

# Grit.

A JOURNAL OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY AND PROHIBITION

VOL. XV. No. 8.

Twopence.

SYDNEY, MAY 12, 1921.

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



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## Nothing Wet but Water Along Water Front Now.

### DOCKS ARE DRY AS RESULT OF CAMPAIGN BY INSPECTORS AGAINST LIQUOR-SMUGGLING SEAMEN.

(Heading and article from the New York "Evening Mail," Feb. 23, 1921.)

Approximately 40,000 bottles of various kinds of liquor have been confiscated at the piers in this port within the last year, it was learned to-day.

So tight have the Customs lines been drawn about the piers that most seamen, after making small fortunes liquor smuggling, have now given up the task as hopeless.

In the past, choice bottled goods were smuggled off the lines to saloons along the waterfront, where the proprietor would gladly give 5dol. a bottle for it. Then, after generously diluting it with water, he would sell it over the bar at 50 cents and 75 cents a drink.

#### ENORMOUS PROFITS.

The business of liquor smuggling was at one time very lucrative to members of crews operating regularly across the Atlantic, for the finest Scotch sells in England for around 1dol. a quart.

But times have changed along the waterfront.

Until little more than a year ago seamen found it easy to get liquor off a boat. Then Representative Volstead put through the Enforcement Act. Business continued along the waterfront, but most of the bottles got no further than the docks, where Customs inspectors were ready to receive them.

The task of keeping an eye on all ships entering this port was given to Inspector Albert Hokenson, of Port Surveyor's Rush's staff. He began work with only three or four men. It was soon necessary, however, to augment his small staff to twenty.

Their task is to search every ship arriving

here for bottled goods not manifested. If the liquor is not sealed and under lock and key, Inspector Hokenson's men confiscated it.

#### 40,000 BOTTLES SEIZED.

Deputy Surveyor of the Port Beauchler said to-day that, although it was impossible to give exact numbers, he was sure Inspector Hokenson and other Customs men had confiscated about 40,000 bottles found secreted in ships by crews who intended taking it ashore when circumstances permitted.

#### THEIR SINS HAVE FOUND THEM OUT.

(Heading and editorial article reprinted from the New York "Times," Feb. 14, 1921.)

Charles R. O'Connor, the Federal Prohibition Director for this State, when in Utica last week, found or made an opportunity to express publicly his opinion of respectable law-breakers—or, rather, law-breakers who pass for respectable and so consider themselves. The objects of his adverse criticism were certain more or less eminent persons, bankers, merchants, and their like, who had attended recent public dinners and made those functions more festive by openly drinking intoxicants brought by themselves.

Every one of these persons, Mr. O'Connor said, was a deliberate violator of the Federal statutes, and escaped deserved punishment and disgrace only because others in official position as deliberately had failed to perform their sworn duty. Not only, he added, did these more or less eminent persons—every one of whom had special reasons and need for having all laws respected—show that they had no real respect for the law themselves, but they gave to people much more numerous and not at all eminent a sort of excuse for breaking any law which they found it inconvenient to observe.

This was harsh language, presumably painful to the bankers and merchants at whom it was directed, and particularly painful to those who did the awful deed or did not pro-

test effectively against the doing. In the cases of neither, however, could there be entered the palliating plea of necessity which a doctor who wrote to the "Times" last week offered for his own confessed breakings—or crackings—of the Prohibition rules.

## State of California.

Department of Public Instruction.

February 3, 1921.

For 30 years the schools of California have given some time to the instruction of children in the evil effects of alcohol and narcotics. A great deal of good was accomplished through such instruction. It was, however, very difficult to impress upon young people the evils of strong drink so long as the saloon doors swung open in practically every business block in our cities and towns. The saloon and cafe were responsible for the downfall and degradation of many of our young people in spite of our lessons in temperance. Since the advent of Prohibition we have not had the evil influence of the saloon to counteract. Teaching temperance is much easier than it was in days gone by. Children from homes formerly cursed with liquor now come to school well clothed and properly nourished. I believe that the banishment of the saloon is one of the greatest advances we have made in America in the last half-century.

WILL C. WOOD,

Supt. of Public Instruction, California.

### WHAT LEADING EDUCATORS THINK OF PROHIBITION.

"The advantages of the abolition of the liquor traffic," said the secretary of David Kinley, President of the University of Illinois, writing on instructions received from his chief, "are so obvious to very nearly everybody that it seems there is no danger of any retreat from the position the nation has taken in this matter."

"From my observation in industrial organizations and educational institutions," says Walter Dill Scott, President of Northwestern University, "I judge that constitutional Prohibition has been eminently successful. The attempt of the liquor interests to weaken the effect of the amendment through their propaganda must be regarded as a failure. Civilization has taken an advance step and has done so with possibly less opposition than any of us imagined five years ago. The success of the amendment in America makes it practically certain that our example will be followed by the other nations of the world."

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# WATCHING OUR NATION DIE.

## The Birth-Rate.

By C. W. SALEEBY, M.D., F.R.S.E.,

Chairman of the National Birth-Rate Commission, 1918-20; Author of "Parenthood and Race Culture: An Outline of Eugenics," 1909; "The Progress of Eugenics," 1914, etc.

The birth-rate in Great Britain has been falling for about half a century. It is true that, during the earlier part of this period, the death-rate also fell, so that the difference between the two, which I have called the survival rate, was largely maintained, and the increase of the population continued. But the death-rate cannot be indefinitely lowered, especially when the birth-rate is falling, for the average age of the population, and therefore its tendency to death, must rise in time if its numbers are being maintained and increased not by new births, but by the (temporary) postponement of deaths. During the present century the increase of population has very rapidly and remarkably declined, quite apart from the Great War, the effect of which, however, on a population constituted and behaving as we were, was such that in the last quarter of 1918 and the first of 1919 the population of this country actually declined by a number running well into six figures as we estimate. It is also to be expected that, when the next census is taken (April, 1921), the total number of young persons, say, under the age of 20 or 25, in this country will be found to have declined since the last census was taken in 1911. But our young are, of course, our future all.

These facts are new in our history, and none else could be so ominous. For no other nation in history could they be so important as for ourselves, in view of our stupendous and unprecedented imperial responsibilities, and the almost ridiculous paucity of our population in relation thereto.

Early in 1910 I published a "Comparative Map of Empires," of which the following is an equivalent:

	Home Population.	Area in Square Miles.
British Empire ...	45,000,000	12,000,000
German Empire ...	70,000,000	1,236,000
France and Colonies	40,000,000	4,207,000
Japanese Empire..	50,000,000	246,000

These figures were significant enough in 1910; in view of the war, and its demographic and territorial consequences, they are even

more significant a decade later. The reader will, of course, demand that the astonishing disparity between our area and home population be corrected by adding the white population of the Dominions. That, however, is only 15,000,000—can we wonder why they ask and ask for the men whom we have not got?—making our Imperial total 60,000,000 as against 70,000,000 Germans in pre-war Germany alone. Compare these figures with the respective territories, and then consider that I have had to recolor my map, covering with provisional or permanent red paint some three-quarters of a million square miles, which I had had painted yellow, the color of jealousy, as German, in 1910. In exchange for these vast areas we have given hosts of our finest young lives and their children who should have been. Not for this did we fight; but it had to happen, none the less. And to give life for territory must be, in the long run, the most fatal of all bargains. The run need not be very long for an almost empty Empire with two to the square mile in Canada (which is bigger than the United States, and has a population about equal to that of Greater London), and one to the square mile in Australia (a continent which alone could home 100,000,000, and which has a population of just over 5,000,000). Only one Empire in history ever undertook so large a task with so little life, and Rome is our memento mori now.

It was not too soon to sound the alarm in 1910; nor was it too soon that some of us set to work in 1913 upon the National Birth-Rate Commission, little dreaming what war would have done to the birth-rate and the death-rate ere we reported in 1916.

The second edition of that document is out of print, and will not be reprinted, but the student must consult it.

Here it need only be said that the predominant and really significant cause of the fall in the birth-rate—which was probably (registration was imperfect) about 40 per 1000 in England and Wales in 1870, and is about half that figure now—is the practice of contraception by married persons. This is inaccurately called birth control by many persons, but I prefer the name which accurately describes the thing. It is most practised where the environment for the children whose birth it prevents would be most favorable. This was proved by the Census of 1911.

In 1918 it became clear that much work—unending work in reality, of course—remained to be done, and the Commission was reconstituted. Our new report appeared in the spring of 1920, under the title "Problems of Population and Parenthood," and I most

earnestly direct to it the attention of every reader who loves his or her country. The following, it seemed, should be the terms of reference to the reconstituted Commission, and they were adopted and indicate the ground which the new volume covers in part:

1. The extreme and persistent fall of the legitimate birth-rate in the United Kingdom; the causes and prevention of the illegitimate rate; the influence of antenatal (foetal) disease and death on the decline of the birth-rate; and the causes of foetal death during labor at or near full term.

2. The contemporary movement of population in the Dominions, and the proportional distribution of the sexes throughout the Empire.

3. The economic problems of parenthood in view of the rise of prices and taxation, and their possible solutions.

4. The housing problem in relation to parenthood.

5. The present spread of venereal disease, the chief cause of sterility and degeneracy, and the further increase of these diseases during demobilisation.

6. The increased industrial employment of women of child-bearing age.

7. The differential or qualitative aspects of the present birth-rate.

8. The constitution and uses of the coming Ministry of Health (now come) as an instrument of racial reconstruction.

9. The need of a permanent anthropometric department in the Ministry of Health.

10. The co-ordination of these inquiries in Great Britain and the Dominions with those of the Depopulation Commission and the Paris Faculty of Medicine in France, and the Federal Child Welfare Bureau in the United States, and with similar work in other countries.

