating them to 'drinks' or setting temptation before them.

"May I, as his sister, supplement this appeal by asking the men themselves whether they will not, during the period of the war, abstain from all intoxicants, except when such are ordered by a doctor?"

"I think I am right in saying that in no way could they give my brother a truer proof of their loyalty to his wishes than by making this promise.

"May I also suggest that if the same pledge were taken by those left behind, then the men who have rallied to the colors would be

linked to their wives, parents and families at home by a bond which would be for the good of all?"

The suggested pledge, which is headed, "Help my brother by signing this patriotic pledge," runs as follows:—

"In order that I may be of the greatest service to my country and carry out the wishes of the Commander-in-Chief at this time of national peril, I promise until the end of the war to abstain from all intoxicants (except when such are ordered by a doctor), and to encourage others to do the same."

You might copy this out and get the whole family to sign it.

I want to say two things about our advertisers. First, "Grit" could not be published without them, and, secondly, they will not continue with us unless "Grit" readers respond and do their business with them. Strangers staying at hotels ask for the shops and business places they want, and are always directed to those places friendly to liquor selling. This gives the publican a big pull, and one he has a right to. If we have no sense of loyalty to our own kind, at least we should have the sense to see how greatly we help the cause of Temperance when we put business in the way of those whose advertisements are the backbone of our only weekly paper. Write an order and enclose the advt. from "Grit," or take it with you when you make your purchase; it helps us immensely.

I received the following letter:—"I am enclosing herewith an advertisement snipped from 'Grit,' in which you will note that in opposition to the policy of the paper you are advertising an hotel. It seems a peculiar thing to me that you should desire to abolish the hotels and yet advertise them."

The writer has overlooked the fact that we do not seek to abolish the hotel, and most of us have to stop at them from time to time, but we do wish to remove the bar. An advertisement is a recommendation, and to state that a business place is opposite a large and well-known hotel is not a recommendation of the hotel, but only a statement of fact which is qualified by every line of the whole paper which so emphatically disapproves of the bar part of any hotel.

The Editor

The Barbarities of Christmas

SENTIMENTAL CHARITY AND DEBAUCHERY.

We have again celebrated our great Christian Day, and in doing so emphasised the fact that after 1900 years the spirit of our religion has not permeated very far or very deep. There is no doubt that we have much more stomach than soul, and we cut our celebrations accordingly. It is discouraging to find that a day of deep spiritual significance and setting forth the ideal of "Peace on Earth" should be commemorated by over-eating and every indulgence of the flesh on the one hand and on the other a generosity of gift to every one but the Great Founder whose birth we celebrate.

The attendance at the churches is said to have been good, but there is little to encourage in that since the churches have not seating accommodation for more than 12 per cent. of the city population. It is said the offerings were good, and yet the united offerings of 50 churches on Christmas morning in the metropolitan area were not equal to the takings of any one theatre in the city the night after. Sydney, with its 600,000 people, spent perhaps £60,000 on its Christmas dinner, and donated less than £2000 to spiritual purposes at the morning services in the House of God.

OUR "PIECE DE RESISTANCE."

The sop to our conscience and the advertisement to our cause is the Christmas Tree for the poor. Each year we parade the poor in public, incite the greed of the designing, bestow insignificant frail and mostly inappropriate gifts to children, and then retire to congratulate ourselves for another year. There are not nearly so many poor children as some seem to think, and those that are poor would find much greater pleasure in gifts of clothing such as stockings, boots, dresses, and underclothes. It would cost more, give more trouble, and not be so spectacular, but surely no one doubts the advantages of utilitarian gifts. It will take many years, however, to educate the sentimental amateur philanthropists to an appreciation of my programme. The ideal Christmas tree could be set up in 2000 homes, and there are not more that really need it, by 500 Christian workers. Let them go two and two and visit the poor homes, taking with them gifts appropriate to the number and age of the children as provided by the local workers and a wee tree, a Christmas hymn, a prayer, and present of food for the grown ups, and you have done something truly Christian, and given more joy than all the spectacular gatherings you have ever taken part in.

OUR CHARITY.

Thanks to those whose gifts are acknowledged in this article, we were able to help a large number of families. We had applications from about 150 families—on investigation about a dozen of them did not live at the address given, about a dozen more gave

such misleading and evasive particulars that they were asked to call back, and of course did not do so.

One lady started by saying she had 17 children. She was told at once that it would be a pleasure to help them, and that it might be done more appropriately would she kindly give the names and ages of them all. This fairly staggered her, and finally it was discovered that she had no children living with her, but had over-counted her grandchildren, whose mothers were parading them elsewhere as trump cards for capturing some Christmas charity. The Sydney Benevolent helped 53 families sent to them after a personal visit had enabled us to urge their claim. We gave money from 7/6 to £2 where we knew drink was not at work, and where anything less would have been a mockery. In each case we tried to do something for a week rather than just for the one day. It was a great pleasure to be able to do this, for those who sent the means to us.

AT THE POLICE COURT.

On Boxing Day 49 men and 5 women were charged with drunkenness, the 54 being dealt with and convicted in 22 minutes. On Monday, December 28, 59 men and 7 women were convicted in 26 minutes. On the same two days there were 104 other cases in the court, and in 95 cases out of 100 drink played a big part in their being before the court. If we include the Water Police Court, Paddington, Redfern, Newtown, Balmain, and North Sydney, we will find a record of over 500 people for the two days. This is by no means the whole story—but only the sparks out of the chimney that proclaim a raging fire below. Two factors influence the police in the matter of arrests at this time. The police are just as kindly as any one else, oftentimes more so, and overlook a great deal and refrain from arresting unless in extreme cases. On the other hand, the police go on duty at 10 p.m. and come off at 6 a.m. If they arrest a man between those hours they must be at the court till 11 or 12 instead of being in bed after their night's work. They are only human, and this undoubtedly makes a difference. There can be no doubt that if the authorities wished to enforce the laws and arrest intoxicated people, we could have had 3000 as easily as the 500 in the two days under review. It is a pitiable record, crowned as it is by the more serious record of deaths in drunken brawls and the records of all the hospitals where hundreds are patched up after celebrating the great Christian Day.



