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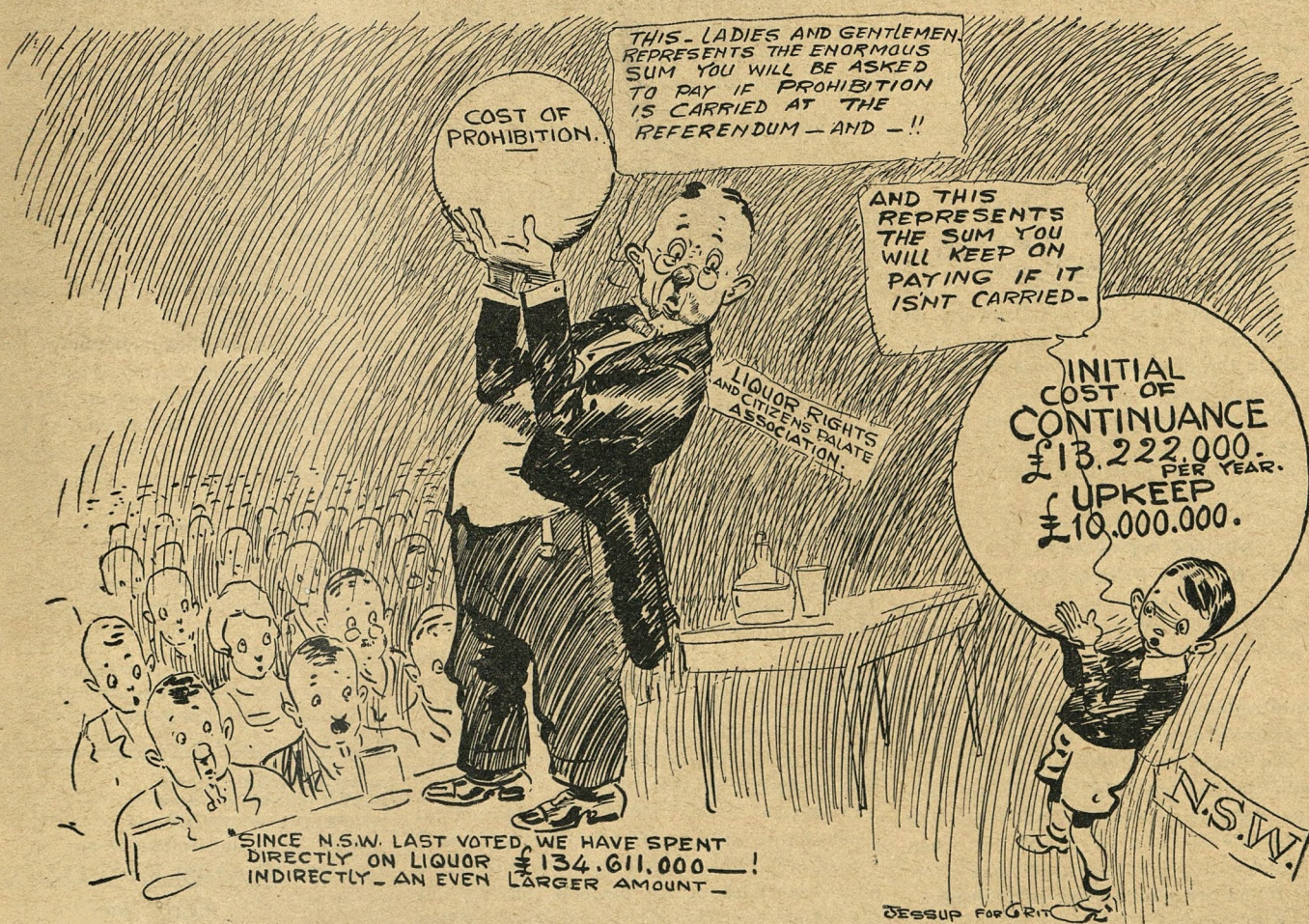
A JOURNAL OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY AND PROHIBITION.

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SYDNEY, MAY 17, 1928.

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DRINK WAS TO BLAME.

THE LIQUOR SELLERS WHO DESECRATED ANZAC DAY.

Day by day the liquor business injures, insults, desecrates and laughs. Greed for money and disregard for human decency combine to make the liquor evil the most serious menace to every decent thing. The following incidents are taken from the daily "wet" press and need no comment:

ON ANZAC DAY. LEGISLATION URGED.

The State executive of the Returned Soldiers' League decided to ask the Government to use legislation to enforce the closing of all hotels on Anzac Day from 6 a.m. until 1 p.m.

Complaints were made that a number of hotelkeepers, including some who had businesses in the most central parts of the city, desecrated the hours occupied by the march and Domain services on Anzac Day, by keeping their bars open to the public.

The secretary, Mr. Stagg, said the League had consented to give the principle of voluntary closing a further trial, after the Anzac Day incident of 1927, but it had hopelessly broken down under the greed for money.

FOOTBALL AND THEATRES.

The metropolitan vice-president, Mr. L. A. Robb, said he would be satisfied if the hotels were forced to close until 1 p.m. It would not be fair to penalise the hotelkeepers, as theatre matinees and football matches were permitted in the afternoon. There should be neither football nor racing on Anzac Day.

Mr. Staff said that he had a list of the offending hotelkeepers. If he had his way a policeman would be posted on each of their doorsteps next Anzac Day.

DRUNK AT WHEEL. WOMAN FINED £20.

Lena Dean, 39 years old, described as a domestic, was fined £20 at the Central Police Court for driving a motor car whilst under the influence of liquor.

William Anderson, a motor driver, said that the defendant obstructed his way in Flinders-street, Darlinghurst. Suddenly she accelerated and collided with his car, causing considerable damage. When he spoke to the woman he saw that she was drunk, but when he returned with a policeman she had gone. He next found her a mile away in Doncaster-avenue, Kensington.

Dean was fined £1 on a second charge of driving without a license. It was stated that she was fined £15 in March for driving whilst under the influence of liquor. On that occasion her license was suspended for 12 months.

"MADE NIGHT HIDEOUS." DRUNKEN DRIVER FINED.

"You are one of those young men who likes driving about at night, making life hideous," said Mr. McMahon, S.M., to William John Moran, 25, at Manly Court. Moran was fined £15, and his license was suspended

for three months beyond the term of its expiration, on a charge of having driven a motor car when under the influence of drink.

MURDER CHARGE.

SEQUEL TO CAMP QUARREL.

West Wyalong.—At an inquest concerning the death of Norman Cook, who died from gunshot wounds received in a railway camp on the Ungarie-Naradhan line, the coroner found that Cook had been murdered by Edward Egan, who was committed for trial.

Richard George Wright, a railway ganger, stated in evidence that on the night of Sunday, April 22, a number of men, including Cook, drove in a car to witness's tent. The men were drunk, and were making a disturbance.

Egan, who was sober, and lived in a nearby tent, asked the men to keep quiet. A quarrel followed, and Cook was found lying on the ground bleeding from gunshot wounds. He died in hospital later.

WIVES COMPLAIN. £30 FOR SLY GROG.

"I have had several complaints from women that their husbands go to defendant's house and come home the worse for drink. I have seen men come out from there as late as 4 o'clock in the morning," said Sergeant Brodie at the North Sydney Police Court, when Martin Clement O'Brien, 37, a billiard-room proprietor, Victoria-avenue, Chatswood, was fined £30, or three months' hard labor, for having illegally sold a flask of whisky.

DRUNKEN DRIVER. CRASHED INTO TRAM.

"He smelt strongly of drink, was unsteady on his feet, and his speech was incoherent," said Constable Frost at the North Sydney Police Court, when Hugh Mack McGonigal was charged with having driven a motor car on April 22 at Cremorne Junction whilst under the influence of drink. A further charge of having driven without a license was preferred against him.

Constable Frost added that McGonigal crashed into the rear of a stationary tram.

Inspector Gibson: The defendant took the motor car without the owner's consent, but the owner has declined to prosecute. When McGonigal was searched a bottle of beer and a bottle of whisky were found on him.

McGonigal was fined £15, or six months'

hard labor, for the drunken driving; £2, or four days, for not having a license; and was disqualified from holding a license for 12 months.

DRIVER FINED £20. LICENSE CANCELLED.

A fine of £20 was imposed by Mr. Perry, S.M., on Henry Scott Sawyer, 30, laborer who pleaded guilty, at Newtown Court, to a charge of having driven a car in King-street, St. Peters, last Saturday while drunk. Defendant's license was also suspended till its expiration in February next, and he was disqualified from holding another license for a further three months after that date.

DRUNKEN DRIVER FINED.

West Maitland.—Leslie Joseph Mullins, 20, of Wickham, was fined £15 at Maitland Police Court for driving a car whilst under the influence of liquor.

His license was suspended and he is to be prevented from holding another for 12 months after the expiry of his present license.

HOW DID MRS. WHITTAKER DIE?

When Mrs. Lorane Mary Whittaker was found dead in the bedroom of her house at Bellevue Hill with bruises on her head, the police arrested the husband, Alexander Lindsay Whittaker (31), paymaster, who, before Mr. Justice Ferguson, pleaded not guilty to a charge of wilful murder.

Giving evidence, Whittaker denied doing his wife any physical injury. His story was that she had become addicted to drink, and that on the night of the tragedy he found her lying face downwards on the floor.

