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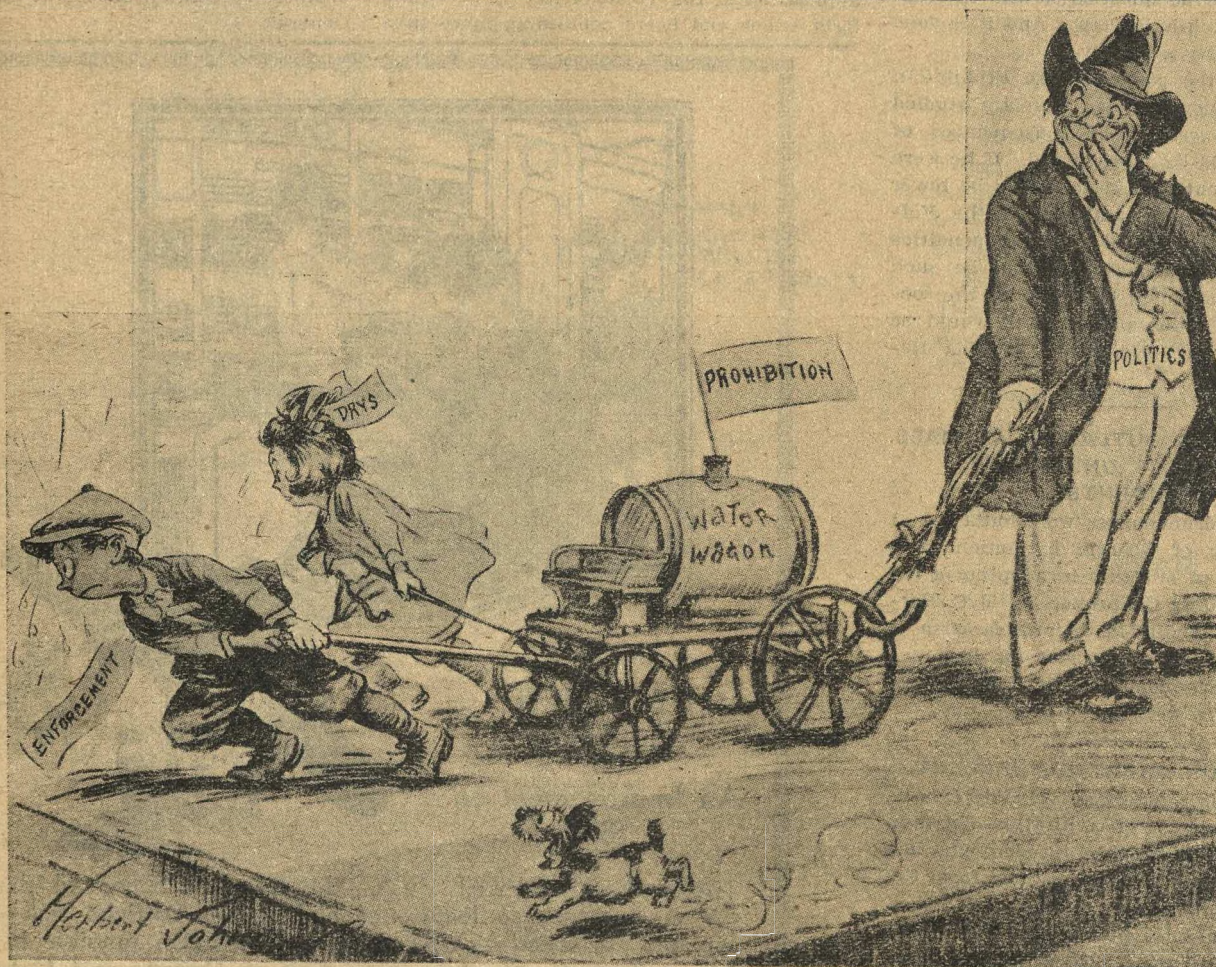
Spirit.

A JOURNAL OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY AND PROHIBITION

VOL. VXIII. No. 20. Twopence.

SYDNEY, JULY 31, 1924.

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WHY IT WON'T GO.

—From Saturday "Evening Post."

COLLECT GREEN COUPONS

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BULLETIN ISSUED TO LAW OBSERVANCE OFFICERS.

BY FEDERAL PROHIBITION UNIT, WASHINGTON.

Issued Mondays and Fridays by Information Office, Federal Prohibition Unit and Narcotic Division, Washington, in the Interest of Directors, Divisional Chiefs, Narcotic Inspectors, Agents, and Law Observance Forces Generally.

SOME SALUTARY WORK.

Between Prohibition Director Mike Cassidy and Federal Judge Sawtelle, Tucson and the country thereabout has been thrown into a state of desiccation. A carefully-planned round-up by the Director, covering a period of some weeks, resulted in the bringing into the corral of nearly all the suspected offenders of the Prohibition law. So carefully was the work done that not one of the arrested persons could offer a defence. All were heavily fined by Judge Sawtelle, and, what was more to the purpose, most of them have been scattered about among the jails of the State for terms ranging from three months to a year.

If this kind of work were done everywhere there would be no question of the enforcement of the Prohibition law. And it is done in Arizona pretty generally.

The jail is the place for the Prohibition violator, and plenty of it. His is a studied and impudent crime, the consequences of which he should be made to feel. If he were given longer sentences there would be fewer violations. The one weakness of the Volstead Act is the lightness of the penalties it imposes. The penalties should be such that no violator would be convicted the second time. His subsequent slogan would be "Once is enough."—Editorial, "Arizona Republican."

DRUNKENNESS OUTLAWED AT MASS MEETING OF UNIVERSITY STUDENTS.

Liquor and drunkenness were outlawed at the University of Georgia by action of a mass meeting of students in adopting a resolution upholding Chancellor David C. Barrow and their faculty in their declaration to "fire" any man who is reported for drunkenness or disorderly conduct.—News item, "Atlanta Journal."

PROHIBITION GREAT EXPERIMENT.

Prohibition is a huge and valuable experiment in the interest of civilisation. Nathan Soederblom, Archbishop of Sweden, who has just returned into his own country from the United States, said that he was astonished at banquets and receptions that water was used instead of wine. There is one good argument in favor of Prohibition. And that is the old argument of the Bible: "It may be a stumbling block to thy brother." You may indulge and never get the habit which destroys soul and body, but someone else may not have that moral fibre. In this age of Civitans, Rotarians, Kiwanis, etc., all with their slogans of service, let us serve our brothers with a little self-sacrifice.—Editorial, "Atlanta Constitution."

STUDENTS MAKE RESOLUTIONS.

At the Annual Conference of the Officers and Advisors of the Students Young Men's Christian Association of Eastern Pennsylvania, composed of 78 delegates from 23 colleges and preparatory schools, held in Lewisburg, Pa., the following resolutions were unanimously passed:

"Resolved that the delegates here assembled, representing upwards of 40,000 students and faculty, herewith appeal to their representatives in Congress that they aid in further strengthening the enforcement measures pertaining to the 18th Amendment to the Constitution, and, further, that they contribute their voice and influence to the defeat of any proposal to weaken the application of the Volstead Act by accepting light wines and beers containing more than

one-half of one per cent. of alcohol.—News item, "The Intercollegiate Prohibition Association."

LIQUOR LAW VIOLATION WILL REVOKE DRIVER'S LICENSE.

The State Board of Public Roads of Rhode Island has advised Federal Prohibition Director Harry G. Sheldon that it will consider any complaints of liquor law violation with a view of revoking the driver's license.—Report to Commissioner Haynes.

WHAT ABOUT YOUR OWN HOME TOWN?

"You have no right to say that Prohibition is a failure if your own police wink at its disregard. You have no right to complain that the Federal Government does not punish offenders quickly enough, nor have you the right to indulge in the complaint that it cannot be enforced, if your police courts are failing to jail the offenders in your own community. Because that duty is theirs, and there are enough decent people in every county and city, if they will get together, to make officials do their duty."—Hon. Mabel Walker Willebrandt, Assistant U.S. Attorney-General.



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THE PLEDGE CONTROVERSY.

WHAT IS THE WAY OUT?

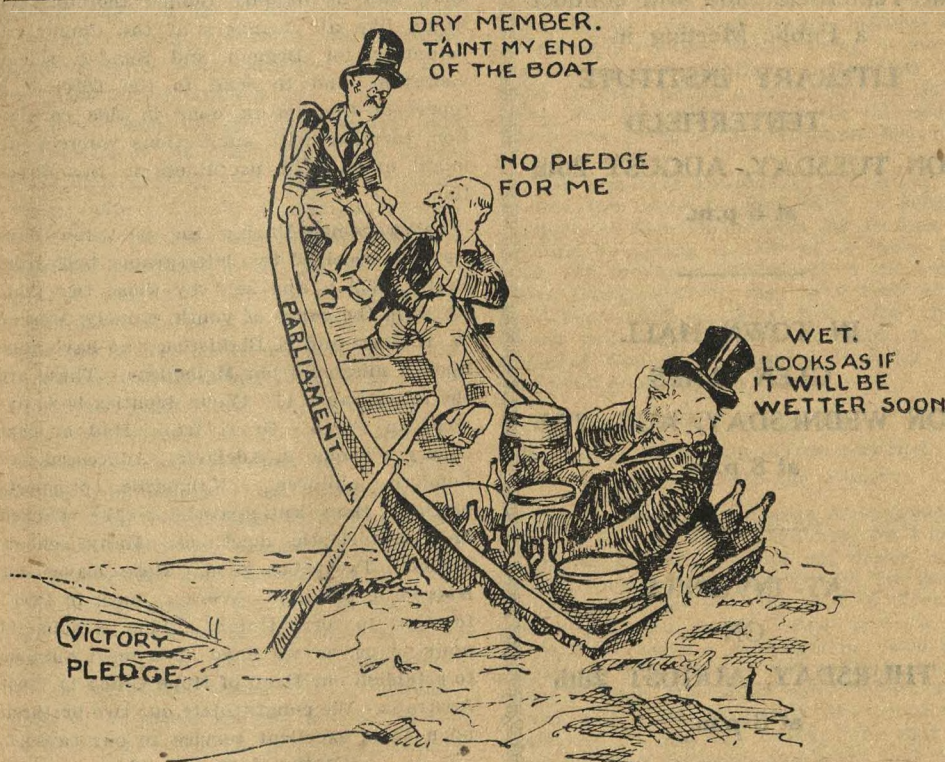
By ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.