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TRY OUR STEAM-MADE BREAD.

GLEAMS OF SUNSHINE.

If you think this is rather a gloomy record—we can only say it would be easy to paint it in far darker colors. Fortunately, we are like the miner who is satisfied with a color of gold in a dish of dirt, or an ounce of the genuine metal to a ton of mullock. We found gratitude, we found unshaken faith, even in some whose lot seemed unendurable, and we found real distress that we were able to actually relieve. It has surely made room for many a future visit on better terms than hitherto. The Bible says "A man's gifts make room for him," and we believe your gifts have made room in the memories and hearts of several hundreds who were saved either privation or the humiliating plea for charity by the liberality of the "Grit" readers.

MANY THANKS.

Miss Cato, £2; W.G.G., 5/-; Mrs. Anderson, 20/-; Beryl, 5/-; Mr. Eyles, 20/-; Myra Luxton, 1/-; Friend X., 20/-; H. B. Baylis, 10/-; Mrs. J. J. Baylis, 5/-; Presbyterian, 10/-; Mr. Wrigley, 9/10; Mrs. J. G. Symonds, 8/-; Miss Hannam, 12/-; Mr. Eipper, 20/-; Mrs. Gurney, 20/-; Beryl King, 12/-; Mrs. Strange, 19/6; Miss Meaker, 2/6; Miss Miller, 30/-; Mr. Kemp, 20/-; W. H. Grear, £2; per Rev. A. Yeates, £2; per Miss Davison, 15/-; Anon, 10/-; Harry Bastard, 10/-; Mr. Lindsay, 17/6; Mr. Clout, 10/-; Mr. Kerr, 20/-; Miss Denning, 20/-; Mr. Judge, 12/6; Mr. Greives, 2/-; "Ivanhoe," £3; Mollie and Roger Seaward, 5/-; Vera Price, 10/-; Mr. W. Harris, £1; C. J. Arnold, 10/-; St. Simon's Concert, £2/9/7; Mrs. Charles, 10/6; Mrs. Spragg, £1; Mrs. Bingle, £1; St. David's Band, £2/10/-; small sums and special donations, £5. Total, £41/1/11.

THE BIBLE.

According to a book of reference, the following calculations and statements were made by a painstaking person about 1810:—The authorised version of the Bible contains—

	Old Test.	New Test.	Total.
Books	39 ..	27 ..	66
Chapters ...	929 ..	260 ..	1,189
Verses	23,214 ..	7,959 ..	31,173
Words	592,439 ..	181,258 ..	773,697
Letters	2,728,100 ..	838,380 ..	3,566,480

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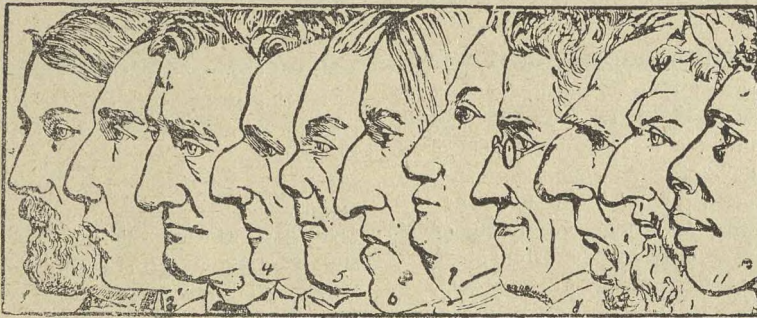
(By HENRY JONES, for "Grit.")

CHAPTER V.

APPETITE AND DIGESTION.

Previous to the time of Dr. Gall it was thought that appetite depended upon bodily conditions only, because writers and students of human nature knew very little concerning the formation and function of the brain. After Gall returned from his visit to the suburb of Alimentativeness, on the outskirts of the town of Iwant, he demonstrated by anatomy and physiology that there is in the brain a centre of appetite, and this part of the brain is always in proportion to the degree of appetite. If this centre is small or large your appetite will be good or bad. Gall established beyond the shadow of a doubt that although a man may have an excellent appetite he may have poor digestion. The question presented to Gall's mind was, "How does man destroy or impair his powers of digestion?" When he met the residents of the suburb of Alimentativeness he noticed they had full cheeks, some had double chins,

there must be some sound reason why some men and women are victims of indigestion. While Gall was in the town of Iwant he was informed by the Perfect that most people are to blame for the state of their digestion because they deliberately depart from the natural path. In the first place, parents allow children to drink with their meals, eat sauce, pickles, mustard and spice. The water dilutes the saliva while the condiment causes an artificial flow. If you notice a child just developing gastric trouble the centre of the cheeks begin to pale and as the complaint develops they become hollow. Any observant nurse remarks upon the change of color and firmness of the cheeks. When next you run or ride a byke for a mile or two just take a look at your face in the mirror and you will be able to tell the state of your stomach or digestion. If you are a smoker your cheeks (centres) will be grey. Cigarette smokers become almost yellow at these points.



a clear ruddy complexion, and when he examined their heads he found there was a gradual widening from the corners of the eyebrows to the tip of the ears. In after life when he was engaged in dissecting the brain of a noted gourmand he found that the lobe situated in that portion of the brain just above the zygomatic arch was very large. From this discovery, along with many others later on, he concluded that the centre of appetite was located there. In recent years many noted physiologists have proved the truthfulness of Dr. Gall's discovery. It is interesting to note the various facial poles which reveal the condition of the appetite and digestion. If all readers would carefully note these facts they will be in a position to diagnose the stomachic condition of those they meet.