In order to avoid any possible misunderstanding, especially in view of Dr. Killick Millard's important contribution to this series, it may be permitted here to reprint the Principles of Eugenics, as I defined them many years ago in consultation with my master, the late Sir Francis Galton, the founder of modern eugenics:

(i) Positive Eugenics, the encouragement of worthy parenthood. This was the original eugenics of Galton, and is advocated in the present paper.

(ii) Negative Eugenics, the discouragement of unworthy parenthood. This term of mine was approved and adopted by Galton, and (Continued on page 5.)

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## OUR ANNUAL FOREGATHERING.

It is expected that our annual meeting will be one of the best. Delegates are coming from several country centres, in addition to many from the suburban committees and affiliated organisations.

That everyone may know, we give again the main parts of the programme:

Thursday, May 12, 7.30 p.m.—Annual meeting of N.S.W. Alliance.

Friday, 10.30 a.m.—Country Problems.

1 p.m.—President's lunch.

2.30 p.m.—Industrial Problems.

4 p.m.—Prohibition and Business.

6 p.m.—Delegates' Tea.

7 p.m.—Exhibition and Explanation of Young People's Work.

7.30 p.m.—The Political Situation.

Saturday, 2.30 p.m.—Family Picnic in Nielsen Park.

The Annual Meeting and Convention are to be held in the Congregational School Hall, Pitt-street.

On Sunday, special Prohibition sermons in City Churches.

## FIELD DAY PLAN.

SUNDAY, May 15.

11 a.m., Belmore River C. of E.

3 p.m., Bellimbopinni Hall.

7.30 p.m., Smithtown C. of E.

Mr. Francis Wilson.

11 a.m., Jerseyville Methodist Church.

2.30 p.m., Kinchela Methodist Church.

7 p.m., Gladstone Methodist Church.

Mr. Thos. E. Shonk.

11 a.m.

3 p.m.

7.30 p.m., Macksville Methodist Church.

8.30 p.m., United Rally, Macksville Friendly Societies' Hall.

Mr. W. D. B. Creagh.

11 a.m., Euroka Methodist Church.

3 p.m., Frederickton Presbyterian Church.

7.30 p.m., Frederickton Methodist Church.

Rev. Fred C. Middleton.

11 a.m., Mosman Congregational Church.

7 p.m., Pitt-st. Congregational Church.

Rev. H. Allen Job.

3 p.m., Lyceum Hall.

Mr. Frank Cooper, M.L.A., of Queensland.

3 p.m., Domain.

SATURDAY, MAY 14.

Open-air meetings at Gladstone and Macksville.

MONDAY, MAY 16, 8 p.m.

Methodist Hall, Drummoyne: Mr. Butler.  
Nambucca Heads Hall: Mr. Francis Wilson.

TUESDAY, MAY 17, 8 p.m.

Telarm Hall: Mr. Allen Job.

Argent's Hill Hall: Mr. Francis Wilson.

Good Templars' Hall, Kinchela: Mr. T. E. Shonk.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 18, 8 p.m.

Salvation Army Hall, Kempsey: Mr. Allen Job.

Trinity Church, The Rocks: Mr. Shonk.

School of Arts, Bowraville: Mr. Francis Wilson.

THURSDAY, MAY 19, 7 p.m.

King's Hall, Kurri: Rev. R. B. S. Hammond.

## OUT WEST.

Lithgow is noted for definite opinions on social and industrial questions, and it holds equally definite views as regards Prohibition. Rev. T. Davies and Mr. R. J. C. Butler found the interest quite keen. At the open-air meeting, there was plenty of life, the inevitable drunk being there to provide the illustration of the speakers' argument. There was also the person to whom no argument would be convincing. Mr. Butler was quite at home, as he stressed the industrial value of Prohibition, and got a good deal of approval from the crowd.

Lithgow is strongly religious, too, and on Sunday night there were two big congregations to hear the visitors speak on the responsibilities of the Christian Church in relation to Prohibition. Several other meetings were held—at the Small Arms Factory, Ironworks, amongst the W.C.T.U., and a final rally on Tuesday night. The latter event was handicapped in several ways, but was quite enthusiastic.

Mr. Creagh succeeded in arousing a new interest in Prohibition at Portland. That many of the workers in these industrial centres are anxious to know something about the working of this great reform movement is becoming increasingly evident, and they never fail to give a hearing to a reasonable presentation of the facts. Mr. Creagh's experience emphasised this, and he is satisfied that Labor's vote will be strongly Prohibition.

The "Daily Telegraph" published a message from Mudgee concerning Mr. Francis Wilson's meeting there on Tuesday night:

"At a largely-attended meeting in the Town Hall last night the following resolution was unanimously adopted:—That this meeting of residents of the town and district of Mudgee emphatically protests against the abandonment of the Prohibition poll, and urges that a date be fixed for the taking of same, and that the question of compensation be submitted to the people.' A considerable sum has been subscribed in the town for the prosecution of the Prohibition campaign."

Mr. Middleton, just returned from a trip to Broken Hill, speaks enthusiastically of his reception there. He spoke at a meeting of the local Chamber of Commerce, and has received from the secretary of the Chamber a letter of warm appreciation of his presentation of the Prohibition facts.

Mr. Job travelled to Gulgong, and on to Coolah and Coonabarabran. We await his report.

## REINFORCED CEMENT—THE NEW METHOD!

Kandos—high in the mountains and 40 miles from Mudgee—is Cement-town—built of

cement, built on cement, built for cement, and its men workers are as hard as cement—hard-headed and hard-muscled. Hard-drinking, too, it has been rumored. Is it true? Mr. Shonk hit Cement-town on Sunday, May 2. In the morning over 70 workers turned out to hear our youngest pussy-footer. He passed muster, for over 200 were present in the Kandos Park in the afternoon to hear him specialise on "Labor and Liquor." Held under the auspices of the Labor College and supported by the Kandos Band, the meeting went with a big swing, and the fine audience in the Angus Memorial Hall on the Monday night, the intelligent questions, the attention and the applause showed that Kandos is alive on Prohibition, and has not let booze get too big a stranglehold on its young township.

Prohibition is going to reinforce cement—it is going to reinforce it as one of the big industries which fill our western railway arteries with commercial blood. Prohibition means a "solid" future and not a "squalid" future for Kandos; it will reinforce the whole industry—its Labor-Capital relations, its output, its efficiency, its progress towards workers' interest in control, it will make Kandos an A1 grade cement town.

To obtain a first-class concrete pure water must be used for the mixing; alcohol is worse than useless. And what is true of concreting cement is also true of concreting a community!

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

### REGISTRATIONS.

15. North Broken Hill Methodist Band of Hope, Lane-street; Miss L. Stephen, Secretary.

16. North Broken Hill Methodist Band of Hope, McCulloch-street; Miss L. Ifould, Secretary.

17. Coopernook Band of Hope (undenominational); Mr. H. A. Rose, Secretary.

18. Rockdale Methodist Band of Hope; Mr. W. K. Sleight, Secretary.

19. Dulwich Hill Methodist Band of Hope; President, Mrs. Ball.

20. Taree Band of Hope; Miss Dells, Secretary.

21. Revesby Congregational Band of Hope; Mr. N. T. Donsworth, Secretary.

(Continued on page 12.)

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## The Fight in the West.

### IN SPITE OF TREMENDOUS HANDICAP A GREAT VOTE.

Cabled by JAMES MATHER, for "Grit."

The Local Option Poll taken in Western Australia last Saturday, April 30th, differed in several important respects from polls taken elsewhere in Australasia or other countries. In the first place the vote was restricted to five of the 17 kinds of licenses operating in the State. In no electorate or licensing district did the poll cover more than four kinds of licenses, in many districts only three, and in several only two. Owing to such restriction it was unique, no such poll has ever before been taken. "No License" was one of the questions on the ballot, but No License was not really an issue at the elections, no matter how the vote was cast or what the majority No License in the sense understood elsewhere could not have been carried. No License did not mean no public sale of liquor. Had No License been carried in any district it left untouched such licenses as the following: Gallon and two gallon licenses, wine and spirit merchants' licenses, club licenses, railway refreshment room licenses, wine bottle licenses, State hotels, and other forms of licenses of a lesser degree. Because of its limitations and restrictions large numbers of electors refused to vote at all. To win, No License had to secure a three-fifths majority over the votes cast for continuance, increase and reduction of licenses; further, this three-fifths majority was ineffective unless it constituted 30 per cent. of all the electors on the roll. So far completed returns are only to hand from 21 of the 42 licensing districts. The poll was not a heavy one, and only in one district, Claremont-Cottesloe, did the requisite thirty per cent. vote for No License, but then it lacked the three-fifths majority. The four Perth electorates were bunched for the purposes of the poll. This gave a total enrolment of 22,770 electors. The voting resulted: Continuance 6406, Increase 240, Reduction 1204, No License 4276. The three Fremantle electorates were bunched, and the vote was: Continuance 4023, Increase 211, Reduction 625, No License 2477. Claremont-Cottesloe Electorate constituted the licensing district, and the vote resulted: Continuance 1911, Increase 58, Reduction 446, No License 2283. Subiaco-

Leederville, bunched, the vote was: Continuance 3683, Increase 120, Reduction 795, No License 4995. Neither the 30 per cent. nor three-fifths majority secured. Canning: Continuance 2090, Increase 93, Reduction 441, No License 2477. Guildford: Continuance 1753, Increase 96, Reduction 410, No License 1753. Swan: Continuance 625, Increase 39, Reduction 184, No License 720. In these electorates comprising the metropolitan area the Continuance votes exceeded the votes for No License by the small margin of 1605. With the exception of Queensland, no vote polled in the metropolitan area of any of the States gives a better result than this, and yet not one district secured No License owing to the undemocratic restrictions of the Act. The Goldfields, as was expected, gave a "wet" majority. Kalgoorlie, Boulder, Hannans and Brownhill, Ivanhoe electorates voted as one licensing district, the result being: Continuance 3409, Increase 43, Reduction 408, No License 3688. In the country districts the voting was generally light. By adding the No License votes to those cast for Reduction, nine districts so far have won a reduction of licenses by the vote, whilst twelve districts have favored Continuance. The State aggregate so far is as follows. Continuance 35,752, Increase 1640, Reduction 7510, No License 29,802; Continuance and Increase combined 37,392, No License and Reduction combined for the purpose of reduction 37,312; majority for Continuance 80. In the campaign preceding the poll the Anti-Liquor advocates almost without exception stressed the advantages of Prohibition, which was not an issue at the polls, and the Liquor forces confined themselves to the economic aspect of the issue, which they greatly misrepresented—the failure of Prohibition in America and the drug menace in their campaign. The Liquor advocates were assisted by two ladies from Victoria, Mrs. Wallace and Mrs. Katas, and Messrs. Donnison and Wallace, M.S.P. Had it not been for the scare the trade received over the recent elections it is hardly likely that they would have taken any part in the poll, but would have relied on the protection afforded them in the local option section of the Act. In a State-wide vote, under fair conditions, there would be a good prospect of defeating the traffic.