Prompted by some letters and many inquiries as to what is being done to push the Victory Pledge Campaign, and as to why we cannot bury the past and go steadily forward, I seek to clear away some confusion by the following statement:—

The Modern Pledge, signed in a few months by 50,000 electors, exercised a definite influence at the last election.

Our hope was in the word of our political friends. Some of them failed us and broke their word and voted with our enemies. They now excuse themselves by attacking us. It is now open to us—

1. To go on and put them out of public life as enemies of Prohibition in fact whatever they may be in theory, and as those who have lowered the standard of public life by breaking their word.



ALL IN THE SAME BOAT

2. We can forgive and forget—though they have not expressed sorrow and we have no reason to believe they can be trusted again. This method would, by removing the consequences, take the sting out of any future pledge.
3. We can accept all the blame—decide that promises are useless and drift along educating the public on Prohibition—without any hope whatever of getting a fair opportunity to vote on the question, sure always of being defeated by a hostile Parliament.

THE CONFUSING FACTOR.

The one confusing factor is the political party one—and all the trouble arises from the fear of party politicians and their friends who believe that Prohibitionists will wreck the present Government and obtain no compensating advantage.

The policy of the Alliance has been emphatically to keep clear of parties, as such, and confine itself to persons.

To put a pledge-breaker who has protected the liquor interests out of Parliament leaves us free to substitute for this member a candidate who will honor his word and yet be true to his party.

Those of us who are Prohibitionists first, last and all the time have no compunction

LADIES—

The Beautifully Illustrated

"KING" TEA

Catalogue of Free Gifts is Now Obtainable.

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in displacing those, whoever they may be, who have protected the liquor evil and postponed our chance to outlaw it.

Nationalists who broke their promise to us and defied the mandate of their own Conference have no claim on our mercy, and we have no encouragement to extend it to them. Any division in the anti-liquor ranks to-day is caused by those whose political sympathies warp their judgment on the Prohibition question, and who are more concerned to placate their false friends for party reasons than protect the good name of their Prohibition leaders.

A GREAT WRONG.

If the Prohibitionists return to Parliament those who have refused to keep their promise, and who voted with the liquor forces in the House, and succeeded, in spite of our loyal friends, in putting the chances of Prohibition off till 1930, they will be guilty of a great wrong, and will postpone Prohibition beyond the lifetime of many of us. When our old friends join the enemy then they become our enemies, and as such can claim no quarter.

The stronghold of liquor is Parliament. The hope of the liquor interests is in the flabby politician whose sympathy is with Prohibition and whose vote is against it.

Prohibition can never be won, enforced and retained unless we have a Parliament in which the majority of members are more afraid of the Prohibition vote than of anything else.

OUR CLEAR COURSE.

We should push on with the Victory Pledge Campaign, and obtain 100,000 pledges before the end of this year. This is at least due to the great gathering in the Sydney Town Hall, which gave us £500 for that purpose. If we don't do this we lay ourselves open to the charge of having obtained money under false pretences.

We should keep prominently before the public those who kept their promise and voted for the earliest date.

We should oppose strenuously all the "fallen angels" whose vote postponed any possibility of Prohibition till 1930.

We have no right to forget "the betrayal." The 50,000 voters look to us to voice their disapproval and replace those who failed us by those we can reasonably trust to keep their word.

PASS "GRIT" ON.

New South Wales Alliance

Offices—Macdonell House, Pitt Street, Sydney. Cable and Telegraphic Address: Dry, Sydney.
Phones: General Offices, City 157; Organising and Public Meeting Dept. City 8944.

FIELD DAY APPOINTMENTS.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 3.

11 a.m.: Manly Anglican Church.
7.15 p.m.: Campsie Presbyterian Church
Rev. S. W. Bazalgette.

11 a.m. and 7.15 p.m.: Campsie Anglican Church.

Mr. Chas. W. Chandler.

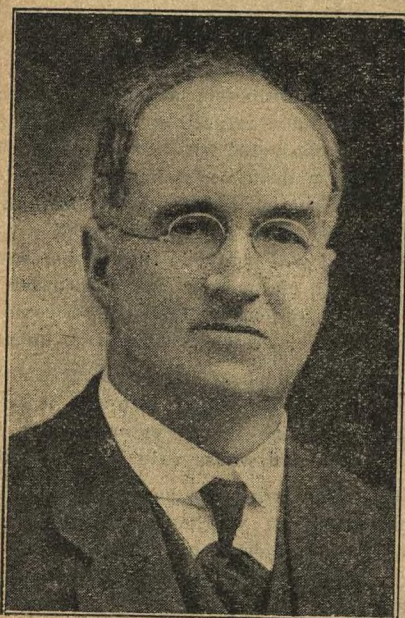
11 a.m. and 7.15 p.m.: Clyde Anglican Church.

Mr. Charles E. Still.

11 a.m. and 7.15 p.m.: Five Dock Methodist Church.

Mr. H. C. Stitt.

11 a.m.: Methodist Circuit Church.
7.15 p.m.: Marrickville Methodist Church.
Ex-Senator David Watson.



MR. H. C. STITT,

The Newly Appointed State Superintendent.

TUESDAY, AUGUST 5.

Enmore Band of Hope, Church of Christ.
Mr. D. H. Hardy.

BRANCH MEETING.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 7: Ashfield Methodist School Hall, 8 p.m.
Mr. H. C. Stitt and Mr. D. H. Hardy.

REV. HENRY WORRALL'S FIXTURES.

Tuesday, August 26: Tenterfield.
Wednesday, August 27: Glen Innes.
Thursday, August 28: Guyra.
Sunday, August 31: Church Services, Armidale.
Monday, Sept. 1: Public Meeting, Armidale.
Tuesday, Sept. 2: Uralla.
Wednesday, Sept. 3: Walcha.
Thursday, Sept. 4: Tamworth.
Saturday, Sept. 6: Sydney.
Sunday, Sept. 7: Haberfield (Morning and Evening); 3 p.m., Lyceum Hall, Pitt-st., Sydney.

AUSTRALIAN PROHIBITION COUNCIL.

Commonwealth Platform Representative

Rev. HENRY WORRALL

will commence his N.S.W. Tour at Tenterfield, and will conduct a Public Meeting in

LITERARY INSTITUTE
TENTERFIELD

ON TUESDAY, AUGUST 26th
at 8 p.m.

IN TOWN HALL
GLEN INNES

ON WEDNESDAY, AUG. 27th
at 8 p.m.

AT INVERELL
ON

THURSDAY, AUGUST 28th
at 8 p.m.

Rev. H. Worrall during the last two years has traversed over 50,000 miles outside of Australia, and has seen much of many lands. From his personal experience and firsthand information, Australia's Prohibition Champion has built up a most inspiring and convincing message which will command your attention.

Hear Rev. Henry Worrall in your District.

Admission is Free. Collection.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.



Address all correspondence re Bands of Hope, Y.P. Societies and the "New Day" Crusade to W. H. Mitchell, Director of Y.P. Department, N.S.W. Alliance, 321 Pitt-street, Sydney (Phone, City 8944).

* * *

Executive Council.—A meeting of the Executive Council of the Y.P.P. Council was held on Monday, July 21, at which important business was transacted. A welcome was extended to Mr. Stitt, the newly-appointed State Superintendent of the N.S.W. Alliance, and he happily replied thereto. We would like all members of the Council to volunteer for Branch and Sunday school visitation, and to send to the Director a report of their work done in this connection, together with suggestions whereby we might extend our usefulness in this direction.

Lettergrams.—During the past few days we have received two lettergrams, both from Perth (W.A.), and sent by those two stalwarts in the cause of youth, namely, Messrs. W. H. Rose and E. Blakiston, who have gone upon a mission from Melbourne. These are the lettergrams: (1) "Your deputies have arrived in Perth. Great trip. Had a most cheery welcome in Adelaide. Addressed five hundred children. Kalgoorlie prospects brighter than anticipated." (2) "Packed and enthusiastic meetings. Many schools visited. Prospects good. Rose leaves for Kalgoorlie to-night. Workers meet in Perth to-night to form Union." This is splendid news to us, as we have been most anxious to establish our Band of Hope Union in West Australia. We congratulate our two brethren upon their excellent service to our cause.

(Continued on page 12.)

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AUSTRALASIAN WHITE CROSS LEAGUE.

REPORT FOR THE YEAR ENDED 1st MARCH, 1924.

The subject of sex and its problems has received more scientific attention during the last twenty-five years than in all the preceding centuries. This part of human nature, so often ignored and treated as non-existent in the past, has now been subjected to the same scientific scrutiny that other aspects of life have had. And all these observers agree that the older attitude towards sex was both foolish and disastrous, and that it must be given rightful recognition as an integral and extremely important factor in human life.

Much light has been thrown upon various aspects of the subject by the new method of psychological investigation known as psycho-analysis, though some of its adherents are prone to over-emphasise the part which sex plays in life. Their claim, however, that the mere forcible repression of the sex instinct is a futile and injurious procedure seems to be confirmed by the evidence they bring forward.

Various forms of physical, mental and moral disorders are undoubtedly due to the driving underground, so to speak, of sexual feelings. Were this all, an attitude of despair towards what seemed contradictory and irreconcilable elements in human nature might be warranted; but it is fortunately not so. For it is pointed out that the true way is not to rely on an attempt to repress this natural instinct, but to seek to divert its force and energy into other channels. It is held, and rightly so, that this diversion or sublimation, as it is called, can be brought about by religious, moral and intellectual influences, and that in this way the sex instinct can be made a tremendous power for the advancement and elevation of the race.

This is the basis of White Cross teaching. It strives to inculcate sexual control not by warnings against physical consequences such as venereal diseases, not by denunciations of the fallen woman, but by an appeal to the best elements in human nature—to the manliness and sense of chivalry which is present—even if latent—in almost all lads and young men.

WOMEN'S PLACE IN PURITY WORK.

We have just come across a circular letter written over 15 years ago, making a special appeal to Christian women to be up and doing. As this appeal is equally applicable to the present day, we reprint extracts hoping it may induce some of those who read this report to feel a call to this special work, which requires women of consecrated commonsense to carry out thoroughly:

"No matter what particular work you have been doing, I am persuaded that none is of the supreme importance in the welfare of the individual, of the home and of the national life, as that of the moral education of the young, which we call 'Purity' work.