He tried to get a doctor on the 'phone, but failed, and then he drove to his father-in-law's home and told him that his wife was dead.

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HOLDING A JOB.

HAS PROHIBITION HELPED?

By JACK CREAGH.

Every "wet," and, of course, every "dry," admits that a great benefit was conferred on the United States when the corner saloon was closed by Prohibition. I say every "wet," because in my long sojourn in the States I have never seen in print, and I have never heard with my ears, anyone suggest otherwise.

Now, what were the chief evils of the old saloon? First, the evil of drinking alcoholic liquors at any time; second, the saloon made the drinking of such liquors a social institution. The chief agent for trouble was the shouting habit, only possible by the use of a legalised meeting place for those who drank booze. It is often said that the saloon was, in U.S.A., and is now in "wet" places, the working man's club. Well, that may be, but it is a bad form of club, as anyone knows who is conversant with the saloon. The surroundings are bad, and the comfort of an ordinary club is missing. Go into any working man's bar in any saloon in Sydney or any other place, and you will soon see that the working man's comfort is not thought of. The only thing catered for is his thirst, and that is catered for because of the money there is in it for the person, or persons, who own the business.

NO CHAIRS, OR FEW, IN BARS.

I was once speaking to a crowd in Manly. One of my audience put up the working man's club theory. I challenged the man to go with me after the meeting, so that we could visit every bar in the main street in Manly. That visit made my interjector a Prohibitionist. Every bar was crowded; many men, and in three instances women, were intoxicated. There weren't twenty chairs in all the public—or workmen's—bars. The atmosphere was vile from the smoke and fumes of alcohol. The air was bad from the static caused by bad language.

Sure the private—or saloon—bars had more comfort, but those bars were for the upper classes. Yes, sir, my friend who interjected was converted. And many more who vote "wet" in Aussie and New Zealand, but who never frequent the bars, would be converted if they took a quiet look around. The statement put forward by the trade, and by other biased or unthinking persons, that the saloon bar is the workmen's club, is "the bunk."

PROHIBITION.

Its Industrial and Economic Aspects.

The above is the title of a book that has recently been published. The writer is Professor Herman Feldman, of Dartmouth College.

Professor Fisher's "Yale" book, "Prohibition at its Worst," is also a classic, and every thinking man or woman would be wise to get them. Every person actively engaged in the liquor fight should send for them at once. A postal order for four dollars sent to Robert

E. Corradini, 150 Fifth Avenue, would get both. They are worth their weight in gold.

DISCHARGES FOR DRUNKENNESS.

A real workman dreads being discharged, and every man or woman fears discharge for drunkenness more than any other way. Quite an investigation was made by Professor Feldman into this side—"a very important side"—of the liquor problem.

Questionnaires were sent out to a great many employers of labor. Some 300 replied, and only 13 stated that conditions in their plants were worse. The larger number, consisting of 140 firms, "observed a marked re-



duction in the number of discharges for drunkenness since Prohibition."

Let us look at one reply:

A Mid-West branch of the Bell Telephone Company:

The personal executive of a Mid-West branch of the Bell Telephone Company reports his conclusions based upon daily observation of conditions during long service in this concern, and reports there has been an almost entire absence of intoxication on the part of our male workers since Prohibition went into effect, whereas there was a considerable amount in previous years.

You can take it from me that the above is a genuine sample of the records from all telephone companies.

One of the oldest and largest railway companies has kept records since 1915 of those in the train and engine service who had vio-

lated "Rule G," the standard rule of the railroads against drinking. This record likewise shows an encouraging decrease in proportion to its pay-roll.

HERE IS THE TABLE.

Year.	Total number of employees on the pay-roll.	Total number dismissed for violation of Rule G	Per cent. of pay-roll.
1925	13,190	118	.89
1924	13,507	136	1.01
1923	14,877	180	1.21
1922	11,707	81	.69
1921	11,858	85	.72
1920	13,657	112	.82
1919	12,825	146	1.14
1918	14,588	308	2.11
1917	14,172	303	2.14
1916	12,161	294	2.42
1915	8,755	202	2.31

To appreciate the difference Prohibition has made let us dissect the "wet" and "dry" years, and we find:

From 1915 to 1918 inclusive—4 years—

Number of men on roll, 49,676.

Dismissed for drunkenness, 1107.

From 1919 to 1925 inclusive—7 years—

Number of men on roll, 91,621.

Number discharged for drunkenness, 858.

Sure that's great, and the measure of happiness it means in many thousands of homes of these splendid fellows is hard to calculate, but it can be seen and felt by anyone who, like myself, has lived amongst them for such a long period as I have done.

SALOONS FEW; MOVIES AND RESTAURANTS MANY.

The so-called working man's club has gone, and in its place movie shows and restaurants have taken their place, and the change is sure for the better. They provide comfortable seats, good entertainment, and at the finish a sober brain and more contentment.

Two hours at a show is better than two hours in a pub, and the best aspect of the change is the fact that now you can bring the wife and kiddies along. In the old days that was impossible, so the change is for the better.

I often talk with those I come in contact with. Many did not, and even now do not, believe in Prohibition, but I have never met a person working and living under Prohibition who does not admit that benefits have come from the passing out of the old saloon.

All the trouble from liquor has not been eliminated, but sufficient has, and if the chief benefit has come, as indeed it has, to the working class—the most numerous class—then let's be honest, and shout hurrah.

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PROHIBITION IS BENEFICIAL TO AGRICULTURE.

G. A. PALMITER, Master Oregon State Grange.

Prohibition has been beneficial to agriculture and all other industries, with the exception of the brewing and distilling of alcoholic liquors.

I do not believe that Prohibition has been responsible for the depreciation in farm values or in the value of farm products. The depreciation in farm values came after the close of the war when the farmer's credit was restricted and he was forced to dump his products on a falling market in order to liquidate his short time obligations. This caused a loss of billions of dollars to the farmer and drove many of them into bankruptcy.

Since the close of the war, farm indebtedness has almost doubled, farm taxes have practically trebled, the farmer has had a loss of about 13,000,000,000 dollars in the value of his products, and the value of farm property has declined about 20,000,000,000 dollars, and, still, with the heavy loss to the farmer, he is forced to pay practically war prices for the commodities he must buy.

Three million people have left the farm since 1920 and millions of acres of land have gone out of production, much of it marginal land that was put into cultivation when the Government urged a larger production, telling the farmers that "Food will win the war." When the war was over the farmer was forced to take the deflation, and still we farmers are producing more than can be consumed in the United States. We cannot dispose of our surplus abroad because foreign countries are unable to pay us cash for our farm products, although they would like to get them, and they cannot send us their manufactured goods in exchange for our surplus farm products because of the tariff wall that protects our American manufacturers and forces American consumers to pay protected prices for all they buy.

It is this policy of protection for industry and world competition for agriculture that has caused the decline in the value of the farmers' land and products since the close of the war, and has forced many farmers to abandon their land, in which the savings of a lifetime were invested.

PROHIBITION NOT RESPONSIBLE.

That Prohibition is not responsible for this condition is shown by the following facts taken from Government statistics:

The acreage used in the production of barley has decreased slightly since the close of the war, but the production of barley for the eight-year period following the war exceeds that produced in the eight-year period preceding national Prohibition. The estimated production for 1927 shows the greatest bushelage of barley ever produced in the United States.

That production of barley has increased since 1918 is quite remarkable when we consider that the number of horses and mules

has decreased, thereby curtailing the amount of barley used for their feeding.

Also when we take into consideration the fact that the production of barley was largely increased in the United States in 1917-18 because it was used as substitute flour and large quantities were sent to Europe to feed horses and mules in war service, it is truly remarkable that the United States should have increased its production of barley, especially when we remember that prior to 1917 huge quantities of this product were used by the brewers and distillers.

Records show a decline in the acreage and production of hops in the United States since 1918, but this acreage is now producing crops that are beneficial to mankind, such as oats, corn, hay and other forage crops used in the production of dairy and poultry products. Statistics back to 1866 show that the largest oat acreage in the United States was in 1921, the next largest in 1925 and the next in 1926.

The acreage and production of hay have likewise increased, the peak of the hay acreage being in 1922-23-24, with some decline in 1925, and an increased production in 1926. The forecast for hay production in 1927 shows the largest tonnage in the history of the United States.

MODERN MACHINERY DEMANDS SOBRIETY.

The above increase in forage crops was made possible because of the large increase in dairy herds in the United States, as is shown by the increase in dairy products. Since 1917 the production of milk in the United States increased 33 per cent. There has been a large increase in the production of creamery butter, also in cheese, condensed, evaporated and dried milk. During the same period the production of ice cream has increased over 53 per cent. and the per capita consumption of milk has increased from 42.2 per cent. in 1917 to 54.8 per cent. in 1925. The production and consumption of poultry and eggs have largely increased during this same period.

Would this increase in the consumption of dairy and poultry products have been possible if a large part of the people's earnings

had been spent over the bar of the saloons to enrich the saloonkeepers, brewers and distillers? I do not believe it would, and when one considers the improved condition of our people, who have better clothing, better homes, better food, better educational advantages, more conveniences and pleasures, I cannot see a single argument for a return to the pre-Prohibition days.