#### "GRIT" SUBSCRIPTIONS.

The following are paid to 5/5/21, and where not mentioned the amount received is 10s.: Miss E. J. Walker, 1s. 6d., 15/4/22; R. Cocks, 5s., 24/9/21; Miss B. Duncombe, £1, 28/2/22; J. S. Brigden, 5/5/22; Dr. Staley, 15s., 5/5/22; W. J. Sayer, 7/2/22; R. J. Thomson, 23/3/22; Mrs. Greenaway, 5s., 30/6/21; Mrs. Bowditch, 28/2/22.

The following are paid to 30/12/21: W. T. Armstrong, W. Levy, R. H. Davis, Rev. A. M. Yates (18s. 6d.).

## Watching Our Nation Die.

(Continued from page 3.)

instances of what is meant by unworthy parenthood are cited in Dr. Millard's pamphlet.

(iii) Preventive Eugenics, the protection of parenthood from the racial poisons, a term which I introduced in 1906 to describe certain agents, the deadliest of which are alcohol and the two chief venereal diseases.

In this brief contribution I write, of course, merely for myself. That being so, I may express the opinion that, in so far as the practice of contraception is due to economic pressure, it can and must be prevented by what had best be called the national endowment of childhood.

Assuredly we cannot look on passively and watch our nation die. But decay of parenthood is the mortal disease of nations, and of that disease, unless it be timeously treated, our nation is now dying. Only the race that regards its young renews its youth.

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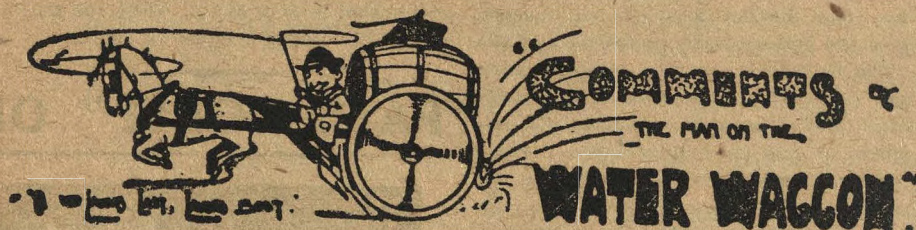


# MOST REFRESHING

# GRIFFITHS BROS.

## Special Afternoon

## TEA



The following lines by T. J. Ouseley may be of use to Prohibition elocutionists and others:

### ONE GLASS MORE!

When seated with companions,  
Or standing at the bar;  
How cheerfully time passes,  
No grief doth pleasure mar;  
No thought of home distresses,  
To think of them's a bore;  
What care you what they're doing?  
Drink up—have one glass more.

What, though the wife be pining,  
The children cry for bread;  
Such things are very common,  
Then bother not your head.  
Besides, if you were with them,  
The sight would vex you sore;  
You cannot help their troubles,  
Drink up—have one glass more.

Away, then, with reflection,  
'Tis better time to cheat;  
At home you're in the horrors,  
They've nothing there to eat.  
Then why should you be wretched?  
Enough, if they deplore  
The want of every comfort;  
Drink up—have one glass more.

Get drunk, and drown your reason,  
Much pleasanter you'll feel,  
When to your lowly dwelling  
You gloriously reel.  
What, though the wife be crying,  
In rage the children snore,  
An oath will check her piping,  
Drink up—have one glass more.

Let's change the scene—time passes,  
The wife is dying now;  
The being loved so dearly  
Has death-dews on her brow.  
The children have no mother,  
To cling to as of yore;  
Alas! what bitter feelings  
Are caused by—one glass more.

She smiles upon you kindly,  
Forgives you all the past;  
She cannot speak to bless you,  
For life is ebbing fast.  
She looks upon her children,  
That glance doth you implore,  
That you will now protect them;  
Avoid that—one glass more.

The motherless are around you,  
Her little ones—so dear;  
How sad look those young faces,  
No voice, like hers, can cheer.  
They miss her in the morning,  
Their dreams of her are o'er;  
They wake, alas! she is not,  
Ne'er touch that—one glass more.

If earth could give you treasure,  
As boundless as desire;  
You now would yield if freely  
To call back words of ire.  
How dreadful is the anguish,  
That reckless doings store;  
They reap a bitter harvest  
Who drink that—one glass more.

The lid is on the coffin,  
Strange feet are on the stair,  
Uneven are their treadings,  
What is it that they bear?  
'Tis all of her now left you—  
Say, do you not deplore,  
You broke a heart that lov'd you?  
Ne'er touch that—one glass more.

A new-made grave is open,  
The solemn prayers you hear;  
The words are all unheeded,  
You only know she's near.  
The dirt, like hail, now patters  
On all your earthly store,  
Oh, misery! how bitter,  
Caused by that—one glass more.

You reach your humble dwelling,  
The children round you creep.  
Their little eyes are swollen  
With tears; you cannot weep.  
With pent-up thoughts of anguish,  
Days gone, you now run o'er;  
You whisper, "God forgive me!"  
And loathe that—one glass more.

### SOME POINTS OF INTEREST.

The doctrine of Prohibition is no "creed outworn," but the liveliest and most up-to-date of modern notions. It is more and more "the fashion." Even opponents of Prohibition are beginning to pretend to believe in it, because they know it's to their interest to do so, if they wish to be thought truly "smart" and "up to the knocker." It is the talk of every drawing room and dinner table. It is the dread of every saloon bar, and the gossip of every club. "Sports" are even betting on it, and the odds are not "even," but for it.

We make our appeal to Pride. Pride in one's power of self-denial. No man cares to be thought weaker than his neighbor. Pride is one of the main motives for both good and evil in this very human world of ours. Let us use it for good. Pride in one's self-respect. Pride in our personal appearance. Pride in one's power of self-control. Happy the man who can say, "No. Thus far I can go, but no farther must I." No drunkard, no drunk man, whether habitually so or only on a mere occasional "spree," is his own master. He is only fit for other people's laughter, so strange are his antics. We have all seen them and the smiles they arouse. Do we want to be like them, a mere free entertainment for the coarsely-jibing multitude? Berlin is on the "Spree," and we know what position she holds in the world to-day.

Pride in one's own country. We should not like to be a country subject to drink, a country without the "guts" of America.

"Self-knowledge, self-reverence, self-control." These three alone lead life to sovereign power.

Prevention is always better than cure. To-day the weak man cannot be prevented from drinking himself to death, his family to starvation, and his daughters to prostitution; but national Prohibition can do it for him. Jailing the man may temporarily cure him; but it can work no permanent prevention. The whole social evil is Drink—prostitution and its concomitant evil, venereal disease, is only a by-product of the brewer's factory. Drink is at the bottom of most of our industrial problems—but for it poverty of production and unemployment through drink would be unknown. What a glorious country this would be, if all the money used in brewing and carting beer, all the money wasted in drinking spirits, all the energy expended on making and drinking intoxicants, were put into boot factories, flour mills, butcheries, hardware manufactures, and other profitable non-wasting productive industries! And what a wealthy country! Poverty, homeless, would have to fly far from Australia, and light in some dark corner of the earth where Prohibition was as yet unknown.

**ROGERS BROS.**  
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# Australia's Moral Pioneers.

## SOME WOMEN WHO MARCH WITH THE AGES.

MRS. COURTENAY SMITH.

One-half of the indebtedness of Australia to God's good womankind has never yet been told. The press, outside the pages which deal with froth and fashion, is concerned almost solely with what men do, only recording what women wear! The idea is, apparently, that women are as yet only a mere moral and intellectual backwater—a sort of social lagoon. Something pervaded with senseless parrot-noise and meaningless monkey-chatter. And yet, back of my mind, I have the idea that men will wake up someday. They will discover, in short, that they are the backwater, whilst women are the main stream.

This thought came home to me last night as I looked upon the venerable face of a lady whose whole life has gone flowing calmly, strong and deep, like a great river, towards the eternal goal of good. The lives of so many men are loud and noisy, like shallow streams in flood, for a moment, that the silent river of womankind is overlooked by fools and forgotten. And for that reason I am proud to bring this laurel, and to place it upon the life work of Mrs. Courtenay Smith.

Venerable faces? How they appeal to me! In every line and wrinkle I read a meaning, perceive the slow but sure crystallisation of some high and great resolve. And in that face which looks at Australia out of the centre of this article, I read the history of all humanity, mothered by women, prayed for and saved by women; helped by good women, ever so selflessly and gentle, up the Godward stairs.

