

# Grit.

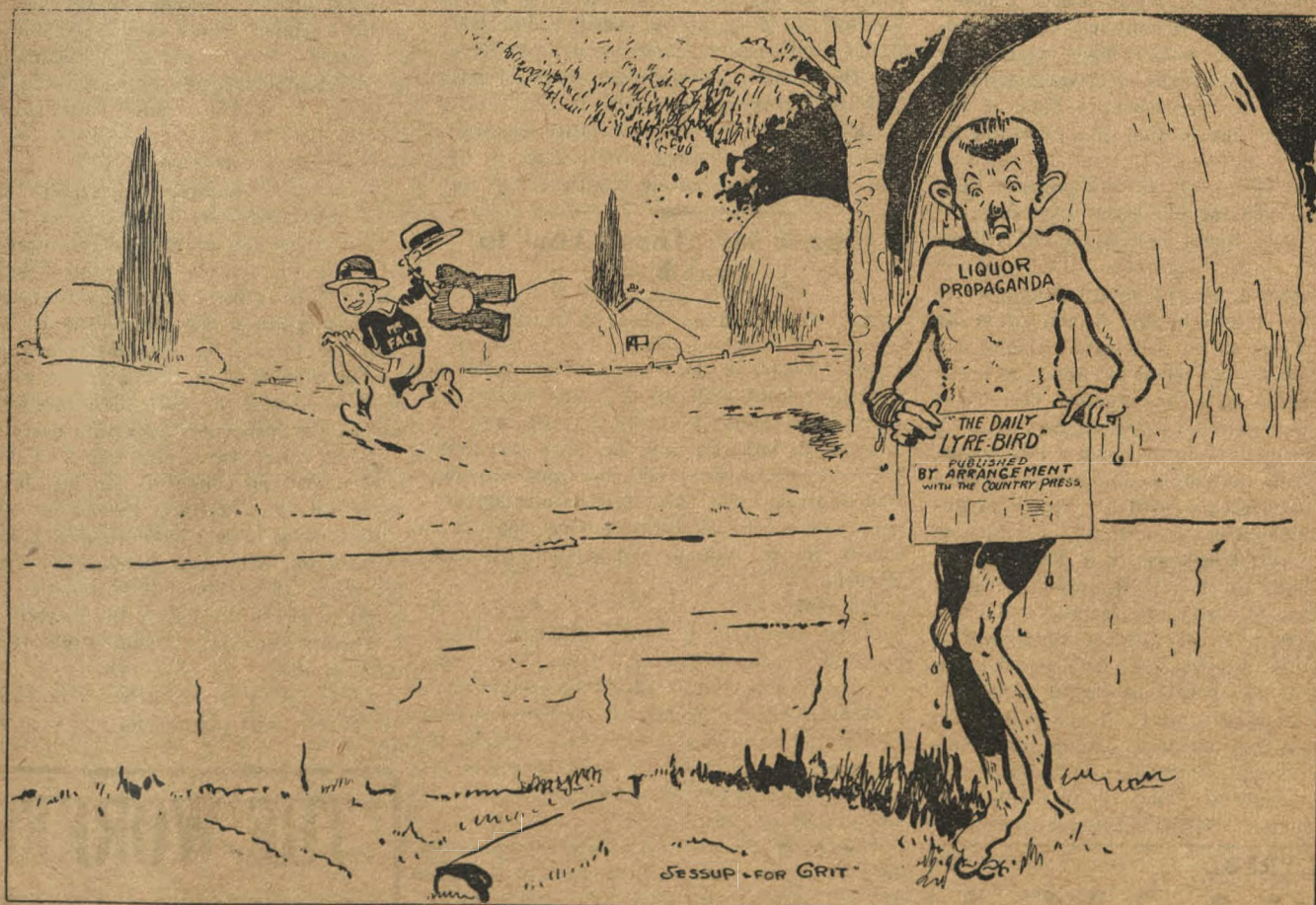
A JOURNAL OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY AND PROHIBITION

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## How Prohibition Would Help.

The British Commonwealth Union, of which the hon. treasurer is Sir William Peat, the chairman of Allsops' Brewery, has issued a report of Colonel F. Vernon Willey, M.P., "on the industrial conditions in the United States." Under the heading of "Prohibition," Colonel Willey says:

"I made a point in seeking observations on the effect of this law from many scores of individuals of all classes whom I met—bankers, business men, millmen, clergy, welfare workers, etc.—and I have come away with two clear generally held opinions:

"(1) That, on experience to date, if the measure were put to the vote it would be retained.

"(2) That its effect has undoubtedly been to increase general industrial efficiency.

"There is no doubt reason for the allegation that it is not enforced. Where money and a disregard for any moral obligation to observe the law conspire it can often be evaded. There is no doubt that among the wealthier classes a curious attraction to break the law exists, partly, presumably, because of a desire for stimulant, but largely also to gratify the inclination to break a law which, to the selfish individual, appears an unwarrantable interference with his liberty of action, and which can, owing to the laxity of the State officials towards a Federal law, be frequently broken with impunity. But by the vast majority of the people the law is observed, and the absence of supply is effective. A vast mass of evidence can be produced of its advantages—better timekeeping, more home life, more savings to be spent on the elevating amenities of life, less crime (the widespread closing of the jails proves this), less disease. There is no doubt that the nation as a whole benefits enormously:

"(a) From the increased industrial efficiency:

"(b) From the general elevation of the community following the abolition of the saloon;

"(c) Increased material prosperity by the direction of expenditure into various commodities—better food, clothing, and houses, etc.—instead of into liquor.

"On the grounds of the advantage which America will get from its increased industrial efficiency, and from savings, or re-directed spending into manufactured articles, which give greater employment, and so intensify industrial development, it would seem that the advantage which the United States would appear to have over other countries which have not adopted Prohibition justifies very close scrutiny of its economic aspects."

## Sports say "Thank You" to Prohibition.

(Sport Editorial in "Herald-Examiner.")

Never before in the history of any country has there been such widespread interest in sport as in America at the present time.

Baseball had its biggest year in 1920. Football has drawn record-breaking crowds. Boxing jams the arenas. Tennis tournaments pack 'em in. Every form of sport shares in the unexpected and surprising popularity and interest.

The reason?

Close students of the situation have reached the conclusion that it is Prohibition, or rather the abolition of the open saloon.

Men have more money to spend on amusements and more time to devote to engaging in sport. The hours they used to waste in the bar-rooms now go to the golf links and to the gymnasiums.

When Prohibition first came in owners of billiard rooms were inclined to take a very gloomy view of matters. They thought it would ruin this sport.

To-day it is doubtful if you could find a single owner of the now crowded rooms who would want to see the return of the old conditions. They say their business is better and cleaner. The time some of their customers used to spend leaning against the bar now goes into active playing.

So it is all along the line. Professional sport, which was once distinctly associated with the saloons to its one great detriment, finds that it is on a new footing entirely.

Amateur sport has to contend to some extent with King Barleycorn, and it shows a healthier aspect since the old convivial

gatherings on the eve of big football games and other events have been dispensed with.

Figures do not lie, and figures show that sport ought to be mighty thankful to Prohibition.

## French Military Calls Dry Meeting.

A Paris despatch of December 15 says:

"The first official Prohibition movement in Paris sponsored by the Government is under way to-day. The military Governor is organising fifty dry meetings which will be addressed by army doctors and others on the evil effects of alcohol. Moving picture companies will be asked to co-operate."

## "The Big Drought is Paying Dividends."

"Here we are, at or near the bottom of a national business slump. Taxes are heavy. Credit is tight. There is considerable unemployment. There is much pessimism. What is the most helpful and hopeful thing, in this critical period?" Thus moralises the Greensville (S.C.).

Then comes the answer:

"Prohibition," answers the "Country Gentleman" unhesitatingly, explaining as follows:

"The drink bill of the United States used to be approximately two billion dollars a year. This is more than the vast increase of rates granted the railroads. It is more than the interest on the entire debt of the United States. And this gigantic sum, formerly wasted, along with its accessory crime and health costs, now goes into useful trade.

"In no other way would the United States have added so much to its buying power as it did in cancelling the liquor bill, and without it we would have been in a bad way to meet our after-war debts. Even now, in the midst of national deflation, the savings banks of every section of the country report a steady growth. Credit Prohibition for some of this.

"As a nation we are sober, financially and otherwise. The big drought is paying dividends."

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## The Passing of James Marion

Mr. Marion left home (St. Clair) on Tuesday morning, February 22. He was to do meetings at places out of Oamaru on the Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday. They went from Oamaru each night with a small band of workers. The Thursday night's meeting was at Duntroon, 28 miles from Oamaru. He had a good tea, and they went out in the car to Duntroon, he being quite well and in the best of spirits. Duntroon is only a small place, and they did not expect a very large meeting, but when the party got there, although it was before the meeting time, they found a good crowd, the people having come from all directions. Mr. Marion was delighted, and was looking forward to a good meeting. He was talking with the different ones before the meeting commenced.

A Mrs. Craig sang before the lecture commenced a song she had never sung before. The title was something like "Keep On Hoping," but the final words were something like this in meaning: "Keep on hoping, praying and working till the curtain falls." (The person sending these particulars from Duntroon added: "It was a coincidence that the curtain fell with such startling suddenness.")

Mr. Marion sat and listened very intently to the song, and appreciated it. He began his address, and after he had been speaking for a while he turned to the chairman and said, "I don't feel well." They thought he was only joking, and they moved the table on the platform to give him more room, but then they saw that something was really wrong. I believe he made a few more remarks, saying that he could not go on, and was sorry for the people who had come so far to hear him.

The gentleman giving the information wrote as follows: "As we were leading him off the platform he said, 'Thank God, I am ready.' Then he said, 'I'm done,' and after that he sang two lines of the famous hymn, 'My Jesus I Love Thee, I Know Thou Art Mine' (this hymn to be found in any edition of Sankey's hymns). Just before losing consciousness he said, 'Good-bye, friends; come on now, Jesus, I'm ready.'"

There had been a medical student, whose course was just about finished, in the audience, and he went with the other men and took Mr. Marion from the hall to the hotel near where another medical student was. The local doctor and they did all they could, and then got the doctor from Oamaru. They all worked and did everything possible, but nothing could be done. It was hemorrhage of the brain, and the Oamaru doctor has since said that it would have come sooner or later, but that it was a very unusual thing in such a young man. If he had recovered then he would not have been able to speak again. The local friends stayed with him all the time till they could do nothing more at 3 a.m. on Friday (25th). He did not regain consciousness, and they did not think

that he was in pain. He passed away quietly. The people at the hotel and everyone else were wonderfully kind.

