

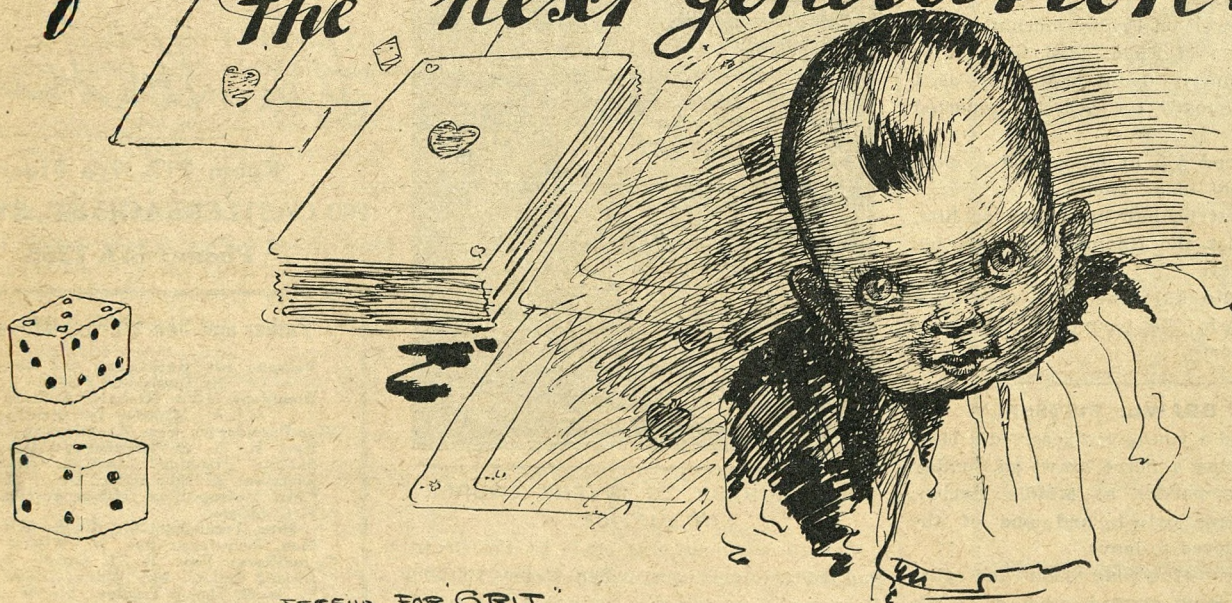
Grit.

A JOURNAL OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY AND PROHIBITION.

VOL. XXII. No. 37. Twopence. SYDNEY, NOVEMBER 15, 1928.

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

*Gambling is harmful
because it injures the pocket and
the morals - Drink is worse -
for in addition it poisons
the next generation -*



SETUP FOR GRIT

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CRIME IS ALCOHOL IN ACTION.

In number and serious ness drink-induced crimes are at the top of the list.

No one surely has any doubts about the intimate association between alcohol and crime. We hope you will go and see the striking film, "Crime and Alcohol," which we are seeking to own that we may show it everywhere.

Just read over these incidents taken from our daily papers:

YOUTH WOUNDED BY DRUNKEN MAN.

In the dark, early hours of the morning Ralph Tout (18) was attacked in the bedroom of his home at Petersham by a drunken man, who stabbed him in the chest with a large penknife.

The youth's assailant, an elderly man, escaped from the house, and police have so far been unable to find any trace of him.

At the Lawisham Hospital, where Tout was taken and kept under observation, it was found that he had had a narrow escape from being wounded in a vital spot.

Police think that a story of a family quarrel lies behind the affray.

BONDI MAN AWOKE TO FIND HIMSELF AT SEA.

Harry James Field (33), a clerk, of Bondi, charged with having stowed away on the Niagara, told the magistrate that his trip was unintentional.

"Not feeling well on Friday morning I had a few drinks," said Field, "and this led to me getting properly drunk. As soon as I found myself aboard the vessel I reported to the officers.

"I have a good job at home and a good wife, and I want to go back."

Field said that he had no money on him, but could adjust the financial part on his return to Sydney.

The magistrate adjourned the case until Thursday, and in the meantime Field was allowed his liberty.

SUNDAY BRAWL: FISTS FLY.

Fists flew and a young girl received a blow in the face during a fierce brawl on Sunday between picnic parties at Middle Harbor. The police were called, and one of the parties was ordered to leave.

Three parties of young men and girls arrived at a picnic ground, when a fourth party appeared in a motor launch.

According to the police the newcomers had nearly five gallons of beer with them, and were obviously looking for trouble.

The picnic grounds, which are about two miles from the Spit, are furnished with a dance hall for the use of visitors.