Another factor that I believe is largely due to Prohibition is the greater efficiency in production in all lines of industry. Our great industrial plants are now operating on an eight-hour basis and are securing a larger production per man than was possible with the ten and twelve-hour day.

The use of modern machinery in factory and on the farm requires sober, intelligent workmen, and the result has been a large increase in the average production per man in all lines of industry.

Money that was formerly spent for booze now is used in building new schools and employing teachers. This is beneficial to all classes. The farmer with a better understanding as to what and when to plant, and how to combat pests and disease, and with the use of modern machinery has greatly increased his efficiency. These conditions would not have been possible in pre-Prohibition days because it is necessary to have sober, intelligent workmen for handling modern machinery.

The increase in savings deposits in the banks is another indication that money formerly spent in the saloons is being placed on deposit to-day.

In conclusion, I will say that, to the best of my knowledge and belief, the farm people as a whole are not in favor of any weakening of the Prohibition laws, but they do want better enforcement of these laws, and believe that this enforcement should apply with equal force to rich and poor, high and low, and that any public officer who does not fulfil his oath to enforce the laws should summarily be removed from office.

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SUCCESS OR FAILURE.

ECONOMIC AND INDUSTRIAL EFFECTS OF PROHIBITION IN AMERICA.

THE "MONITOR"-FELDMAN IMPARTIAL SURVEY.

ARTICLE XIX.—PROBLEM OF DENATURED ALCOHOL.

"Until some genius hits on a formula that removes the possibility of diverting industrial alcohol for use as a beverage and has the added virtue of not injuring anyone who insists on drinking it, denaturing of alcohol will remain one of the great problems of Prohibition enforcement."

In these words Professor Feldman sums up one aspect of the Prohibition situation which is apt to escape the consideration of many people. We are so much in the habit of considering alcohol in the light of an in-

toxicating beverage that it comes with a shock of surprise to learn that the modern consumption of alcohol as an essential raw material in a great variety of industrial processes far and away exceeds its consumption at any time as a beverage.

Once, however, the full significance of this fact is grasped, the reader will be less unprepared to learn that the production of alcohol in the United States to-day is greater than it was in pre-Prohibition days. The figures, as given by Professor Feldman, are as follows:

PRODUCTION OF DISTILLED SPIRITS IN THE UNITED STATES, 1912-1926.

Year.	Whiskey, Rum, Gin and Brandy. *Tax gallons.	Alcohol, Pure and Denatured *Tax gallons.	Aggregate.
1912	113,941,778	73,630,033	187,571,808
1913	114,634,150	78,972,108	193,606,258
1914	103,045,322	78,874,220	181,919,542
1915	59,555,040	81,101,064	140,656,103
1916	70,505,028	182,778,246	253,283,273
1917	74,502,520	211,582,944	286,085,464
1918	28,387,681	150,387,681	178,833,799
1919	2,618,217	98,160,324	100,778,541
1920	2,829,068	98,436,170	101,265,238
1921	2,827,674	85,068,776	87,896,450
1922	2,257,195	79,906,102	82,163,297
1923	2,222,784	122,402,850	124,625,634
1924	1,631,803	135,897,726	137,529,529
1925	1,332,714	166,165,518	167,498,231
1926	1,538,275	202,271,670	203,809,945

*There are, on the average, about 1.9 tax gallons in a wine or liquid gallon. Government figures are given sometimes in tax gallons, at other times in wine gallons. If the latter, we shall specifically mention it.

INDUSTRIAL USES OF ALCOHOL.

The alcohol used for industrial purposes is ordinary ethyl alcohol, which has been denatured in various ways to which allusion will be made presently.

Industrial alcohol is used in tanning, in the manufacture of silk, anaesthetic, ether and other drugs, artificial leather, automobile seats, billiard balls, paint, varnish, lacquer, shellac, embalming fluid, gas mantles, photographic supplies, picture films, furniture, ink, pencils, shoe polish, automobiles, disinfectants and innumerable other commodities. It is the basis of the chemical and dye industry. Its use in the chemical industry is said only to be surpassed by that of water in so far as the quantity employed goes. It is thought that, as the price of petrol tends to advance, there may be an increasing use of alcohol in combination with other combustibles as a fuel.

It is obvious that for use in the industries alcohol needs to be treated in varying ways according to the purposes to which it is to be put. It will be seen, from the figures given above, that a certain quantity of rum and brandy, small as compared with pre-Prohibi-

tion days, is still produced. "The reason for the manufacture of rum and brandy," says Professor Feldman, "is the need for it in tobacco curing and for the fortification of wine." Apart from this, there are three other kinds of industrial alcohol produced, all lumped together in the second column of the above table and classified, respectively, as "pure," "specially denatured," and "completely denatured" alcohol. The "pure" alcohol is made to meet the requirements of manufacturing druggists, retail druggists, hospitals, research laboratories, patent medicine concerns, and manufacturers of flavoring extracts requiring potable alcohol. The amount of "pure" industrial alcohol is about 6 per cent. of the total, and, according to Professor Feldman, its production has not given rise to any criticism in the United States.

DENATURED ALCOHOL.

It is otherwise regarding "denatured" industrial alcohol, which has given rise to a storm of controversy on account of the poisonous nature of the denaturants used, and its consequent effects upon those who, in defiance of the Prohibition law, will per-

sist in the attempt to make a potable beverage out of it.

It is obvious that if alcohol is to be denatured effectively so far as its beverage use goes, it must be mixed with denaturants from which it can be separated again only with extreme difficulty and uncertainty. On the other hand, it is equally obvious that the cost of denaturation must not be unduly high, since a marked increase in its price would be prejudicial to the industries in which denatured alcohol is employed. It is these two essential considerations which have presented a problem to the administration.

Completely denatured alcohol, according to Professor Feldman, was prepared according to a limited number of fixed formulae until two years ago, when they were reduced to two. Such alcohol is used in lamps and various heating devices, in the manufacture of formaldehyde and various dyes, and in

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other directions, the principal one of which is for the formation of anti-freeze mixtures for the radiators of motor cars. About three-quarters of the total output of completely denatured alcohol is used for the latter purpose.

Specially denatured alcohol is made in accordance with sixty-eight formulae of special kinds. One formula is adapted for the use of alcohol in paints, varnish, sheelac; another for lacquer, as finish for automobiles. Two formulae, known as "ether" formulae, figure largely in rayon manufacture, whilst other formulae are of the "odorless" type and cover vinegar manufacture, perfumes, lotions, hair tonics, rubbing alcohols and similar preparations.

It is in connection with this last group that the greatest trouble has been encountered in attempting to prevent redistillation. The quantity of industrial alcohol illegally diverted for the purpose of producing intoxicating liquor is variously estimated by different authorities. The United States Attorney for the southern district of New York has estimated it at 60,000,000 gallons, but

(Continued on page 10.)

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GRAINS OF GOLD WORTH PICKING UP!

THE BLESSEDNESS OF LIFE.

We need not be discouraged as we look back over the years when we seem not to have been building, years that appear to have been almost wasted. They were leading us to where we are now. That we have arrived at even the beginning of understanding is in itself enough to lift us out of the valley of unavailing memories to the mountain top of radiant hope.

The statement that we build our own characters, that what we are we have made ourselves, may have a hopeless sound to anyone who already has reached mature years. Such a person may think: "Time is behind me. If I only had time!" But there is a wonderful provision for such a person: Our doing things for others is what makes us the men and the women we would be—doing things with no thought of self and with thanksgiving. If Spirit prompts us to speak words that will help, we should be as pleased and delighted as we are to receive gifts of flowers.

When you think that you are not doing anything for your own growth, that may be the time when you are doing most—helping some other; so take heart! And keep your eyes open that you may not fail to see the next person coming. That person may be your opportunity. If it is your dearest wish that you may receive so that you may give, be alive to all around you; the chance will come even before you are ready. This is the blessedness of life!—Florence L. Tucker.

TRUTH IS.

Truth just is, it never changes. Never is it part true and part false; forever and eternally the truth about anything just is. No matter what people believe about any problem, their beliefs never change the truth. Long before a seeming problem is solved in the minds of people, the truth about it, the right way, the finished and complete solution, already is; "undisturbed amid the jarring testimony of material sense" it stands, changeless and eternal, forever right.

So in every seeming problem what we need to do is to realise that the right or truth about it already is, and knowing there is only one mind, one intelligence, then we can rest assured that this mind will so unfold as to bring to light, for all concerned, the truth or right solution of the problem—Dora E. Cox.

BUCK UP!

Buck up! The demon of despair
Is stronger than your strongest foe.
Shake off the shackles which you wear.
Stand up and give life blow for blow.
Take failure now, to-morrow too,
And then the next day if you must,
But watch that chap inside of you!
He is the one you musn't trust.

That vicious fellow of your mind
That whispers craven hints, and tries
With artful cowardice to bind
Your hands and arms and blind your eyes,
Needs watching more than outer foes,
For greater injury he'll do.
He'll steal the courage from your blows,
And make a coward out of you.

Buck up! and get your vision straight.
The enemy you have to fight
Is not the one beyond the gate,
But one that's with you day and night.
His voice is plaintive, and he wails
That all is lost and hope is vain.
Your every dream this foe assails,
Don't give him lodgment in your brain.