They had got in touch with Dunedin, and Mr. Adams came with his car and woke Mrs. Marion and took her to Duntroon, but they didn't get there till 8 a.m. She returned later on to Dunedin, and she and the children and a lady from St. Clair went up to Oamaru on the Saturday, where they had taken Mr. Marion, and where the funeral was to be. They were all accommodated and looked after by Mr. Milligan and his sisters (he was formerly Mayor of Oamaru) till Monday.

Mrs. Marion cannot speak too highly of the kindness of them and others, and is glad to remember that they had Mr. Marion in a beautifully bright, airy room, full of flowers and sunlight. He was buried at 2.30, the service being conducted by Rev. John Dawson (of the Alliance) and Rev. Maclean, and was very impressive. The funeral was one of the largest, and Mr. Dawson says it was all that could have been wished for. The Oamaru people have undertaken to attend to the grave, and others have also said that they would see that flowers were kept on it. Mrs. Marion knows that if Mr. Marion had had his say he would have preferred to be left in Oamaru, which is a "dry" place, and where he had opened his campaign in New Zealand so successfully. It seemed to be a favorite place of his.

The love and sympathy of the people is wonderful, and Mrs. Marion is getting further evidence of it every day. He will certainly never be forgotten.

Mrs. Marion and the children are returning to New South Wales.

### A LETTER OF CONDOLENCE

Of the many letters received by Mrs. Marion the following is one of the most beautiful:—

"Mr. Marion paid me £2/2/- when he commenced study with me. I now enclose cheque for that amount. I cannot help feeling that silence is much more fitting than any words of mine at a time such as this. Your husband gave his life in the service of the greatest cause to which a man can put his hand at the present time. I only heard him speak once—on the Sunday night at South Dunedin Presbyterian Church—but I realised at once the power and sincerity of the man. I have never heard anyone use illustrations with such compelling force as he did that evening. It was masterly—not a word too much or too little."

"He has been called home. God alone understands these sudden calls and 'His way is perfect,' but with tears raining down your face and a heart overflowing with grief, you will rejoice that thousands are living in happier circumstances to-day because James Marion lived. No one can estimate such a tremendous loss to the cause for which he

so nobly lived and died. We dare not even guess what it means to you and yours.

"May the God of all comfort be very near to you and your family, and pour the oil of His love into your wounded and bleeding hearts."

### SINCERE THANKS.

Mrs. Marion wishes to express her sincere thanks for all the kind cable messages and touching letters she has received. Her friends will understand how impossible it is for her to write to all who have written to her.

## Twin Babies in White.

"Dear Mrs. Petite, how do you keep your twin babies always so clean and always in white?" That's what they all say.

"Why, that's no trouble at all."

"Yes, but think of the wash!"

"Wash! It's nothing if you go at it right."

"Go at it right! What other way is there but boil and scrub?"

"What other! I have long ago left off the boil and scrub, boil and scrub way."

"What is it?"

"Did you ever really read the wrapper of Sunlight Soap?"

Often they say they never did. They had seen the soap, and they took off the wrapper and threw it away without reading it, for they had seen printing on other soap wrappers which meant nothing.

"Oh, but the most of those wrappers are printed as like Sunlight Soap wording as possible without copying."

"No woman need ever have her baby's clothes dirty who has read Sunlight Soap wrapper and tried the Sunlight way. I wash in the Sunlight way, and so I can afford to dress my babies in white, and they are always clean."



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Phones: General Offices, City 157; Organising and Public Meeting Dept., City 8944.

## FIELD DAY PLAN.

### THURSDAY, MARCH 31.

8 p.m., Empire Theatre, Moree: Messrs. Wilson and Little.

### SUNDAY, APRIL 3.

11 a.m., Presbyterian Church, Inverell.  
3 p.m., Anglican Church, Gilgai.  
7.30 p.m., Methodist Church, Inverell.  
8.30 p.m., Town Hall, Inverell: Messrs. Wilson and Little.  
11 a.m., Presbyterian Church, Walcha.  
3 p.m., Union Church, Woolbrook.  
7.30 p.m., Anglican Church, Walcha: Mr. W. D. B. Creagh.  
11 a.m., Presbyterian Church, Singleton.  
3 p.m., Camberwell.  
7.30 p.m., Presbyterian Church, Singleton.  
8.30 p.m., Parish Hall, Singleton: Mr. H. Allen Job.

### MONDAY, APRIL 4, 8 p.m.

Town Hall, Inverell: Messrs. Wilson and Little.  
Workers' Meeting, Singleton: Mr. Job.  
Workers' Meeting, Walcha: Mr. Creagh.

### TUESDAY, APRIL 5, 8 p.m.

Methodist Hall, Croydon Park: Rev. R. B. S. Hammond.

### THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 8 p.m.

School of Arts, Wialalda: Messrs. Wilson and Little.

There will be Open Air Meetings at Moree, Inverell, Walcha, and Singleton.

## AN ACTIVE COMMITTEE.

At the annual Church of Christ Conference a most encouraging report was presented by the Temperance Committee, which has our trusted friends Mr. L. Gilmore as president and Mr. A. J. Fisher as organiser.

After a reference to the special fund raised to provide an organiser for the referendum campaign, the report goes on to mention the practical plan for carrying on educational work among young people, for which another fund is being raised. Mr. Fisher has charge of this, and works in association with the Alliance.

Representatives of the committee addressed 130 meetings, and about 8000 people were reached. Practically every Church in the suburban area was visited by a member of the committee, who addressed the Churches on Sunday mornings or Wednesday nights. Approximately 30,000 leaflets have been distributed through the agency of the committee, and 100 copies of Mr. Hammond's book, "With One Voice," have been sold. Working amongst Sunday Schools the committee has conducted fourteen lantern lectures and put out 1000 pledges.

## WHOLESALE LICENSES.

Our attention has again been called to the number of wholesale licenses that are being granted. They are so palpably contrary to the

spirit of the Act that a different attitude can be expected from the Licensing Bench. This is likely to come about when objections are lodged against the granting of such licenses. Friends are urged to carefully watch these, so that the necessary steps to oppose can be taken in time to secure attendance at the Court.

Seeing that it is possible for a sale to be made of two gallons, but delivery to be practically in any quantity, the whole intention of the Act as touching these is likely to be subverted.

## OUR FIELD CAMPAIGN.

The reception being accorded our field scheme is most encouraging. All denominations—some more heartily and generously than others—have approved. Last week-end our speakers gave addresses in Anglican (2), Presbyterian (2), Methodist (9), Congregational (1) Churches, where they were cordially received, and the cause given very practical support.

In addition, there was one open-air meeting, one Brotherhood, and four public meetings, besides a considerable amount of personal work.

This was a typical week-end. Next Sunday Alliance representatives will be in two Anglican Churches, five Presbyterian Churches, one Methodist Church, one Union Church, and two United Church rallies. In addition, several public meetings are planned.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

Registrations.—No. 11, North Goulburn Methodist Band of Hope; secretary, Mr. S. Higgs. No. 12, Cook's Hill (Newcastle) Y.P. Society; secretary, Mr. H. Goudge.

Reports.—A new society has recently been formed at Young under the leadership of Mr. H. Templeton. Their second meeting was well reported in the local paper, and we anticipate that effective work will be done by them.

Goulburn Band of Hope reports excellent meetings. There is great interest taken in the meetings, and for a series of twenty-one meetings an average attendance of 103 was maintained. Reports of every meeting are published in the local papers.

Drummoine is planning a United Young People's Society. Mr. Francis Wilson recently attended a preliminary committee meeting, and reports bright prospects for the future.

Sans Souci and Dulwich Hill are both planning united rallies, when lantern lectures will probably be given to the children of the district.

Pledge Cards.—There has been a large demand for pledge cards recently, and our

present supply is almost exhausted. We expect shortly to issue a new and attractive pledge card, both for general temperance work and also for Band of Hope.

Victorian Band of Hope Union.—The secretary of the Union writes: "Our Union here is delighted to know that N.S.W. is at last moving in the young people's work. I have received samples of your buttons; they are tip-top. We would be glad to have reports from you for the next issue of the 'Band of Hope News.' If any of our N.S.W. workers would like to subscribe to the Australasian 'Band of Hope News,' we should be pleased to arrange for them to get it. It is published quarterly, and it is only 6d. per year posted."

The paper contains some splendid readings and suggestions for work amongst the young people, together with notes and news from the whole of Australia. Write in for sample copies. Address all communications to Young People's Department, N.S.W. Alliance, 321 Pitt-street, Sydney.

## DRINK TRAGEDIES.

Those of our supporters who might be becoming a little indifferent in the fight should closely scrutinise the evening papers, which every day supply damning evidence against the liquor traffic. Each issue contains some story to which the horror and the sordidness has been added by liquor. The liquor "arguments" are made to look doubly ridiculous by these incidents.

## A CANADIAN HELPER.

Mr. Fred. C. Middleton, who has been assisting our campaign during the past two months, has gone to South Australia for a month. This is mainly a holiday trip to visit friends and relatives in the State where he was born, but advantage is being taken of his presence there to secure his help at several public meetings and church services.

He spends one week at Broken Hill, and the local committee is arranging a programme for him while there.

Mr. Middleton returns to New South Wales at the beginning of May, and will continue to assist in the campaign here for the rest of the year.

## "GRIT" SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Received to 24/3/21, and where not mentioned the amount received is 10s.: George Hodge, £1, 28/2/23; Mrs. J. E. Ward, 7/2/22; F. A. Wallis, £1, 30/12/22; Mr. Jesse Lloyd; E. G. Wallace, £1, 30/9/22; John J. Gray, 21s., 30/12/22; A. S. Mowbray, 2/6/22; A. T. Grace, 7/2/22; Mr. A. E. Sutton, 28/2/22; Rev. E. P. Lowe, £1, 15/2/22; James McMahon, 7s. 6d., 14/4/22; Miss F. A. Bradhurst, 28/2/22; W. Harlow, 23s., 30/12/22; Rev. W. T. Abbott, 2s. 6d., 30/3/21.

The following are paid to 30/12/21: Mrs. Dickinson, Mr. Fred. H. Stewart, Mrs. Tinsley, Mr. Jas. Edwards, Mr. C. J. Stokes, Mr. N. H. Richards, Mr. J. M. Price, Mr. W. Wrigley, Mr. W. Scott (18s. 6d.), Miss Mabel B. Glover, Mrs. R. J. Morris, Rev. F. J. Searle, Rev. Canon Cranswick, Mr. John F. Bruce, Mrs. G. Nixon, Mr. W. Sizer, Mr. R. A. Marsden, Thos. L. Thompson, Mr. W. H. Wheatley (18s. 6d.), Mrs. Auld.



# NEW ZEALAND NOTES.

By the LATE JAMES MARION, Dunedin, N.Z.