"Some women have regarded this work, if

not with indifference, yet with a lack of interest. Others have realised the necessity for it, but because it seemed to them too difficult to do well, they also have passed it by. Let me assure you that there is no real ground for this diffidence. Every woman may prepare herself by reading up the subject, and she will be ready, not necessarily to speak in public on the matter, but to do so privately, and to pass on the books to others. Parents should have the books lent to them. Schoolmasters and mistresses should be interested in the work by means of the loan of books. In this way you can help to form public opinion on the matter of a needed change in the method of educating the young on moral questions.

"I ask you, for the sake of your own children—for the sake of all other children—and for the sake of the future of the race, to make this question of moral education a very pressing one.

"Large numbers of the young people of today seem to be growing up in a license of behaviour for which undoubtedly the parents are to blame. Lack of parental control and of teaching, which would bring home to them their responsibility, and would implant in their minds a reverence for themselves and for others—these are the causes which are bringing about moral degradation.

"Will you help by reading yourselves, by lending the books to clergymen, to schoolmasters, to schoolmistresses, by lending to parents, by giving to lads of 14 years and over, and to young men, some of the books which those to whom they have been given have been most grateful for? By these means you may do more to help on the cause of God and humanity than by any other you could employ."

GRANNY IS A LIAR.

We quote from one letter received recently from a woman in the country:

"I am writing you for some of your penny booklets, not for my own children, for I have none, but as far as I can my desire is to help mothers whom I know, who are really anxious to do the best for their children in this respect, but hardly know how to set about it. I heard a grandmother (who has charge of a seven-year-old grandson) say recently that this boy came home from school with such filthy talk she could not repeat it, yet she had taught him that he came out of a cabbage, and when told that he should not speak so about his birth, remarked, 'Well, granny told me—she's the liar.' Yet the same granny is a good, generous, clean soul herself. She reared thirteen of her own, and a good part of the time earned their living; now she has two grandsons in her care. This sex question touches me very nearly, for though I had one of the best of mothers, one who taught us in every possible way to seek the good, and shun the evil, except one, and the lack of proper knowledge on that subject (had plenty of improper knowledge) has, I feel, though indirectly, been the means of spoiling my life, to a great extent, at any rate spoiling my capacity for usefulness."

THE DIRECTOR OF PUBLIC HEALTH.

A most forward step has been taken through the public lectures in Hobart and Launceston delivered to "Men Only" by Dr. Morris, the Director of Public Health, and also by the appointment of Nurse Rich-

mond, of the Health Department, to give lectures to the girls in the public schools of Tasmania. So important in this movement for Australia that we feel it is worth while quoting extracts from the Hobart "Mercury" of August 21, 1923:

"The Director of Public Health (Dr. Morris) delivered in the Strand Theatre yesterday afternoon a lecture, addressed to men only, on 'The Social Menace of Venereal Disease.' The lecture itself was illustrated, and at its close was filmed 'The Shadow,' which depicts, in motion picture story, the awful consequences of venereal disease.

"The lecturer, in commencement, said: Carlyle said, 'Till cant cease nothing else can begin.' We have very far-reaching legislation, which aims at the control of these diseases, but the application of the law is extremely difficult because of the secrecy with which the whole problem is surrounded, and until the public are compelled to realise the position we cannot expect the law to be effective.

"I think you will agree with the statement I set out to prove, viz., that the clean life pays, and, what is more, it pays in handsome dividends. It may be thought that my remarks apply only to 'the woman of the street,' but do not apply in the case of the girl who is practically straight and earning her living in business and other occupations.

"I tell you that the vast majority of cases of venereal diseases in Australia arise from so-called 'square' or 'decent girls,' who bestow their favors for considerations other than money. In my opinion, she is far more dangerous than her professional sister, and there is abundant evidence that she is responsible, often through lack of knowledge, for spreading the disease indiscriminately. It is essential that the boy and girl should be taught ideals regarding the problem. We already do so in the case of certain virtues considered essential in social life, such as honesty, manliness, religion and a host of others. Let us do likewise with this question, and we shall find that future generations will have cleaner minds in cleaner bodies than would otherwise be the case."

Send us a help for our free literature fund and we will see that hundreds of young people are helped; but at the same time we want your prayers that the work may be maintained faithfully and ever new openings found for the spread of literature. Whatever you do, do it quickly.

Literature may be obtained at the office of the White Cross League, at 56 Elizabeth-street, Sydney.

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DRUNKEN ORGY IN THE DOMAIN.

ENDS IN A WOMAN'S DEATH.

Silly Technicality in Sly-Grog Prosecution.—A Fatal Camp Quarrel at Wagga.—Assault at Como.—Drunken Drivers Again.—Death in Police Cell.—Drunk in a 'Bus.

A DOMAIN TRAGEDY.

Most readers of "Grit" have no doubt seen in the newspapers some account of a sad tragedy in the Domain whereby a woman named Louisa Williams was drowned as the result of a drunken orgy. This woman, who was 45 years of age, was a half-caste Tongan. It appears that she was well educated and that she lived, at one time, in refined surroundings. She had married a commercial traveller in New Zealand, but later she took to drink, and, in 1919, she came to Sydney, since when she has been known to the police. At the inquest the coroner returned a verdict that death was due to the woman's own act whilst under the influence of liquor. The evidence did not, we suppose, warrant any other verdict under our law. Nevertheless, the circumstances of the case, as revealed in the evidence, are in some respects so remarkable as to deserve attention.

CAVE DWELLERS.

Amongst other facts that evidence establishes that quite a number of persons are permanent cave dwellers in the Domain when their circumstances should enable them to live differently. Thus, two of the witnesses described as wharf laborers admitted that they were permanent dwellers in the Domain. Wharf laborers earn high wages, and it is a question whether the authorities should tolerate such people taking up permanent quarters in the Domain caves. One of these men had provided food and shelter for the deceased woman for nearly a year, and it seems that from time to time they had considerable sums of money to spend in drink. On the night of the tragedy these two, in company with others, had eight bottles of port wine at the cave and indulged in an orgy. One of the witnesses said he gave the woman ten shillings to get a room for the night, but she remained at the cave and later, in a drunken frenzy, jumped in the water and was drowned.

A PUBLIC SCANDAL.

Now, we are sure that our readers will agree with us when we say that these circumstances reveal a public scandal of the first magnitude. It is simply outrageous that such people as we have described should be allowed to make use of the public parks to lead such lives as they unblushingly admit they did live. The men seem to have made some feeble efforts to rescue the woman, but it is all too evident that everybody was too drunk to do anything effective. And so, as the result of drink, this woman lost her life. It may lat-

terly have been a worthless life, but that is nothing to the point. We hold that the police have no right to allow this sort of thing to go on in the Domain at all, and that it is a grave reflection upon them that such a climax should ever have been possible. In the circumstances indicated it was the plain duty of the police to have cleared the Domain of such characters long since.

A SILLY TECHNICALITY.

A sly-grog vendor was lucky at the Central Police Court last week. The case related to our old acquaintance, the Macquarie Cafe. Frederick Fitzsimmons was charged with having sold liquor without a license at the Macquarie on July 4, and was convicted. When the question of penalty came up, how-

OUR RECORD OF SHAME.

CENTRAL POLICE COURT.

ARRESTS FOR DRUNKENNESS.

Eight months ending May 28:

Males	6502
Females	1152

Week ending July 23:

Males	165
Females	35

Pledges signed, 34.

ever, the magistrate, Mr. Peisley, S.M., would not allow the Crown to prove that Fitzsimmons had been previously convicted of a similar offence on January 7 by Mr. Hawkins, S.M., and fined the accused £40, instead of the maximum penalty of £100. The charge sheet showed the previous conviction, but it was not actually proved in evidence, and Mr. E. R. Abigail objected to the evidence being admitted after the case had closed. The magistrate upheld this objection, and so Fitzsimmons saved £60. We do not know how this sort of thing will strike our readers. No doubt the magistrate was right in law, and no doubt it was Mr. Abigail's duty to do the best he could for his client, but it seems to us that a technicality was here used to defeat the ends of justice, and we think it is high time that some commonsense was introduced into our

administration of the law in the direction of waiving technical objections which have no merits and merely serve to give unmerited protection to those who deliberately flout the law for their own personal profit.

CAMP TRAGEDY AT WAGGA

Another tragedy due to drink and resulting in the death of a rabbit is reported from Wagga. It seems that two men named John Sheldon and John Lang camped together in a hut. They were in the habit of quarrelling with each other, and, on the 18th instant, they had a serious dispute. Sheldon attacked Lang, inflicting extensive injuries, and then tying him to the bed. Sheldon, according to Lang's story, then went to the township, procured some drink, and returned to the hut. In the meantime, Lang, fearing that Sheldon would murder him, managed to free himself and hid behind the door. Presently Sheldon came in and advanced towards the bed with an axe, and Lang then sprang upon him and a terrific struggle ensued. In that struggle Lang secured the axe and inflicted injuries on Sheldon, from which the latter died. Lang has been arrested and will have to stand his trial for murder if the coroner finds a verdict against him. There are still people who say that drink is not a curse to a civilised community.

BOOZE AT COMO.

A disgraceful story of assault at Como as the result of boozing was unfolded at the Kogarah Court a few days ago when David William Marlin, aged 44 years, was fined £15 and costs for assaulting a woman. It appears that Mary Keeble and Mrs. Gunther went to Como with the latter's children for the week-end when the accused arrived unbidden with some beer. He remained, also unbidden, for the night. His own story was that he was given an invitation to visit the women in question and was made quite welcome. On the Sunday the accused fetched more booze and, meeting Mrs. Gunther and one of the little girls, used filthy language to them. He then struck the woman and knocked her down, kicking her and brandishing a knife which she had taken with her to cut flowers. Marlin alleged that the woman rushed at him with the knife and that he cut his hands in defending himself. Mrs. Keeble then came up and punched him. No doubt he is a long suffering person, but that did not prevent the magistrate from disbelieving his story.

(Continued on page 15.)

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ON GOING AWAY.—GOOD-BYE, CHIEF!

GOING AWAY.