Buck up! One victory wipes out
A hundred failures gone before;
Heed not the little voice of doubt
That sickly whispers, "Try no more."
See clearly failure and success
And all the men who've struggled through,
And watch that demon of distress
Which seeks to make a wreck of you.

Your thoughts are stronger than your foes,
They'll drive your dearest friends away—
They'll weaken you and they'll impose
New fears upon you, day by day.
Who gives his mind unto despair
Lodges a foeman in his brain.
Buck up! To-morrow may be fair,
For cowards only hope is vain.

—Edgar A. Guest.

Good breeding is the combination of much sense, some good nature and a little self-denial for the sake of others

Grateful acknowledgments are given to "Forbes," "The Silent Partner," "Unity," "Christian Business," "Science of Thought Review," and "Trotty Veck Messenger."

WHAT HEALING IS.

The great thing in all healing is to remember what healing is. It is not doing anything, but simply becoming aware of what is already true. It makes a very great difference when one grasps that point. We must remember that nothing has to be done at all—the truth is already there—it is already in existence. All we have to do is to become aware of truth—"Active Service."

THE SPIRIT OF PLENTY.

Reference to the Spirit of plenty runs like a golden thread through the history and literature of every nation. This widespread faith in an invisible source for the good things of the world is founded on fact. Prosperity is a principle, and those who invoke it and conform to its law will be prospered.

Jesus did not labor. He once fed a large company of people by spiritually tapping the Spirit of plenty. He taught that if we pray believing that we have already received, we shall receive. It is evident that He thus prayed. Fill your mind with its truth and you will rejoice in prosperity.

DO YOU QUOTE

"As he thinketh within himself, so is he"? What he thinks within himself and what he openly claims to think do not always coincide. "As he thinketh," you say. Are you willing to apply the law to yourself, and admit: As I think within myself, so am I.

Consider: Think honor, be honorable; think dishonor, be dishonorable. It is not otherwise, in either case. Your thinking regulates your social standing in the four hundred of life.

Think strength, be strong; think weakness, be weak. World without end, your thinking regulates your grade in the gymnasium of the world.

Think supply, be supplied; think lack, be lacking. This, forevermore, is the rule by which your rating is determined in Bradstreet's of the universe.

Think: Be.

You never will be shrewd enough to outwit life, never adroit enough to escape from yourself. The hidden turns itself inside out, and so becomes the outer.

What are you thinking within yourself?—I.O.S.

EVERY THURSDAY, MACQUARIE PLACE, 1.15,
REV. R. B. S. HAMMOND WILL SPEAK.

A Personal Chat with my readers

PUT THE ACID ON YOURSELF.

We are very quick to decide what the other fellow should do, and very frank in commenting on what he does not do. In this respect we are all tarred with the same brush. Will you join me in a personal investigation?

Is total abstinence good for me as well as for the other chap? Is Prohibition needed? Are we content to see millions wasted each year on drink and many thousands dragged, because of it, through our police courts? Have I done my best for Prohibition? Have I honestly given all in my power? Am I expecting someone else to do things and to give, when what they do or give is no concern of mine? I wish we were as ambitious as the little negro boy who walked into a drug store and asked permission to use the telephone; then he called up Mr. Jones, and the following conversation took place:

"Is this you, Mistah Jones?"

"Yes."

"Well, Mistah Jones, I saw yo' ad in de paper the other day and yo' wanted a boy. Did you get one?"

"Yes."

"Is he giving perfect satisfaction?"

"Yes."

"Well, Mistah Jones, providen this boy don't give perfect satisfaction, you call me at 504."

The boy turned and started out, and the druggist, who had overheard, remarked: "You didn't do any good, did you?"

"Yes, sah," came the prompt reply. "I se de boy what's working down there. I se jest checking up to see how I stand."

I suppose there are 10,000 Prohibitionists who have given from £200 to £1000 for a motor car for their own pleasure who have never given even a cent for Prohibition—which discounts anything they may say about Prohibition. I am only asking for £25,000. I need £100,000 to match the ingenious, all-embracing devilry of those who want to go on debauching the community, just to make more money.

JUST TIRED, BUT STILL THINKING.

Tiredness and depression go together. One may be tired of body, mind and spirit—so tired that every demand seems an imposition. Too tired in body to rest comfortably, yet not so tired in mind, so that one is thinking actively, while one is incapable of physical activity.

One thinks of the well-to-do who will not give, of the regular church-goer who does not pray, of the Christian that has never said a word for the Master.

The great, big, pressing impossibilities overshadow one.

It was a parson who wrote:

I am thinking.

It is almost midnight;

No one can guess all that I have seen this day. I am a preacher.

I have been to the hospital to-day; pale faces, sorrow, anxiety;

I collected money to-day for the needy.

Where death came to a father, I was there to-day;

Then I went straight where a mother died.

Five miles I hurried to an injured man.

I have been to a wedding;

I left early.

At eleven-thirty I heard a heart-breaking confession;

What shall I tell you to-morrow, O Youth, I do not know!

You see there's a lot of business around this church to-day

For cure of souls. O time to think!

Letters I received to-day;

"Love to you, dear fellow, but you didn't raise enough money for missions."

I know it;

While praying to-day with the sorrowful, I thought about that money;

I will stay up late to-night, and maybe I can plan it.

The telephone is ringing—

Business, machinery, organisation.

Maybe God will give me fresh thoughts to-morrow.

Report blanks have to be filled out;

The printer wants more "copy,"

That money—

I heard tales to-day and shouting against some prodigal;

I held a baby a little while;

I wrote and wrote;

To-morrow I have a funeral.

I have a wedding the next day.

The next day I have a funeral.

It is twelve o'clock.

It was twelve-thirty last night.

I am going to say my prayers.

But the shouting against that prodigal—

But that money—

What is my ministry?

I am thinking—

Dear God, who is sufficient for these things?

* * *

A man sat in my office to-day. He was flushed with drink, though it was not yet noon. His wife urged me to

see him. His boss, a well-known city man hates me. The man is on the edge of losing his job. His boys will no longer live at home. He has given his wife two pounds in the last three weeks, and has spent £30 on drink. He told me with crude emphasis that I was a humbug; all parsons were. He told me there was no God. He said he was a wonderful fellow, and could

GRIT

A JOURNAL OF
NATIONAL EFFICIENCY
AND PROHIBITION.

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

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You may send your subscriptions c/o Secretary, N.Z. Alliance, 114 The Terrace, Wellington, N.Z.

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

SYDNEY, THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1928.

not be hoodwinked with religious tosh. I remembered that several million microbes can live comfortably in a single drop of water. I tried to be patient. I told myself I did not mind being insulted, that if Christians were mean, stupid, selfish and unloving, still they were much better than if they were not Christians. I remembered some lines that impressed me:

An animalcule in my blood
Rose up against me as I dreamed;
He was so tiny as he stood,
You had not heard him though he screamed.

He cried, "There is no Man!"
And thumped the table with his fist,
Then died—his day was scarce a span—
That microscopic atheist.

And all the while his little soul
Within what he denied did live.
Poor part, how could he know the whole!
And yet he was so positive!

For all the while he thus blasphemed
My (solar) system went its round,
My heart beat on, my head still dreamed;
But my poor atheist was drowned.

And so but yesterday I heard
A man cry out, "There is no God!"
And as he spake the silly word,
I saw the mighty Master nod.

Thereat, new-born, a million spheres
Sprang up like daisies in the sod;
But still to ani-man-cule ears
The ani-man-cule cried, "No God!"

The Editor

IS IT NECESSARY?

FIVE GREAT REASONS FOR PROHIBITION.

By ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.

Are things so bad that we really need Prohibition? Are we right in imposing Prohibition on the many thousands who use drink in "moderation"?

These questions crop up every hour and are sincerely asked.

The Liquor Trade is a public nuisance; by that I mean in the usual acceptance of the term it is a pest and a plague. No pest affects more than a portion of some vegetation. Prickly pear is a pest, but there are far more millions of acres untouched by it than there are thousands of acres spoilt by it.

Grasshoppers and caterpillars are pests, but they are very limited in the harm they do.

Rabbits are a pest, and yet they have commercial value. There are many fruit pests; but they are strictly limited in their scope.

The Liquor Trade is much more and as provable a pest as any or all of these.

Spitting, smoking on ferry punts, dropping paper in the streets, obstructing the foot-path are penalised, because they are considered nuisances.

Factory chimneys may become a public nuisance if they belch out smoke that is possibly offensive to the neighborhood. Noise that disturbs the quiet of the neighborhood is a public nuisance.

The liquor evil is all this, and more, to the nth degree. The people have the inherent right to appeal to the Government for abatement and protection from such nuisance. Things that were the common right 100 years ago have, through the growth of cities, now been legislated against on the ground that they have become a public nuisance.

PROTECTION JUSTIFIED.

We protect ourselves from Queensland cattle lest they affect our stock with tick; we protect ourselves from Angora goats from South Africa; and cats and dogs must go into quarantine—all this to safeguard property and beasts.

Prohibition as applied to the liquor evil is the best protective measure yet possible to us to safeguard our lives, our homes, our children and the decencies of society.

In 1927 there were 34,981 convictions registered for drunkenness.

In 1917 for 311 days in which the bars were open 62 people were convicted each day.

In 1927 this number had risen to 112 a day.