I read there a thousand resolves to strive for righteousness; a thousand thousand prayers accomplished, and transmuted by the living God into eternal fact. Who shall say, then, that women are unimportant—that any woman is socially useless? Why, as the Americans say, they have got the bulge on

us. And the reason why they are the deep and silent river, as compared with the shallow, babbling brook of our masculinity, I think is because they connect with God—through prayer. The truly great and venerable women, like Mrs. Courtenay Smith, connect directly with God, I insist, who is Himself, as it were, the mountain source of the great stream.

The great stream of kindness, of loving abnegation, flowing forth from good women's hearts. Ever nourishing and replenishing the world! How it has flowed forth from this individual heart, how shall I begin to tell?

Fragile she is, this consecrated woman. And as slender as a summer-wilted reed. But the spirit in her! And the high and sharp intelligence! It is like plucking away that wilted reed, I think, the experience of talking to Mrs. Courtenay Smith, and finding in its stead a naked sword.

Thirty years teaching of the Bible in the Australian schools! Why, that is only a detail in her activities. A member of the Executive of the N.S.W. Alliance; Health Superintendent of the W.C.T.U.; lecturer on venereal and allied diseases; open-air speaker on Prohibition—the record of her activities, including 24½ years spent, with the late Mr. Courtenay Smith, in conducting the Resthaven Refuge at Middle Harbor, is truly one to put to shame the so-called records of many men. And her work, again, in connection with the Church of England Homes at Glebe Point, and with regard to health-instruction at the University Settlement, inaugurated by the students! How truly womanlike and motherlike it is! Flowing everywhere, forgetting nothing, pervading everything, and consecrated in love's service to the helping of the children of the Lord!

What is the mainspring of it all? Where did it begin, and how did it begin, and, above all, why did it begin—this life of tremendous moral and practical spiritual activity? That was the factor I sought for. And I found it swiftly. I found it in sheer thankfulness to God. That, and that only, the mainspring of it all.

"Long years ago, in New Zealand," she said, "I spent four years in suffering, almost unable to stir, through a grave affection of the spine. God gave back my health to me, however; and so, in gratitude to Him, I work and pray. He has given me a stronger mental and a spiritual spine, as well as a better physical one. And so I am strong. I am old in years, and yet am young. Youthful, indeed, and ardent. Why, through work for God and prayer, I grow younger every day."

The mainspring! There you have it. A benefaction, done by God, reproducing itself

in ten thousand benefactions done to the erring sons and daughters of men. Oh, what a splendid thing that is! To have an efficient mainspring. To go like a watch in the hand of God! Keeping time with the spirit of the Infinite, and ever ready at the Master's need!

"The late Mr. Courtenay Smith was a burly Devonshire man," she says, "long in charge of a mission to sailors. He made the redemption of men his life work. And I, with an equal interest in that, devoted myself to the redemption of women. That is why I believe in and work for Prohibition.

"Once, many years ago, I attempted to enter a Haymarket hotel. I was delivering tracts, and I made it a rule to enter in person every private bar. That day it was raining with terrific violence. The landlord, who stood at the front door, forbade me to enter. 'We want none of your damned Prohibition talk here!' he said. Whilst we were talking a woman came up. 'For God's sake, give me a nip,' she cried, trying to force her way in. 'Why, you haven't paid for what you have already had,' the man said. And he flung her out. He flung her in the gutter.

"She lay there. The water streamed over her, until it swept her away. She was in the gutter, and she went down the gutter, bleeding and cursing and blaspheming against that man, until some real man got hold of her and helped her out. Myself? What did I do? I spoke to that man. 'Have you got a Bible?' I said. And he answered, 'I suppose so. The missus has got one somewhere. Yes.'

"Then get it," I said. 'Clear the dust off it, and read the story of Cain and Abel. For you are Cain!' 'What!' he roared. 'Me Cain?' 'Yes,' I said. 'Read what is written there. Thy brother's blood crieth forth from the ground.' Even so, the blood of my sister cries forth from the water—from the Sydney gutter where you have flung her with your fist. That woman is your finished article. Her blood cries out against you. The blood of all women cries out against you—against you in person, and against your trade. You will have a day of reckoning. Beware! For the day and the hour of the Lord's vengeance draw near."

"He went away," Mrs. Courtenay Smith concluded. "He slunk inside. And I went in, and then out again, and on, through the rain, with my tracts, entering the private bars! Those terrible, not altogether bygone, Sydney private bars! That was something we accomplished, getting those sublet private devil-centres swept away. And now we have six o'clock closing. The tide rises! Prohibition, if we work manfully, is at hand."

The finished article! Liquor itself finished through the work of all good men and all good women pulling together! That is our dream. Pray on! Work on! Women, awake! Look, with me, in awe upon this venerable face. Reach up, through prayer, to God. And sweep on, deep and silent, with this Australian pioneer. In His name, become part of the Main Stream.

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# A Personal Chat with my readers

**FOUR KINDS.** One of our greatest difficulties is to keep things in their right proportion. We humans have a tendency to exaggerate, an aptitude to believe the worst of things, and a slipshod way of overlooking things which, if not spectacular, are still essentials. This accounts for many of our mistakes in judgment of people and public questions. The Arabs had this saying:

He who knows not and knows not that he knows not, is a fool—shun him.

He who knows not and knows that he knows not, is intelligent—teach him.

He who knows and knows not that he knows, is asleep—wake him.

He who knows and knows that he knows, is wise—follow him.

Now of these four kinds, the first are most obtrusive and perhaps make the greater impression on us, but they are only one of the four kinds that make up Society. Just find which section you can rightly locate yourself, and then look around and you will find there is more reason for optimism than for pessimism.

Someone wisely says, "Let **WHAT YOU CAN BE.** us do the thing we can, and not presume to fret because it's little."

If you can't be a pine on the top of the hill,  
Be a scrub in the valley—but be  
The best little scrub by the side of the rill;  
Be a bush if you can't be a tree.

If you can't be a bush be a bit of the grass,  
And some highway happier make.  
If you can't be a "muskie," then just be a  
bass,  
But the liveliest bass in the lake.

We can't all be captain, some have to be  
crew.  
There's something for all of us here;  
There's work to be done, and we've all got  
to do  
Our part in a way that's sincere.

If you can't be a highway, then just be a  
trail.  
If you can't be the sun, be a star;  
It isn't by size that you win or you fail;  
Be the best whatever you are.

**CRIME.** I am constantly met with the statement that crime has increased under Prohibition. This is not true, has never been true, and is a liquor lie of a very poisonous kind. New York State, with a population of over ten millions, or twice the population of our whole Commonwealth, is the place where, for various reasons, Prohibition has been less effectively enforced than anywhere else, yet it gives results that are wonderful.

The report of the State Commissioner of Prisons for New York State shows that there

was a decided slump in prison population, including State prisons, reformatories, penitentiaries, county jails, and New York city penal institutions, the first dry year as compared with the last wet year.

The statistics cover the twelve months' period ended June 30, 1919, and the twelve months' period ended June 30, 1920. There were at the close of the first dry year 1862 fewer prisoners than at the close of the last wet year. In the same periods there was a decrease of 26,142 commitments during the first dry year over the last wet year. In the meantime, certain New York newspapers continue to yowl that crime has increased under Prohibition.

It is a fact that there has been an increase in arrests for the last six months of 1920 as compared with the first six months of that year, but it is also true that the Prohibition law was not so strictly enforced during the last six months of that year.

In other words, the crime record of the last half of 1920 supports the conclusion reached from the record set forth in the above report of the State Commission of Prisons, viz., the more liquor consumed the greater amount of crime committed.

You may find some comfort in these lines of E. A. **ONE NEVER KNOWS.** Guests, so I repeat them:

One never knows  
How far a word of kindness goes;  
One never sees  
How far the smile of friendship flees.  
Down through the years  
The deed forgotten reappears.

One kindly word  
The soul of many here has stirred.  
Man goes his way  
And tells with every passing day  
Until life's end:  
"Once unto me he played the friend."

We cannot say  
What lips are praising us to-day.  
We cannot tell  
Whose prayers ask God to guard us well;  
But kindness lives  
Beyond the memory of him who gives.

## THE DOCTOR'S VERDICT

According to information furnished by Federal Prohibition directors, the American Medical Association Directory and the Secretaries of State Health Boards, there are 152,627 physicians in the United States. Of these only 33,729 held permits last year to prescribe whisky and brandy for medicinal purposes, only 22 per cent. of all the physicians in the United States holding these permits, while 78 per cent. did not have them. With this small percentage of physicians in

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NATIONAL EFFICIENCY  
AND PROHIBITION

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue, the paper being posted for 52 weeks for 10/-; outside the Commonwealth, 11/6.

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

Editor—ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.

Address: Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

Office: N.S.W. Alliance, Macdonell House, 321 Pitt-street, Sydney.

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the country writing prescriptions for whisky and brandy it is evident that the great majority do not regard these as necessary medicines.

THE EDITOR.

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# The Man Who Returned from Hell.

## THE MEASURE AND THE MAN.

By JEAN MACDONALD.

He is a big, burly, fair-headed man of commanding presence and personality, with the clear-cut features, firm mouth and chin that denote mental strength, ambition and the will to power. And a man with a hand of iron, I should say, within a velvet glove. His is the well-shaped head, with the level crown, strong frontal development, good back line, and the medium ears, closely set, which indicate the scientific reasoner—the man with great powers of analysis, one strong enough to subordinate all mental and physical desires to his ambition, moulding them invincibly to serve his will.

Many big men have no control over their voices. They bellow or they roar, entirely without modulation. But this man's voice is a flexible voice, and, like all else of his, wholly under the control of its master. It is musical and mellow, and can be soft and alluring, dulcet or persuasive, according to his companions or his mood. Alternately he holds it in reserve, and then uses it upon a massed street-meeting with powerful effect. This is a great factor making towards success, coupled with his power, born of knowledge, and his ability to deal with political or social questions of the day.

Like all well-balanced men, he knows how to laugh.