What a business it is to get ready to go away! In a few days I shall be aboard a liner on my way to the other end of Australia. The curiosity of the veriest child possesses me. What shall I find at the end of the journey? Will it be the end of the rainbow? Life has spelt many, many changes for me, and I am even more curious about new places now than when I began to move about the world. Let me see, it must be more than twenty years ago since I set forth to catch a glimpse of places beyond the shelter of my home—the beyond holds a fascination for most mortals. The bend in the road which hides the future is one of the driving forces of existence. Do you remember how we, when children, wanted to just peep around the corner? The unknown beckoned us, and we were anxious to wander. Never quite sure what we wanted to find, or very definite about what we expected to see, and always a little disappointed at what we discovered when we reached the corner. It is always the same—we expect the next to be better than the immediate, and life generally disappoints us. Of course we do not cry about this, instead we say: Let us venture to the next corner, and the next, and the next. So Life urges and leads us onward, and in the grand sum total of existence, I believe, the urge is also Upward and Homeward.

* * *

OTHER CHANGES.

Packing up is indeed a wearisome job. It tries the temper and puts what certainly feels like a permanent kink in the backbone. The man has not been born who enjoys packing for a long journey. Where on earth will the stuff be put? And why were we ever stupid enough to collect so much rubbish? But some of the lumber must be taken—the associations which cling to some of these things would make it sacrilege to throw them away. This curious old box, with dragons and weird monsters climbing over it—wrought in white metal—its hinges gone and now very dilapidated, reminds me of Jim, a "boy" who hailed from Burma. Jim was about six and twenty years old, by the calendar, and about six in experience when I showed him some of the wonders of London. Meet Jim attired in a footman's coat, resplendent with brass buttons, buttoned tightly under the chin, for Jim was a child of the Sun, and London

winds were his sore trouble. A straw boater, with a band of ribbon which made a bid for the glory of color which was never Solomon's, completed the picture. He wore trousers, but the coat concealed them—it was well this was so! Jim's great ambition was to earn enough money in London which, judiciously expended when he returned to Burma, would provide him with one cow and three wives. That for Jim spelt a life of ease. The three ladies and the cow would solve all the economic problems of his life. Once upon a time when Jesse Collings was the joy of British political cartoonists, the cry which political candidates pinned their faith to was "Three acres and a cow." Jim improved, according to his lights, on this scheme of things. One day I took Jim to Westminster Abbey. We heard the choristers and the magnificent organ. On our way out I said to Jim, "You like it, Jim?" And he replied, "I wanta cry." That was all, but I knew then that Jim had a mind which was attuned to the highest expression of Art.

* * *

THAT OLD MENU CARD.

Shall I keep this old menu card? Yes, I shall carry it with me. A poor discolored reminder of a long, long journey. The boat was old and rotten. My quarters were "below." Very much "below" as a matter of fact. My mattress was hardwood, and my companions "below," when we left the decks for the night, numbered twenty-three men and thousands of rats and millions of cockroaches—the biggest and most bellicose cockroaches ever born. I wanted a change and adventure. I got both in overdoses. Most of this trip was unpleasant, and, strange to say, although I remember the unpleasant things in a vague, general way, I vividly remember the few purple patches. Bagshot, in his Comments, an entertaining book by J. A. Pender, remarks on our powers to remember and relieve the pleasures of life, and the ease with which we forget the pain. I remember one night old "Timber" told us of his adventures in Central China. Timber—if he had another name nobody knew it, and he had forgotten it—told his story better than I ever heard a tale told. We felt the pangs of hunger and thirst, we slept beneath the stars and in the grey of morning fearfully skirted Chinese villages wherein were armed bandits. We climbed mountain tracks and swam rivers. On two huge logs, bound together

with a creeper, we floated on the bosom of a great river for a thousand miles toward the sea. Footsore, ragged, dirty and despairing, we met a friendly caravan, and so come to a seaport where a British ship was berthed. Such a tale did old Timber tell, and I never want to hear a better—. I do not need that old menu card to remind me of that trip, but somehow I don't want to part with it. You see, it is a record of all the good food we never had, a sort of decoy menu card.

* * *

I SHALL MISS MANY THINGS.

This going away is not without many regrets. I shall miss our Wednesday night Brotherhood meeting. This meeting grows into your being and becomes part of yourself. The whole idea of this Brotherhood is the quintessence of simplicity. I think that is why the meetings always appeal to me in the way they do, and why the influence of the Brotherhood is so real and far-reaching. There is nothing artificial, no straining after effect, no ritual, not even a set form of procedure. We just meet for an hour each Wednesday night to hear an address by our leader, Mr. Hammond. It is at this meeting where Mr. Hammond is seen at his best. Under his guidance there has grown up a beautiful spirit of friendship and comradeship which binds the members of Brotherhood together as nothing else on earth can bind men. I shall never fully pay my debt of gratitude to the Men's meeting. It has given me a priceless experience. It has also given me friends, delightful, honest, decent men, whose loyalty could not be questioned. Yes, I shall regret leaving this meeting and its associations, and when a great distance lies between me and Sydney I shall perhaps be thoughtful and quiet on a Wednesday night, and the folk will wonder why. Well, if they ask me I will tell them some stories about the Men's meeting.

* * *

MY GREATEST REGRET.

I will now proceed to break one of the rules of etiquette. It is not proper to discuss an Editor in his own paper. Well, let the heathen rage and I'll proceed to break the rules. My intimate association with Mr. Hammond has resulted in my unqualified admiration of this big man. If his life story is ever written it will be the story of one of Australia's greatest sons. I shall carry away with me a volume of memories of his kindness and friendship. When not restrained by the knowledge that he frowns upon such personal notes as this, I will tell some of the things I know concerning him, of his sacrifices made for our movement, of his simple devotion to his calling as a minister of religion, and of his many acts of love to the fallen. I must not write of these things here—I will wait awhile. Good-bye, Chief! Sometimes spare a kind thought for this scribe. You know how much I want to say, but somehow find it difficult, so let it be just a handshake and a God bless you.

A Personal Chat with my readers

MY COMPANION. It is Saturday afternoon. All business folk have hurried away from their offices, and vast crowds have sought relaxation, amusement, companionship. A few odd folk, like myself, are among the "not wanted." We take our pleasures sadly, and find some occupation in the "left-over jobs," or in sowing the seeds that we fondly hope may give others some pleasure.

The Japanese have a pretty custom of bringing a single flower or a branch of blossom into their living-room and placing it in a vase, looking upon it as a companion.

As surely as a daffodil speaks of spring, so has every flower its message:

Cheer! Oh, it has given cheer,
Like to a dear friend, smiling,
Who whispers, "I at least remember,"
I understand—my love is with you.
And then my gloom beguiling.

As I write "my companion" is a large red rose; its color, its shape, its perfume make it delightful.

It will soon fade, but even then memory, like its perfume, clings to it, and it lives on suggesting service, prompting gratitude, dispelling loneliness. Truly a companion to thank God for. It says so plainly "you are remembered."

OUR JAIL POPULATION. The religious preference of the people in New South Wales is:

Church of England	46 p.c.
Roman Catholic	22 p.c.
Methodist	12 p.c.
Presbyterian	11 p.c.

The Comptroller-General of Prisons has made available the following list, giving the religious denominations of the prisoners on August, 1922.

The list is as follows:

	Prisoners.	Inebriates.
Church of England	735	37
Roman Catholic	594	41
Methodist	28	—
Presbyterian	72	4
Baptist	4	—
Lutheran	5	—
Hebrew	11	1
Mohammedan	3	—
Congregationalist	1	—
Greek	1	—
Unitarian	1	—
Wesleyan	2	—
Salvation Army	1	—
No Religion	19	—
Total	1477	83

If a tree is to be judged by its fruit, this list does not afford much encouragement to

our friends the Catholics. However, it must be remembered that none of these people have any real or vital religion—they merely have a denominational preference, or give the church they were associated with through their parents and long since departed from.

The story is told of a recruiting sergeant who asked a man all the usual questions put to those being enrolled. When it came to the question, "What religion?" the man said, "I don't belong to any." The sergeant, with some impatience, said, "Nonsense; you must belong to some denomination." The man persisted in his refusal to name any faith, so the sergeant fixed him with an eagle eye and said, "Well, then, you will be Church of England until you get some religion."

It is probable that a much smaller percentage of those who call themselves Church of England attend a place of worship than of any other denomination. Religion means something that binds, and when you cease to be bound, then you cease to have religion.

We hear something of the lapses of the colored people in U.S.A., but their lapses are no more numerous or serious than are to be found in any other section of the community.

It will surprise most of my readers to know that Olivet Church, Chicago, Illinois, has ten thousand members, forty-eight departments and auxiliaries, 860 officers, and fourteen full-time paid workers. It raised and disbursed 80,000 dollars (£16,000) in 1923.

This is a church exclusively of colored folk and far exceeds the record of any individual church in Australia.

A BOY'S RELIGION. A seventeen-year-old boy has written a most revealing article for the "Atlantic Monthly" on "A Boy's Religion."

Personally, he says, religion means no more to him than to thousands of boys just like him, and as he believes that his ideas are representative of a large group of boys, he may be taken as an interpreter of youth to an age that has largely devoted itself to finding fault with the youngsters. Most boys, he writes, hate to show their feelings on religion. It embarrasses them to talk about it. They will discuss football, baseball, politics or camping, but if the talk turns on religion "they retire within themselves, fortified by an adamant barrier of reserve." It may be that they are afraid

GRIT

A JOURNAL OF
NATIONAL EFFICIENCY
AND PROHIBITION

"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.

Editor—ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.
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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, JULY 31, 1924.

of being laughed at or of being thought prudish, but it is an unjust conclusion to think that, because of his silence on the subject, the boy utterly ignores religion, except when he goes to church, and that he has no personal feelings on the subject. Here, says this young philosopher, is the secret:

"Deep within himself a boy may have a strong and fine religious sense. He may be just as truly religious in his own way as the minister is in his, but he shrinks from the thought of exposing it. His religion is his, and his alone. He is unwilling to share or display it, but he treasures it nevertheless. He merely lacks the outward and visible signs of an inward and spiritual grace. To a boy, all religious manifestation 'goes against the grain.' The minister in clerical clothes could not sound the depths of a boy's religion as well as a minister in flannel shirt and overalls. A boy dislikes all the visible trappings of faith. Again, why? I can answer only that it is part of a boy's nature, which no one can explain—a temporary feeling perhaps, but very intense."