No one defends this drunkenness; in fact, we all deplore it. Prohibition is the only method that is offered to reduce and abate this evil.

These figures only represent a very small portion of our drunkenness. A very large number are sober enough to escape the policeman, and drunk enough to make their home a veritable hell.

CRIME.

There is a serious increase in crime. The last annual Police Report says:

"The total increase of 14,298 cases is mainly accounted for under the following headings: Assault, maliciously injuring property, simple larceny, supposed stolen goods in custody, forgery, uttering, drunkenness, using bad language, and breaches of the following Acts: Gaming and Betting Act, Industrial Arbitration Act, Land and Income Tax Act, Liquor Act, Metropolitan Traffic Act, Motor Traffic Act, and Weights and Measures Act."

Where drink is not the direct or sole cause, it is a contributing and aggravating



factor. If anyone should doubt this they have only to watch closely the daily papers and see the constant reference to drink in association with all brutality.

ECONOMICALLY.

If there was not a single drunk in the State I would still be a Prohibitionist. Economically drink is an inexcusable waste.

In 1917 we spent in New South Wales £6,667,000 on drink.

In 1927 it had risen to £13,222,000.

In five years we have spent £59,928,000.

This vast expenditure is without justification in our debt-burdened community.

It provides less in wages and fewer jobs than half the same expenditure made in any other direction.

We have only twelve breweries in the State, and they only employ 1247 people.

The redirection of this expenditure and the reinvestment of the capital sunk in the liquor business would bring a revival to every kind of legitimate business.

The American experience proves beyond question that under Prohibition about one-third of the drink expenditure goes into Savings Banks, one-third into necessities, and one-third into luxuries.

This affords a very wonderful economic advantage.

HEALTH.

In N.S.W. last year there were 13,064 street accidents; 206 of these were fatal and 5644 resulted in serious injury. Drink was the largest single contributing factor. "Wet" goods were responsible for more accidents than wet roads. That the moderate drinker has less prospect of longevity is proved by insurance statistics. He also lowers his vitality and is more susceptible to disease and slower to recover from it than are abstainers.

Prohibition makes a needed and valuable contribution to the hospital problem.

POLITICS.

Years ago the liquor business announced as its slogan, "Our trade our politics," and well have they lived down to that pitiable standard. The liquor trade is the most persistent and sinister influence in politics to-day.

It claims privilege and protection, and being entitled to neither it obtains them by bribery or by intimidation. Again and again we have had evidence of its corrupting influence. It is clever but unscrupulous, and commanding enormous resources it is seldom defeated in politics. These things justify Prohibition; they urge it, and they do so with growing insistence.

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A Savings Account is a Great Aid to Thrift.

THIS BANK PAYS

4 per cent. interest up to £500, and 3½ per cent. on any excess to £1000.



Success or Failure—

(Continued from page 6.)

this, according to Professor Feldman, is "an obvious overstatement prompted in part by a zealous desire to secure larger appropriations for law enforcement." Professor Feldman prefers the estimate of the Prohibition Unit itself, which estimates the illegal diversion at 25,000,000 tax gallons. This is nowhere near the pre-Prohibition production of legitimate spirits, but it is "huge enough, and needs no exaggeration."

THE PROBLEM OF POISONED LIQUOR.

It is a matter of common knowledge that many deaths have occurred from the effects of consuming bootleg liquor manufactured, contrary to law, from poisoned denatured alcohol. Although persons who deliberately defy the law and, despite repeated Government warnings, persist in risking the consumption of bootleg liquor, have only themselves to blame ultimately if they suffer in consequence, it is pointed out that some of them may not know that liquor offered to them has been made from denatured alcohol, and that for this reason poisonous denaturants ought not to be authorised by the Government.

The answer is that the authorities are still faced with the double problem of effectively denaturing alcohol without adding to its cost in a manner calculated to burden industry. Dr. J. M. Doran, formerly chief chemist of the Prohibition Bureau, and now Prohibition Commissioner, states that there is "no doubt in the mind of any well-informed chemist that the long-standing use of methanol by all countries is based on sound scientific principles. . . . It is not employed because of the fact that methanol as such is commonly known to be a dangerous liquid to consume and, therefore, that physical harm will result to the drinker, but because of the fact that the denaturing grade of methanol carries with it the distinctive odorous compounds that by their characteristic odor

and taste at once disclose to the individual the patent fact that the mixture or liquid is unfit for consumption."

The point is that the only effective denaturants known to science at present, namely, wood alcohol, kerosene, benzol and pyridine, are all poisonous, and the public of the United States has been repeatedly told so. The principal producers of wood alcohol, according to Professor Feldman, are alarmed less the hue and cry over this question should induce the Government to resort to more intricate and expensive formulae, "and thus make legitimate trade the goat." It is stated that "if denaturants of a non-poisonous kind were used, a military corps would be necessary to protect the 10,000 gallon car lots arriving in the yard and concerns would have to post guards at every stage of their processes in order to keep liquor from being filched."

(To be continued.)

TURN ON THE LIGHT.

Julia: "What is the cure for love at first sight?"

Amelia: "Second sight."

NEWFOUNDLAND'S EXPERIENCE.

With great promises of what it would accomplish an Alcoholic Liquor Act was introduced into Newfoundland and its administration placed under a Board of Liquor Control. It is quite clear now that Newfoundland's experience is the same as every other place where a Government sale measure has been tried and that conditions are much worse than under Prohibition. By the reports of the Liquor Board itself it is quite clear that bootlegging, moonshining, smuggling and drunkenness have not been reduced.

Prosecutions for bootlegging during the past year in the several Courts of St. John's were increased 113 over the previous year. For a period of five years under Prohibition the average prosecutions were 76, which have been increased 100 per cent. under the new Act.

Arrests for drunkenness in 1915 and 1916, two saloon years, were 684. In 1917-1918, two years under Prohibition, the average arrests were 91. In 1925-26, first two years under Government sale, the average arrests were 754. The volume of business done is also quite significant.

During 1917 the Prohibition Board of Control imported 5679 gallons of liquor valued at 15,713.00 dollars.

During 1918 the same Board imported 6887 gallons valued at 17,165.00 dollars.

During 1926 the sales of liquor under the new Act amounted to the huge sum of 1,144,122.76 dollars.

This is the result of the Act which was to promote temperance.—"United Churchman," Sackville, N.B., October 26, 1927.

GOD'S HEROES HELP OTHERS.

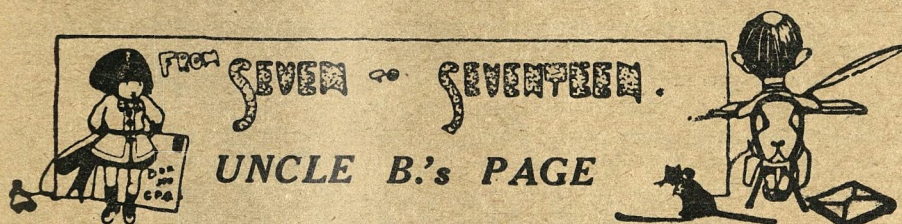
To go cheerfully on with a petty round of little duties, to smile for the joy of others when the heart is aching. Who does this, his works will follow him. He may not be a hero to the world, but he is one of God's heroes.

**SEND YOUR ORDER ALONG TO-DAY
FOR**

**A SAMPLE POUND OF
Griffiths Bros.'**

SIGNAL COCOA

**MOST NOURISHING AND HEALTH-
GIVING**



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 390F G.P.O., Sydney.

HAVE YOU OFFERED?

Last week I told you I badly needed volunteers for my army. Anzac stands for initiative, courage and sacrifice.

Many a scallywag became a hero during the war because of these qualities.

The Booze War is quite as deadly as the late war.

I want help at once so that the attack on September 1 may be successful.

Who will be my helper, my scout spiking the enemy's guns with facts?

Those who distribute 25 copies of "Grit" free are privates.

Those who distribute 50 are sergeants.

Those who distribute and sell some of 100 are captains.

Those who do more than this are my aides-de-camp.

Now then, you Go-Getters, hop into the fight. Only 16 weeks. Let us do something for God, home and country.

UNCLE B.

OUR LETTER BAG.

BIG BROTHER JOE.

Betty Vine, "Hill View," Blandford, writes: You can see that I have changed my address since I last wrote to you. I am now living with my aunt, Mrs. Hibbs. I go to Blandford Public School. I go to Sunday School also. My Sunday School teacher's name is Mrs. Stewart. I think I am well on the scallywag list now, dear Uncle B., but I hope I will not get on it again. I received a postcard from Big Brother Joe. I can't spell his surname. He told me to tell you he was going to be my big brother, and often send me a postcard from America.

(Dear Betty,—Big Brother Joe is the very busiest man I know. He is just wonderful, the way he finds time to send all you dear scallywags postcards. Be sure and thank him.—Uncle B.)

A QUESTION OF GRAMMAR.

Dear Uncle B.,—A man writes to me the following:

"Dear Joe Longton,—You're the 'punkiest' writer I ever read. You're awful! You show your 'broughtins-up' by the way you use that terrible word 'AIN'T.' Throw away your pen and buy a pick.—Very truly,

"PATRICK M. MULLINS."

And I am going to answer him in the children's column. I want to hear what they

have to say to Mr. Mullins, and whether I may continue using that abbreviation—ain't.