Alas! that the art of laughter is becoming sterile among all modern people. But this man's laugh is a delight. It is spontaneous and infectious. It cures one of the blues. It is born of a keen sense of humor, and of the knowledge that ridicule and a strong sense of the grotesque are most effective weapons to destroy old and obsolete institutions, such as the liquor business, which still linger in this century.

Consider, indeed, the Laugh-Maker! His price is above rubies.

This man, in a crowd, no matter whether addressing that mass, or entirely silent, attracts instinctively. Women, keen for the public welfare, sense in him the capacity and the will-power to help the nation out of a difficulty. He is big and strong, and the average woman likes a man to be both. Again, he possesses that most blessed attribute—personal charm—combined with his virile masculinity. Some men, of the wiser sort, I should imagine, would admire him immensely; others, no doubt, might regard him with a corresponding hate.

He is no social weakling, this. No mere garden-party type of man. Essentially his outlook, like his philosophy, is ample, big

and positive. He takes nothing on hearsay; nothing for granted, whatsoever. He reasons, I believe, purely as a scientist, observing from all angles. Behind, above, ahead of and underneath a question he looks, never mistaking effect for cause. Within his nostrils he feels the breath of the new social system; and strongly senses, in the industrial field, the coming international change. In the ruins of the old social order based on slavery to liquor, he will not be found; for he knows the utter futility of those unpro-



GRANT HERVEY,  
The Man Who Returned from Hell.

gressive and anti-socially timid things—the hotelkeeper class—who would sweep back with a "by-arrangement" journalistic broom the waters of the oncoming flood of Prohibition.

A strong-willed, intellectual woman feels, in the presence of this man, a foeman worthy of her steel. It would be interesting, indeed, to hear him address the president and members of the Sydney Feminist Club.

It is a scientific truth, I believe, that if men and women are clean, and are well-developed physically, their psychology will bear that reflex. So with this man. As characteristic of unwholesome institutions, far from the health-giving light of truth and scientific knowledge, he hates all liquor-serving journalistic hypocrisy and political double-dealing. For him, either in the scientific, political or industrial world, the sun of truth must shine, entirely unobscured. Probably his passion for truth will lead him, at times, into challenging evil with a tre-

mendously emphatic force. Then the laughter in him shuts off. He is the man of war incarnate, battering bloodily home upon men's hearts with the naked sword of fact.

Great men of strength and light, with an epoch-making message for the race, are those to whom he gives great heed. Thomas Carlyle, I should imagine, has been a seer of his in earlier years.

The pseudo-philosophy of so-called ancient saints—of men who retire from their fellows to meditate on the world's ills, instead of shouldering their share of the burden, and helping onward the social evolution of mankind—is not for him. These he regards as truly weak—feminine in their submission to circumstances, and wrong in their efforts to starve out human evils, instead of slaying them with one blow from the knightly sword of knowledge.

Essentially this man's mind is entirely scientific. And of such is the salt of the earth. He wants facts, rather than theories. To the eternal "Why" of the timid and the doubting, he at once propounds the scientific "How."

In other words, he is of that sane, wholesome type that seeks to clean up the liquor evil quickly, even as Hercules cleaned up the Augean stables of King Elis in a day. Yet this is no merely precipitate and impulsive man. He knows how to work—and wait!

Though big and strong and deep in all fine and genuine emotions, he is wholly undemonstrative, even to the verge of coldness. Some men, themselves entirely upon the surface, failing to understand this reticence, will doubtless dislike him for this. Only an intuitive and cultured woman can guess how, deep down, beneath the ice, lies fierce masculine passion and the power to drive for Prohibition the elemental sword.

With a force startling and overwhelming in effect, the hidden soul of this strong man pours forth, annihilating denial with one torrential flood.

So well-balanced a being, of course, is by sheer force of will entirely capable of keeping his moral passion in leash. Yet, occasionally, I should imagine, its awakening surprises him, and like a flashlight reveals to him, in his own heart, deep and hitherto unsuspected depths. Unfolding is the law of his life. Continuous unfolding, the innate truth within his central being ever responsive to the shining of some human sun.

Fortunately for his whole career he has found his right workmate in the great and gifted leader of the Australian Prohibition movement. Let these two never move apart!

He is a man, I believe, who sees life as a diamond. He observes all existence, like Goethe, exactly as a diamond, with its many

(Continued on page 10.)

Just careless fraternity! fresh and free,  
Never embarrassed wherever you be.  
A jest when you meet, perhaps a parting pot,  
Whether you know the bloke or not!  
It all seems "kosher" whatever you do,  
For he's just plain Aussie, and so are you.  
Tho' creeds may differ, 'tis certain and sure  
You both take Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

**ROURNVILLE**  
**LOCOA**



## The Man from Hell—

(Continued from Page 9.)

colors and its many facets, reflects the light. Now it glows red as with angry emotion. Or shines white, again, with fierce heat, as of an encounter single-handed against overwhelming odds. Yet, once more, the color changes to blue—true blue!—so entirely typical of his spirit. All that is best in this man's nature then responds in unison. For, outwardly stern, he has his tender moods, and always, in all places and at all times, his loving appreciation of Nature's beauty in every changing phase. He watches the cause of Prohibition as at the approach of dawn, after the still watches of the night.

I perceive him, at his life's end, his Cause won, as at the radiance of summer sunset, with its afterglow of victory bringing peace to a torn and troubled heart.

Life has presented many facets to this man. Wisely, he has learnt lessons from them all. He knows that Fate is a hard taskmaster, leading men blindfolded into error, punishing their mistakes cruelly and relentlessly, without remorse. And yet, like Antaeus, however, this man, after each fall to earth, gathers fresh strength. The bitter lesson and the hard experience is never lost. He knows that through suffering is strength. Disappointment may have its bitterness. But it also has its esoteric meaning. It makes stronger those who heed its severe and savage lessons.

Thus, he has been cast down into deep valleys of sorrow and suffering, often has borne another's burdens, their sins and their mistakes. But fortitude and strength have shone in the darkness, however, as distant beacons. They have inspired him to raise his eyes: to look Upward, knowing that through blackness and despair is a road leading to Light. Leading, indeed, to life's successes, to its true spiritual conquest—laughter, and to all its varied joys. The way out from deepest valleys winds ever upwards to mountain-heights. It is a path for strong souls: for those who are fitted to suffer in proportion to their strength.

Beneath less pain and suffering smaller natures succumb.

Ambition, and the desire to lead in the world's march onward, are this man's guardian angels. And through them he shall learn—is indeed already learning—to be the captain of his soul and the master of himself. Thus shall he master others. This is, and shall be, the secret of future triumphs and of many victories for him.

Physically big, mentally he is also big. Small schemes are not for him. He knows that he who dices with Destiny must play for great prizes, and must also learn to accept unexpected defeat. Yet, having chosen Destiny for his partner, Destiny herself salutes in him a brave and worthy antagonist in all her iron games of chance.

Fully equipped for battle, he is, in all life's varied schemes, a man able and all-willing to pay a high price for success. For he knows how, like Napoleon, to present to expectation a face of living bronze. For the

prize—for success, I should imagine, in the cause of Australian Prohibition—he is prepared to battle with all the ferocity of a Bengal tiger: as all strong and self-reliant personalities fight, with clenched hands and shut teeth. Mistakes and failures, if the result of causes that are clean and just, he will submit to with uncomplaining Stoicism. Failure comes to the strong, as to the weak. The strong, however, profit by the experience. They get up once more and fight.

This man will not halt long in despair by the roadside, after any defeat. What? While weaker and less worthy opponents pass him in pursuit of victory and life's prize! Quickly, indeed, he will cease to despair, re-sharpening his weapons, and then hastening onward in life's race.

His is the power—rare gift indeed!—to subordinate when necessary many clamoring desires. He drills them and disciplines them, making them march and obey when some great and advantageous scheme or stroke of strategy calls for all his available strength. The winning of success, for him, means concentration on one big endeavor. As he struggles for victory, in any cause, and above all for the cause of Prohibition, he looks not to the right or to the left. In this absolute single-mindedness, I should imagine, coupled with his great abilities, lies his supreme value to the Prohibition Cause.

His personality, coupled with the gift of eloquence, based on knowledge—knowledge needed to convince the doubtful, the unseeing, those who lack foresight in planning public schemes for the nation's welfare—should make him a born leader of men. In contact with men and affairs, in the swirl of the world's daily business and happenings, he feels as a gladiator in the arena. And yet he senses that in order to succeed an able man must be able to exercise, in all public and private business, infinite diplomacy and tact. That the small and unimportant amongst men may be governed, in this way, he knows, equally with those who are poised in high places.

Tact and diplomacy, rightfully used, are oil on the wheels of social progress. The wise do not forget this. So this man clearly senses, too, that the average human being is exactly like a musical instrument, ever responding, harmoniously, to the touch of a skilled player.

Success? It is for him, and him only, who acquires that proficient touch.

The world is governed by big men. Happily, the human race looks upward for its leaders—not downward. This man, then, strongly intellectual, keenly appreciative of the good in others, needs only Opportunity. His chance alone he needs, since he bases his method on principle and is strongly resolved to forge ahead. Opportunity! When he hears its voice, let him respond quickly. Thus shall he at last reach the mountain-heights. Thus, as a world-man, carrying the standard of Prohibition, shall he become a leader of men and captain of his soul.

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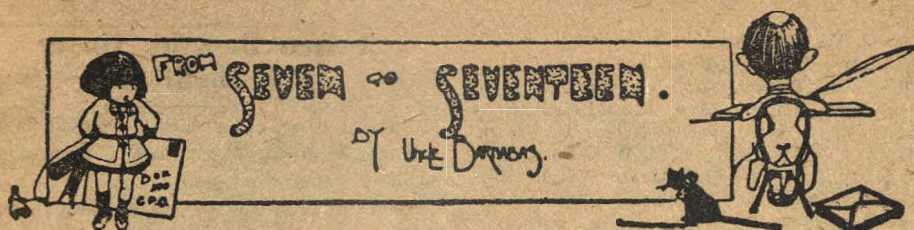
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#### FATHER'S BIRTHDAY.