GOOD HEARTY EATERS.

In the first place good appetite is indicated by a fulness of the head just above the zygomatic arch, a little behind the corners of the eyebrow. Another sign is a full lower lip, in fact when this protrudes it is a sign of gluttony. Another sign is a wide mouth with soft loose hanging under lip. When the appetite, health and digestion are unimpaired these poles will bear a healthy look and feel solid or firm when touched.

WHEN THINGS GO WRONG.

While we all admit it is essential that man should eat and drink, we must also admit

SOWING THE SEEDS OF SORROW.

During twenty years of practice I have used the science of physiognomy to diagnose disease. In the course of those years I have endeavored to fathom the cause of so much gastric trouble in children. In some cases the cause was obvious, but in many cases it lay so deep that I was forced to turn my attention to heredity. The result of my study and investigation has convinced me that a prospective mother can do more to impair the digestion of the child, by a moderate use of narcotics, condiment or alcohol than the child would succeed in doing if he turned out a heavy drinker. In the one case (that of the prospective mother) every fibre will be tainted and a desire equal to a mania will be transmitted; while in the other (the child becoming a drinker), the desire often disappears when temptation is removed. In a future article I will give some startling authentic cases of the ruin that has come to homes as the result of the ignorance of prospective parents.

No. 5 is a good illustration of the combative nose. No. 7 illustrates good appetite and excellent digestion. No. 8 shows poor digestion (hollow cheeks). A double chin is an excellent sign of stored up vitality. People who possess a double chin never suffer very much through the loss of a few meals during the week. This sign in man corresponds

with the pouch in the monkey. If you visit the Zoo during the holidays take plenty of nuts and feed one monkey, and you will find when he has eaten enough he will store the rest away in his pouch under the chin. So with men and women if they have a double chin; they always put away extra nutriment. It is a sign of good nature as well as economy. If hungry or thirsty, call on your friend with a double chin because they usually have a good idea of human needs and comforts.

IVY OF WIRRABORA.

The quality of your organisation renders you very impressionable, sensitive and slightly emotional. You are influenced by



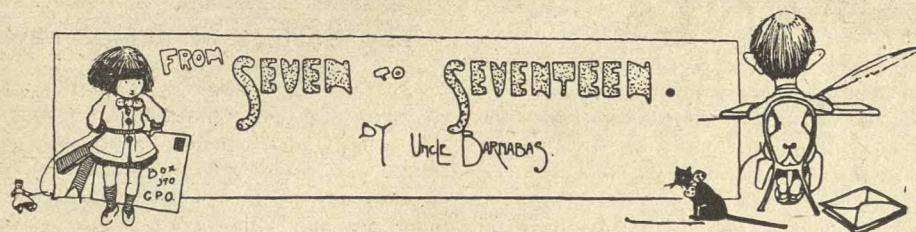
IVY, OF WIRRABARA.

surroundings to such an extent that some people are apt to think you are fastidious and too critical.

The size of your brain is average and responsive, so with careful study and patience you would gain a foremost position in some department of life. Being of a sympathetic and emotional nature, you are capable of influencing and managing young people. As a kindergarten or ordinary school teacher you would have succeeded.

You are affectionate and demonstrative when you meet with a congenial spirit. Your nose is slightly short and accounts for your defensive temper. There is one thing certain, if people leave you and your family alone they will never suspect you of temper, but if they don't, then they will realise that you can manifest your feelings with severity and express your mind in no uncertain terms.

(Continued on Page 15.)



MAKE ROOM.

How often do we see some one making room for themselves—pushing and rude, and their efforts direct many a cross or indignant look at them. Now our way is to get things, God's way is to give things. In the book of Proverbs, chapter 18, verse 16, it says: "A man's gifts make room for him." Our gifts make room for us in people's memory. Many things are crowded out of our mind, many things forgotten but loving gifts, generous gifts make room for those who give them and we often remember them. A man's gifts make room for him in the heart of those to whom he gives. People feel kindly towards you, and may even learn to love you and keep ever a green spot in their heart for you if you make them loving gifts. Getting things may make people hate you, but giving makes them love you.

Why our gifts make room for us in Heaven—hear the Saviour say, "Well done, you gave a cup of cold water in My name, I have not forgotten, enter in."

Let us in the New Year try God's way much oftener than in the past. Let us learn to give cheerfully and we will find it the way to be happy and the way to make room for ourselves in the memory and heart of others and finally even in heaven.

UNCLE B.

MANY THANKS.

I received beautiful cards and very lovely kind wishes from Milcie, Beryl Anderson, Emma and Kathleen Rankin, Do Moore, Audrey Waples, Essie Moore, N.Z., Clarice Clout, Nettie Luxton, and my Ne's. at "Wyville," Cooma. I was so pleased to be remembered and very much wish I could have sent you all a nice picture of myself to chase away the rats and scare the mosquitoes, but go on hoping. Stranger things have happened than even that.

UNCLE B.

A TEMPERANCE PLEDGE.

(Sent by Ruby H. Meale.)

A Pledge I make, no wine to take;
Nor brandy red, that turns the head;
Nor whisky hot that makes the sot;
Nor fiery rum, that ruins the home.
Nor will I sin by drinking gin;
Hard cider, too, will never do;
Nor lager beer, my heart to cheer;
Nor sparkling ale my face to pale.
To quench my thirst I'll always bring
Cold water from the well or spring,
So here I pledge perpetual hate
To all that can intoxicate.

A LITTLE HELPER.