A dozen years ago when Local Option polls claimed the attention of the N.S.W. electors, New Zealand had the honor of furnishing much of the data around which the License and No-License controversy centred. In later years, with the world-movement revealing nation-wide victories (such as come to us from U.S.A.), the bigger issue has somewhat overshadowed Maoriland results. Nevertheless, the sturdy dry electorates throughout the Dominion give a result that cannot fail to appeal to the unbiassed mind. It may be as well to re-state a generally known fact: No-License is not Prohibition, a provision existing whereby a resident in a No-License area can obtain a supply of liquor from outside the electorate, but such consignments must be registered by the consignor. In this way an official check is kept on liquor supplies going into No-License areas.

## DRINK INCREASES IN LICENSE DISTRICTS.

In 1910 the drink bill per head of population for the licensed areas of New Zealand was £4/3/1½; for the No-License areas, 16/3.

In 1919 (ten years after) the drink bill for the licensed areas increased to £6/4/5½, and the No-License areas to 17/2½. It will be seen at once that whilst there was the big rise of £2/1/4½ per head in the licensed areas, the increase in No-License areas in drink

expenditure was only 11½d. The increased cost of liquor accounted for much of the growth of the drink bill. In liquor consumption, as between 1910 and 1919, the total gallons consumed in licensed areas increased from 11.17 gallons per head of population to 14.77 gallons, and in the No-License areas from 1.84 in 1910 to 1.86 in 1919.

The above figures show conclusively that the closed bar holds the liquor consumption in check, whilst the open bar leads to a development of the drink habit, which in times of extraordinary prosperity has jumped greatly within the last two years in New Zealand.

## WHAT OF SLY GROG?

In the area in which I am working at present (Otago and Southland) there are five No-License electorates. Recently interviewing a police superintendent, he declared that within the last six months there had only been one conviction for sly grog selling and only one complaint.

A theatrical company recently played at Oamaru, the fine No-License town in North Otago. Certain English members of the company are used to having their "bed-time spot" of whisky. The manager of the company assures me that in Oamaru they failed to get the cherished drink.

Whilst referring to Oamaru, it is worth

mentioning that owing to the house shortage the local jail is housing a family, there being no necessity to keep this institution going owing to the absence of crime in the district.

## THE BIGGER ISSUE.

It is, however, the bigger issue, Prohibition, that grips the imagination of the people, both in license and No-License areas. Whatever criticism may be levelled against the success of No-License in electorates arises out of the disabilities inflicted on the area by neighboring wet electorates. In fact, many of the convictions for drunkenness in No-License areas are those who came in by train from wet towns.

## THE LAST TWO POLLS.

In 1919 there were two Prohibition contests, and on each occasion victory was always secured. In April, 1919, the issue was "Prohibition with compensation," and the fact that it would have cost £4,500,000 to rid the Dominion of the liquor traffic did not in itself prevent a majority of the resident voters from giving a decision for Prohibition. It was the oversea soldiers' votes that turned the scales on that occasion in favor of the "wets." I have conversed with several returned men, and they assure me that the liquor interests successfully gulled the fighting men with the assumption that the vote was being taken in their absence, and in that way an attempt was being made to sneak in Prohibition; and, further, if compensation had to be paid, there would be that much less for repatriation.

A further vote was taken in December, 1919, and again with every hope of victory the Prohibitionists were robbed of a decision by the inclusion of "State Control" as an issue on the ballot paper. It was necessary, in order to win Prohibition, to have a majority over both Continuance and State Control. With this unfair handicap the Prohibitionists polled 30,000 more votes than were registered for Continuance, but 33,000 votes given for State Control left the Prohibition issue 3000 votes behind.

## A STRAIGHT FIGHT CONTEMPLATED.

It is now almost certain that at the next contest, which takes place in December, 1922, the State Control issue will be left off the ballot paper, and that the issue will be a straight-out one on a bare majority, and the liquor traffic to cease within six months of the vote.

A majority of the present Parliament, it is stated, are favorable to the cutting out of the "State Control" issue.

A new roll, in which the cemetery vote will not operate, is another factor that is likely to help the "drys."

It is confidently felt that the present resident voters of N.Z. will give a decided majority for Prohibition. The unknown quantity, however, is the large immigrant influx, bringing to these shores old-world ideas favorable to the drink traffic.

## TEMPERANCE TEACHING IN SCHOOLS.

The Education Department has issued to all New Zealand school teachers a text-book, (Continued on Page 10.)

## THE LURE OF THE DANCE

By Prof. Faulkner, the World-Renowned ex-Dancing Master and Originator of many of our Modern Dances, who Quit his Profession to devote his life to giving the World the Truth about the Dance as the Devil's Most Terrible Weapon of Moral Destruction.

Prof. Faulkner knows the dance as it is, and he believes that it is the worst evil in the world to-day. Its invasion of the home, the school, the church, and its subtle influence over our young people are shown convincingly in this book.



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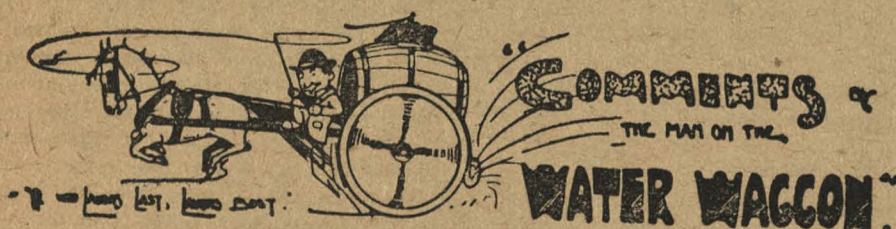


# DELICIOUS CHINA FLAVOR

# GRIFFITHS BROS.

# Special Afternoon

# TEA



"There is nothing morally wrong in betting," said a judge in a case recently before the court, and yet the judge went on to say: "But I just wish those people who advocate it could see the misery it brings from day to day in these courts."

One might well ask the judge if what is physically or socially wrong can possibly be morally right?

Nothing morally wrong in gambling?

Now, judge, let us talk it over.

Gambling is an exchange of property on the basis of chance.

This is morally wrong, apart from such consequences as the judge refers to, on two counts. First, it is a universal law that there can only be a moral exchange of property on the basis of barter or benevolence, that is, exchange or goodwill. There is no place, and there has been no period, in which this has not been recognised.

Gambling violates this universal law, since it provides for an exchange without giving an equivalent, or without any benevolence or goodwill.

Gambling comes under any reasonable definition of theft; it is daylight robbery. It is based on a belief that one man thinks that he knows something the other does not know, and by keeping such knowledge to himself he lures another into forfeiting some of his property.

The judge well knew that the other man, being a party to it, does not make it right. It is morally wrong because it dethrones reason and puts chance in its place. This is voluntary lunacy, and if applied generally to business would produce chaos. Reason must regulate the basis of exchange if you would have social and moral order, but when chance takes its place disorder must reign. This is

a social outrage, and therefore morally wrong.

Gambling is harmful because of its consequences, but it is wrong per se because of the reasons I have given, since they are true, irrespective of the amount risked or the consequences resulting.

## IT DOES NOT PAY.

Dr. S. A. Steel in "Work" says:

"My young friend, there are many things in this world that it doesn't pay to do.

"It doesn't pay to try to pass yourself off for more than you are worth; it tends to depress your market quotation.

"It doesn't pay to lie, for your lies must all be kept on file mentally, and in the course of time some of them are pretty certain to get on the wrong hook. A liar needs a better memory than anyone is apt to possess.

"It doesn't pay to try to get a living without work. You will work harder and get a poorer living than if you did honest work.

"It doesn't pay to be a practical joker, unless you can enjoy the joke when you happen to be the victim.

"It doesn't pay to rest when you ought to be at work; if you do, you are apt to have to work when you ought to be resting.

"It doesn't pay to cry over spilt milk, neither does it pay to spill the milk."

## MR. BUSINESS MAN.

The men's mercer spends many thousands in advertising to get a "cut" out of the money to be spent among his fellow mercers. If he out-advertises and undersells his competitor he succeeds at the other's loss.

Last year we spent ten and a quarter million on liquor. Why not have a "cut" out of that? The drapers spend tens of thousands and display wonderful ingenuity in attracting customers from their fellow drapers.

Why not have a "cut" out of this ten and a quarter million?

The places of amusement go the limit in advertising, sensationalism and novelty to attract those who want diversion and relaxation. Their great rival is the bar. Why not have a cut at the ten million and a quarter spent on booze.

Every pound spent on bringing Prohibition is helping to loosen up the piece of that great financial pie of ten million and a quarter that progressive business will obtain when liquor shops are closed.

Go to it, Mr. Business Man. Prohibition is a sound business proposition. Invest in it and it will pay you dividends such as nothing else has ever done, and you can get a bigger "cut" out of this booze expenditure of ten and a quarter million than you can get out of the half-million now spent among your competitors.

## AUSTRALIA'S DRINK WASTE.

1915-16 .....	£19,224,907
1916-17 .....	18,683,867
1917-18 .....	19,905,000
1918-19 .....	19,744,470
1919-20 .....	27,139,117

Total for five years ....£104,696,461

Why not have a "cut" at this?

**WANTED**, by a thoroughly reliable person, BOOKS TO KEEP AT HOME. Clerical work of any kind.

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# WE BOTH LOSE MONEY—if you don't

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# Australia's Moral Pioneers.

## SOME MEN WHO MARCH WITH THE AGES.

### I.—ELISHA DE GARIS.

The name of De Garis has a distinct place of its own in the pioneering section of Australian history. Away back in 1888, when the now world-famous irrigation settlement of Mildura was as yet a mere project, two men built the first Methodist Church in the then Mildura wilderness. These men were the Reverend Elisha De Garis and the Reverend James Trathan. Out of tall mallee poles and out of sheets of bark they builded it, fastening down the very roof with slips of bullock-hide.

The blacks of Mildura assisted, stripping the sheets of bark from the great trees that grew along the Murray's bank. And so, when the first steamboats, laden with men, drew in to the red Mildura shore, there was already a church there, waiting to welcome them. True, it was a very primitive church, and a very ephemeral church, for presently there came a willy-willy across the mulga—a regular storm that blew that little church to pieces, and scattered its fragments far and wide. Still, it was a church. It was an earnest if an humble house of God, erected in the far wilderness. Within its bark and sapling walls, whilst yet it stood, all sorts and conditions of men knelt down to confess their faith in the Great Unseen. And he who, to-day, visiting Mildura, looks with admiration upon the present magnificent Methodist Church, will do well to remember those men—James Trathan and Elisha De Garis—who took off their coats in '88 and did God's pioneering work, and sowed the seed of Christian faith along Australia's central river valley.

De Garis? Why, even before Mildura was thought of, and in the days when Hugh McColl was preaching irrigation to the feckless politicians of the Victorian State, Elisha De Garis was practical in action. As chairman of the Tragowel Plains Irrigation Trust, he did much to pioneer the progress of that thirsty land which lies between the Victorian Great Dividing Range and the mighty Riverina.