In this hall an argument started, and a dozen men were soon fighting.

Girls stood by and screamed, and one was accidentally hit across the face.

Police from Mosman arrived in a car and quickly ended the disturbance. They ordered

the offenders to get back into their boat and leave.

No arrests were made.

The proprietor of the picnic grounds stated that picnickers were forbidden to drink liquor while at the grounds.

He explained that as soon as the party of "toughs" arrived the caretaker 'phoned for the police.

"DRUNKEN OUTING"

BASEBALLERS AT WOLLONGONG

MATCH STOPPED

Allegations that two Sydney baseball teams visited Wollongong on a recent Sunday and indulged in a drunken orgy, in which feamle barrackers participated, and which resulted in an exhibition game being called off, were contained in a letter from the secretary of the Wollongong club (Mr. J. G. Harrison) to the N.S.W. Baseball Association.

The matter was before the delegates at a meeting at the Sydney Sports Club last night.

The letter, inter alia, said:—

"On their arrival there were several who had obviously had more to drink than was good for them. On my return to the ground at 1.30 p.m. this number had increased, and several were so drunk that they could not take the field. This state was not only confined to the players, but to their friends as well, both male and female. I erred in letting the game start at all, but things got so bad that I was compelled to end it in the fourth innings, chiefly on account of language and quarrelling among themselves.

The executive committee recommended to the delegates that strong disciplinary action should be taken.

"CONSPIRACY TO DIVERT COURSE OF JUSTICE."

Caustic comment was made by the Crown and Judge Armstrong, when Henry Lathem Barnes (27), carter, was sentenced to a year's imprisonment with hard labor on a charge of manslaughter, at the Darlinghurst Sessions. He was found guilty last week of killing a motor cyclist at Katoomba.

Mr. McKean (Senior Crown Prosecutor) said that when the recommendation for mercy was made by the jury it was really a manifestation of sympathy—a sort of compromise.

There had been a conspiracy by witnesses for the defence to divert the course of justice, he said, and it was obvious that the jury disbelieved them.

The Judge said he was unable to carry out the suggestion that Barnes should be bound over.

"These motor car offences, where the driver of the car is drunk, are becoming more frequent daily, and are being regarded more seriously," he remarked in passing sentence.

FIVE ARRESTED AFTER ROBBERY.

Apparently celebrating their success, five men were found in a house at Ultimo early in the morning drinking bottles of wine which, police say, had been stolen from Alfred Goldsworthy's wine saloon in Harris-street, pyrmont, a few hours earlier.

All were under the influence of drink. They were charged with breaking and entering.

The men gained admittance to the saloon by forcing a side door, and over 30 bottles of wine were stolen. Sergeant Small and Constables Bennett and Brown, of Regent-street, made the arrests.

LET ME DO IT!

WHY? Because I am trained to do it; it is my business.

I can save your time and increase your business.

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Some Canadians are Wondering Just What IS "Being Controlled"

BY

"Government Liquor Control,"

FOR, CLEARLY, IT IS NOT ANY OF THE FOLLOWING:

NOT THE AMOUNT OF LIQUOR DRUNK, for

Ontario is buying liquor at the rate of 1,000,000 dollars a week.

In Alberta 4,000,000 gallons of liquor sold in second year of "control."

"Sales of beer increased 1,000,000 gallons over last year."

The seven provinces having 'Government Control,' with a population of 10,000,000, spend 160,000,000 dollars a year for liquor.

AUTHORITY.

Ontario Liquor Board.

Alberta Liquor Board.

Quebec Liquor Commission.

Reports of the seven Liquor Control Boards

NOT THE SALE OF "HARD" LIQUOR, for

"Since the opening of the Beer Parlors the sales of 'Hard Liquors' increased 50 per cent."

Sale of hard spirits increased 32,275 gallons in one year.

Sale of hard liquor increased 33 per cent. in last two years.

British Columbia Liquor Board.

Quebec Liquor Com., 1924-25.

Saskatchewan Liquor Board, 1927.

NOT THE NUMBER OF PERSONS DRINKING.

Alberta issued 60,000 permits the first year; two years later she issued 144,000 permits.

In Ontario 220,440 permits were issued in first four months. Drunkenness among women increased 53 per cent.

Alberta Liquor Board.

Ontario Liquor Board.

Montreal "Star."

NOT DRUNKENNESS.

"If all the drunks were arrested there would be no room for them in the jails."

"Arrests for drunkenness increased 125 per cent. in first eight months."

"All records for inebriates were broken to-day when 89 Labor Day celebrants faced Magistrate Cohen."

Police Commissioner C. F. Burton of Manitoba

Saskatchewan Liquor Board.