Dear Mr. Patrick M. Mullins,—I know that I 'ain't' grammatical and I oughtn't use it. I didn't get the chance—not that I wouldn't—but because I couldn't—of obtaining an education.

So you needn't—in fact you shouldn't—rub it into me. You aren't a Noah Webster yourself. You haven't such an advantage over me; and if you hadn't corrected me I mightn't feel like I shouldn't.

Doesn't your letter suggest that you wasn't educated far from the Cow Flat slaughter house?

If you coulda' you shoulda' gotta betta mongrel than "broughtins"; I woulda'.

I won't, I shan't, I can't, I daren't forsake that useful, handy "stand-by" of my boyhood, Mr. Mullins. I discovered it one day at the back o' Burnt Ridge, back o' the old Turon, where I begun my "broughtins-up" to this, with a piece of currajong charcoal.

The elements have no doubt obliterated the two hearts pierced with Dan Cupid's dart that I sketched in my childish manner on the old moss-grown boulder upon which I learned to scribble my Alpha and Omega.

My indiscretions kind o' robbed me of the wattle's fragrance that permeate Cow Flat. But don't, I pray, Mr. Mullins, deprive me of my dearest reminder of Cow Flat, the pickling cask, and my father's "Frying Pan Brand," because I too aspire and hunger for the social recognition that Australia's nobility ladles out. Don't rob me of "AIN'T."—Yours, etc.,

JOE LONGTON.

(Now, kids, whadderya say? Mayn't I use "AIN'T"?—Big Brother Joe Longton.)

(Dear Big Brother,—Use bad grammar if you like. We often do. Don't use bad language—that goes with booze. We would hate to cramp your style, and on no account would we put you in kid gloves.—Uncle B.)

BONZAI

Ethel Norman, Brucedale, via Wagga, writes: Thanks very much for the stamps I received last week, Uncle. I have now nearly 500. I wrote to you on February 16, but I have not seen the letter in "Grit" yet. Tennis has started at Brucedale now. We went to hear the Tongan Choir in Wagga last month. It was beautiful. We also went to our Sunday school anniversary last Sunday and to the concert on Monday night. It was bonza! Tom and I gained the highest marks for the year, and received two books each.

(Dear Ethel,—Bonza sounds good. It will be bonza if I get 500 Nes and Nis to help me distribute "Grit" and so win Prohibition

on September 1. I am sending you a special stamp; hope you like it.—Uncle B.)

TOO FAR.

Esma Lee, Hamlyn, Eric-street, Taree, writes: Mother and I went down to Sydney on March 6 for three weeks' holiday. We are sorry we could not get to hear you preach at your church, because we were staying too far out of town. We are having good rain at Taree now. We are practising for our Sunday school anniversary.

(Dear Esma,—I am indeed sorry you were too far out to call and see me. I wonder if you have heard one of my services over the air. I hope Taree is going to put up a good fight for Prohibition. Years ago it did wonderfully well.—Uncle B.)

A TASSIE.

Aubrey Locke, "Pomona," Premaydena, South Tasmania, writes: This is my first letter to you and I want you to enrol me as one of your Nes. I am eleven years old and my birthday is on May 30. I am in the fifth class at school. We play cricket and football at school. I am collecting foreign stamps and I would like you to send me some. My father owns an orchard and we ship a lot of our fruit to Sydney. I wonder if you get any of it. My father takes "Grit" and I like pages eleven and thirteen very much.

(Dear Aubrey,—I am glad to have you join my family and hope the stamps I am sending will be new ones to you. How many different kinds have you? I wonder if I have eaten an apple from your orchard. I like apples; delicious Jonathan, Rome Beauty, Granny Smith all seem good to me. I wonder what kind you grow.—Uncle B.)

(Continued on page 12.)

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2/6 and 4/6 post free.**

Mention "Grit" when ordering.

A BREWER WANTS PROHIBITION.

Mr. R. O. Fordham is President of the Biggleswade Liberal Club, and he is also a partner in the firm of E. K. and H. Fordham, Ltd., Ashwell Brewery, Herts. On Tuesday, November 2, 1927, the members of the club attended in force to discuss and vote upon a proposal that the club should be registered and supply intoxicants to its members. After a full debate the motion was turned down—43 votes to 30. During the discussion the president, who was in the chair, said he was a brewer. He got his living out of breweries, but he regretted it. He had come to the conclusion that the drink trade was the curse of the country, and if there was a motion for Prohibition before England he would vote for it because he saw the harm drink did.—“British Temperance Advocate.”

From Seven to Seventeen—

(Continued from page 11.)

APPLES.

Ellen Cheyne, 17 Beaufort-street, Croydon, writes: We are staying at Blackheath for a fortnight, but will be returning home on Thursday. We were sorry to have missed the Rev. C. H. Nash while he was at Manly. We heard him at Austinmer. Blackheath is a wonderful place for apples. I think we have eaten more in the last fortnight than in twelve months at home. One can buy a sugar bag full for 4/6 of delicious Jonathans.

(Dear Ellen,—So you have been having a good time among the apples. I agree with Dr. Arthur, that it would be a very good thing if we all ate half a dozen a day. Perhaps we would if they were as cheap in Sydney as they are at Blackheath.—Uncle B.)

A VAGUE ADDRESS.

—, N.S.W., Australia, Southern Hemisphere, writes: If I was not already years over the age of 17 I would ask you to please forgive me for not writing for such a long time, and to please cross my name off the ugly black list and even say, “I won’t ever keep you waiting so long again.” But since I’m a grown-up Ni, then I expect I should speak in a grown-up manner and write something in this strain: “Will you kindly accept my sincere apologies for having remained silent during such an extended period.” Oh! that’s too much of a strain to think further along the line, Uncle. Well, though I have kept silent for so long and have not forgotten Page Double-one or our dear Uncle, I must confess to having started to write to you a few months ago to tell you how much I liked page 7. I like it, Uncle. I think it is good; but would you believe I only got seven lines done! I was interrupted and then went away rather suddenly, but I will see that this becomes a completed letter, even if it has half a dozen interruptions, and I know the first one is coming now. Well, I must go, Uncle, else there’ll be no tea. Next day.—Here we are again, Uncle. I noticed at the bottom of page

7 in some “Grits” that you suggested that some of the readers may have something to pass on for that page. I instantly thought of my book of gems, gathered from many papers and books. I believe in what Lord Byron says, and I’ve done it to some extent, anyway; but I like to pass them on when the opportunity offers. These are his words:

“In reading authors when you find
Bright passages that strike your mind,
And which, perhaps, you may have reason
To think of at another season,
Be not contented with the sight,
But take them down in black and white.
Such a respect is wisely shown
As makes another’s sense one’s own.”

I have somewhere about 260 pieces in the book so far, so there ought to be something amongst that lot, don’t you think, Uncle? If not, I think I may as well give the book to the flames immediately. It was only fitting for the Honorable Kathleen to have the honor of being the first “old” one to write again (although she almost lost that honor, and would have had I not been interrupted). Well, I’m glad for her to have the honor. You will be real glad, Uncle, to hear this piece of news about her. It is lovely. She has been accepted into the Sisterhood of the Methodist Church and is working in one of the near suburbs of Sydney. Isn’t that grand, Uncle? I’m sure she will do a very good and real work there for the Master. Then, too, Uncle, you have another “old” Ni to be equally proud of. The other one is “Cousin” Dorothy Mottram. She is a Missionary in the A.I.M., and is at present in Queensland and has been there about ten months. She writes such good, interesting letters; it’s a joy to receive them. Sometimes I ponder over the fact that I have the privilege of knowing these two—it is great. It fires one too, at times, with a desire to “do” too. But I think you would be ashamed of me, Uncle, if you knew how little I do. So I guess I won’t tell you at present, at any rate. Is that being a coward not owing to what I don’t do?

(Dear Anon,—Your vague address gives us no clue, but your handwriting gave you away, since I have an unusual memory for handwriting. Being a good old Uncle I will not blazon abroad your name, though some will guess, and those who don’t will just wish they knew you and at least be glad you wrote.—Uncle B.)

COUNTRY OR TOWN?

—, 9 Dudley-street, Paddington, writes: As I have not seen my second letter in “Grit” I am writing to you again. I received a postcard from Joe Longton on Thursday and was very pleased with it. Will you please thank him for me. Mother has been very ill for a long time and she went into the Sydney Hospital to-day. There is another paper I like reading very much. It comes out monthly and is entitled “Pure Words.” Have you heard of it? I started corresponding with a girl who asked some

of the Nis to write to her. She seems very nice; she lives at The Rock, N.S.W. I like the country, but I suppose it would seem very quiet to me after living for so long in the city.

(Dear —,—You see you did not sign your name and so I have to address you as above. I do not know “Pure Words.” Will you send me a copy? I am always glad to hear of my Nes and Nis writing to one another. We all hope mother is much better.—Uncle B.)

GRIT SUBSCRIPTIONS.

“Grit” subscriptions received to 11/5/28, and where not mentioned the amount is 11/-: Mrs. Binnie (25/3/29); R. S. Butters (9/5/29); H. G. Barrie (30/12/28); Miss Connor, 5s. 6d. (30/6/28); Mrs. A. G. Robertson, 5s. 6d. (9/11/28); G. H. Jordan (4 subs.), 39s. 10d. (30/12/28); Mrs. Blackwood (8/3/29); Mrs. King, 3s. (30/7/28); Mrs. McCredie (30/3/29); Miss Blackwood (10/5/29); Mrs. McCarthy-Metzger (10/3/29); E. A. Murray, 22/6 (30/12/28).