This is true of many grown-ups as well as of boys.

This boy concludes by saying:

"If, then, we seem to our elders to be lacking in appreciation of the value of religion, I would respectfully beg them to realise what I have tried to explain—that a boy's real religion is deeply personal, and that he doesn't like to show it. I believe that I am speaking for a large group of boys of boarding-school age when I say that at heart we mean to do what is right. We may put buttons in the collection-plate, or occasionally take the name of the Lord in vain. But at heart we have our finer feelings, our personal religions; and when the time comes for us to bear the torch, we shall not fail."

The Editor

PROFITS OF THE LIQUOR TRADE.

MR. HAMMOND'S STATEMENT JUSTIFIED.

Mr. Hammond made a public statement to the effect that the profits of the Liquor Trade in New South Wales amounted to about £6,000,000 a year. This was based on figures supplied by the Government statistician, and supported by the brewery balance sheets, which have received public comment in the press from time to time.

Some time ago one brewery in the State had £600,000 profits placed to reserves, which they distributed as paid-up shares to the shareholders carrying at least a 10 per cent. dividend.

This means that if you had bought 1000 shares you were now given 500, which cost you nothing—so that you got 10 per cent. on your thousand plus 10 per cent. on what cost you nothing.

This brewery has given in all 900,000 shares to their shareholders.

Mr. Coates, who fires a few of the bombs in the interest of liquor suppliers, disputed the figures.

A QUIBBLE.

Mr. Coates did not dispute the figures, but complained that it was unfair to use the word "profits" without qualifying it as "gross" or "net." Now the "net" profits cannot be known from the data at our disposal, and the common business phrase was used without the fear of deceiving anyone.

General Jobson, in his comments in the press on company balance sheets, has several times used the phrase re the brewer balance sheets "the profits as far as they are disclosed." The drink bill as compiled by the Government statistician is most conservative, and it is very much more likely to be £13,000,000 than £11,000,000 per annum. The various prices charged for the same drink, and the varying sizes of the drink, are all in favor of the greatest of all monopolies with the highest profits of all traders, viz., liquor sellers.

THE VINDICATION.

Mr. Coates suggested an appeal to Mr. H. M. Hawkins, but as this gentleman had acted in a judicial capacity on the Compensation Board he had knowledge of a private character which he was pledged not to divulge, and it would have placed him in an invidious position.

WORKING MAN THE GAINER.

"Above all other classes in the community, Labor has gained the most, and has the most to gain from the honest enforcement of Prohibition. The working man has been able by his savings to improve greatly his economic status. He is in better position to withstand unemployment when it comes, and can afford to give his family and himself a greater measure of happiness in the enjoyment of life."—Governor William Sweet, Colorado.

Mr. H. C. Brierley, F.F.I.A., F.I.C.A., a consulting accountant, had Mr. Hammond's statement submitted to him, and we print his verdict:

Dear Mr. Hammond,—In compliance with your request that I should express an opinion upon the figures submitted by you to me, I beg to intimate that in my opinion you considerably understated the gross profits for the year 1920-21 upon alcoholic liquors in New South Wales, as shown in the "Official Year Book of the Commonwealth of Australia."

The correct figures are:

COST.	
Breweries: Total value output	£2,515,224
Distilleries, Ditto	87,797
	£2,603,021

Added to which is the value of imports of alcoholic liquors, the total for the Commonwealth being £2,000,248, and as the consumption in New South Wales cannot be estimated as more than one-half of the total, roughly £1,000,000 should be added. To this should be added the value of wines produced in New South Wales, viz., £123,580, making the total cost £3,726,601.

As the Government Statistician's estimate of the liquor bill for that year is £11,034,000, the gross profit may (for all practical purposes) be stated as £7,307,399, not only £6,000,000, as shown in the "41st Annual Report of the New South Wales Alliance," nor £5,199,873, as contained in your letter to the "Daily Telegraph." Of course, if it were possible to obtain an exact statement of the value of stocks held at the beginning and close of the year, there would be a variation of these figures, but, for a rough statement, my view is that you were justified in adopting your method of calculation.

Your error in understating the amount of gross profit is quite excusable, as the manner in which the tables of the "Year Book" are framed would make it appear that after the "Total value of output" there was to be added the "value added by processes of manufacture," and you included the total of imports instead of the New South Wales proportion only. But as your mistake was (as a matter of controversy) to the benefit of your opponent (Mr. Coates) there does not appear to be the slightest justification for the suggestion that your statement was unfair to the liquor trade.

Indeed, I am of the opinion that your figures are morally justified to the extent of calling for the payment over of the £50 contributed by Mr. Coates' friends.—Yours faithfully,

H. C. BRIERLEY, F.F.I.A., F.I.C.A.,
July 18. Consulting Accountant.

PERMANENT.

Prohibition is here to stay! It will never be repealed! I say that in spite of the fact that, as an Assistant Attorney-General of the United States, I am constantly brought in contact with numberless examples of violation.—Mabel Walker Willebrandt.

**SUPPORT
OUR
ADVERTISERS.**

ADIEU, R. J. C. BUTLER.

On Wednesday, July 23, a large gathering in St. Barnabas' School Hall presented Mr. Butler with a beautifully illuminated address, in which appreciation was expressed both for the service he had rendered Prohibition and also the help he had been to men at the Inspirational Men's Meeting for which he was responsible during Mr. Hammond's long absence on his world tour. In addition a substantial cheque was handed to Mr. Butler.

On Friday some members of the Alliance staff presented Mr. Butler with a handsome leather bag, and he was the guest of a few of his friends at lunch at Farmers'. It was with sincere good feeling that those who were present said: "God be with you."

"GRIT" SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Received to 25/7/24, and where not mentioned the amount received is 10/-: Miss Martin, 21/7/25.

The following are paid to 30/12/24: B. Anderson, Keith Ross, R. H. Penny, Rev. Varcoe Cocks, C. J. Garland, Cecil Macauley (£1 2s. 7d.), T. Bembrick.

DEATHS FROM RUM ARE DECREASING.

Deaths from alcoholism among 15,000,000 industrial policy holders of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company decreased 17.5 per cent. during the first quarter of 1924 as compared to the same period of 1923.

The death rate from alcoholism so far in 1924 is 2.8 per 100,000 among its policy holders, the company said.—News item, Washington (D.C.) "News."

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WHEN IN NEED OF
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THE BOWERY.

A SURVEY OF THAT NOTORIOUS DISTRICT, COMPARING PRESENT CONDITIONS WITH THOSE OF PRE-PROHIBITION DAYS.—COMPILED BY ROBERT E. CORRADINI, RESEARCH SECRETARY OF THE WORLD LEAGUE AGAINST ALCOHOLISM.

In every city of considerable size, before the days of Prohibition, there was a district where visitors, whose fair opinion was desired, were never taken and about which officials never boasted. New York City, being as human as any other city, had such a spot. It was called "The Bowery." Here it was that one saw the finished products of the liquor traffic. Here it was that the saloon flourished in all its glory—or shame. Here all life revolved around it; here, the bar was the hub of daily activities, the heart of all community life; indeed, the very *raison d'être*. How has Prohibition affected the Bowery?

FLOTSAM.

What was the Bowery life before Prohibition? This short thoroughfare is less than a mile long, beginning at Chatham Square, only a short distance above the New York financial district, and extending for twelve blocks to Cooper's Square. To the east of the Bowery is the New York Ghetto, a typical Jewish town. One block west of the Bowery one enters "Little Italy." The southernmost end of the Bowery forms the beginning of Chinatown. The whole is part of the lower East Side, where all tongues—even English sometimes—are spoken, all standards of living found, all creeds known and ignored. It is here where, within one square mile, half a million people exist.

The Bowery catered to the masses of men whose families were far away—often beyond the seas; to pleasure seekers far and near. It provided an outlet for the pent-up passions and thirst of the sailors navigating the "Seven Seas," when their drunkenness was still proverbial; here might have been found the soiled and faded roses tossed from Broadway. The Bowery was the last haven for

derelicts; here Bacchus and Gambrinus reigned supreme over helpless subjects. Here was Mike McGurk's suicide hall—of infamous repute and unsavory memory—where one heard across the bar the raucous squawks of its denizens, while in the rear of the saloon some unfortunate who had lost in the struggle lowered the curtain on her miserable existence.

Bordering on The Bowery was Nigger Mike's place, whose owner had the distinction of having committed every crime in the calendar except treason and murder. Again here once flourished the old Kelly saloon, where many a "schooner sailed across the bar" and business was interrupted now and then only long enough to spring the trapdoor in the basement and thus despatch into the Great Beyond a hopeless one who had outlived his or her usefulness. All declining roads led to The Bowery. There were the haunts of the crooked politicians, the rendezvous of the underworld. Thither fled the fugitive from justice. There the weak, the outcast, were drawn into the swirling current of a deadly whirlpool. There human parasites preyed upon their fellowmen. There was the Mecca of the devotees of passion; the cesspool of drugs, drink and immorality. There humanity forgot its sorrows in a mirage of happiness.

In the year 1886 there were 97 bar-rooms facing The Bowery. Some blocks had as many as 17, and the 24 blocks on The Bowery housed over 200 saloons. In 1896 the Excise law was passed, and since then the number of saloons has been reduced.

In 1914 there were on The Bowery 40 bars licensed to sell alcoholic beverages. In 1916 the number had increased to 44. This was the last full "wet" year. Just before

Prohibition went into effect The Bowery had changed considerably, but there were still over forty saloons doing business. Drunkenness was still the order of the day; immorality was commonplace; the derelicts crowded the bread line and filled the rescue missions, and the pedestrian was stopped at every block for the "price of a cup of coffee."

It was not uncommon to find five or six saloons on one block facing The Bowery. As to the characters one met—both men and women—they defy description. The old dilapidated, nauseating bar-rooms reeked with the stench of accumulated filth, and the cheap, unsanitary, but very lively, lodging-houses where for 10 cents or 15 cents one could get a bed for a night.

JETSAM.