Then, when the vigorous, far-sighted Chaffey group arose above the horizon, the Reverend Elisha De Garis took his courage in both hands and became once more a pioneer. He did, in short, what so many

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

If this strikes you, then send along to

**THE AUSTRALASIAN WHITE CROSS LEAGUE,**  
56 ELIZABETH STREET,  
SYDNEY,

And ask for a Report of work done and literature for yourself and your children.

earnest clergymen in all churches long to do, because of a failure to rightly direct the energies of a practical religion upon this life—he left the church. He gave up preaching, and became Mildura's first and most effective auctioneer. Helping, consistently, in all that made for the moral welfare of that community, he took up the slogan of increasing irrigation land-values. Preaching the great and splendid gospel of Mildura's sure and certain future, at a time when thousands of hostile critics in boom-mad Melbourne were trying to knock the infant settlement stiff.

It was a man's work. And the man who took it up was no physical giant, equiposed in brain and brawn. On the contrary, this earnest pioneer and preacher of a great Mildura was merely a little spectacled man, whose strength lay less in brawn than brain. But he had sight. He could see far into the future. And whilst the boom-intoxicated fools of Victoria imagined that Melbourne was the centre of the universe, he beheld the solemn fact that the whole future of Victoria depended upon the success of that American irrigation experiment, upon the far northern plains.

A man's work? Consider how far away Mildura lay, and what a journey it was, by coach from Swan Hill, to reach it. Consider the hostility of Victorian Government after Government, denying that infant settlement the promised railway line, which meant all the difference between life and death. Considering these things, how can one do other than wonder at the supreme pluck and spiritual heroism of these De Garis patterned heroes, who brought Mildura through the great financial crash of 1893?

Primarily, the idea in writing this article was to do honor to another and a later pioneer—the Reverend Elisha De Garis's famous son. But contemplation of the whole epic story of the rise and lasting greatness of Mildura, compels the writing of two articles instead of one. First, the father must be dealt with—the old man of to-day, who did the earnest pioneering of the 'eighties. And then, later on, we shall see how the old adage holds good—like father, like son.

So, envisaging the great past, it is worth while to affix special attention to one thing. From the beginning, Mildura was designed to be a Prohibition settlement—a true experiment in the utility of water, in fact as well as name. The brothers George and William Benjamin Chaffey were strong for this. "The greatest advertisement that Mildura can have in England," they said, "consists in the fact that it is discussed there, everywhere, as a small Australian Prohibition State. True, as yet, it is only a mere two hundred and fifty thousand acres in extent, but what of that? Every mother in England,

who owns an adventurous son, and who has the will and the cash to help him, will think of Mildura as a Promised Land. The mothers of England will have confidence in Mildura. They will send forth their sons, with God's blessing, to help build up Mildura. They will believe sincerely, religiously, deeply, and with all their hearts, in the future and in the prospects of a Dry Mildura, and they will be glad."

These brothers Chaffey were something more than irrigation engineers. In the truest sense of the term, they were oracles and seers. For they won out. And the sheer advertising effect of a Dry Irrigation Colony—of an absolutely Prohibitionist Mildura—succeeded beyond their dreams. Not alone in England, but in every Australian State. From all over this Commonwealth, so soon as it was definitely known that Mildura was to be a Prohibitionist area, the finest men and women extant rose up, and began to move towards the River Murray with their goods.

This should serve as a hint for those splendid people in New South Wales, upon the North Coast, who are now intent upon the foundation of a separate State. They need their Chaffeys first—their practical engineers, to plan out the practical development of every electrical and other local asset—but they also need their Prohibition seers. They need their De Garis, in short. Their man to advertise their new State as an absolutely Prohibitionist community, offering new hopes and opportunities to self-respecting, earnest men.

Mildura and the liquor question? It is to the eternal credit of the Reverend Elisha De Garis that he played a worthy part in regard to that. For as the little original river-settlement grew, and promised speedily to become a great city, the greedy and ghastly-conscienceless wholesale liquor traders of Melbourne fixed their eyes upon it, and determined to do battle for their prey. It was nothing to them that English hotelkeepers—such as Tom Rawlings of South Shields—had actually thrown up their booze-vending businesses, and had sped across the whole length and breadth of the world to Mildura, glad to set up their tents within the beginnings of a Prohibitionist State. No. They had but one object—to degrade and to debase. And so a pro-liquor and an anti-liquor struggle began, and was fought out in Mildura—a struggle which deserves to

(Continued on Page 15.)

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# A Personal Chat with my readers

A well-known health authority **BLESSED** says: "Sufficient sleep is quite **SLEEP.** as important as sufficient food." One of the evidences of a spoilt child is the late hour at which he is allowed to go to bed. The penalty will not be paid for many years, but it will be paid with compound interest in the years to come, when a nerve-wracked individual tosses through the sleepless night and then yields to the urge for an opiate and ends the victim of a drug. You can't take this too seriously; it is without exception, and long, long after the cause is forgotten, tens of thousands are the victims of inevitable results.

Children from five to seven need 13 hours' sleep, and should be in bed at 7 p.m.; from 7 to 10 they need 12 hours, and should be in bed at 8 p.m.; from 10 to 15 they need 10 hours, and must be in bed at 9.

Up to 20 years of age they need eight hours' sleep a night as surely as they need three sensible meals a day.

You pay too high for neglect of these proven necessities.

## MARKING YOUR BIRTHDAY.

I am grateful to Miss Pawley for writing as follows:—

"Will you allow me to bring before your readers—old and young—a splendid organisation known as the Missionary Birthday Band? Some of your readers may be familiar with its workings, but for the benefit of those who are not I should like to explain that it was founded in Melbourne in 1909 by a schoolboy, who has since laid down his life in the Great War.

"The work, begun in a small way, has been so wonderfully blessed of God and has grown to such an extent that over 30 native evangelists, Biblewomen, colporteurs, and teachers are being supported in different countries, and 35 boys and girls are being maintained in mission schools and homes. Among the latter are found the leper, the blind, the outcast; indeed, each one has been lifted out of desolation such as can only be found in heathen lands.

"Any who desire to help are asked to send name, address, and birthday date to Miss S. Beven, R.A. Hospital, Camperdown, N.S.W., who is secretary of Branch IX. (there are now 13 branches). A greeting will then reach you on or as nearly as possible on your birthday, in answer to which you will kindly send 1/- or more in stamps or postal notes."

A birthday on which we only get or are remembered is not nearly so good as one on which we also give and remember others. Why not join up, you folk who are not shy about your birthdays?

## BETTER AND BEST.

Better in bitterest agony to lie,  
Before Thy throne,  
Than through much increase to be lifted up  
on high,  
And stand alone.

Better by one sweet soul, constant and true,  
To be beloved,  
Than all the kingdoms of delight to trample  
through  
Unloved, unloved.

Yet best—the need that broke me at Thy  
feet,  
In voiceless prayer,  
And cast my chastened heart, a sacrifice  
complete  
Upon Thy care.

For all the world is nought, and less than  
nought,  
Compared with this—  
That my dear Lord, with His own life my  
ransom bought,  
And I am His.

## THE REAL TEST.

In the "Saturday Evening Post," one of the world's greatest papers, Samuel G. Blythe, one-time drinker of cocktails, and for many years one of the "Post's" editors, says:—

"If Prohibition is the iniquitous thing its opponents claim it to be, that fact cannot be established by wanton breaking of the law, because wanton lawbreaking proves nothing but the criminality of the lawbreakers, not the lack of merit of the law itself.

"The way to prove up on Prohibition is to have Prohibition. If it is satisfactory it can be maintained. If it is unsatisfactory it can be modified. If the citizens want Prohibition, they can have it only by enforcing the law and proving that the law is good."

America is in the final stage of the war against drink, the effort to enforce the law. In a country in which there are 37,000,000 foreigners the difficulties of law enforcement are very great. An effective campaign of dry law enforcement must include special educational work among the foreign-born population.

THE EDITOR.



3/6 PER DOZEN.

# 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.

## SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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

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

Editor—ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.

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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, MARCH 31, 1921.

## THE MARION MEMORIAL.

Mrs. Jeanie Miller and Mr. D. R. Rogers, £5 each; Mr. H.C. Brierley and Miss Loutheau, £2 2s. each; Mr. W. Lloyd, Miss Duffill, Mrs. Stafford, Mrs. C. J. Duffill, Mrs. E. J. Yeo, and M.N.M., £1 each; Mr. W. Wrigley, 11s.; Miss B. Paddle, Mr. Maidment, Mrs. M. Holliday, Miss Pearce, Miss Johnson, and Sans Souci Prohibition, 10s. each; Mrs. C. Smith, Mr. J. M. Price, Miss L. A. Paige, 5s. each; Mrs. Grant Forsyth, 2s. 6d.

## New Uses for Idle Breweries Planned.

Brewery owners may put their idle plants to use in preserving soft fruits and berries by a new process discovered as a result of experimenting at the University of California. It has been announced by acting Dean Walter Mulford that these fruits and berries may be held for twelve months or longer in frozen condition in water. Under the new process, the products retain the fresh flavor and color of the original product, was stated by the professors in charge of the experiment.

## BABY'S FIRST PORTRAIT.

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# FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF HELL.

(By ONE WHO HAS RETURNED.)

IX.

## THE WONDERFUL LADDER.

(This story is written for the readers of "Grit" by a man just out of jail.—Ed. "Grit.")

Now, when the morning came, my cell-door was flung open and somebody threw in a chunk of bread and a cold dish of yellowish-looking stuff.

"Hurry up!" a voice said. "You are going into the court."

So I hurried up. I had been reading for a little while a chapter or so of "The Inside of the Cup." But I dropped that book in haste. I was so hungry, and tore the bread asunder with my hands. Then I ate the yellow mush, cold and unpleasant-tasting hominy it was, a coarse and common sort of porridge, made of maize.

That, with a deep and hasty drink of water, made my morning's repast. So I turned to Churchill's wonderful book again, waiting for the re-opening of my iron door.

"This is serious," I read. "In business, we have to deal with crooks. They hold us up to left and right. And if we stood back, you know as well as I do that everything would go to pot. And if we let the reformers have their way, the country would be bedlam. We'd have anarchy, bloodshed, and revolution. And the people would be calling to us—the strong men—to come back."

"H'm! Would they?" I thought. "But the question is, who are the strong men? I thought that I was strong, until something slipped and I fell into prison. How much strength would any man have left, imprisoned here?"

Then I began to read again.

"A man is downright dangerous when he begins to think. He finds out things. He puts two and two together, and he becomes the uncompromising type."

"Oh, I'm a crook I discovered it some time ago. The difference between you and me—what is it? Simply that I am willing to acknowledge it, and you are not."

"H'm!" I reflected once more. "This is a book. It was worth while coming to jail, first discovering the Devil-whisky and then a book like this."

In the midst of my cogitations I heard an iron door go back with a reverberating bang. Then my own bolt was shot, and a voice shouted, "Quick march!"