Olive Newman, Rous, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Really at last. First of all I must thank you for your birthday

greetings in "Grit." I had a very quiet birthday. I got a nice handkerchief sachet with half a dozen handkerchiefs from all at home. A girl friend of mine gave me a nice bottle of scent, and if you like scent and come up I will put some on your handkerchief. I am collecting for the Surry Hills branch of the City Mission. I have £1 collected now. I am sending you a few things for the "Grit" stall. I saw in one place in "Grit" where the bazaar was to be put off till after Christmas. I had a raffia bag made for the stall, too. It was school work, and it was sent to the exhibition at Lismore. While it was in there it was taken. So now I can't send it. It will soon be breaking up day at school. Only another week, then the holidays. We are all going to the beach next Saturday, and I know you wish us a good time among the oysters. I wish you were with us to enjoy them (if you like them). Well, dear uncle, I have a little bit of sad news to tell you. Mr. E. J. Worboys (my uncle) died in the Ballina Hospital on the 15th November. Perhaps you will remember him. He was working for the No-License cause in one of the Sydney electorates at the last election. He was also a local preacher in the Methodist Church. Well, I think this letter long enough for you to read, so I will wish you and all cousins a very Merry Christmas and a Bright and Prosperous New Year. With love from your niece.

(Dear Olive,—What a nice long letter. I am pleased to hear of your birthday, and sorry I can't have some of that scent. Please put just one drop on your next letter. So you are collecting for the City Mission. Well done. I am sorry your bag was lost. Never mind, make another one. Yes, I like oysters and quite envy you.

I knew your uncle, and am indeed sorry to hear of his death, but must not forget that death is not a terminus; it is only a tunnel.—Uncle B.)

HARD WORK.

Violet Brown, Willow View, Grenfell, 8/12/14, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—It is a long time since I wrote to you; my last letter could not have reached you, as it did not appear in "Grit." The end of last year I went down to Deniliquin for a holiday: I stayed four months. My mother, my two little sisters, and my brother came down, and we all came back home together, arriving here on my birthday. I was very glad to be back home, after being away so long.

One Wednesday afternoon we had a terrible hail storm. The hail pelted down like cats and dogs. One of my brothers went out side and picked one hail stone up. It was as large as a hen egg. About eight

inches of rain fell during last month. It is coming in the wrong time, because the farmers are being delayed.

I have a mission card for the poor children at Surry Hills. I have only got 3/- so far. It is such a hard time collecting them.

We had a school concert a fortnight ago. It was a great success—£45 the first night and over £10 the second night. I was a fairy and a Japanese girl. Last Wednesday we all got our photos. taken, in our costumes. My cousin (Gladys McKellar) and I are having our photo. taken to-day in our Japanese dress.

I remain, your loving niece.

P.S.—Did you receive the 6/- for "Grit" from mother. She sent it some time ago. We did not see it acknowledged in the paper.

(Dear Violet,—I am sorry your last letter never reached me, and was very glad to hear from you again. Do you know what is worse than raining cats and dogs? Why, hailing cabs and tram cars. I am so glad you are doing something for Surry Hills. I know it is hard work, but then dear, all the worth while things take time and trouble. Yes, I received the money on Sept. 22nd last. You did have a long holiday. I expect it did you good.—Uncle B.)

IN A GOOD HUMOR.

Doris Bannerman, Sherwood, McLeay River, 9th December, 1914, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Just a few lines to Page Double-one, as I am in a good humor and feel like writing. We are having lovely fine weather now, only it is rather hot some days. We are having a concert for the organ fund next Wednesday night, and I hope it will be a success. My word Christmas is coming close, so that will mean a busy time. Well uncle, as I am sending a funny piece I will close.—Your fond niece.

(Dear Doris,—So you were in a good humor. I wonder is that often the case? How long does it last? Why do we change? How can we always be in a good humor? We will all look forward to your answer to these questions. Thanks for the funny piece.—Uncle B.)

HELPING THE POOR.

Edna Stone, "Briar Vale," Cootralantra, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—It is not quite three months since I wrote to you, so I should not be in the "black books." I am very sorry I could not get the crochet work done for the "Grit" stall, which I promised you. I have a list for the poor children of Surry Hills. I have 10/6 on it. I will be going to town tomorrow, and will take it. I may get some though when any one goes there, they seldom see many people, only when there's any sports, etc., on. Then there's hardly room to hang a horse up or get into any business place. I will help for the next Xmas for the poor.

The fruit is getting very ripe now, especially the cherries, as they are always ripe for Xmas. The apples are growing wonderfully. And we are having some lovely rain. The creek was running a banker this after-

noon. Last week there was a frost which cut all the vegetable, but the potatoes have recovered, and are growing again. I must close as it's near bed-time. Wishing Uncle and his court a happy and prosperous Xmas, I am, your loving niece.

(Dear Edna,—Well done, your help it fine, and someone will thank God for your kind heart and your friend's kind help. The "Grit" stall will come off in the New Year some time, so perhaps a few of my ne's and ni's will be able to do a little in the holidays. I would like to be among the fruit. We see nice cherries here at 1s. a pound, and medium apricots at one penny each, and so we only see them.—Uncle B.)

A NEW NI.

Phyllis Oates, "Warrendine," Orange, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—May I be your ni? I am now ten years old, and am in fourth class at school. I go to the Public School in Orange. We have been making great efforts to get clothes made for the Belgians. We have also been collecting money for the war fund, and have had two concerts at school in aid of it, by which we have made six or seven pounds. We take "Grit," and each week I read the letters, and enjoy them very much. I remain, your loving ni.

(Dear Phyllis,—I am pleased to have you as a ni, and hope you will often write. I am glad to hear you have been helping the Belgians. Will you be able to send me your photograph? When is your birthday?—Uncle B.)

ANOTHER PEST.

Hazel Hullett, 112 Patterson-road, Hastings, N.Z., writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—We have been taking "Grit" for about three weeks now, and I like page 11 the best. I saw in last week's "Grit" that you accepted Annie Stark as a fresh pest, and I would like to be one, too. I am fourteen years of age and I have five brothers and sisters. We are having terribly hot weather down here, and it is very refreshing to go in for a bathe now and again. I find it very interesting to read all your Ni's and Ne's letters, and I hope soon to be counted as one of them. Well, hoping you will have me for one of your Ni's, I will close now.—With fondest love from —

(Dear Hazel,—I am delighted to have you as a Ni, and hope you will often write. When is your birthday? What about a photo of yourself? Any chance of your brothers and sisters writing to me? Tell me how did you spend your Christmas.—Uncle B.)