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Miss Brown: "I suppose you were nervous when you first asked your husband for money?"

Miss Bridey: "No, I was calm—and collected."

* * *

AN OPPORTUNIST.

She: "And what did papa say when you told him you couldn't sleep for thinking of me?"

Jack: "He offered me a job as night watchman in his factory."

* * *

BRAIN-WORK STUFF.

Farmer: "Thought you said you had ploughed the ten-acre field?"

Ploughman: "No; I only said I was thinking about ploughing it."

"Oh, I see, you've merely turned it over in your mind."

* * *

COOKERY WITH A KICK.

Young Wife: "I'm afraid, dear, my pie is not all it should be. I think I must have left something out."

Husband (with a grimace, after sampling it): "There's nothing you could leave out that would make it taste like that. It must be something you put in."

* * *

DESIRABLE DUAL PERSONALITY.

Jimmy: "Gosh! I wish I was twins."

Mother: "Why?"

Jimmy: "So I could send the other half to school while this half goes fishing."

MODEL FOR HUSBANDS.

The harassed-looking man was being shown over some works.

"That machine," said his guide, "does the work of thirty men."

The man smiled glumly.

"At last," he said, "I have seen what my wife should have married."

* * *
COMPULSORY.

Doctor: "And, remember, you will have to eat plain food and not stay out late at night."

Patient: "Yes, that is what I've been thinking ever since I received your bill."

* * *

A BISHOP'S VERSE ON FASHION.

At the festival dinner for the support of the Tavistock-square Clinic for Functional Nervous Diseases, London, reference was made by Viscount Lascelles to the bad times of people in the woollen and worsted trades in the West Riding of Yorkshire, owing to the vagaries of fashion. The cloth they made was used for ladies' dresses, and regarding those dresses the Bishop of Ely, Dr. White-Thompson, had written:

"Half an inch, half an inch, half an inch shorter,

The skirts are the same for mother and daughter;

When the wind blows each of them shows
Half an inch, half an inch more than they oughter."

Viscount Lascelles said he hoped that what the ladies saved on those half inches they would devote to the clinic.

Wife: "My fur coat is beautiful, Dick. But I do feel sorry for the poor animal skinned to get it."

Hubby: "Thanks for the sympathy, dear."

* * *
DOUBLED UP.

Summer Boarder: "But why are those trees bending over so far?"

Farmer: "You would bend over, too, miss, if you wuz as full o' green apples as those trees are."

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DAILY INSPIRATION.

SELECTIONS FROM OTHER WRITERS BY FAIRELIE THORNTON.

SUNDAY.

"Thou remainest."—Heb. 1, 11.

When from my life the old-time joys have vanished,

Treasures once mine I may no longer claim,

This truth may feed my hungry heart and famished—

Lord, Thou remainest, Thou art still the same.

When streams have dried, those streams of glad refreshing,

Friendships so rich, so blest, so pure and free;

When sun-kissed skies give place to clouds depressing,

Lord, Thou remainest—still my heart hath Thee.

When strength hath failed, and feet now worn and weary

On gladsome errands may no longer go, Why should I sigh, or let the days be dreary?

Lord, Thou remainest. Couldst Thou more bestow?

Thus through Life's days, whate'er or who may fail me—

Friends, friendships, joys—in small or great degree,

Songs may be mine, no sadness need assail me

Since Thou remainest and my heart hath Thee.

—J. Danson Smith.

MONDAY.

TEMPTATION.

"How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds makes ill deeds done."—Shakespeare.

"Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men. Avoid it, pass not by it; turn from it and pass away."

—Prov. 4, 14.

"He who has no mind to trade with the Devil should be so wise as to keep from his shop."—South.

"Keep away from the fire."—Sterne.

"It is opportunity that makes the thief."—Seneca.

"Better shun the bait than struggle in the snare."—Dryden.

"Few men have virtue to withstand the highest bidder."—Washington.

"An honest heart is not to be trusted with itself in bad company."—Richardson.

"No place, no company, no person is temptation free. Let no man boast that he was never tempted. Let him not be high-minded, but fear, for he may be surprised in that very instant wherein he boasteth that he was never tempted at all."—Spencer.

TUESDAY.

"It is good neither to eat flesh nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth, or is offended, or is made weak."

—Rom., 14, 21.

"Humanly speaking, there is a certain degree of temptation which will overcome any virtue. Now, insofar as you approach temptation to a man, you do him an injury, and if he is overcome you share his guilt."—Johnson.

"One does not require to think of a fire often in spring or autumn; yet I don't know how it is, but when we have happened by chance to pass near one the sensation it communicates is so pleasurable that we feel rather inclined to indulge it. This is analogous to temptation, and the moral is, 'Keep away from the fire.'"—Sterne.

"I may not here omit those two main plagues and common dotages of humankind—wine and women—which have infatuated and besotted myriads of people; they commonly go together."—Burton.

"Out of sight, out of mind." How true this is with regard to temptation! To see, to touch, to handle are the steps down to many a sin. Eve first looked at the forbidden fruit, then touched, and finally ate. To see goods displayed in a shop window when on one's way to forget the things which perish with the using and devote some time to higher things, is a snare of the devil to draw the heart away on God's day. Many a man can keep from drink as long as temptation is out of sight. So with other forms of vice. Let us beware of the power of suggestion, and keep all stumbling-blocks out of the way of the weak."—F.T.

WEDNESDAY.

"To give unto them beauty for ashes, the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness."—Isa., 61, 3.

"Beauty for ashes," can He, can He give When life's best years have gone, have passed away?

When cherished hopes, long held, no longer live,

And life seems now a drear monotony?

"Beauty for ashes"—Ashes, yes, indeed— Ambitions, dreams and hopes all shattered now;

Dearest ones gone, and none to care or heed—"Beauty for ashes." Can it be, and how?

"Beauty for ashes." Can we thus exchange These now cold embers of life's burned-out past

For beauty—beauty heavenly, wondrous, strange—

A beauty which throughout life's way shall last?

Yes, for our ashes He would have us take Beauty, His own—each passing day to wear,

Till in His likeness, satisfied we wake, And find new beauties everlasting there.

—J. Danson Smith.

THURSDAY.

CRITICISM.

"With what measure ye mete it shall be measured to you again. I never knew a critic who made it his business to lash the faults of other writers that was not guilty of greater himself—as the hangman is generally a worse malefactor than the criminal that suffers by his hand."—Addison.

"A true critic ought rather to dwell on excellences than imperfections, to discern concealed beauties and communicate such things as are worth observation."—Ibid.

"Criticism is not religion, and by no means can it be substituted for it. It is not the critic's eye, but the child's heart that most truly discerns the countenance that looks out from the pages of Gospel."—Shairp.

"Many a would-be genius sets himself the easier task of criticising others' works, thinking it will display his own skill as master of that art which he has himself failed to master."

"If you can't praise, be silent, or go and tell him his fault between thee and him alone."

"What are another's faults to me?

I've not a vulture's bill

To peck at every flaw I see,

And make it wider still."

—Author unknown.

FRIDAY.

"He satisfieth the longing soul."—Ps., 107, 9.

He satisfieth—satisfieth longings;

Those longings which ourselves we cannot still.

He satisfieth, yea, God satisfieth,
So great, so grand, so wonderful His skill.

He satisfieth when the heart is lonely;
When treasured loves are lost or far away.
How infinite His love, and, oh, how tender,
How sweet the solace He can then convey!

He satisfieth when life's sky is clouded;
When cherished hopes have found an early grave.

When streams have dried, and joys, once ours, have perished.

He satisfieth, thus we may be brave.

He satisfieth; yea, He doth not mock us;
The longing soul He meeteth not in vain.
The bleeding heart, the life bereft and broken,

He, He alone, can heal of inward pain.

—J. Danson Smith.

SATURDAY.

"Woe to him that giveth his neighbor drink, that putteth the bottle to him and maketh him drunken."—Hab., 2, 15.

"O! that men should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away

Their brains—that we should with joy, pleasure, revel and applause

Transform ourselves into beasts."

—Shakespeare.

"Some of the evils of drunkenness are houses without windows, gardens without fences, fields without tillage, barns without roofs, children without clothing, principles or manners."—Franklin.

"Call things by their right names. . . . 'Glass of brandy and water'—that is the current but not the appropriate name; ask for a glass of liquid fire and distilled damnation."—Robert Hall.

"The young man who thinks he can drink 'just a little' because others do, and not be in danger of a drunkard's grave, should look around him to the fearful examples to be found on the streets of any large city and many small ones. Even if you succeed in keeping within the limits of 'moderate drinking' your example to those who are unfortunately not so strong-willed should ever be borne in mind. Help the weaker brother. Think not of self alone. Remember the Golden Rule."—D. R. Hubbard.

"Drunkenness is not only the cause of crime, but it is crime, and if any encourage drunkenness for the sake of the profit derived from the sale of drink, they are guilty of a form of assassination as criminal as any that has ever been practised by the assassins of any age or country."—Ruskin.