Desmond Creagh, Killara, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am afraid I am on the scallywag list by now, but hope you will excuse me, as, being up at college, I have not been able to get my photo to send you. I hope that you and all the other Ne's and Ni's had a very nice time at Easter, and that every one who went to the Show had an excellent time. It is father's birthday on Wednesday, and I have been saving up some money for his birthday, and only have saved up about five shillings. Mother says she has bought him a nice present, but I do not know what it is yet. As I have no more news to tell you, I will now close, with best of luck to you and all "Grit" readers.

(Dear Desmond,—I was very pleased with your letter. It is nice to hear that some one remembers father's birthday. We old chaps do not expect any one to remember that we were ever born, it is only young people who have birthdays. My father died when I was seven—so I envy you having such a fine, loving, lively father as you have.—Uncle B.)

#### NEW EXPERIENCE.

Maurice Ada, Drummoyne, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I have not written for several months, so I will have a little more than usual to tell you. During the Christmas vacation I went to Delegate for a holiday. My father accompanied me, and we stayed at a farm a few miles out of the township. There was plenty of riding and shooting, and as it was my first visit to the country proper it was a novel experience for me. One day we went to the head of the Delegate River in Victoria, and spent the time in fishing and visiting the old gold mines. Another day we went to the Snowy River and saw the junction of the Quidong River to the main stream. We also saw the Quidong Falls, where the "Man from Snowy River" lives, and enjoyed a swim in the Snowy. On my arrival home I was pleased to know I had passed the Q.C., and had gained a pass to Sydney High School. I like my new lessons well, and hope to get on with them. I went camping over the holidays at the Presbyterian Fellowship Union's camp at Mona Vale, and only returned last

night. It was only for four days, but it was nice and well patronised. There was swimming, surfing, and all branches of sport. We slept in tents and had our meals regularly, each tent, of about five and a leader, taking turns in helping the cook. The camp played several matches of cricket against Mona Vale and other teams in the vicinity. Hoping you and Ne's and Ni's are well.

(Dear Maurice,—I am delighted to hear of your success, and I have no doubt but that your future tasks will be just as easily conquered. Your holiday experiences should be useful and beneficial to you.—Uncle T.)

#### A NEW NI.

Muriel Clapham, Berowra, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I hope you will accept me as one of your big family of Ne's and Ni's. I am ten years of age, and my birthday is on December 9. I have one brother and one sister. We have a very nice cow. It is a pure-bred Jersey. We have a nice kitten. Its name is Tibby. There is no Sunday school at Berowra, but the Rev. Mr. Wade, from Hornsby, comes up once a fortnight and holds service. There is not very much news, so I will say good-bye, with love to all "Grit" cousins.

(Dear Muriel,—Do you know that I know lots more about you than you do about me? I wonder will you grow up a great, big, tall girl like your father. When you have a pure-bred cow, does she give you "bread and milk"? It sounds as if she ought to do so. I wish you lived in a more civilised part of the world and then I might have a chance of calling and seeing you—but I never, never have been to Berowra.—Uncle B.)

#### OUR ENGLISH NI.

Mabel Wilson, 60 Park-road, Hull, England, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I should very much like to become a Ni of your large family. My uncle is at Boggabri, N.S.W., and sends us "Grit." My sister and I enjoy reading the children's page immensely. I go to the Newland High School for girls. I go on my bicycle; it is about two miles out in the country. There are between 500 and 600 girls attending. I am in Form L III. B, and I am eleven years old; the date of my birthday is July 5. We have lovely playing fields. At school we play net-ball, hockey, cricket, and baseball. We do have fun! I learn music and have passed one examination; just before Christmas I got 80 marks out of 100. Kathleen and I are like a lot of little girls in Australia. Our father was killed in France at the battle of St. Quentin on October 25, 1917. We miss him very much. We have four beautiful parks—East, West, Pickering, and Pearson's. We live the first house outside Pearson's Park. At the East Park

there is a beautiful boating lake, and they are making another one at the Pickering Park. Hornsea and Withernsea are our nearest seaside resorts, 15 and 17 miles away. Have you any other English Ni's, Uncle? Next time I write I will enclose some views of Hull. I think this is all the news at present. With love to all.

(Dear Mabel,—We are all so very pleased you have written, and a great company of Australian "cousins" give you warmest welcome, and convey to your our deep and sincere sympathy for the loss the war inflicted on you. I expect your uncle has told you that Boggabri is very unlike old England. You will receive this issue of "Grit" just about in time to accept my best wishes for a very happy day on July 5. Will you tell us how you spent your birthday? You evidently go to a fine school, and we will be interested to hear more about it. Please write as soon as you receive this.—Uncle B.)

#### KUMARA AND PIUPIU.

La Kapene, Rangiahua, N.Z., writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I think I am the head of the scallywags now, because I haven't written to you for about a year. When I looked through "Grit" I saw Muriel Playford's letter, and all the children flocked to hear Miss Harlow read it aloud. "Jesus bids us shine" is the hymn that the little ones at our Sunday school know best, and we like it, too, and frequently sing it on Sunday. In the last letter you wrote me you asked me to tell you what kumaras and piupius are. Kumaras are something like potatoes, only they are big and long and the skin is of a reddish brown color. The inside of the kumara is yellow, and it has a sweet taste. Piupius are Maori mats. Would you like me to tell you how they are made? First of all the Maoris get some flax and cut into long strips one inch wide. Then they put it into a certain kind of mud for about one day. After that they get some leaves of a poisonous plant called tutu. They boil that for a long time, until all the juice is out of the leaves. Then they strain it and let the liquid cool. After that they take the flax out of the mud and put it into the dye for about a day. Then they dry the strips in the sun. The flax is now ready to be made into mats. Next time I write I will tell you how the mats are made, if you would like to know. I enclose a kumara leaf so that you can see what it is like.

(Dear La Kapene,—Your instructive letter saves you from being a scallywag. We are always glad to hear from you, and will welcome any information you can give.—Uncle T.)

#### THE "NOISELESS" TYPEWRITER.

Made by the Noiseless Typewriter Co., of Connecticut, U.S.A., is now available. This wonder machine is now being sold and guaranteed in Sydney by the Metropolitan Business College, Ltd. It is absolutely and permanently noiseless, and has a beautifully soft and responsive "touch."

Demonstrations daily at

**Metropolitan Business College, Ltd.**

336 PITT-STREET.



## New South Wales Alliance—

(Continued from Page 4.)

### FUTURE PLANS.

**Exhibition of Facts and Supplies.**—The exhibit prepared by our department for the recent Methodist Sunday school demonstration will be again displayed, this time in the Pitt-street Congregational Hall, on Thursday and Friday, May 12 and 13, in conjunction with the Alliance Conference. Come and see it. The best time to see it would be Friday, 1-2.30 or 6-7.30 p.m.

**A United March and Demonstration.**—On Tuesday, May 31, a big rally will be held in the Salvation Army Congress Hall, Goulburn-street, Sydney. It will be preceded by a spectacular march. The programme will consist of action songs and items by children from various temperance and other organisations. Full details later.

### NEWS FROM OUR WORKERS.

**Taree and Cundle.**—Large audiences greeted us when we visited these places with our lantern. Crowded houses and great enthusiasm speak well for the future.

**Glen Innes** has an active Y. Union (W.C.T.U.), with 33 members, and meeting in the local churches. It is undenominational. Superintendent, Miss B. Lowther Crofton; Secretary, Miss A. P. Hogbin.

**Broken Hill** is forming a committee of the Alliance to foster the Y.P. work.

**Bellevue** has an active society. They are planning a number of lantern lectures. Recently, in spite of heavy rain, 25 members were present.

**Lismore** has just started a Band of Hope, with 87 enrolled at first meeting. This was on a wet night. Well done!

Inquiries have also been received from friends at Woolbrook, Kiama, Grenfell, and Gladesville. Write to the Y.P. Department of the Alliance for further particulars.

### THE MARION MEMORIAL.

£10-10/-.—J. Horne.

£10.—Mrs. E. T. Newman.

£5/5/-.—Sons of Temperance, Judge Murray, Mrs. K. A. Glasson.

£5.—Mr. S. Pickering, C. Chapman, Miss E. M. Vickery (per Miss L. Louthean, J. R. Fulton, G. Fitzpatrick).

£3/3/-.—A. B. Millar, J. Dodds, "Frensham."

£3.—Mrs. L. Little.

2/2/-.—B. H. Chapman, Mrs. Goodlett, Mr. and Mrs. Trelsor, "Anonymous," T. Pendlebury, Miss Cranna, H. J. Morton.

£2.—N. Crawford, Rev. and Mrs. Craig, G. B. Bickery, A. J. Burnell.

£1/1/6.—A. Heath, W. Curtis.

£1/1/-.—W. F. A. Larcombe, A. R. Maple Brown, W. A. Hooper, Jas. Gilmour, M. Bannerman, R. J. Gibbs, F. Salisbury, Walter Lance, John Bicket, Henry Kerr, H. F. Mason, Dr. L. W. Harvey, H. C. Ross, Mrs. H. McKenzie, Jas. A. Kerr, Geo. Watson, Mrs. A. Whiteman, Major Marr.

£1.—H. Carter, Miss H. Ballantyne, Miss A. Ballantyne, Mrs. Allen, J. A. Glass, Miss B. Young, Mr. and Mrs. J. Taylor, Mrs. Jamieson Williams, J. F. Bruce, E. Charleston, J. F. Turner, Mr. and Mrs. Lynch, S. Bardsley, J. C. Cruden.