AFRAID OF THE BLACK LIST.

Alice Read, Reid Town, Corrimal, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—It is a good while since I wrote to you, so I had better write or I will be on the "scalawag" list. I have been to Church this morning and Sunday-school this afternoon. There was over 50 children there. We have got some more teachers lately. Our Church has been all done up, and it looks real nice now, and we have service every Sunday. Our Minister, Mr. New-

march, has gone away, and we have a new Minister; his name is Mr. Stubbins. There is plenty of green grass down here. We have had a lot of rain down here. I am nine years of age. My name is Alice Read. I am in third class at school. My teacher's name is Miss Bernard; she is so nice. We have five teachers at school. We have a little baby boy at home; he is my nephew. We play with him; he is twelve months old, and is a big baby.—I remain, your loving Ni.

(Dear Alice,—I am glad you are afraid of my black list. I will have to publish it some day, as some are very, very naughty "scalawags." You did not say what your nephew's name was. When is your birthday? I am glad you have had plenty of rain, that is something we can't do without. I hope you had a Happy Xmas.—Uncle B.)

TRY A CHAFF BAG.

William Hunt, Byron Bay, Dec. 13, writes:

Dear Uncle B.,—My word, Christmas is drawing near. There will be thousands of soldiers who will not have their usual good Christmas dinner this time. On Saturday there were two ladies collecting tobacco, cigars, and cigarettes for the soldiers, and they got quite a lot. I was pleased to see Selwyn Coates is a Ne'. I remember him. I suppose you have heard about the general manager of the North Coast Co-operative Company, Ltd. (Mr. Brandon), being killed in a motor-car accident a few weeks ago. When are we going to see your photo in print? How about putting it in the Christmas issue of "Grit" as a Christmas box for us all? How about getting those badges for the Ne's and Ni's? Well, Uncle, I will close now. Wishing all Ne's and Ni's and not forgetting yourself, a happy Christmas and a bright and prosperous New Year. Hoping they won't eat too much plum pudding.—Your loving Nephew.

P.S.—Don't forget to hang up your stocking. I will have to look for a chaff bag.

(Dear Will,—Be sure and let us know what you found in the chaff bag. I guess if I had been Santa Claus I would have put chaff in it. Now, would that suit you? Dear old Santa Claus lost my address some years ago, so I do not worry now to put up my old sock. Anyhow, the hole in the toes is so big that it would not have held anything. I echo your wish about the plum pudding.—Uncle B.)

The Savings of James Tate

(Continued from Page 3.)

any part of the warehouse. In passing the length of the warehouse with a load of freight on a truck along a route that a score or more of the men had just traversed, I found a dollar bill. In all the seven years afterward that I was connected with that warehouse I never heard of any money having been found there. I took the dollar bill into the office and stated that anyone who called for it could get it from my hands. On that dollar I subsisted for eleven days, until I could begin to draw pay. I lived on one five-cent meal at twelve o'clock each night. All this time, emaciated and underfed, I did my work without sense of weakness or pain.

I remained at that same warehouse seven years and was promoted to the charge of a department in which 350 men and waggons were employed. I have prospered ever since.

There are few persons in whom an appetite for strong drink cannot be created. Whether immune or naturally susceptible to its power, alcohol presents the greatest danger a man ever meets. The idea that now impels me to forego a large salary and to set aside business opportunities of great promise is that of getting saloons out of the way. To that I shall devote the rest of my life.

So spake James Tate. I know his true history.

Shall I put claret in the fruit punch that will be served in the evening to my guests when a Mr. Tate may be among them?

Shall I ask any man of unknown susceptibilities to go where the odor of alcohol may rouse a latent craving for it?

Shall I employ any medical man who sometimes prescribes a poison that can set a taint in the tissues of the unborn?

Shall I, by any word or act, encourage a traffic that wrecks men?

No; not so long as I may live.—Adele M. Fielde, in "The Pioneer."

GIVE HIM FATHER.

"Wouldn't you like," his mother asked a little boy, "wouldn't you like to give your toy boat to that poor orphan who hasn't any father?" The little boy looked at his toy and frowned. "Couldn't we give him father instead?" he asked.

I do not offer you Cash if I hurt you

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

Painless Extractions from 2s.

Dentist Reaney,

"Expert in Difficult Extractions,"

OPP. GRACE BROS. (Hours, 9 to 6 daily).

**READ
THAT**

The Young Man Whom Jesus Loved.

By S. D. GORDON.

This is the story of a tragedy, the common tragedy of almost. This young fellow brought so much, but he kept back the one bit, little in size that controlled all. It was as though he said, "I'll give the door into my life, the whole door, except—just this very little square knob.

"So near the door and the door stood wide; Close to port, but not inside;

Almost resolved to give up sin,

Almost persuaded to enter in,

Almost resolved to count the cost,

Almost a Christian, and yet—lost."

What a lovable fellow he was! No wonder Jesus loved him. Anyone would. Look at his eagerness, running out to meet Jesus; his humble reverence, kneeling in the dirt of the road at Jesus' feet; the intense moral earnestness of his question about eternal life; the clean uprightness of his personal life, as he honestly tells how he has carefully sought to do the right and leave out the wrong. His honest face, the eager light in his eyes, the wholesome frankness and simplicity of his speech, the evident earnestness of his spirit—who could have helped loving such a young fellow? Not Jesus, certainly. But he needed a bit of help, some teaching. It's just the thing such fellows do need—a bit of simple, clear teaching. Notice: he either evades, or fails to appreciate, the question Jesus asks. He failed to take in just who Jesus was. This was the whole point of Jesus' question. The simple answer was: "Thou art good, for thou art God, the only begotten of the Father."