I marched. At the open door of the adjoining cell I saw a tall and eagle-featured man. Gold pince-nez were astride his nostrils, and—wonderful to relate!—he displayed beautiful limbs of living bronze, being clad in loose white garments only from the neck to knee.

"Chidley!" I ejaculated. "Well, I'm hanged!"

The tall, good-looking son of an eagle smiled.

"Good morning," he said. "Have you any

kind of a book in your cell? I can recommend this."

Into my hands he shoved a small grey volume—"My Life," by Anton Tchekov. Thrusting it gladly into my pocket, I dashed back to my own cell and brought back "The Inside of the Cup."

"This is good," I began. "You can——"

"Come on!" a voice roared from below. "Sweeper, close those doors! Come on, you! What the —— are you doing up there?"

So I came on. Towards the great central iron ladder I marched, and saw all sorts of other persons marching, to be lined up on the floor below, in a double tier. Down the ladder I went. Down that reverberating iron ladder—that tragically hideous prison-ladder on which the feet of so many unhappy men have rasped and clanged.

I stood in the back row. Presently, old Buckley came along and began to feel my pockets.

"Whist! Takin' a book, are ye?" he whispered. "Thin be sensible, mahn! Hide it under yer clothes. Don't be carryin' it like that! Sure, that divyle of a Darcey can see it stickin' out of yer pocket."

Rapidly, I opened the book out flat and thrust it under my vest.

"That's right," muttered the old man, as he passed on. "If ye breathe hard, 'twill never slip."

Then a spectacled official began to call our names. And presently we marched out. We tramped away, at the shout of bullet-headed Warder Laurenz—away to court we tramped, out of A-Hall.

Now, my friends, this little book is like an aeroplane. Even as a flying machine at first taxies forward, so this story has taxied, thus far, but with a strong propellor whirling and equipped with all the hidden spiritual machinery that is destined to lift it from the ground. Already, you have felt a throb or two of the concealed engines. And so it is meet that you should know what this is—not a book designed to crawl forever over the face of a sordid prison-earth, but an aeroplane of the human spirit, made for flight.

I mean to say that some of the chapters which are to come will soar like birds above the common clay. Then, occasionally, the machine will drop to earth, now in one place and now in another, and I shall describe some scene of my free or prisoned life. To concentrate—that is my objective. Now, into one chapter I will pour some apocalyptic vision of the spirit. And again, into another, I will pour a picture of some day or days in jail.

Do you begin to understand?

For, since my release, I have read many books on prison, and I find that a book which is all prison is too terrible—the soul revolts against such perspectives of human sordidness and everlasting grey. Your soul and mine are alike in this. They both demand some color in life—some spiritual freedom and a tendency towards the higher action. Therefore, in this book I shall now fly over the whole city of Sydney, as it were—yea, and over all New South Wales. I shall wing my way over prisons, pubs., and palaces; into books and into byways, giving my own interpretation of the eternal facts of life.

Unless I can do this, and do it freely, why should I write? I do not want to pander to any tastes that are morbid, but I want to get into this story some of the pitiful tears of heaven—some of that rain-beat of the Almighty, which falls with refreshing fragrance even upon the roofs of jail.

YOU understand!

\* \* \*

And so, for a start, I will fly into the heart of that wonderful book which I read on my way to court from prison—Anton Tchekov's "My Life."

My life? Your life—and mine!

That book, which the dead and prison-martyred Chidley gave me, I first turned over in a crowded prison-car. Speeding away from the walls of a frowning penitentiary towards the City of Hell. I first glanced at its pages, speeding away from the grey and hideous walls of the State Penitentiary towards Sydney—the City of Hell.

Sitting between two thieves and with men in chains before me, I first opened the pages of that Russian masterpiece, "My Life." It is the story of a young and well-connected man, a Government official, who, spiritually infuriated with the uselessness of his life as a cog in a dead machine, throws up that idiotic way of earning a parasitical living, and becomes—a man.

A common working man!

An adventure into reality he achieved, far away from the spirit-rotting idleness of an official Government position. Ready to do anything, giving up friends and comfort—everything and anything—in order to become a man.

A man! To become that, ever since the world began, the truest souls have ever been ready to surrender all. They give up every-

(Continued on Page 16.)

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## The Favored Law-Breaker.

The licensed liquor bar has always been, and always will be, the place where disorder, dishonesty, assaults, manslaughter, murder, etc., develop. This is an easy matter to understand. There is just one reason for it; that reason is the fact that they, "the people who run the bars," sell an article that drugs, or, as is commonly called, dopes the individual.

A person drugged has lost control. Then the mind is free from the normal control, and the rest is easy.

Evidence is constantly brought forward in the home, in the criminal, and especially the Coroners' Courts. This evidence shows absolutely that the person or persons were served with drink, or were on the premises in a drunken condition, death, the most serious loss to a human being, often resulting. The police get all the evidence, but no action is taken against those who undoubtedly are directly responsible for the drunken condition of the victims, often leading to wrongdoing, or even death.

The police are constantly looking for law-breakers. I firmly believe the places most watched by the police are the liquor bars. A fisherman goes where he knows the fish to be; the detectives go where they know the criminals are most likely to be found. Every authority states that drink (alcoholic) makes dissolute characters; they also know that the dissolute characters' chief victim is the drunk.

The following evidence taken in a case and published in the "Sun" of 10/3/21 shows this:

### "PICKING UP DRUNKS."

#### MEN'S WAYS OF LIFE.

Reginald Dawson, David Ferguson, and James Scott, each aged 21 years, were charged at the Central Court to-day with having stolen a wallet, a military discharge, and other articles.

Constable J. Brooks, of Clarence-street, stated that about a quarter to 6 yesterday he was in Elizabeth-street with Constable Russell. They saw Ferguson meet two other accused at the King's Head Hotel on the Park-street corner. The three waited till the hotel was closed, and when a drunken man came out and sat down on the kerbing they lifted him up and placed him against the wall.

Ferguson placed his hand into the man's coat pocket, while his mates held him, they meanwhile feeling his other pockets. The three then walked to Bathurst-street, where they were arrested.

At the police station Ferguson said: "I can't get work, and a man must do something."

The constable said that Russell and he had had the accused under observation since March 3. He explained that they frequented the parks and hotels "picking up" the drunks, and that on March 3 two of them were unsuccessfully chased.

Each accused was fined £5 and given the option of a month's hard labor.

Note the age of the three men; note the constable's evidence about the drunken man coming out at closing time. Will the police take action against the licensee of the King's Head Hotel for having drunks on the premises? The case shows the danger the bar is, and I urge you, reader, to help close them up.

W. D. B. CREAGH.

## New Zealand Notes—

(Continued from page 5.)

entitled "Alcohol in Relation to the Human Body and Mind." The action of the Department in so helping teachers to place the real facts of alcohol before the children is a splendid gain. Whatever may eventually happen to a public school boy or girl in N.Z., they certainly will not be able to say that they didn't know of the injurious effects of alcohol. The text-book explodes a score of popular fallacies on alcohol, and teachers are advised to study Horsley and Sturge, "Alcohol and the Human Body," for further information.

### THE ATTITUDE OF THE PRESS.

It had been the general attitude of the New Zealand press to refuse publication of any matter dealing with the Prohibition question unless "by arrangement," which means being paid for at advertising rates. I do not know whether this holds good all over the Dominion, but in Oamaru, Dunedin, and Christchurch, in which places both a morning and evening paper are published, their columns are as open for the discussion on liquor as on any other question. Here in Dunedin I have already had two brisk con-

troversies, and several statements have been published. Seeing that the papers have relaxed here in this connection, it is to be hoped that N.S.W. papers will show the same spirit of fair play and open-mindedness, and do likewise.

### DRY ASHBURTON.

In the vaudeville shows Prohibition is frequently made jest of, but there is a good gag going the rounds down here that won't do us any harm. The comedian declares that he has received a letter from Ashburton with the stamp pinned on it. Asked why it was stuck on he replies that his friend was too dry to lick it.

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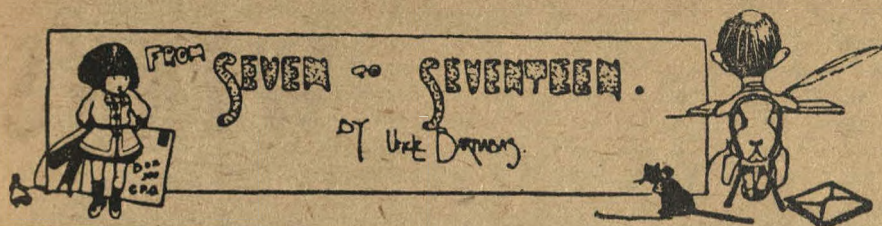
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All boys and girls between the age of seven and seventeen are invited to join the family of Uncle B. Write only on one side of the paper. Send your photo as soon as convenient. Send the date of your birthday. There is no fee to pay. Uncle B.'s birthday is celebrated in April each year by a picnic, to which he invites all his Ne's and Ni's. If you do not write for three months you are a "scallywag." Address all letters to Uncle B., Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

#### AN INFALLIBLE CURE FOR HICCOUGH.

In his recently published "Reminiscences" the Rev. Mr. Money describes a simple cure for hiccough, for the unfailing efficacy of which he personally vouches. The modus operandi is as follows:—"Take a tumbler, and fill it about half-full of water. Put the lips to the opposite side of the rim from that to which they are usually put in drinking, tilt the glass away instead of towards the mouth, and then sip the water. That is all, but you will want nothing more. You will be a healed, a quiet, a restful man." Without disparagement of this method, which may do all that is claimed for it (says the "Journal of Pharmacy"), we were in early childhood taught another mode of procedure, which, even in cases of acute and prolonged hysterical hiccoughing, seldom fails. It is this:—Fill a glass with water to the brim, stop each ear with the little finger of the hand on that side, and sip the water slowly, holding in the breath as long as possible.

Many happy returns of the day to "Grit's" April Nes and Nis: 1st, Emily Warren, Harry Andrews, F. Brown; 2nd, Isobel Davidson; 3rd, Gladys Wilkinson, Phyllis McCutcheon, Marie Harmer, Paget Murray, Helen Murray, Renee Chapman; 4th, Edith Roweth, May Rann; 6th, Doris Wotton, Jack Hockey, Don Bullard, Joyce Crawford, Bruce Jockerite; 7th, Alice Blanch; 8th, Allen Parker, Sybil Malcolm, Leslie Waters, Ilma Godfrey; 9th, Cecil Macauley, Phyllis Mansfield, Willie Pain; 11th, James Game, Gwen Westall, Hazel Miller; 13th, Kathleen McGarrity, Florrie Phillips, Bella Armstrong; 14th, Lindsay Lee, Clive E. Brown; 15th, U. McBrien, Vida Millgate; 16th, Wilfred Wyntar, Ira Butler; 17th, Dorothy Peters, George Stevens, Florrie M. Phillips, Virginia Drabsch; 19th, Eric Jackson, Ethel Gale; 21st, "Glory," Gladys Hillier; 22nd, Sylvia Johnstone, Rita Millgate; 23rd, Annie Wilford, Winnie Dryden, Winifred Howe, Dorothy Wykes; 24th, Stanley Murray, Grace Dodds, Lagh Highman; 25th, Doris Sinclair, Reg. Schultze, Margaret Manton; 26th, Edna Findlay, Arthur R. Toombes; 28th, Olive Wells, Muriel Ellis, Gordon Treloar,

Harry Francis; 29th, Isabella Jamieson; 30th, Gordon Lobb, Edna Jessie Milton Hall, Peter Ellery.