15/6.—J. W. H. White.

14/6.—Mrs. W. H. Adams.

10/6.—G. B. Davey.

10/-.—Miss Miller, Mrs. D. Miller, "Prohibition," Mrs. B. F. McCrear, Rev. D. Smith, M. Mitchell, V. W. Brame, H. W. Curtis, Mrs. T. H. Kelly, Mr. and Mrs. Carter, N. Livingstone, Miss Cole, E. Bardsley.

8/-.—F. James.

6/6.—Mrs. Walton and family.

5/-.—"A Friend," Miss Collins, Mrs. K. Broadfoot, Rev. O. H. Purnell, Miss Greenwell.

2/6.—Miss M. C. McAnally, A. Ames, A. McAlpine, D. J. Champion, Mrs. Lemaire, "Roslyn."

2/-.—"A Wellwisher," "Two Friends."

Total, £505/0/3.

## £35,830 Compensation

### FOR CLOSED HOTELS.

#### AMOUNTS FIXED FOR SYDNEY ELECTORATE.

The Licenses Reduction Board has fixed £35,830 as the amount of compensation to be paid in respect of 16 hotels in the Sydney electorate which have been deprived of their licenses.

Of this amount the owners will receive £21,120, the licensees £11,370, and the lessees £3340.

Following are the hotels affected, with the amounts allotted:—

**Eastern Markets Hotel**, 36 Forbes-street, Sydney: Owner, £1200; licensee, £650; total compensation, £1850.

**Federal Hotel**, Crown and Campbell streets, Sydney: Owner, £2020; licensee, £320; total compensation, £2340.

**Globe Hotel**, Forbes-street, Sydney: Owner, £1250; lessee, £300; licensee, £750; total compensation, £2300.

**Harp of Erin Hotel**, 109 Riley-street, Sydney: Owner, £1900; licensee, £1140; total compensation, £3040.

**Liverpool Hotel**, Liverpool and Yurong streets, Sydney: Owner, £1480; lessee, £200; licensee, £490; total compensation, £2170.

**Lloyd's Hotel**, Brumby-street, Sydney: Owner, £1400; licensee, £780; total compensation, £2180.

**Napier Hotel**, Dowling and Hannam streets, Sydney: Owner, £1800; lessee, £390; licensee, £410; total compensation, £2600.

**Princess of Wales Hotel**, Cooper and Holt streets, Surry Hills: Owner, £1380; licensee, £800; total compensation, £2180.

**Reservoir Hotel**, Reservoir and Riley streets, Surry Hills: Owner, £1900; lessee, £270; licensee, £970; total compensation, £3140.

**Rosebery Arms Hotel**, Crown and Goulburn streets, Sydney: Owner, £1530; licensee, £860; total compensation, £2390.

**Royal Hotel**, William-street, Sydney: Lessee, £780; licensee, £270; total compensation, £1050.

**Royal George Hotel**, Bourke-street, Sydney: Owner, £1400; licensee, £1170; total compensation, £2570.

**Senatorial Hotel**, Foveaux-street, Sydney: Owner, £1240; licensee, £600; total compensation, £1840.

**Star Hotel**, Bourke and Harmer streets, Sydney: Owner, £1030; licensee, £530; total compensation, £1560.

**Surry Hills Hotel**, Smith-street, Sydney: Owner, £1590; licensee, £520; total compensation, £2110.

**Thames Hotel**, Buckingham-street, Sydney: Lessee, £1400; licensee, £1110; total compensation, £2510.

## 'Frisco Benefits Under Prohibition.

The number of persons arrested in San Francisco during 1920 was a decrease of 10,000 as compared with 1919.

This is according to a statistical report made public by the Police Department.

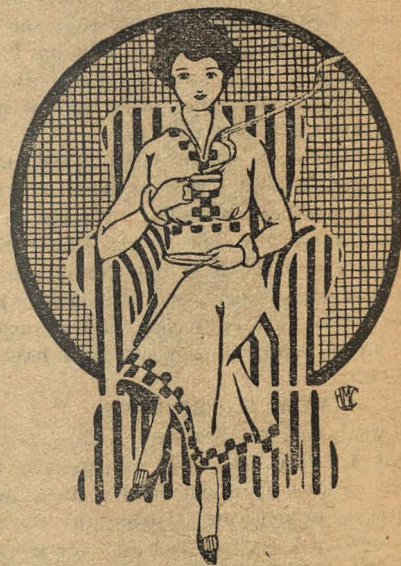
Murders were reduced one-half and assault and battery cases slumped 1070 in 1919 to 639 in 1920.

Pretty good for a city that is dry against its will, for it is a matter of record that the San Francisco vote defeated the State enforcement measure submitted to the voters of California last November. The State outside of San Francisco gave a substantial majority for the measure.

With whole-hearted support of the Prohibition law San Francisco's crime record would be even better than that indicated in the figures quoted above.

### HEREDITARY PECULIARITIES.

According to an evening paper, the lady who has just become Duchess of Westminster has "one son, a boy." On the other hand, the Duke himself has two daughters, both girls.



## Delicious Empire Cocoa

THERE is no more delicious mealtime beverage than EMPIRE COCOA. Apart from its delightful Pure-Cocoa flavor, it imparts an invigorating feeling, and is at all times good to take.

It is Australian made, therefore the most economical Cocoa your money can buy. Your grocer sells it in various sized tins—ask for it and accept no substitute.

Made in Australia by

# HARPERS

## PASS "GRIT" ON





## VIA THE BELLE SYSTEM.

Bill: "Have you ever done any public speaking?"

Joe: "I once proposed to a girl over the telephone in my home town."

\* \* \*

## LIGHT WAIT.

Flora: "Belle seems to carry her age so well!"

Dora: "Oh, it's easy enough to carry one's age by dropping a few birthdays every now and then."

\* \* \*

## QUANTITY AND QUALITY.

"It is a mistake to be too grasping."

"True," said the leader of the band. "You'll never make an artist of a man who insists on playing the bass fiddle or the thunder-horn simply because they're the biggest instruments in sight."

\* \* \*

## NOT A FAST.

Seasick One: "How do you manage to enjoy your meals?"

Immune One: "Oh, I just bolt them down."

\* \* \*

## A SAD DOG.

American Dog: "This region is terribly torn up."

French Dog: "Yes, I lost every bone I buried!"

\* \* \*

## COMFORTING.

Professor: "I'm sorry to tell you, madam, that your daughter is hopeless. She has no talent."

Mrs. Lowell Brow: "Huh! I thought I was paying you to give her some!"

\* \* \*

## SLIGHT ACCIDENT.

A Chink by the name of Ching Ling,

Fell off a street-car, bing-bing.

The con turned his head, to the passengers said—

"The car's lost a washer, ding ding."

## OLD FRIENDS.

Judge: "Have you ever seen the prisoner at the bar before?"

Witness: "Yes, your Honor, that's where I met him."

\* \* \*

## NO ADMISSION.

The Senator was back home, looking after his political fences, and was asking the minister about some of his old acquaintances.

"How's old Mr. Jones?" he inquired. "Will I be likely to see him to-day?"

"You'll never see Mr. Jones again," said the minister. "Mr. Jones has gone to heaven."

\* \* \*

## WATCH YOUR STEP.

A drunkard of long standing has been reformed by an operation which removed a bone that pressed against the brain. The "Detroit News" also reports a number of cures effected by the removal of a brass rail that was pressing against the foot.

\* \* \*

## R.I.P.

A Memphis lawyer entered his condemned client's cell:

"Well," he said; "good news at last."

"A reprieve?" exclaimed the prisoner eagerly.

"No, but your uncle has died leaving you £5000, and you can go to your fate with the satisfying feeling that the noble efforts of your lawyer in your behalf will not go unrewarded."

\* \* \*

"Anything I can do for you, my friend?"

"Have you got any nice new white shirts?"

"A store full of them!"

"Well, go in and put one on."

\* \* \*

## WHY THE EDITOR LEFT TOWN.

Miss B. M. D— sang sweetly and effectively "Just as I am, Without One Flea."

Mistress—  
Mary, your kitchen  
is a picture!  
However do you  
get everything so  
spotlessly clean  
& bright?



Yes, ma'am, it do  
look nice but it's  
very little trouble  
when you use  
PEARSON'S  
SAND SOAP

# KERR'S

RELIABLE JEWELLERY, WATCHES  
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Food.

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DRINK

## KING TEA

THE NEW CEYLON

ONE QUALITY—THE BEST



# DAILY INSPIRATION

**"Alleluia; Salvation, and Glory, and Honour, and Power, unto the Lord our God."—Rev. 19, 1.**

## SUNDAY.

"Happy are ye if ye do them."—John, 13, 17.

## HAPPINESS.

"If thou workest at that which is before thee, following right reason seriously, vigorously, calmly, without allowing anything else to distract thee; but keeping thy Divine part pure, if thou shouldst be bound to give it back immediately; if thou holdest to this, expecting nothing, fearing nothing, but satisfied with thy present activity according to nature, and with heroic truth in every word and sound which thou utterest, thou wilt live happy. And there is no man who is able to prevent this."—M. Aurelius.

## MONDAY.

"Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."  
—I. Cor., 15, 57.

## "AN EVENING PRAYER."

Father, with all my heart I thank Thee for to-day,

For all its sunshine—all its rain;  
For strength to toil—for a heart to play.  
Help me to forget its pain  
As, with my hand in Thine,  
I go to rest.

But, when the day shall come again, I ask  
That I, still close to Thee,  
May meet my task  
With love, that maketh all things plain  
And makes me trust in Thee  
And never ask  
But that Thou work continually—  
That, which for me is best.  
—Edgar Collins Tuilar.

## TUESDAY.

"That ye might walk worthy of the Lord, unto all pleasing, being fruitful in every good work."—Col., 1, 10.