Toronto "Star."

NOT BOOTLEGGING.

"Our greatest problem is moonshine in the country districts."

"Bootlegging increased 111 per cent. in first year."

"As much liquor is sold by bootleggers as is sold in the Government stores."

Alberta Liquor Board.

Saskatchewan Liquor Board.

British Columbia Liquor Board.

SOME CANADIANS ARE DISCOVERING

INSTEAD OF LIQUOR BEING CONTROLLED BY THE GOVERNMENT.

THE GOVERNMENT IS BEING CONTROLLED BY LIQUOR.

Published by the Buffalo Citizens' Committee.

According to "The Gold Coast Times," the import duty on gin for the Gold Coast increased during the four months, April to July, 1927, from £193,543 in 1926 to £343,572. The "Times" strongly advocates "Total Prohibition, which is the rule in our Northern Territories and in the Northern Provinces of Nigeria." May the demand soon be conceded.

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PRESIDENT'S LETTER TO ALL MINISTERS OF CHURCHES IN N.S.W.

Recently a letter was drafted by the Executive Committee of the N.S.W. Band of Hope Union, which was endorsed by the President, the Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, and sent to all ministers of Churches, requesting their immediate attention to the necessity of Temperance organisation among the juvenile members of the Churches. It was suggested that a meeting be held once a month for this purpose, and on the week that this meeting be held all other meetings of every kind be dropped. The response to this letter has been most encouraging, and from all parts of the State inquiries are reaching the General Secretary for further information concerning the method and work of the Band of Hope Union. If the child is the hope of the nation, then it is equally true that the child is the hope of the Church and Temperance reform. Ignorance of Temperance principles has plunged many a young life on the downward path. Every district needs a Band of Hope, and the plan suggested by the Rev. R. B. S. Hammond's letter makes this possible.

Twelve meetings a year should not prove too much for the child or the Church. In the past few months many new branches have sprung up; some starting with a mere handful of children, but they have soon grown into a really good parochial organisation. The secret of success is to remember that the Band of Hope is a juvenile organisation, and to allow the children to organise and run the Movement under the sane leadership of some trusty adult. In other words, a Band of Hope will run itself if the children are given the job they love but from inexperience seldom seek.

KANDOS BAND OF HOPE.

A few earnest men and women got together under the leadership of Mr. Waters, and decided to run a Pledge Campaign, which has resulted in a Band of Hope being formed in Kandos. The future looks very promising. On Tuesday, November 6, the General Secretary, Mr. E. Trafford, visited Kandos for the inaugural meeting, and in spite of the fact that the Church of England were running a Juvenile Ball on that evening, the meeting was good and representative. Judging by the enthusiasm, Kandos Band of Hope should, when properly organised, prove a successful organisation to the town, and with time should prove a powerful factor in the civic life of that young community.

Kandos "Grit" Agent: Mr. Allan Blackert, Charbon, Kandos. Orders for "Grit" left with Mr. A. Blackert will receive prompt attention.

A COMING EVENT.

The Chatswood Town Hall has been taken for Thursday, December 6, by the Band of Hope Union, when the St. Cuthbert's Young People's Musical Society, comprising 50 performers, will present the Oriental operetta, "The Magic Ruby," in three acts, under the direction of Mrs. Edgar Potter, wife of the Rector of St. Cuthbert's, Naremburn. The principal items will be Natives, Immortals, Spirits of Light, Imps and the Orchestra. This operetta is really a first-class show, and should attract the friends of the Temperance Cause to support it for miles round Chatswood. The Ven. Archdeacon Martin says: "It's the best Young People's show I can remember." Tickets are 1/-, reserved 2/-. Tickets can be obtained from Mr. Ernest Trafford, 140 Elizabeth-street, Sydney. Please make this operetta known among your friends. Ladies willing to make and sell sweets at this entertainment would be warmly welcomed.

A BAND OF HOPE.

The Band of Hope Union is inter-sectarian and non-political, an organisation that seeks to secure their Total Abstinence "pledge" by the will of the individual, and get others to do the same. There are three sections: (1) Junior, (2) Intermediate, (3) Senior.

Branches are to be found all over the State, and are rapidly increasing. Local Branches are self-governing, and have the right of nominating delegates to the central body at each year's annual meeting, for representation on (1) Executive, (2) Council.

Meetings should not be less than once a month, when the Band of Hope Ritual, which

embraces a repetition made collectively by the members present of the pledge originally signed, is repeated; Temperance hymns sung and a Temperance address given. The Union has a very magnificent band of Temperance speakers, both men and women, whom we delegate for this purpose. The rest of the meeting is given to social intercourse, songs, recitations, etc.