#### A NEW NI.

Verbina Blanchard, "Lisgar," Marrickville, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am writing to ask you if you would make me one of your large family. I am 13 years of age, and my birthday is on the 10th May. I'm in fifth class at school. Last year I passed my qualifying exam., together with two other girls from our school. I have only one sister, who is 12 years old to-morrow. On the 14th April we are going to have a concert in St. Clement's School Hall. We are all hoping it will be a success. I will now conclude, hoping you will make me a Ni.

(Dear Verbina,—I have much pleasure in welcoming you to the "Grit" family. I congratulate you on your success at school, and will look forward to hearing of future greater honors for you.—Uncle T.)

#### ALL DOING WELL.

Brian Mowbray, "Kirkconnell," Sunny Corner, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I saw my last letter in "Grit" and think it is time I wrote again. Father has a lot of peas, and Raymond and I help him pick them. Grandfather is coming out here next Saturday, and he will give our Sunday school an address; we like him coming. We have a few fowls and get some nice eggs. The horses are nice and fat this year; there is so much grass about. With best wishes to "Grit."

(Dear Brian,—Pleased to hear from you again; also to note that everything seems to be prospering. Next time you write tell me what grandfather spoke about.—Uncle T.)

#### LIFE'S JOY.

Marjorie Lee, "Leeholme," Fallford, writes:

Dear Uncle B.,—It is about time I wrote to you again. I suppose I am a great scallywag, but you will forgive me this time, won't you, Uncle? We had a very busy Christmas. Such a lot of visitors. But I think they all enjoyed themselves, and we did too. We went to Blackhead twice during the holidays. The second time we got there about 10 a.m., and, of course, went in bathing. The water was very nice. We had an early dinner, and then went away round to the other end of the beach to Redhead. There was a cool, strong breeze blowing, and we nearly got blown off the rocks. We found some very pretty shells round there. About 3 o'clock we went back to civilisation, and then went in swimming. Then we had tea, and about 5.30 we came home, after a very enjoyable day. Last Monday afternoon I went up the river to Dyer's

Crossing to see my sister, Mrs. Poff. She has two children now. The baby is three months old, and her name is Mavis Lucy. She is a lovely little thing. I stayed till Thursday afternoon. About an hour before I left there was a storm, which lasted for about half an hour. The rain and hail came pelting down, and the wind howled around the house. It was quite like winter. When it cleared off, there were only a few clouds about, and the sun shone down on a very wet world. My sister did not want me to go home till Friday, but all the same I went, and just got home, and down came another storm. I had a very nice time up there. My sister and my grandmother are going up to Dyer's Crossing to-morrow for a holiday. My brother Roger passed his intermediate examination, and we are glad he did. He is going to Taree some time this afternoon. The rest of the family have all gone to church; so grandmother and I are alone. I am going to church to-night. We went to a party last night, and had a nice time. I have just written to Sir John Kirk, as I want to join the "C. & K." League. Well, Uncle, I will close now with love to all "Grit" cousins and yourself.

(Dear Marjorie,—Your happy epistle would compel forgiveness. It is always a pleasure to hear of my young friends' successes and joys. Write again soon.—Uncle T.)

#### NOT LIKELY.

Thelma Dalgairns, "Thalinga," Wahroonga, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I wish to be one of your Ni's. I am 12 years of age, and my birthday is on the 15th of November. I will send you a photo. as soon as possible. I go to Gordon public school and am studying for the qualifying certificate this year. I go to Wahroonga Methodist Sunday school. We had a very nice teacher, but she left, and we have a new one. We had our harvest festival last Sunday, the 13th. The church looked lovely. We all took fruit and vegetables for it. I hope I shall never have my name on the scallywag list. Hoping I shall be accepted.

(Dear Thelma,—Be true to your true self and you can never be false to others, and thus you will escape ever becoming a scallywag. Now, as a "Grit-ite," I urge you on to still greater efforts in helping others.—Uncle T.)

#### A PROMISING NI.

Marie Neary, Hurstville, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am 11 years old on the 27th April, and my grandma takes "Grit," and I saw the letters from the other children, so I thought I would like to join Uncle B.'s family, but hope I will not be a scallywag.

#### THE "NOISELESS" TYPEWRITER.

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We have a garden, and we have to pull the weeds up every afternoon. I am knitting socks, and I have a lot of homework. I came second in my examination at school, and I am now in the Q.C. class. I go to Sunday school. I would like to see the drink put down in Australia. The drink sends many poor children to bed hungry, and they have no fine clothes to wear as do the publicans' children. I noticed a letter of February 15 from Edna Harrington, Penwick, Gordon, asking why sailors wore a black scarf under their collar. Well, this is the answer: It is worn in memory of the death of Nelson. I will send my photo. soon, wishing you every success, and hope that I will grow up to be useful, and to help work to vote Australia dry. Wishing your work every success.

(Dear Marie,—The delight is mine to have you as a Ni. One with hopes and ambitions such as yours could never become a scallywag. Many thanks for the answer. I did not know it.—Uncle T.)

#### "SHE HATH DONE WHAT SHE COULD."

Kathleen Warland, "Lisgar," Marrickville, writes:—

My Dear Uncle B.,—I was very pleased to see my letter in "Grit," and to know that you welcome me into your large family, and that I will have such a number of cousins. We were all very sorry to hear of the death of Mr. Marion, and hope and pray that God will raise up someone else to take his place, for we all know what a great loss it is to you in your great work. Christmas was spent very merrily here. We had a Christmas tree, and I helped to decorate it; the light was then put out, and the candles lit while the kiddies sang the Christmas hymns and carols. Father Christmas then appeared on the scene, which caused great excitement among the younger ones. But Christmas morning was the morning; everyone woke at 4 o'clock, and had to wait until 7, as we had been forbidden to touch our pillow-cases until that hour, so we curiously looked at them this way and that, trying to distinguish what the different shapes were. At last the signal was given, and, my word, it took no time for us to be out of bed; pillow-cases were immediately snatched from the floor. Our next trial was undoing them; they had been tied in knots. Such a babel was never heard. They ran to each dormitory, showing each other what Father Christmas had given them. Next scene was when they gathered together to see matron's gifts. After breakfast, church followed, which made everyone very excited and happy. In the afternoon we played games and had other such fun. Many of our holidays were spent in picnicking and surfing, as we went to Manly once, and Coogee twice, and, of course, went in bathing the three times. Matron has gone away for a month's holiday, and we miss her very much, but we have a deaconess taking her place, whom we all like very much. We have a new school teacher, and school seems much nicer, and I hardly like staying away. Molly, who is one of your scallywag N's, and Vera and I are going to be confirmed on Ascension Day. We have had one

lesson, and we are going again on Tuesday afternoon. We had been trying for three months before Christmas to see who was the most unselfish and loving and willing girl to help others, and at Christmas our votes were taken, and I got such a shock when Matron told me I had won the prize. I had seven votes out of eleven, and on the night of the Christmas tree Father Christmas presented me with a beautiful thumb index Bible, and also a very pretty work basket from Matron. Canon Charlton was to present it, but he was ill at the time, so Mr. Begbie came out instead. We are going to give a concert in St. Clement's School Hall on the 14th of April, Uncle, in which I am acting as a giant in a fairy play called "The Fairy Chain," and Mrs. Windsor, from Ryde, is teaching us, and we all hope it will be a great success. Well, Uncle, I think I must close now, hoping this letter arrives just in time to free me from the scallywag list, as you will receive it, I hope, on the last day of the third month since my letter was published. With fondest love to you and Uncle T. and all "Grit" members from Marjory Franklin, and especially myself.

(Dear Kathleen,—It is a joy to me that I have some faithful ones left, who will not become scallywags. The joy is the greater because you have won the highest distinctions that mortals can gain, and your prize will prepare you for the heights above our understanding. Keep on.—Uncle T.)

#### "FORGIVEN."

Elsie Arnett, Algomera, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I suppose it is quite time I wrote to you again. Well, Uncle, the holidays are over; but we have not got a teacher yet for our new school. We go to the Eungai school, and I am in fifth class. My brother and I ride to school on a horse we call Jack; he is a lazy horse. I hope you will forgive my brother Austin for not writing to you, for he is in the hospital, and will be there for a good many more weeks yet; he has had a bad leg, so he could not write to you. We have had a lot of rain lately, and the place looks nice and green. We have a nice flower garden. We are milking 23 cows and getting up to 46 gallons a day, and feeding 18 calves. I think this is all the news this time, so good-bye, Uncle. With love to you and all "Grit" cousins.

(Dear Elsie,—Of course, I will forgive your brother, because there is nothing to forgive. How could he possibly write when he is in pain? I hope, with you, that he will soon be up and strong again.—Uncle T.)

#### PRIZES AND PRESENTS.

Doris Plowman, Leichhardt, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am afraid you will have forgotten that I exist by now; but you just look on the scallywag list and you will find that I was once your Ni. I received a letter from Stella, and she said she had written to you, so I thought I had better write too. We had a prize distribution concert last Tuesday night, at which I was presented with three prizes, one for getting the possible 364 marks for lessons and conduct during the year. This was a book by Emma Marshall, called "The Old Gateway." The second was

"Jess," by Sir Rider Haggard, for coming second in the three-legged race at the Sunday school picnic; and 7/6 for coming second in the championship. It is our harvest festival on Sunday, and we hope to have a good display of fruit, etc. I have been to several picnics since I last wrote to you, and have had a bonzer time at each of them. We went to Nielson Park two or three times, and last Saturday we went to Bradley's Head for a teachers' picnic. We had to get off at the Zoo and walk round to Bradley's. It is a lovely walk, isn't it, Uncle? I hope I will be able to go to your picnic this year. I would love to go, but last time I couldn't, as I had to go to theory class to prepare for my exam., and I am afraid I will be in the same predicament this time; but I think if I ask my teacher nicely she will let me off for one afternoon, don't you? How did you enjoy your Christmas? I had a lovely time. On Christmas Eve a party from the church went carolling. We left the church at about 12 o'clock, and returned at about 4 o'clock. I got 9d. and the button out of the pudding. Then we had the service at 10.15; and, needless to say, I had a sleep in the afternoon, as I was up at 5 o'clock in the morning, and did not go to bed till 4 o'clock. I got lots of presents, and then my birthday came in January, so you may be sure I did well as regards presents. Oh, that reminds me, Uncle. I did not see my name in the birthday greetings. Who must I rouse on for that? Myself, yourself, or the printer? I think I remember sending the date of my birthday in. I am afraid I have not got much news this time, Uncle, and, as it is late, I will ring off now.