It weakens the brain, it spoils the memory, Hasting on age and wilful poverty;

It drowns thy better parts, making thy name To foes a laughter and to friends a shame.

'Tis virtue's poison, and the bane of trust, The match of wrath, the fuel unto lust.

Quite leave this vice, and turn not t' it again Upon presumption of a stronger brain.

For he who holds more wine than others can I rather count a hoghead than a man.

—Randolph.

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DOWN IN ARIZONA.

JOE REASONS WITH HIMSELF.

By JOE LONGTON, Special Representative in America for the "Sydney Sportsman,"

I'm down in Arizona, where the bad men are, with nothing else to guide them but the evening star; they're the roughest, toughest, men by far, are these hard-boiled cowboy ilk.

Phoenix is on a plateau with an elevation of 2000 feet. It is well saturated with a Spanish environment that assimilated Indians and negroes alike. The cattlemen assume authority, and real cowboys vie with the would-be cowpunchers with a few years' experience and the mail order or catalogue book variety that get their appearance from hell's kitchen in New York or Frisco's mail order houses. It is easy to distinguish the genuine article. He smells "cowy." His walk suggests an education in ploughed ground, where the never-wasser cowboy from the irrigation ditches betrays his education obtained as a soda fountain jerker, or behind a ribbon counter in some metropolis.

It is a tough town. Apache and Hopi Indians give it a frontier look. Cowboys, sheriffs and deputies with "hawlegs" (guns) leaning out of their hip pockets suggest that the "bird" looking for excitement can get it. At that, I have been here two days and have not seen anyone die with his boots on.

The city was as tough as they made 'em in the days when "Bung" was in command. Then, I could get a good room in a hotel for two "bob." Now, I couldn't get a room under eight "bob." And it has only cold running water. Being, as it were, that I was raised "a bowl and pitcher man," I easily adapt myself to the spirit of the times, hoping that one of the seven new twelve-storey barless hotels now building will be completed by the next time I journey through this desert waste—being converted, through irrigation, into farm lands.

This is a Mecca for consumptives. Every rosy-cheek complexion can be attributed to paint, high blood pressure or high fever. There is a tough type of woman to be found here. She dotes on the life of the plains. A big-hatted, high-heeled, bandana handkerchiefed, dungareed, chapped, spurred, red-shirted, cow-manure-smelling pilgrim of the prairie is to her what Joss is to the Chinese. She is "tough," but very respectable.

In the American home—the real, true American home—the "coffin-nail" is as welcome as the seven-year itch. When one realises that Prohibition has so enhanced the appearance of America's foreign immigration to the extent that all that lies between certain individuals and savagery is the beautiful clothes that Prohibition has afforded them to hide their nakedness, one can understand the reason for all the hue and cry that the "wet" propagandists seize upon when their "stink barrage" says that the youth of America is hell-bent. I am not casting any aspersion upon the smoking evangelist. I am merely saying that the only women I personally know who smoke cigar-

ettes are prostitutes. My respectable women friends do not.

In Phoenix, "Lady Windemere's Can," a brothel of pre-Volstead days, is a kindergarten. The Capitol Hotel bar is Pettid's Home Bakery, and a sporting bar I used to frequent at Central and Adam Streets is Goldberg's Men's and Boys' Wear Emporium.

I am tired of collecting such data, and will give you a rest for a while.

I left Los Angeles five days ago. The last persons to whom I waved good-bye were the Marquis and Count M'Dvani, who married two movie stars and became "Mr." Gloria Swanson and "Mr." Pola Negri. I hove into this port in my car after a long, hard drive over the desert, and dropped my anchor with a plunk! A desert storm had held me up two days.

After inspecting the "One Million Pound Tyre Factory," with a 3000-foot frontage, being erected at Belvedere Gardens by the Goodrich Rubber Company, I trod on the gas and "let 'er go" through Montebello and the Canyon to Puente and the Avacado Belt to the world's greatest Italian vineyard at Wineville, where 30 dagoes now get a living. The Italian vineyard is being planted to fruits and wheat. People eat now.

Through the pass at Redlands and on into the Coachella Valley I drove, to pass Gray Back, St. Bernardino, San Jacinto and the Mad Mountains, and then on into the Imperial Valley, where I stayed a night at Brawley previous to driving through El Centro and over the Sahara and the Colorado River into Yuma, Arizona, where I stayed the next night.

At Yuma I got my cheapest look at the inside of a prison. The old Arizona State Penitentiary was pulled half down. There, behind the demolished walls, stood the awful hell-hole where no man ever served more than five years of a life sentence. There stood the gnarled, rusty-barred half not yet pulled down. But the 5000 graves nearby with wooden cross-markers to the memory of "Bung" remained. "They're the next to go," said the contractor.

A temperature of 120 in the shade was too much for a lifer in that inferno overlooking the Colorado, the Yuma Indian Reservation and the American Sahara, and there lay 5000 skeletons of what were once babies suckling at hopeful mothers' bosoms as those women built their castles in the air. Thank God, Prohibition has changed man, changed the times, changed man's future and changed woman's hopes for betterment. There in the desert that these unfortunates grimly greeted daily before hope and life left their bodies is the mark of a new era. Irrigation is turning sand dunes into orchards. There across the cruel expanse is the Whittier Ranch, with 300 acres planted to Deglet Noor dates and 200 acres planted to onions. That is only one ranch in the Great Imperial Valley, the entrance to which, at Cabazon, where stone

piles mark the graves of law-makers and law-breakers, is as peaceful as a beautiful Sunday morning.

I stayed a night in a Yuma hotel that overlooked the ghastly prison, and early the next morning I drove through Yuma streets lined with lazy, fat, haggard Indian squaws selling pottery and rugs, into the Apache country, made famous by the murderous raids of Geronimo and Vittorio.

The Apache Indians have not embraced civilised ideas and mode of living. They prefer the "wiki-up" to the nice houses Uncle Sam built them. At one settlement of 25 houses, with bath tubs and running water, I found 25 occupied "wiki-ups" (lean-tos). In one house a goat was stabled; in another an Apache had a cow; in another I saw a bag of spuds; and in another house of five rooms Chief Roaring Bull Thundering Cloud kept an old saddle stuffed with burlap bag.

It was a long, dusty, hard drive of 280 miles to Phoenix through giant Sahuaro cactus 50 feet high, some rattlesnakes, gila monsters, sage brush, desert, and the winding canyon roads that took me through the Castle Dome and Hassayampa Mountains to Gila Bend, where I had my car serviced preparatory to a 40-mile run down to Ajo, a mining camp near the Mexican Border, and back again to Gila Bend, which I left behind as I headed for the Hassayampa and Gila Rivers, where, at the Gillespie Dam, I nearly lost my life two years ago when I began travelling for "Grit."

At Hassayampa I got out to stretch, and who should greet me with a "rattle" but a 5-foot rattler. I played square with him. He was coiled, ready to strike, about eight feet from me. I sat down on the running board and watched him. Oh, my, he was angry. His old tail with about 11 rattles said he was 11 years of age, and here's what I said to him:

"You are a square guy, Mr. Rattler. You are a fair fighter, and I am not going to hurt you, because this is your domain, and I wouldn't own 50 square miles of it if you paid the taxes on it and gave it to me for nothing. You 'rattled' and gave me warning. You still tell me to keep away from you. That's a damned sight more than the liquor snakes' that comprise our Australian United Licensed Viciousness Associations ever did. You at least proved—though you be a snake—that a snake will give a man in this country warning. That's more than 'Bung' (Continued on page 16).

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Down in Arizona—

(Continued from page 15.)

will do in mine. So it's you for your country and me for mine. Good-day!"

And I got back into the car and drove off. Mr. Rattler never budged an inch. He was as full of fight as Mrs. Stoneheart, my old Mary-street landlady in Surry Hills, when I had to "stall her off" a week on my room rent.

The 28 varieties of desert cactus in bloom added to the splendor the desert provides, and I mused over the square deal that even a snake in America will give a man, and right there I concluded that an American snake had the redeeming feature of giving a stranger from Australia more warning than an Australian publican would an American visiting Australia.

Ahead of me lay Phoenix surrounded by Indian and Spanish legend galore. I could see the towering tops of Camel Back, Virgin Mary, One-Eyed Giant and Superstition Mountains, and the Apache trail I follow to-morrow as I journey into New Mexico and the Bad Lands of Texas.

I was glad to reach Phoenix. Tired out and weary, I sat awhile to-day—the Sabbath—and visualised my future. "Tis true," I said, "Joe, you are a travelled man, but what does that get you? You are alone for months at a time. All you do beside benefiting your American employers is to gather this kind of reading for the enjoyment and benefit of your countrymen. You do not live, you only exist. You subject yourself to the elements. The liquor interests have placed a price on your head. If you take sick you are alone, miles away from friends and amongst strangers. You are no richer—and probably no wiser—than when you began. And here alone in a hotel room, you spend part of the life in loneliness that the vicissitudes decree you live."

Then a thought came to me. It was a Xmas card I received from Sydney the day before I left home. It read: "The Babies in St. Margaret's Hospital wish you a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year, and thank you for the happiness you brought them in 1927."

Then I gathered myself together and said: "Joe, you can now whip your weight in wild cats." Believe me, that is how the babies in St. Margaret's make me enter upon the next lap of my journey to-morrow.

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