CHRIST'S TEST.

This thing of placing Jesus lies at the root. It is not a matter of academical discussion, nor theological dogma, nor philosophical explanation; these are endless and lead nowhere, except where you would better not be. It is a simple practical matter of one's heart-attitude to Jesus.

If he had got this simple thing straight, he probably would not have baulked so badly on the second thing, the yielding of all. It's easy to yield all to one who, you know, is All. The highest act of the strongest will is in yielding wholly to a higher will when you find a higher will. And one finds the higher will in Jesus.

Jesus was not concerned about the wealth; he was after something higher up and deeper in—the hold the wealth had upon the man. The only way one can find out how tight a hold something—money, ambitions, plans—has upon him is to actually give them away for good and all—no make-believe giving.

FOUR GREAT WORDS.

Jesus was thinking about the man in telling him what to do. He wanted to release him from his bonds, but it must be by the man's own act. There is a spirit-gymnasium in those four words, "go," "sell," "give," "come." These were the exercises the man

was to use; all movements of the will. "Go" was the decision. "Sell" was the actual plunge out from where he was, out to where there seemed no footing. The thing he had always stood upon with his whole weight was to be put clean away, and he must learn to stand upon something that seemed—nothing. What tremendous strength this single act, done just once, would have brought!

"Give" was the succession of acts following "sell." It would call for keen discernment and rare wisdom; it would develop gentleness and warmth of heart. This part of the gymnasium work will be done to the sound of music. Then this new man set free, rarely strengthened, with a spring in his step, a light in his eye, a warmth in his heart, a trained judgment in his brain, could "come"; he could come into the rarest fellowship with Jesus, such as would have been utterly impossible before.

But that plunge out! The waters looked so icy, so forbidding. And he failed, he refused. It was indeed a great refusal. The things held his eye, and shut out Jesus. It is only when you see Jesus as big as He is that things shrink to their natural size. What rare wisdom in that question Jesus asked him at first! If he had only got Jesus placed right—that would have fixed the things.

It was not a specially uncommon refusal, though; rather commonplace. What ambition is it you're holding on to? What plan? You trust Christ as your Saviour, yes, you ask Him to bless your plans and give you wisdom with your money, but you wouldn't trust Him out of your sight with either. Yet if you don't trust in all, let all clean go out of your grasps, you don't trust at all.

But we'll never get things straight till we get Jesus placed—Jesus the only begotten God, the Man who died for us, your Friend, your Master; with that last word underscored with "Lord" and "Autocrat" and ab-

solute "Dictator"; and with an inner heart of tender love in both underscored and under-scoring words.

WHERE DO YOU PUT JESUS?

Yet, even though you've had grace to do what otherwise is impossible—make the great glad acceptance, yet better walk very softly and close to Jesus, hidden within His shadow. How superior dear, honest Peter felt to the young man! And how his "we" did crumble in the courtyard that betrayal night! Better keep close and quiet. You never know what test is waiting you round the next corner.

How generous God is! There is such a rare law of balance in all His dealings. The great promise at the close brings this out. Jesus said, "Sell all." Now he says "Shall have all plus one hundred per cent." Double the sort of things we are giving up! and "in this present time"! None of us seem to have quite taken this in.

Some know about the "with persecutions." But we hesitate to take this other at its face value. Perhaps because of how we have been taught; perhaps because we haven't given all. These words mean that we may have all now we can take, but the taking must be with the life.

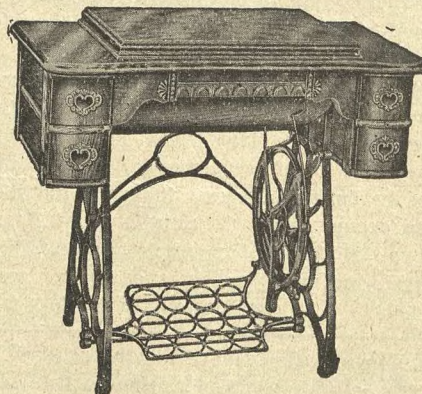
Only the hand that habitually gives all is trained to take all.—"Sunday School Times."

A smartly-dressed lady strolled into our Drapery Department last week, and Mr. Rountree, with his usual courtesy, stepped forward and inquired in which direction he may be of service. She said she wished to look at some blankets. He showed her sample after sample, but none seemed to suit. Eventually, after an hour and a half and only one blanket left on the top shelf, the customer pleasantly remarked:

"Well, I was only looking for a friend, and didn't expect to buy."

"Oh, that's all right," said our perspiring Mr. Rountree. "If you think she's in that other blanket up there, I'll get it down for you."

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Constructed on lines so simple that with the aid of the Instruction Book the most inexperienced person can easily operate them, thus dispensing with the useless expense of the Agent and Instructor.

Manufactured to our Special Order in America by The Cleveland Coy, who have been Sewing Machine Specialists for over a quarter of a century.

FIVE-DRAWER DROPHEAD MACHINES from £5/15/-

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ECONOMIC HOUSE FURNISHERS. PIANOS, ORGANS & GENERAL DRAPERS

This is Where You Laugh.

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Do you know a funny story, something which will chase gloom away and make people happy? Send it along to Box 390. There is half-a-crown offering each week for the person who sends in the funniest yarn.

A FACE HEDGE.

(By Montgomery Flagg, in "American Magazine.")

Can you imagine the state of mind of a man who deliberately determines to grow a face hedge? Of course there are two cases of justifiable whisker culture. The first case is when a man has carelessly raised another man's check. The only course open to him is to move to Quebec and raise whiskers.

The second case is when a man discovers that his chin sits bashfully on his Adam's apple, way back in the orchestra circle. In this instance the raising of a set of joehunts is almost commendable.