(Dear Doris,—Your last question first. You did not send the date of your birth—so rouse on yourself. I suppose for the past two years you have been too busy winning prizes and receiving presents to write. However, as you have repented, I will forgive. I congratulate you on your success, and I hope you will be present at our next picnic.—Uncle T.)

#### Q.C. PASS.

Thelma Dunlop, Croydon Park, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I suppose I am a scallywag by this, but I hope you will forgive me. The day I went back to school the Q.C. results came out, and I found I had passed. I go to Burwood school now, and like it very much. I did not go to school to-day as I had a tooth out, and my mouth is very sore. The baby is eight months old now, and she can say quite a lot of words, but I have not succeeded in teaching her to say "Grit" yet. I am the age of thirteen now, and thank you for your birthday wishes. Alan goes to work now. He works at Garden Island at fitting and turning. My other brother, Colin, passed the Leaving Certificate, and he goes to work also. I think that is all I have to say. With love to all "Grit" cousins and yourself, I will close.

(Dear Thelma,—No; your Q.C. success also qualifies you for a pardon; but let the future be more consistent with regularity; think earnestly, act justly, and all will be well.—Uncle T.)





## NOT A FAIR SWAP.

"When I married," said Smith, to a party of gentlemen who had been bragging of the successful marriages they had made, "I got a fine house."

"And I, gentlemen," exclaimed Mrs. Smith, who had entered the room just in time to overhear her husband's last remark, "I got a flat, the top storey of which has always remained vacant."

## SELF-INCRIMINATION.

"I didn't know that Browns kept a donkey. How long have they had one?"

"Oh! ever since I have been staying with them."

## THE RETORT COURTEOUS.

A young man chided his bride-wife that she couldn't make bread like his mother made, and she reminded her husband in return that he couldn't make dough like her father used to make.

It seems a pity to attempt to point out the moral of the following story, for its lesson so much depends on the experience of the individual reader. A gentleman wished to make his wife a present of a lace scarf, but had no desire to pay an extravagant price.

"I want you to buy a new lace scarf for Cousin Alice," he said to his wife. "Choose something nice—something you would get for yourself!"

The wife, however, had her own ideas as to generosity in buying presents, and the purchase, when she made it, consisted of a very simple article.

"H'm!" said the husband. "Is that what you would have chosen for yourself?"

"Exactly!" she replied.

"Well, my dear, keep it. I meant it for you!" he exclaimed, with an amiable smile.

## OF COURSE.

A young lady at school, engaged in the study of grammar, was asked if "kiss" was a common or proper noun.

After some hesitation she replied: "It is both common and proper, according to circumstances."

## DELUSIONS.

A couple of old rounders were sitting in a barroom imbibing cocktails. Presently one of them remarked, "Do you know, Bill, I think I'll buy this hotel."

"Wait till we've had a few more drinks," said Bill, "and I'll sell it to you."

## A REAL SHAME.

It's a shame that only a small minority of fanatics and fakirs should deprive all the people of the United States from enjoying their swift descent to death and destruction. Of course 45 States out of 48 make a small minority.

## DID YOU EVER!

Absent minded! He just was. When he heard himself knocking the ashes out of his own pipe, he called out, "Come in."

Professor: "There is not anything that has three feet. Everything has either two or four feet."

Student: "I know of two things that's got three."

Professor: "What are they?"

Student: "A yard and a three-legged stool."

"The hairs of our heads are all numbered, you know."

"So are the motor cars; but that doesn't present either from going fast."

It is quite true that you can't fool all of the people all of the time. You see, all of the people are not policemen.

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



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# DAILY INSPIRATION

Jesus said, "I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you."

—John 14, 18.

## SUNDAY.

"Oh let the nations be glad . . . for Thou shalt govern the nations upon earth."—Psl. 67, 4.

## GOD IN HISTORY.

"I have lived for eighty-one years, and the longer I live the more convincing proof I see that God governs in the affairs of men. And if a sparrow cannot fall to the ground without His notice, is it probable that an empire can rise without His aid? 'Except the Lord build the house they labor in vain that build it.' I firmly believe this; and I also believe that without His concurring aid we shall proceed in this political building no better than the builders of Babel."—Benjamin Franklin's address to the Convention for framing a Constitution for the United States of America.

## MONDAY.

"Teach me to do Thy will."—Psl. 143, 10.

## THY WILL TO DO.

We know the path wherein our feet should press:

Across our hearts are written Thy decrees;  
Yet now, O Lord, be merciful to bless, with more than these.

Grant us the will to fashion as we feel;  
Grant us the strength to labor as we know;  
Grant us the purpose ribbed with steel to strike the blow.

Knowledge we ask not—knowledge Thou hast sent;

But, Lord, the will—there lies our bitter need;  
Give us to build above the deep intent, the deed, the deed.

## TUESDAY.

"He delivereth the poor in his affliction."—Job 36, 15.

"Affliction," wrote Bishop Mant, "appears to be the guide to reflection, the teacher of humility, the parent of repentance, the nurse of faith, the strengthener of patience, and

the promoter of charity; while of those upon whom affliction is thus sanctified to the purifying of the soul and its improvement in Christian graces; of those who study to convert it, with the blessing of their merciful Father, to their spiritual and eternal welfare, that they "may become partakers of His holiness;" of those who welcome it as the means whereby they may learn "the statutes" of the Lord; of such persons it may be truly affirmed, as the royal psalmist acknowledged of himself that "it is good for them to be afflicted."

## WEDNESDAY.

"Fear not: I am thy shield."—Gen. 15, 1.

## PROTECTION.

The mother eagle wrecks her nest  
To make her fledglings fly,  
But watches each, with wings outstretched,  
And fierce maternal eye;  
And swoops if any fail to soar,  
And lands them on the crag once more.

So God at times breaks up our nest,  
Lest sunk in slothful ease,  
Our souls' wings moult and lose the zest  
For battle with the breeze;  
But ever waits, with arms of love,  
To bear our souls all ills above.

—John Oxenham.

## THURSDAY.

"He that followeth after vain persons shall have poverty enough."—Prov. 23, 19.

## SPIRITUAL POVERTY.

We are greedy after this world's things, and never can get enough of them; but of the real things, the things that will last through eternity, we are satisfied with very small portions. "What seek ye?" asks the Master, His hands filled with precious blessings; and we ask for some little thing, some trifle, when we might have a glorious fullness of blessing. How very strange it must seem to the angels to see us poor mortals giving our life, our very soul, to get some

paltry thing of earth that will perish tomorrow, and then not taking the precious spiritual boons that we might have for the mere asking.—J. R. Miller, D.D.

## FRIDAY.

"All things work together for good to them that love God."—Rom. 8, 28.

Not in the sunlight, not in the rain,  
Not in the lights of the stars untold,  
Shall we together all meet again,  
Or be as we were in the days of old;  
But as "ships that pass" and more cheerily go,  
Exchanging glad greetings from over the sea,  
So I am the richer for those I know,  
And they are no poorer, I trust, for me.  
—"Bellwattle."

## SATURDAY.

"Oh let me not wander from Thy commandments."—Psl. 119, 10.

"If at any time you are conscious of wandering, of the heart growing cold or forgetful of a neglect of prayer, or of searching the Scriptures, of making too much of the world and its pleasures, of doubts and uncertainty weakening your faith, at once turn again to Jesus. He will restore you. He will pardon your backsliding. He will strengthen your faith. He still acts as the Good Shepherd, not casting you off, but renewing and quickening your soul, and raising you up again to happiness and peace in Himself."

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## "Pigsties, Palaces and Prohibition."

PROF. GOODE ON "RUSSIA."

You've seen Verbrugghen, the wizard of the State Orchestra wand. He's of the rapier type—polished, sharp, incisive, a master of the art of fine brain thrusts and scintillant finesse. He organises music. Professor W. T. Goode is also of that type, but he organises words, and his lecture at Sydney Town Hall on Russia was a masterful—not defence, but laudatory—justification of the existence of the world's scapegoats, the Bolsheviks.

Mr. Goode has a master-mind!

"But why? Has Aristides ever injured you?" once asked a citizen of another who was voting for the ostracism of the famous Greek statesman.

"No," said the citizen. "No, never have I set eyes on him. But oh! I am so bored by hearing him called Aristides the Just!"

In reciting the ways and works of Russia's revolutionaries, and placing every item to their credit, Professor Goode risked his vast audience becoming bored to opposition by mention of these just Bolsheviks. But it was not bored. Instead, a restrained volume of applause was vouchsafed every time the harmonious monotone of his fact-laden voice was broken at well-regulated intervals by lightning-charged flashes of illuminating assertion.

They pierced that phalanx of Sydney's citizens!

"The British Empire's refusal to trade with Russia has resolved itself into a monstrous cruelty—to Russians, to British people, to Australians! Here is a copy," he said, "of Russia's latest order to merchants in America, totalling millions of pounds, orders going past your national door, while your factories and workshops are closing down and your workers forced to sleep on park benches!

"The Bolsheviks have not destroyed the Church in Russia! What has happened is that the Church there has been disestablished, and greater freedom for religious worship now exists in Russia than ever before in its history.

"You have been told that the land in Russia has been commercialised by the Bolsheviks. It is not so. Russia has, however, been converted from an empire of big landholders to one of peasant farmers, employing no hired labor. The farmer may retain his small holding if he so desires, but the demonstrated efficiency and economy on the Government-owned and controlled large farms is leading to the adoption of this form of agricultural management.

"It is a lie!"

Mr. Goode recalled the statements made so often during the past few years that no longer in Russia was civil order maintained.

"It is a lie! I was once in charge of education over the whole of London, and I know that London has many districts that I would not dare to traverse unattended at night

time, the chances of violence and robbery being too great. Now let me tell you of Moscow. I was there for a considerable period after the revolution of March, 1917. Before the war it was known as the City of Palaces and Pigsties, a place where the dwellings of the rich contrasted vividly with the slums of the poor. Under Bolshevik rule I could, and did, traverse all quarters at all hours of the night, with no fear of molestation. The Bolsheviks are abolishing the class contrast, and thereby lessening hatred and the incentive to violence."

Mr. Goode spoke for over two hours. At the conclusion of his lecture he commenced to answer the written questions handed up to him. Mine was amongst the first to be answered—

"Is Prohibition a success in Russia? Has it helped in the emancipation of the workers there?"