Prohibition did not come suddenly in New York. The city had a weaning period from spring, 1917, to summer, 1919. The Federal Government, always watchful for the youth entrusted to the Army and Navy, saw to it that the law was enforced even in New York. This meant a real house-cleaning for The Bowery. Many of the habitués went to fight and some even to work. Finding three good meals a day, good clothes and a sober and clean environment agreeable, and encouraged by the jingle of some change in their pockets, many turned their back on The Bowery for all time and faced a better world. A few, alas! drifted back, but even they found the change pleasing. Many of the old rummies still cling tenaciously to their beloved Bowery, but no longer idle their evenings away at the bar—they may be found in a lunch-room or at the movies, but very rarely in a saloon. Furthermore, there are no saloons on The Bowery to-day worthy of the name.

Four years of Prohibition have reduced the saloons to an even six. It should be added that five of them are about as unattractive, filthy and dilapidated as bar-rooms can be. These six barnacles cling to the older order. Some of them are owned by brewers and some of them by barkeepers who are waiting for a good chance to sell.

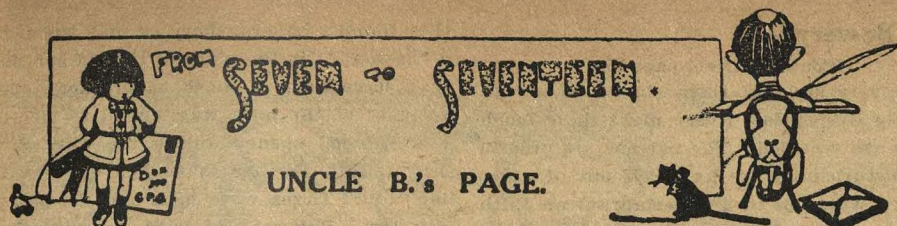
SUBSTITUTES.

What is taking the place of the saloons? None are for rent! On the first day of May one saloon went out of business. As the old fixtures were being removed through the rear door, a truck in front was discharging the paraphernalia of a new paper concern which was to occupy the place. Thus they pass "unwept, unhonored and unsung."

BREAD LINE GONE.

Since Prohibition went into effect the bread line has discontinued in spite of the crisis of unemployment we went through. The former patrons of the bread line are to-day the neophytes of the lunch rooms, and how they do love to put out of sight the heaps of doughnuts and crullers moistened by a swallow of—Java coffee at three cents a cup!

(Continued on page 12.)



UNCLE B.'s PAGE.

All boys and girls between the age of seven and seventeen are invited to join the family of Uncle B. Write only on one side of the paper. Send the date of your birthday. There is no fee to pay. If you do not write for three months you are a "scallywag."

Address all letters to Uncle B., Box 390 G.P.O., Sydney.

SOUNDS GOOD, BUT IS NOT TRUE.

Things are not always what they seem. As the old proverb says, "All that glitters is not gold." A man who is a carpenter, but once was a ranchman, tells with proper solemnity how he once had the brilliant idea of saving the trouble and expense of bean-poles by planting a sunflower seed in each hill of beans. The plan at the start promised to be a great success. The sunflowers came up first and were two feet or so high before the beans needed support. When the time came for it they twined themselves gratefully and confidently around the sunflower stalks, and all seemed to be going exactly as the inventor of the scheme had expected. But then came the disaster. The sunflowers grew faster than the beans did, and the latter, not being able to let go, were pulled up by the roots!

That is a good tale, and its merit is hardly decreased by the little fact that nothing of the kind could possibly happen. It will be accepted as at least plausible by all of the large number of people who do not know that plants and trees grow only, or almost only, at their ends, and that the stalks of the one and the trunks of the other, once formed and hardened, ascend no more, but stay at exactly the altitude first attained.

They seem to rise merely because the lower leaves and branches die off as others are added above.

It is always a good thing to ask questions, to insist on knowing why and who says so.

UNCLE B.

OUR LETTER BAG.

FAIRLY BIG.

I. Armstrong, "Rosedale," McKee's Hill, writes: I must be a fairly big scallywag by this, for I have really no excuse for not writing; but will you kindly cross by name off the scallywag list? There has been a lot of rain lately, but we had none to-day so far, but it is still cloudy and I suppose we will have more to-night. We have a lot of sweet turnips, and are transplanting some at the present time. Dad has a big paddock of oats, it is about a little over a foot high

now. We have a garden with a lot of sweetpeas out. They look very pretty. We are making another garden (vegetable and flower). My mother has a hen and a dear little cluster of ten chicks (for one was killed by a hawk). They are a nuisance, though, for they are always getting in the garden. We are going to have our Sunday school exam. at the end of August. We are having our holidays now. We have a lot of corn to husk. We husked a good deal, but there is a lot more. There was a night for the Sunday school children up at Clementson's. We had great games. We brought up the bobs, and other children brought up other games. We played blind man's buff, too, which caused much fun.

(Dear I.,—Yes, you are "fairly big" as a scallywag, but now you have evaporated from the list. So you guessed Tom's riddle. "Yet" was the dog. Well, I never guessed that. I suppose because I never heard of a dog with such a name.—Uncle B.)

* * *

SAFETY FIRST.

Margery Armstrong, "Rosedale," McKees Hill, writes: Did you receive my letter? I wrote to you somewhere near the end of April but haven't seen my letter in "Grit" so far. I thought perhaps it might not have reached you, and I want to be off the scallywag list if it didn't, you know. The place is horribly wet just at present; we've had two lots of general rain in less than a month, Uncle, and the water just won't dry up. I suppose we ought to be thankful to get the rain, but still it's a nuisance as well you know; one can't get about too much on foot. Each Sunday I drive my sister and brother to Sunday school. We all like it, too. About fifteen or seventeen is the average number, and my word we do enjoy ourselves. Occasionally we drive down to church afterwards. At our Sunday school teacher's house we had a nice evening last Tuesday. It was our Children's Club, and somewhere near thirty children attended. The boys and girls played table games together. One party would be playing bobs, another ludo, some others snakes and ladders, draughts, funny family, Peter's trip to New York, chess, and so on. There were a few who played cards as well. Then when we tired of this we'd play spin the plate, puss in the corner, blind man's bluff, and other indoor games. We would have played moonlight games only the moon was hidden under clouds most of the time. All families brought along a collection of table games. We brought bobs, two lots of draughts, two packs of cards, and a few odd things besides. We concluded by having supper.

(Dear Margery,—You were a wise girl as

well as a nice one to write at once when you found your letter had not appeared in "Grit." Some of my Ne's and Ni's get huffy and say, "Well, if my letter was not printed I won't write again." There are all sorts of reasons why a letter does not appear—sometimes it arrives, sometimes it is written on both sides of the paper and is held back, sometimes it gets crowded out, etc., etc. So I hope others will follow your example.—Uncle B.)

* * *

THE MEETINGS ARE LOVELY.

Edith Newman, Rous, writes: It is a long time since I last wrote to you. I think I must be on the scallywag list. If so, please cross me off. We are all well except for colds. When my sister last wrote she said our cousin had scarlet fever. Well, she is better now; she has been going to school for a long time. Mother and my sister and brother are going to a mission at Alstonville to-night. I went last night and Mr. Preston sang a couple of solos. He sings nicely. I wish I could sing as well. There has been a lot of converts. The meetings are lovely. Wouldn't it be nice if you could be here to help with it. I am sure you would enjoy the meetings. Well, Uncle, I must close now, with love to all my "Grit" cousins and yourself.

(Dear Edith,—Thank you for your letter. I am glad you find the mission meetings lovely, and we all hope it was a deep and lasting success. Tell us more about it.—Uncle B.)

* * *

A SEAL'S DINNER.

Marjorie Peacock, The Parsonage, Lakemba, writes: I am afraid I am on the scallywag list. Please write an answer at the end of my letter if I am, Uncle. We had a lovely picnic at Taronga Park to-day and saw the seals getting fed at 3.30 p.m. Then we went home and told father what they had. They had two kerosene tins full of fish; I do not know how many. Very well, Uncle, don't forget to write and tell when I am a scallywag. I have no more news, so I must shut up my letter and say good-bye.

(Dear Marjorie,—Thank you for your letter. You are not a scallywag as far as I am concerned. I do not know if your father agrees with me! What a comfort to be Mr. Seal—no cooking and on washing up.—Uncle B.)

TO PARENTS.

Have you realised the importance of instructing your children in matters of sex which every child has a right to know in a clean, wholesome manner? If you want help write to us for some of our penny booklets, and send one shilling in postal note or stamps, with your full address. We can supply booklets for Parents, Boys, Girls, Youths and Maidens. You will never miss a shilling so spent, and your children in years to come will thank you heartily. Rev. R. B. S. Hammond has been using them for past 24 years.

The Australasian White Cross League,

56 ELIZABETH-STREET, SYDNEY.

W. E. WILSON, Hon. Secretary.

Our Young People's Department—

(Continued from page 4.)

Greenwich News.—Our beloved colleague in youths' cause, Mrs. Moppett, has written us a most interesting letter, in which we are told of a local effort to purchase and erect a drinking fountain on the Greenwich-road as a permanent memorial for the "New Day" Crusaders. An entertainment is to be held on Saturday, July 26, to complete the amount needed to purchase the fountain, and a gala day on Saturday, September 20, at which the fountain will be unveiled. We would say to others, "Go thou and do likewise." Do you not think this is a splendidly appropriate method of attracting attention to our work? There are some fine Crusaders at Greenwich, not the least of whom is one little chap who took a book of "mille-of-pennies" to dispose of, but as he was only a working lad with few opportunities to sell his tickets, he paid for the whole book (10/-) out of his savings! There's a vein of gold in a character of this kind which will go to the enrichment of the world as it broadens and deepens with manhood's years.

Delegates to Conference.—You will be interested to hear that the following members of the Y.P.P. Council have been appointed to attend the Fourth Annual Conference of the Australian Band of Hope and Young Peoples' Union, which is to be held in Melbourne from September 6 to 10: Rev. Thomas Davies, Mr. D. H. Hardy, Miss George, Mrs. Stupart, Mr. Rushton, Rev. G. Thompson, Mr. Beaumont, Mr. A. C. Hammond.

The Director does not go as a delegate, but as President of the Union.

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The Bowery—

(Continued from page 10.)

The very sight of them should be a sure cure for dyspepsia. Every night these lunch rooms are crowded. The patrons are orderly and disturbances are as much out of order as they would be in any restaurant on Fifth Avenue. The lunch room has substituted the barroom. On the Bowery there are to-day more eating places than there were saloons six years ago.