Aside from cases of this unfortunate nature there can be no justification for the cultivation of face lichen.

Do you really suppose a normal woman ever married a man who was already sewed up in a set of edwinmarkhams? She may have stayed on with him after they had broken out, if she was a person with none of the finer susceptibilities; but even so there would come a time when either she or Papa's pampas-grass would have to go! Of course if she is willing to let her children grow up and not know what their father looks like, why then it's up to her.

What a poor mollicoddle a man must be to lead a sheltered life in the midst of a thicket! Can't you see that sort of a man creeping around the house hiding the shears, hardly daring to drop off to sleep for fear that his wife will suddenly take a notion to shear him and lay him bare to his family? Most women couldn't stand the strain of having callers, and even tradespeople, snicker behind their hands when they caught a glimpse of her husband standing in the bay window in his salmon-colored undershirt pruning and hacking off the dead branches before his mirror—if she could remain calm and affectionate under those conditions she would be some little old helpmate,—what?

Don't misunderstand me; if you're fugitive from justice or your chin backs away from your teeth in a humble way, why, don't hesitate—go to it with the loam, Bordeaux mixture and flour of bone, and all will be forgiven! But if you raise williamchases for any other reason our sympathy is all with the loved homes at home!

* * *

It's a heartrending sight in any case, this facial landscape gardening, from the time that they innocently say at breakfast, "You forgot to shave, this morning, dear!" (it has taken three days for even the rough sketch you show them!) to the dreadful harvest and fulfilment of your noxious inspiration.

Picture the nervous strain on the wife and babes as they witness the gradual budding, blossoming, and fruition of the horror. How they sadly watch the head of the house slowly disappearing in a colud of brambles.

See those outstretched dimpled arms and hear those sobbing voices, "Come back to us, Papa!"

Isn't your pride touched on the raw when your wife lifts up the door mat in the vestibule and kisses it good-night just on account of the thing's comparative silkiness?

Stop! Consider! You, who through some inherited mental weakness do not know the difference between right and whiskers, hesitate! Why add to the strain of family life? Even if you have already provided your wife with a vacuum cleaner why multiply the cares that burden a busy housekeeper?

Ask yourself if it will add in any way to the pleasure of anyone in the family. When your mother has mislaid her steel-rimmed spectacles does it not after all make one more place that has to be ransacked?

Men who embark on a career of whisker-culture are obviously thoughtless. What man would cultivate 'Wistaria Chinensis on his chin if he visualised himself at some future breakfast having to loop up those vines with portiere cords in order to slide a poached egg in without mutilating it?

Can you not imagine him at night, restless and troubled, continually waking up with a smothered yelp, dreaming that some dear old friend of the family is pushing his face right into a keg of wire nails?

When this, our native land, was sparsely populated, the raising of Ampelopsis Quinquifolia on the jaws was not restricted. Now it is a different matter, and we must sternly limit the space that one individual may occupy. The Commissioner of Beards, as you all know, has wisely prohibited the carrying of whiskers in the subway trains

(Continued on Page 15.)

WINN'S

1/6, 1/11, 2/3, 2/6, 3/3, 3/11.

WINN'S SPECIAL VALUE PRICES FOR LADIES' FASHIONABLE, WELL-CUT,

CHEAP HOLIDAY BLOUSES

5/6, 6/11, 8/9, 10/6, 12/11.

WINN'S SPECIAL VALUE PRICES FOR WELL-CUT, WELL-FITTING, INEXPENSIVE

LADIES' SKIRTS.

WINN'S LOW PRICES ARE THE MORE EXTRAORDINARY BECAUSE OF THE WONDERFULLY BIG VALUES THEY PRESENT. SPECIALLY CHEAP BLOUSES.

LADIES' STRIPED or FLORAL DELAINETTE BLOUSES, fastening at front, in the yoked or Raglan style, $\frac{3}{4}$ sleeves, roll collar. PRICE..... 1/6

LADIES' Neat WHITE MUSLIN SHIRT BLOUSES, long sleeves, small turn-down collar. PRICE..... 1/6

SIMILAR STYLE, better quality. PRICE, 1/11
USEFUL WHITE MUSLIN BLOUSES, neatly tucked, and fastening at front, turn-down collar, finished Val. edging, long sleeves. PRICE..... 2/3

DAINTY FLORAL CREPE or MUSLIN BLOUSES, fastening at front, with American yoke or Raglan sleeves, small roll collar, long sleeves. PRICE..... 2/6

EFFECTIVE WHITE MUSLIN BLOUSES, fastening at front, Raglan sleeves, daintily hemstitched, and finished muslin and Val. insertion, turn-down collar with Val. edging. PRICE..... 3/3

LADIES' SMART STRIPED COTTON VOILE BLOUSES, fastening at front, long sleeves, turn-down collar and cuffs of floral voile. PRICE..... 3/11

NEAT WHITE COTTON VOILE BLOUSES, fastening at front, in the Raglan style, turn-down collar and cuffs, finished Val. edging. PRICE..... 3/11

HOLIDAY SKIRTS.

LADIES' USEFUL WHITE LINEN SKIRTS, high waist, fold and buttons at front, strap and fan at back. PRICE..... 5/6

LADIES' SMART WHITE LINEN SKIRTS, high waist, finished with two folds and buttons. PRICE..... 6/11

FASHIONABLE WHITE LINEN SKIRTS, fold down centre front, and basque and belt of self. PRICE..... 8/9

LADIES' SERVICEABLE NAVY SERGE SKIRTS, high waist, fold and buttons at front, slightly eased back, with strap and buttons. PRICE..... 6/11

LADIES' USEFUL NAVY or BLACK SERGE SKIRTS, fold down centre front, basque of self. PRICE..... 10/6

LADIES' NEAT BLACK or NAVY GRANITE SERGE SKIRTS, finished with self folds, high waist, American strap and buckle at back. PRICE..... 12/11

LADIES' NAVY and BLACK GRANITE SERGE SKIRTS, high waist, with tabs and buttons at front, and loose basque. PRICE... 12/11

WINN'S RELIABLE BATHING COSTUMES.