Often in public lectures, and open-air gatherings have I asserted that whatever of stability exists in Russia to-day is due to the prohibition of alcohol since 1914.

In response to a question as to whether or not Prohibition had played an important part in bringing about the development of all that is best in the new Russia, the lecturer said that it had. "A tremendous part has been played by complete national Prohibition in making possible all that is now being done in Russia for the lasting benefit of men, women and children. You can take my word for it, the new Russia is absolutely bone-dry. The armies, too, of that State are invincible. And why? Because they are so sober. Without Prohibition there could have been no such wonderful reorganisation of the Russian State."

I came away from that Town Hall that night feeling sure that the abolition of the contrasting palaces and pigsties of Moscow owes as much, if not more, to Prohibition than to the advertised virtues of Soviet government. Drink deadens the social conscience of the millionaire and the worker alike. There is no sanity in the extremes of palace and slums, and in them the insanity of drink has fullest play. Prohibition will help sound the death-knell of social anomalies.

Professor Goode's statements regarding Prohibition must carry tremendous weight in this country. It was unthinkable that he should be allowed to leave this country without giving us further firsthand knowledge of Prohibition's progress, and during an interview which I had with him at his residence at Kogarah he consented to address a meeting of business men in Sydney, under the auspices of the N.S.W. Alliance, at an early date.

"It will interest your people to know," he said, "that I was also in Finland when Prohibition was introduced into that country.

It has come to stay; and whereas in Russia during the years of 1915, 1916, and 1917, Prohibition of alcohol was only a law, IT IS NOW AN ABSOLUTE FACT."

24/3/21.

THOS. E. SHONK.

## Australia's Moral Pioneers—

(Continued from Page 7.)

go down in history as the first really important phase in the Australian anti-liquor war.

To-day, Mildura has an open public-house on Seventh-street, where the Chaffey's, pioneering the wilderness, first set up the standard of a dry and truly civilised community. But that is not the fault of this earnest pioneer, Elisha De Garis. It is simply the proof that something has gone out of Mildura—that some of its leading people have turned materialists, and that, so long as they can make money out of drunkenness, and out of the new local distillery, they do not care what mother's sons become disgraced and damned.

How different the spirit of the past! Away back in the early 'nineties, when the agents of the liquor merchants of Melbourne were fighting for the right to debase Mildura, the most splendid thing in sight was the absolute moral alliance between the Pulpit and the Press. To-day, the reputation of the Australian country press is a byword. Liquor has dragged it in the dust. But then, in Mildura, there was a newspaper of another sort—the wonderful-spirited "Cultivator," which stood up with Elisha De Garis and every other earnest preacher against the booze-peril, and helped to keep that beast at bay.

The "Cultivator"? How wonderful it is to be able to say that the chief journalistic champion of a Dry Mildura, in those days of the historic past, was a man who, personally, was not at all a Prohibitionist at the core. For the editor of the bygone "Cultivator," which is now merged into the "Sunraysia Daily," requires—and perhaps shall have—an article all to himself. His name was N. B. McKay. This man, stating boldly in print that he himself was personally a moderate drinker, stood up with men like Elisha De Garis to champion the cause of Prohibition. He fought for it, away back in the past, enforcing the wonderful lesson, the extraordinary lesson, that the strongest allies of the cause of Prohibition are precisely those who dwell, to all appearance, within the enemy's camp.

But there were great men in that early Mildura, attracted by the sheer courage of the Chaffey's in pledging the last shilling of their resources to the support of the Prohibition cause. There were gathered together there, in the truest sense of the word, Australia's moral pioneers. Men, for instance, like James Matthew. Where is there a newspaper in Australia to-day that prints such articles as James Matthew's "Quiet Thoughts On Work"? And James Matthew was not

(Continued on page 16.)



## Australia's Moral Pioneers—

a journalist. He was merely a simple man, an orchardist by occupation, and a wise and cultured religious thinker, whose articles, as he wrote them, were one of the glories of Mildura's early press.

The great days! Aye. And the great men! No great action without great thinking—that is the supreme law. The Mildura press was great, in the beginning, for exactly the same reason that the Mildura pulpit was great. It attracted the service of great and thoughtful men. James Trathan and Elisha De Garis, setting up their rude bark-and-sapling church in the wilderness; Nathaniel B. McKay, setting up his first alert, if primitive, printery by the river bank—embedded in the hearts of all such is the spirit of an everlasting heroism. And we of the present day, facing the difficulties of the here and now, do well to honor the name of De Garis and to do reverence to the spirit of the religious and the journalistic pioneers.

## First Impressions of Hell—

(Continued from Page 9.)

thing, even life itself, in order to become a man.

For that is what is wrong with civilisation, and with existence in this City of Hell. It denies a man his right to be—a MAN. "Become a human wolf, a shark, a fox," says Civilisation. "Be a human snake if you like. Become an ox or tiger, but this one thing thou shalt not be—a man!"

Tchekov revolted against that, as you and revolt against that. And that is why there is a Prohibitionist Revolution to-day in Russia—a whole gigantic nation in upheaval, determined to be a fox and a snake no longer, but longing to become—a man. Poor, sad, bad, glad, revolting prison-victim of Russia, determined to become a MAN!

And this is what I first read in the pages of Tchekov concerning man.

"Why not? 'Not knowing' is not so boring as 'knowing.' I am walking up a ladder which is called progress, civilisation, culture. I go on and on, not knowing definitely where I am going. But surely it is worth while, living alone for the sake of the wonderful ladder."

I read that, between two thieves. With the clanking chains of men upon their way to Goulburn Jail before me, I caught the gleam of that great idea—the Ladder. I, who had just descended from my prison-cell by rasping, clanging steps of iron, I read that—the vision of another and a nobler civilisation, equipped with a wonderful Ladder.

By the iron ladder of fact I had descended into the cursing company of the products of the City of Hell. Into the company of ex-men, and into a broken brotherhood of human brutes and thieves. Silently I looked upon their perverted faces; their cunning, malicious, perverted, human faces. And then I read this, in the little book:—

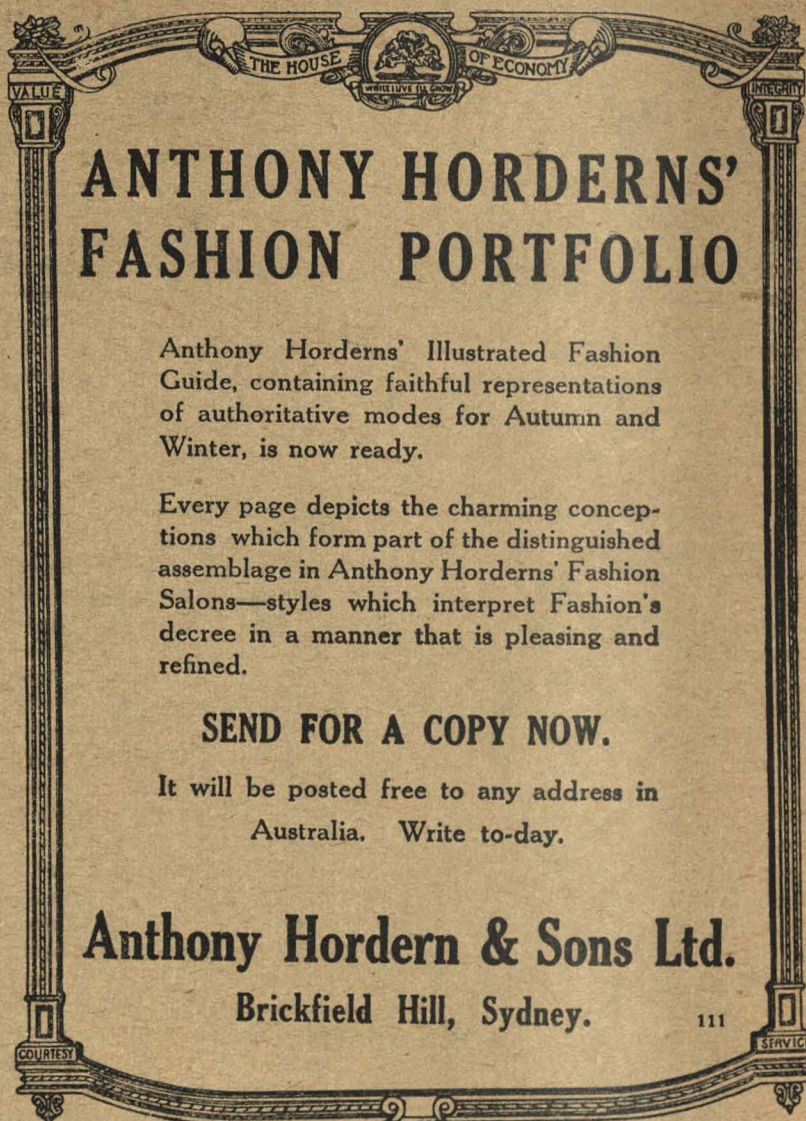
"I express this idea: that it is necessary that the strong should not enslave the weak, and that the minority should not be a parasite upon the majority, always sucking up the finest sap.

"In this town you are misunderstood. And there is nobody, except me, to understand you. Because, as you know, it is full of Gogolian pig-faces. But I guess what you are. You are a noble soul, an honest, high-minded man. I respect you, and think it an honor to shake hands with you.

"To change your life so abruptly and so suddenly, as you have done, you must have passed through a most trying spiritual process. And to go on with it now, to live scrupulously by your convictions, you must have to toil terribly—to toil incessantly—both in mind and heart.

"Now, please tell me, don't you think that if you spent all this force of will, intensity, and power on something else, like trying to be a great scholar or an artist, that your life would be both wider and deeper? And altogether more productive?"

Brother, assist me! In the name of Anton Tchekov, help me to slay the Devil-whisky. Since Alcohol means Alco-hell, help me to set up the wonderful Ladder!



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## LIQUOR LAW ARRESTS IN THE CITY OF CLEVELAND, OHIO, FOR NOVEMBER, LISTED BY NATIVITY.

Austria 136, United States 134, Russia 90, Hungary 74, Poland 40, Italy 31, Germany 26, Roumania 14, Bohemia 10, Bulgaria 5, Ireland 5, Greece 4, Serbia 3, Switzerland 3, Croatia 2, Slovakia 2, Syria 1, Finland 1, Sweden 1, Macedonia 1, Turkey 1.

The following is the Plain Dealer's story in part:—

"Europe furnished 450 out of the 584 persons arrested in Cleveland in November for violation of State and national laws, which forbid the making, selling, or transportation of wines, whiskies, beers, and other intoxicating drinks. The Central nations led all the rest of Europe.

Be patient; it will take time, but the nation that fought for 75 years to get Prohibition may be counted on to fight just as long, if need be, to make it effective.

## BONE DRY HOMES FOR SALE AT CROYDON PARK.

**L. G. CHEYNE, Agent.**

Take tram from Ashfield, first section.