## GOOD AND EVIL.

"Believe me, then, the only right principle of action here is to consider good and evil as defined by our natural sense of both, and to strive to promote the one and to conquer the other with as hearty endeavor as if there were, indeed, no other world but this. Above all, get quit of the absurd idea that Heaven will interfere to correct great errors, while allowing its laws to take their course in punishing small ones."—J. Ruskin.

## WEDNESDAY.

"I am come into my garden."—Cant., 5, 1.

## THE GARDEN.

The world is a garden  
Children the flowers,  
Smiles are the sunshine,  
Tears are the showers;

Frowns are the weeds  
That should never find room,  
In a well-tended garden,  
Covered with bloom.

## THURSDAY.

"That I might have sent thee away with mirth, with songs, and with harps."—Gen., 31, 27.

Mirth is God's medicine. Everybody ought to bathe in it. Grim care, moroseness, anxiety—all this rust of life ought to be scoured off by the oil of mirth. It is better than emery. Blessed is he who has a sense of the humorous! He has that which is worth more than money.—H. W. Beecher.

So her life was full of sunshine, for in toiling for the Lord,  
She had found the hidden sweetness that in hidden things is stored;  
He has strewn the earth with flowers, and each eye their brightness sees;  
But he filled their cups with honey for His humble working bees.

—Francesca Alexander.

## FRIDAY.

"Break forth into joy."—Isa., 52, 9.

## SONGS OF CHEER.

Take joy home,  
And make a place in thy great heart for her  
And give her time to grow, and cherish her!  
Then she will come and often sing to thee,  
When thou art working in the furrows! aye,  
Or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn.  
It is a comely fashion to be glad—  
Joy is the grace we say to God.

—Jean Ingelow.

## SATURDAY.

"I know thy works, and charity and service."  
—Rev., 2, 19.

## THE JOY OF SERVICE.

When you find yourself overpowered, as it were, by melancholy, the best way is to go out and do something kind to somebody.—John Keble.

Who brings sunshine into the life of another, has sunshine in his own.—David Starr Jordan.

In this world it is not what we take up, but what we give up, that makes us rich.—H. W. Beecher.

The wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and blesses, which he is loved and blessed by.—Thos. Carlyle.

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It is all super-soap because of the coconut oil, powerful cleanser and purifier, so good for the clothes in Sunlight Soap

**SUNLIGHT SOAP**

**SUNLIGHT SOAP**

## JUST A MOMENT !

ANSWER THIS QUESTION:—

As Reaney loses quite a number of intolerant patients through being a Prohibitionist, and considering he gives such excellent value and service to his patrons don't you think you might just wend your way to

## DENTIST REANEY

'Phone M1420.

Opposite Grace Bros.  
MOTTO: NO HUMBUG.

Open Friday Nights.



## The Spoiling of a Man.

(By WILL WILD, for "Grit.")

We were sitting round the table of a dining-room in a shearer's hut, in the snow-clad corner above Cooma, when one of the big coal strikes was nearly ended. We were wishing our contract was ended, too, before all the coal ran out, for we were likely to be stranded in the snow country for Christmas, and we wanted to be home. Just as we were thinking, the sweet strains of "Home, Sweet Home" came softly to our ears from one of the rooms. Someone was playing a concertina. A little later our mate, Bob, walked out with a little thing in his hands, so small we wondered where the music came from. Bob had paid £20 for it in London ten years before, and he was a master of the concertina. Not only that instrument,

but he was also a finished scholar and gentleman, and could play almost any instrument. He showed his gentle training in every act—his mild, kind voice seemed to lift everyone up as he spoke or did some kindly act. All the doors in the district were open to him for the six weeks we were there. At last our contract was finished, and we hurried into Cooma in time to catch the last train that could be run to that point unless the strike ended. Bob had a mate, a nice quiet good chap, but a rough diamond, with rough bush manners. He was on the platform ready to start, with all the luggage, his own and Bob's. At the last moment Bob turned up, and what a picture he was! I felt a pang go right to my heart as I looked

on the splendid man of a few hours before. He staggered along with a bottle in each pocket, blood running down his face, and a wild look that has haunted me ever since. As I write I can see that wild, demon-like face. As soon as he saw his mate, off came his coat—he wanted to fight him or anyone else. Two railway men came along and pushed him into our carriage just as we started. His mate had his ticket, and there were now 16 in our carriage. All the other carriages were packed in a similar manner. Out of that 16 only two men were sober—a big young man on the other end of the seat and myself. Bob's mate was not much the worse for liquor, but before long Bob drew out a bottle and his mate was soon as bad as himself, but not so cross. Poor Bob punched his mate on the face until he fell on my lap, knocked right out, and covered with blood. Bob then tried to hit me, but I was sober, and he hit the wall, knocking his knuckles about in a frightful manner. Then he got out the other bottle, and taking the glass from the rack, filled it and drank in such a hurry it nearly choked him. When he recovered he threw the glass through the window. The wild look was on him again as he tore off the mounting from the wall, then the water bottle. The mounting was hard to move, but he pulled like a demon and threw it out the window. Looking at his mate, his look softened, and he said, "Poor old Jack, I've hit him too hard." For a moment he looked like the real man he was before the drink demon got him. The others were also possessed by the drink demon, and it would take hours to tell of the dreadful trip that was till we reached Goulburn at midnight. My sober friend pushed his way to the carriage door, and, taking his port and mine, he said: "Be ready—someone will have to pay for this, and let them who did it pay." By that time most of the fourteen were either on the floor or lying about on the seats knocked out by a drink or a blow. Jack was still out to it, so I laid his head on the seat and sprang out, and, as we walked along, I remarked to the big man that there is certainly something wrong about a Government which lets that stuff be sold to make a madman of many a splendid man. He agreed with me, and he said that many women, too, were affected, but, "Courage, friend, some day the people will wake up. Oh, Lord, let it be soon."

### "SOUND THE WARNING, TOM, that other girls may be saved"

Those were the last words of Prof. Faulkner's beautiful sister who died at the tender age of 18, a victim of dance-hall lust.

It was in obedience to her death-bed request that Mr. Faulkner gave up his career as a dancing master and wrote his famous books against the dance, now reaching millions in circulation.

This originator of many modern dances now believes the dance to be the worst evil that invades the home, the church, and the lives of our young people.

This book is endorsed by the WORLD'S PURITY FEDERATION, and by most eminent Leaders in Social Reform. The most valuable and authoritative book yet published on the dance evil.

The Australasian edition of THE LURE OF THE DANCE includes a chapter on The Dance in Australasia, to be ready in May.

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(Please write plainly)

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Address .....

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## A Distiller Advocates Prohibition

HAS SEEN ITS BENEFITS AND WANTS IT FOR HIS OWN COUNTRY.

Advocating a Prohibition law for the country in which he has established his business as a distiller, E. P. Dutu, of La Ceiba, Honduras, manager and main stockholder in the Honduras Refining and Distilling Company, and director of two banks as well as Consul-General of France in La Ceiba, said recently in New Orleans:

"I am firmly and persistently for Prohibition, not by appeal or suasion, or argument, but by law, because it has been proved, time and again, that absolute abstinence from all alcoholics of any kind works tremendously to the advantage of the man or the nation. I know, as well as I know that I am alive, that within three years the United States would no more return to the use of alcoholic liquors than she would license the opium, the arsenic, the strychnine, or any other similar traffic.

"I am constantly advocating Prohibition by 'bone-dry' law in Honduras, and I have urged it on every Government official I have met, from President Gutierrez down to the captains of police. My company now manufactures liquors as beverages, as well as alcohol for medicinal and industrial purposes, but we would be greatly pleased if the Government to-morrow would ban forever all alcoholic drinks, and confine our operations to the production of ethyl alcohol for perfumes, extracts and industrial uses."—"Christian Science Monitor."

## Mostly Drink.

The directors of the Cronulla Hotel, Ltd., in their report and balance-sheet for the year ended January 31 last, point out that the business of the company shows an increase of £2654/4/- in the gross takings as compared with the previous year. The gross income amounted to £14,701/13/2, as against £12,047/0/10 for the twelve months ended January 31, 1920. The increase in the bar takings amounted to £2463/11/7, and the house takings £190/12/5.

The operations resulted in a net profit of £1043/15/10, which, with the balance brought forward from the previous year, made a total of £2521/4/7 to be distributed. It was decided to pay a dividend at the rate of 6 per cent. per annum on March 31, requiring £897/19/3, and to carry forward £1623/5/4.

When a man is rescued from evil you save a unit; but when a child is prevented from evil you save a multiplication table.

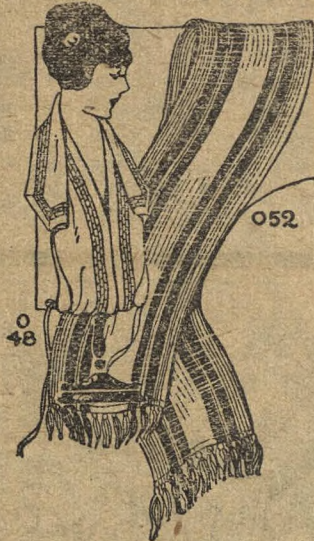
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## A Prophecy.

A level-headed bishop, once a newspaper man, tells us something about Prohibition we print here in the nature of a prophecy. For a generation he has been watching the South go dry.

"For three years after a town goes dry," he says, "anybody can buy all the booze he wants. For three years it pays bootleggers to keep in business. Few arrests, fewer convictions.

"But after three years the local supply

gives out. Then the price of a smuggled bottle goes up to the sky. Then the law ceases to be a joke. Then the jails and poorhouses begin to lack customers.

"After three years in New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Chicago—any big town—getting a drink will mean a long purse and a long chance."—"Collier's Weekly."

People who have glass eyes should not throw stony stares.

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