Aside from the lunch rooms, the rescue missions, the Salvation Army hotel and the lodging-houses have entirely supplanted the gin mills.

Before Prohibition many good people were worried about the disappearance of the "poor man's club," and certain Labor leaders, with moist idiosyncrasies, predicted all kinds of dire consequences. The problem took care of itself. Those qualities which made the bartender popular behind the mahogany bar are better appreciated and rewarded behind the lunch or ice cream counter. The assertion or belief that men really like to wallow in the mire of the barroom belongs to the days of "Sodom and Gomorrah." The belief that these people, because they were reared in this environment or drifted thither on account of some upheaval with which they were unable to cope—the belief that any man really prefers this kind of limited semi-barbaric existence—is sheer nonsense. Witness the drunkard of yesterday—adorned in white collar, multi-colored silk shirt, with stiff hat, brown shoes, a "nobby" suit and Tutankhamen necktie, a trifle gaudy, somewhat loud—screaming if you please—but it heralds the awakening of a man.

Few things are so pathetic as the apologia of those who claimed a few years ago that the war was the beginning of a spiritual awakening such as had never been known in the history of man. The war came and passed and we drifted back from the high idealism and patriotism of 1917 and 1918. The only redeeming force has been Prohibition.

THE REAL VALUE OF PROHIBITION.

The value of Prohibition is evident on the Bowery. The war awakened the latent forces of the denizens of the lower East Side, but it was Prohibition which eliminated the conditions which characterised the old order. What if after the war, and the period of high wages, our lads had returned to the cheap shows, dance and music halls of the Bowery? What if forty or fifty saloons had had to compete for their patronage? What would have become of the moral and spiritual gain these boys got during the war? As far as the Bowery is concerned it has demonstrated that the liquor traffic was the power of cohesion for all that was vile, vulgar and sordid, and Prohibition has proven to be the disintegrating force of it all. The saloon was the hub around which all vice revolved. Prohibition blasted it into smithereens. When the boys returned

they found a haberdashery (it may have been a "hashery") in the place of the old bar, or it may have been a glass or crockery store. In spite of the high wages paid to men, no new saloons opened during the war. Since July 1, 1919, the bars have just been "petering" out. Taxes were high and the patronage low. The saloons tried to circumvent the law, but it became harder "every day in every way." Besides, bootleg prices jumped beyond the seventh sky and the quality descended below the grade of embalming fluid.

What the war started, Prohibition finished. It cut off the supply of boys, and the few remaining bars are kept alive only by the old cronies.

IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT TO THRIFTY HOUSEWIVES

We have decided to inaugurate a Bonus System whereby regular purchasers of

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GREER'S HOUSEHOLD AMMONIA

and to enable you to begin the collection of coupons now and from present stocks certain labels from packets, tins, and bottles will be accepted as coupons. When present stocks are exhausted they will be replaced with coupon labels attached.

Full particulars of these labels and of how to obtain the presents are set forth on the second page of the Preliminary Catalogue, which may be obtained at your Store, or by letter from

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The Preliminary Catalogue, however, is very incomplete. To realise the wide range and excellent quality and value of these presents we invite you to visit our Showrooms at

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Everybody should read "The Dawning of That Day"—an inspiring and arresting book, dealing with the world's fast approaching and most stupendous crisis. Send 1/7 to your bookseller for a copy, or to the author, Rev. H. G. J. Howe, Rectory, Gladesville, N.S.W.

**WAKEFUL FEATURE.**

Mother: "Is daddy asleep?"

Betty: "Yes, mother—all except his nose."

* * *

KEEPING DOWN COSTS.

"Why did Ikey invite only married people to his wedding?"

"Well, in that way he figured that all the presents would be clear profit."

* * *

ONE DRAWBACK.

Musician (doing badly): "Ah, gentlemen, if we all 'ad our rights, I should be ridin' in me own carriage as I 'ave done before."

Sceptic: "Yus, but your poor old mother couldn't push you now!"

* * *

UP TO HER.

Nervous Woman (to persistent beggar): "If I give you a piece of pudding, you'll never return, will you?"

Beggar: "Well, lady, you know your pudding better than I do."

* * *

THAT KIND OF FACE.

"Is this a portrait of your fiancée?"

"Yes."

"I suppose she must be very wealthy."

* * *

WELL TIMED.

Doctor: "You are all right. Your pulse is as regular as clockwork."

Patient: "You have hold of my wrist-watch."

* * *

NO BACKING OUT NOW.

She: "If wishes came true, what would be your first?"

He: "I would wish—ah, if only I dared tell you."

She: "Go on, go on. What do you think I brought up wishing for?"

PERFUME A LA MODE.

"And there was an odor that lurked about her. It was rich and comforting. Once, when he leaned toward her, he thought she smelled sweetly of new milk and fresh young onions and clean-turned sod."

* * *

GARDEN HINT.

"How did you manage to get the weeds down so well in your garden?"

"I blindfolded the neighbor's hens and they scratched out as many weeds as they did vegetables."

* * *

THE CONVERSATION ENDED.

Fatleigh: "I know a man who looks so much like you that one could hardly tell you apart."

Thinleigh: "You haven't paid him that ten dollars I lent you three months ago, have you?"

* * *

A TOUCH OF FRIENDSHIP.

A friend in need is a friend to avoid.

* * *

SLOWER IS SAFER.

They had had one of their usual tiffs because hubby was home late for dinner. "You're always late," she said indignantly. "You were late at the church the day we were married."

"Yes, he answered bitterly, "but I wasn't late enough."

* * *

UPSIDE DOWN.

Mrs. Brown: "I admire Dr. Young immensely. He is so perservering in the face of difficulties that he always reminds me of Patience sitting on a monument."

Mr. Brown: "Yes; but what I am becoming rather alarmed about is the number of monuments sitting on his patients."

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**SWEDISH DRYs TO BE ACTIVE THIS YEAR.**

Foes of the liquor traffic in Sweden are uniting for a fight this year for a sober nation, according to David Ostlund, representative of the World League Against Alcoholism in Scandinavian countries. During September the election of 230 members of Parliament will be held. The drys hope to improve their standing in the legislative body materially, and expect that the newly-elected Parliament which will meet in the beginning of 1925 will be dry enough to enact important reforms looking toward national sobriety. Material changes in legislation are not expected from the present Parliament. The eleventh congress for Prohibition was held in Stockholm, February 9-11. Formerly such congresses were attended only by the temperance organisations in Sweden, including the Good Templars and similar bodies. Now, however, the dry forces include the church bodies, united by and through the Anti-Saloon League of Sweden.

During January the Anti-Saloon League of Sweden held its fourth annual meeting. The officers of the League were re-elected and the reports of the work for the previous year showed progress. The financial status of the League was reported as being satisfying.

BELGIUM DEPUTY STARTS PROJECT FOR DRY NATION.

Emilde Vandervelde has announced in the Chamber of Deputies, Brussels, that he will move for the enactment of a dry law in Belgium after the pattern of the Volstead Act. The announcement came in the course of a debate on the Theunis measure for increasing the duty on alcohol for consumption by sixty centimes a liter.

Mr. Theunis declared that the proposed increase would bring into the Treasury about 9,000,000 francs. The measure was passed by a large majority. During the discussion Mr. Vandervelde declared he would soon ask for the suppression of the provision for allowing private individuals to buy not less than two liters of alcohol in shops, when sales were forbidden in restaurants and hotels.

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DAILY INSPIRATION.

By FAIRELIE THORNTON.

SUNDAY.

"We know that we have passed from death unto life."

There is an old hymn in one of our hymn books—by Cowper, I think, probably written in one of his desponding fits—which runs thus:

"'Tis a point I long to know,
Oft it causes anxious thought,
Do I love the Lord or no,
Am I His, or am I not?"

Many Christians sing this, thinking it is quite the natural experience of the Christian; but the Apostle Paul rings no such uncertain note. "I know Whom I have believed," he says, "and am persuaded that He is able to keep that which I have committed to Him." Looking away from self, which this hymn seems to be centred on, he looked to Him in whom he trusted, and knew He was able to keep. The question should be not so much "Do I love the Lord?" but "Does He love me?" "We love Him because He first loved us"; but our salvation does not rest in our love, poor and fitful as it is. "Am I His?" Yes, of course, you are, whether you realise it or not. You are His by creation, redemption, and adoption. His by right of purchase, whether you recognise that right or not. You may wander away and refuse to acknowledge Him as your Father, you may be a prodigal son, but He is still your Father, and you have only to arise and go to Him to be welcomed with outstretched arms. Never mind about feeling for your love to Him. He loves, that is sufficient. The prodigal, when he came to himself, did not say, "Do I love my Father? I am afraid I don't, or I should never have run away from him. I love myself best." No, he just arose without giving it a second thought. The father did not say before welcoming him back, "Do you love me, son? I fear it is only a love of self, returning to me." No, He did not wait even for him to finish his sentence, but he took him to his heart and home at once. Think you, God is less kind? Did He not Himself give this illustration? Your part is all to trust Him, and leave the rest with Him.

MONDAY.

"We love Him because He first loved us."
—1 John, 4, 19.

How can I get more love to Thee, O Christ?
Only by thinking of Thy great love unpriced.
Just in proportion as Thy love I see,
So will my love to my Redeemer be.

Satan will tempt us oft, to look within,
To find some merit there Thy love to win.
Alas! we find no cause for such love there.
Looking at self will bring our souls despair.

Thou lovest us, O Lord, we know not why,
Save that we needed Thee for us to die.
This was the fruit of Thy great love to us,
And only could we see its greatness thus.

—From "Love Divine."

TUESDAY.

"Put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ."—Rom., 13, 14.

To "put on" is another name for hypocrisy as a rule; to appear what we are not, to say what we do not mean, justly meets the condemnation of all. Yet I sometimes wonder if there were not pretence in this world what it would really be like. To seem amiable when we feel the reverse; to appear cheerful for the sake of others when some sorrow is gnawing away at our hearts; to hide the sting which wounds us; to conceal

the pain we feel, becomes sometimes more of a virtue than exhibiting our real feelings. What is courtesy as a rule, than a putting on of good manners? What is thoughtfulness for others but a repression of the innate selfish feeling? So, we are told to put off the old nature; to repress the natural instincts to anger and revenge and all uncharitableness, and to put on "the mind which was in Christ Jesus." Meekness, when we feel the reverse, humbleness of mind when pride would rear her ugly head; gentleness when others provoke us and we feel tempted to retaliate. Yes, we "put on" these virtues, until they become habitual, and what some may call hypocrisy or pretence, is real and true. We cannot put these on of ourselves. We must ask Christ to clothe us with His Spirit, so that the old man is crucified with Christ and no longer asserts itself. So shall we be able to say, "I live, yet not I, for Christ liveth in me."