LADIES' ALL WOOL CANADIAN BATHING COSTUMES, in Navy, with Royal Red, White, or Gold Trimmings; also Brown, with Royal Trimmings, 5/11. O.S. size, in Navy, with Red or White Trimmings, also Brown with White Trimmings, 6/11.

LADIES' ALL WOOL CANADIAN BATHING COSTUMES, in Navy, with Red or White trimming; also Brown with Sky, Gold, or White trimmings; all Black and Saxe, with Black trimmings, 6/11. O.S. size, in Navy and White, and all Black, 7/11.

LADIES' ALL WOOL RUSSIAN BATHING COSTUMES, in all Black, Saxe, or Vere Rose, with Black trimmings, 7/6. O.S. size, in all Black and Navy, with White trimmings, 7/11.

LADIES' BATHING CAPS.

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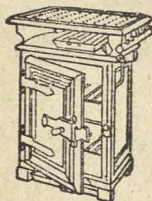
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during the rush hours. This ordinance was made to protect children. You can readily see how a car full of bernardshaws would make diaphragmatic breathing, if not impossible, at least difficult for the little tots, buried, so to speak, under this arbor of human Dorothy Perkinses.

Luckily, Americans as a nation don't go in for whisker culture. At least, not in cities. If they did, and there were no restrictions on the practice, it would embarrass the civic authorities and cost the tax payers many millions to keep the horse-drawn vehicles moving in any direction at all.

You can see that yourselves. And in some mysterious way even the cows in the outlying districts would get wind of this luxuriant pastureland and bear down on the metropolis with eagerness and enthusiasm!

No, the City Fathers have wisely made it difficult to obtain permission to sprout sagebrush from the face, as you will gather by reading carefully the appended permit that they issue:

PERMIT TO CULTIVATE HANGING GARDENS ON THE FACE.

This is to certify that the bearer, —, has permission to stand on the grass in any part of Central Park, or other city parks, during May and June, and pretend he is a Spirea bush.

If by any chance, he should begin to bear currants or marrorns-glaces he must allow the Commissioner of Parks first pickings.

He is required, also, to permit any uniformed official of the Long Island R.R. Lost and Found Dept. to enter his beard at will, without a written order, and search for lost purses, umbrellas, or packages of pressed beef, or coins of any denomination.

On the second of February he agrees to step out from his cocoon, and if he sees his own shadow report it immediately to the Board of Health and crawl back again.

In going over his privet hedge in the fall, before putting it in camphor, he must destroy all nests he comes across.

On national and state holidays he is per-

mitted to string Japanese lanterns in any part of his shrubbery above Forty-second Street, but he is forbidden to set off any roman candles or red lights in it.

During the open season for grouse or caribou, he must have his entire beard adequately patrolled. He agrees to report to Washington if any careless tourists start fires in any portion of this tract, especially near any ranches. He agrees to see on retiring that no lighted cigar butts are left smoldering in the underbrush.

If all these regulations are faithfully carried out his beard will be set aside as a National Park in January of the following year.

A FUNNY PRAYER.

Many years ago a poor woman's only cow got sick, so she went to the minister to ask him to come and pray for it. Not liking to refuse her he went and stretched his hands over it and said, "Lor if she lives, she lives; and if she dies, she dies." Some time after he was very ill and the woman tried to see him, but was kept away by the servants. When he heard it, he said, "Let her up, I know her very well," and when she came she stretched out her hands over him and said, "Lord if he lives, he lives; and if he dies, he dies." He burst out laughing, broke the gathering in his throat, and so got well again.

Sent by L. Levis.

UNWISELY CONTINUED.

Judge: "Have you been arrested before?"

Prisoner: "No, sir."

Judge: "Have you been in this court before?"

Prisoner: "No, Sir."

Judge: "Are you certain?"

Prisoner: "I am, sir."

Judge: "Your face looks decidedly familiar. Where have I seen it before?"

Prisoner: "I'm the bartender in the saloon across the way, sir."

CITY OF CRANIA

(Continued from Page 10.)

The formation of your forehead indicates good observing powers, ability to reason by analogy and judgment of human motives. You could teach children because you are apt in illustrations. If you have time on Sunday or in the evening you should take a class of boys or girls and see how you can manage. You must not allow your feelings to interfere with your reason, because you go to extremes when once you allow your feelings to assert themselves.

The shape of your chin indicates a loving disposition, that is, you like to have some object upon which to bestow your affection. It seems strange that your name is Ivy, because you are truly of a clinging disposition. If you notice how ivy clings to ruins you will find a good illustration of what I mean. You never turn down old friends or desert them because of reverses. You ought to have been a teacher, nurse, milliner, or cooking instructress.

Write a story for "Grit"—you can if you try.

A MIX-UP.

A Chinaman once went to a priest to be baptised. The priest poured water on the head of Charlie, and said, "Now, Charlie, you are a Christian, and your name is Patrick, and you must not eat meat on Friday."

One day, as the priest passed Patrick's hut, he saw Patrick eating pork chops. It being Friday, the priest asked Patrick did not he tell him he should not eat meat that day?

Pat replied, "You poured water on me, called me Pat; I pour water on meat, say it no longer meat, it fish."

(Sent by Reg. King.)

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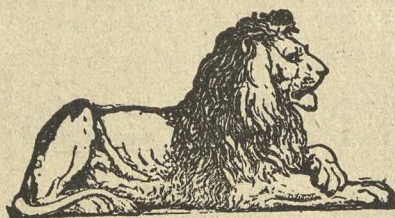
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