WEDNESDAY.

"Put on therefore as the elect of God, holy and beloved, a heart of compassion, kindness, humility, meekness, long suffering, forbearing one another, and forgiving each other, if any man have a complaint against any; even as the Lord forgave you, so also do ye. And above all these things, put on love, which is the bond of perfectness."—Col., 3, 12.

THURSDAY.

When we're feeling rather horrid, and all things are out of joint,
When our task seems simply hopeless which the Master doth appoint.
Let's put on the trusting spirit, leaving everything with Him,
Walking on by faith believing though our earthly sight be dim.

Let's pretend we're feeling happy when we're feeling rather glum,
For the grumbling habit ceases when these lips of ours are dumb.
Let us bravely bear life's changes, for we're told what can't be cured,
Until God sees fit to change it, must be patiently endured.

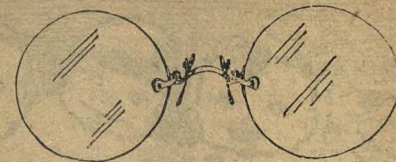
Let's "put on" the kindly spirit when some foe has crossed our path
Wrecking all life's hopes of gladness, and the heart cries out in wrath.
Let's "put on" until we feel it, that we love him even yet;
For the hatred dies, uncherished, and its loss we'll ne'er regret.

Let's "put on" we're glad and joyous, when some hope within us dies,
For we know that some new blessing comes for everyone that flies.
Let's "put on" until we pretension is indeed the real fact;
For it is the heart's intention that doth make the deed or act.

FRIDAY.

"The joy of the Lord is your strength."—Neh., 8, 10.

The people had been hearing the law of God read, and were weeping on account of their sin. But Nehemiah said, "This day is holy unto the Lord your God; mourn not nor weep." For all the people wept when they heard the words of the law, they were to stop weeping, and instead send portions to those for whom nothing was prepared. "Neither," said he, "be ye sorry; for the joy of the Lord is your strength." Joy brings strength. "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine."



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But what is it that brings most joy into life? Is it not love? Love which flows from a sense of God's love to us and overflows in acts of love to others. This brings the truest happiness this earth can know, and this happiness brings health and strength to the soul. We share the joy of the Lord in doing good to others, and in watering others our souls become like a watered garden, bringing forth all the fruits of righteousness. "The joy of the Lord is your strength. Sorrow will sap the vitality and rob us of our strength." "Neither be ye sorry."

SATURDAY.

What is it that brings most bliss
In this world of grief and care?
Is it not in knowing this:
That in someone's love we share?

Where is there worse misery
Than when love has been betrayed?
All the woes this world can see
Have by want of love been made.

But with love to light our way,
Strength and energy are given;
But one love alone can stay—
And that love must come from heaven.

In HIS love we can rejoice,
Other joys must pass away.
Having made ourselves His choice,
This shall be our strength and stay.

Have you read "Love" and "Love Divine," by Fairelie Thornton (writer of "Daily Inspiration")? Get a copy to-day from Methodist Book Depot, 381 George-street, Sydney (1/6 each).

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Drunken Orgy in Domain—

(Continued from page 6.)

DRUNKEN DRIVERS. Attention has been repeatedly directed on this page to the numerous cases in which men have been cited before the courts for being in charge of vehicles whilst under the influence of liquor. At the Newtown Court the other day Charles William Wackwell, a greengrocer, was fined £5 for this offence, and at the Central Court Bryan Darwin Healy, described as a traveller, was remanded on a charge of being drunk whilst in control of a motor car, the remand in this instance being due to the fact that a man was knocked down and injured. We can only repeat what we have said so often before, namely that the penalties inflicted in such cases are not adequate to the seriousness of the offence. The danger to the public is a very real one when intoxicated men are in charge of vehicles in public thoroughfares, and it is high time that imprisonment without the option of a fine was the recognised penalty for this sort of offence. Most people don't care a rap about a fine and are not in the least deterred from excessive drinking by the imposition of fines. The fault with a great deal of our police law is that it is neither deterrent nor reformatory.

TWO MORE CASES.

In support of what we have just said, we quote two more cases of the same sort which have lately occupied the attention of our magistrates. In the first, Walter Aldridge Allen, 44 years of age, a traveller, was fined £5 and costs, or one month, for having driven a motor car in O'Connell-street while under the influence of liquor. He was fined £5 when he ought to have been sent to prison. O'Connell-street is a busy thoroughfare with a steep gradient running down into Pitt-street, and we can imagine no situation in which the danger to life and limb for passing pedestrians could be more imminent. At the Newtown Court Mr. Hawkins, S.M., fined Jeremiah Casey £5 for being intoxicated whilst in charge of a horse and cart. He was so drunk that he could exercise no control over the vehicle, which was swerving about all over the road. This was Casey's second offence of the same sort. Under the circumstances, it is hard to see what good a £5 fine does. The fines system is bad. It really amounts in practice to paying a license fee to do wrong.

DEATH IN A CELL.

From time to time we have directed attention to cases in which drunken men have died in police cells through lack of adequate medical attention, and another case of the same sort occurred the other day when Herbert Anderson, a laborer at the Cordeaux Dam, was found dead in the cells at Regent-street after having been arrested in the morning on a charge of drunkenness. It seems to us that happenings of

this sort ought to be investigated with the utmost rigor and severity. They occur altogether too frequently, and seem to indicate that the attitude of the official mind is that anything is good enough for a drunk. That is not so, and it is sheer barbarity to disregard the physical condition of a man under the influence of drink. It is impossible to tell beforehand what the effect may be when the drink "dies" on a man—that is the accepted phrase—and the police ought to have positive instructions to make the most careful examination of drunken men, and, in case of doubt, to call a doctor. Where neglect to do this results in death, the responsible officer should be indicted for manslaughter. The way in which some of the police handle drunks is an outrage upon humanity.

BRAWL IN A RESTAURANT.

Campbell-street is not one of the most desirable thoroughfares in the city. It is often the resort of all sorts of crooks and Spielers, and has an unsavory reputation. Nevertheless, the law is current there as it is elsewhere, and when a drunken man obtains a meal at a restaurant, refuses to pay for it, and assaults the proprietor, he must expect to pay the penalty. That is what happened at the Commonwealth Restaurant a few days ago. A man named Richard Lewis, aged 56 years, was the culprit, and in his struggles he damaged a plateglass window valued at £25. When a constable arrested him he tendered a shilling as the price of his meal, but this did not excuse him, and he was committed for trial by Mr. Hawkins, S.M. He will have plenty of leisure to think over the folly of excessive drinking for the next few weeks.

DRUNK IN A 'BUS.

Young men who make beasts of themselves in public vehicles ought to be dealt with more severely than appears to be the practice. There is nothing more objectionable to the public, especially the women, than to find the company of a drunken man forced upon them in a railway train, a tram or a 'bus, and when he begins to play up he becomes a positive menace and an intolerable nuisance. The other day a youth named Thomas Craig, aged 19 years, was drunk in a 'bus near Riley-street. An inspector asked for his ticket, whereupon he tore it in half, threw one half on the ground and presented the other. Then he accused the inspector of throwing the ticket on the ground, demanded that the inspector should pick it up, and finally punched the conductor several times. For this exploit he was fined £7 and costs, in default one month, by Mr. Peisley, S.M. It seems to us that here, also, fines are useless. This sort of thing is constantly occurring, and the only way in which the public can be adequately protected is by sending offenders to prison without the option of a fine.

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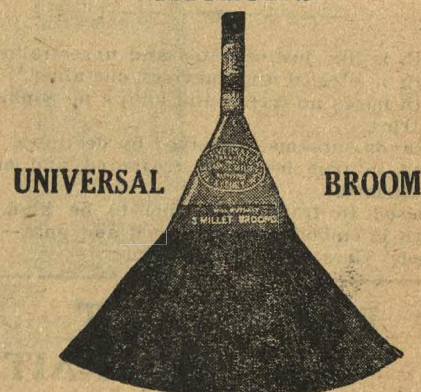
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PASS "GRIT" ON.

JUDGE LINDSEY FOR PROHIBITION.

Says Story that He Condemned Dry Law Not True; Deplores Lax Enforcement.

Washington State papers the latter part of January featured a story in which Judge Ben B. Lindsey of the Denver juvenile court was quoted as an opponent of the Prohibition policy. In view of the fact that it was generally known that Judge Lindsey had been a friend of Prohibition in the days when it was unpopular for a public man to openly espouse that cause, the Washington story attracted wide attention.

American Issue made direct inquiry of Judge Lindsey for verification or refutation of the story. His reply was that the article referred to is misleading, because what is there said refers to his disappointment as to the enforcement of Prohibition and to his disappointment as to his hopes for enforcement.

Referring to the fact that he was one of the original supporters of Prohibition, and that as a candidate for office, he went up and down the State of Colorado advocating the Prohibition law when it was unpopular to do so. He declares, "I was for Prohibition then and I am for Prohibition now, and believe that the elimination of the saloon and its old-time politics is one of the greatest things ever accomplished in this country, and that we owe to Prohibition."

He expressed it as his opinion that it is very difficult to get statistics about the increase or decrease of crime and then say that this is due to the country being either wet or dry.

Truth is like justice, fixed and unrestrained, Truth is eternal and survives unstained, Truth needs no creeds and knows no sophistries,

It stands supreme unswayed by destinies, Truth in true hearts is treasured and enshrined.

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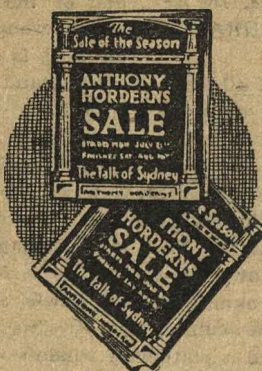
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