A small fee is usually charged each week to members to defray expenses and provide an annual picnic.

The affiliation fee to headquarters from Branches is 10/6 per annum.

THE PUBLICAN'S LICENSE.

Licensed to make the strong man weak,
To lay the wise and good man low;
Licensed the wife's fond heart to break,
And make the children's tears to flow.

Licensed to work his neighbor harm,
To kindle hate, despair, and strife;
Licensed to nerve the robber's arm
To whet and drive the murder's knife.

Licensed to waste the country's wealth,
To crowd the streets, poor-house and jail;
Licensed to sap the workman's health,
And make the greatest skill to fail.

Licensed where peace and quiet dwell,
To spread disease, rags, want and woe.
Licensed to make this world a hell,
And fit men for a hell below.

PASS "GRIT" ON.

A GREAT AND TRAGIC STORY

TOLD IN FIVE REELS

Entitled

CRIME AND ALCOHOL

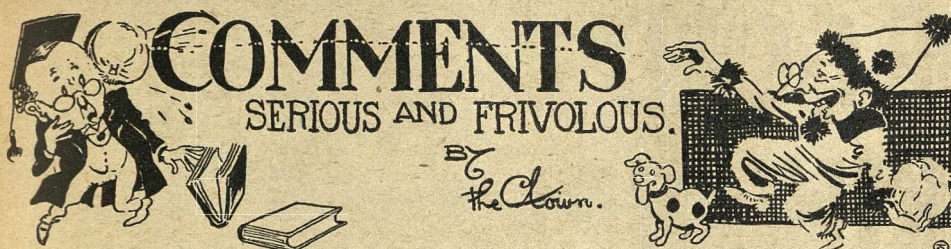
ASHFIELD TOWN HALL

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 20th, 8 P.M.

This Film has a foreword by the President of Austria.

The Rev. R. B. S. HAMMOND will tell briefly some of his experiences at the Central Police Court of Sydney.

ADMISSION FREE. COLLECTION FOR WORK AMONG YOUNG PEOPLE.



Henry Ford says "men past fifty run the world." He overlooked the women under thirty.

Who runs the world? Who controls the Government? Who controls the press? These questions are difficult to answer because of the remarkable modesty, the shrinking unobtrusiveness of the real controllers.

It is an old gag that while man is the head, woman is the neck, and turns the head when and in which direction she likes.

Who is responsible for the growth of birth control? The answer to this is beyond question—the women are.

Mr. Anthony M. Ludovici has written a book in which he has an interesting chapter which shows that many famous men and women would not have been born if families in their day had been confined to two or three children, that almost universal custom of the educated classes to-day. The following people who came late in their families were not only more distinguished than any of the same family who preceded them, but would never have seen the light if to-day's methods were adopted:

Edward Lear, artist, was the youngest of twenty-one children.

Rev. Charles Wesley, hymn writer (eighteenth).

Sir Thomas Lawrence (sixteenth).

Rev. John Wesley, preacher and reformer (fifteenth).

Albert Moore, the painter (fourteenth).

Sir Richard Arkwright (inventor of cotton-spinning machine), Josiah Wedgwood, and Pierre Prud'hon, famous French artist (thirteenth).

Sir John Franklin, the Arctic explorer (twelfth).

Thomas Campbell (poet), Charles Reade (novelist) were eleventh children.

Benjamin Franklin (U.S. author and statesman), John Hunter (physiologist and surgeon), and Coleridge were tenth children.

Sir Walter Scott, Archbishop Richard Whatley, Gainsborough, Archbishop A. C. Tait, Lord Cromer, Henry Moore (painter), and Granville Sharpe were ninth sons.

Johann Sebastian Bach (one of the greatest musicians of the world) was an eighth child, and seventh children included Herrick, Mungo Park, Van Dyck, Huxley, Jane Austen, Grace Darling, and Sir Joshua Reynolds.

Emily Bronte, Darwin, De Quincey, Felicia Dorothea Hemans, Pepys, Voltaire, Oliver Goldsmith, Oliver Cromwell, Sir Walter Besant, Rembrandt, Cecil Rhodes, and Horace Walpole were fifth children.

"The above lists," adds Mr. Ludovici, "which are by no means exhaustive and

were merely compiled at random, are significant enough."

Birth control imposes the greatest penalty born by the children of men.

* * *

PITY THE BACHELOR.

I never ran around and drank
A lot of beer,
I never robbed a baby's bank,
So it seems queer
That I should be destined to live
My life alone;
When some nice girl could surely give
Me moral tone.

I wish I knew some girl on whom
I could depend,
One who knew how to use a broom
And who could mend
My shirts and socks and underwear
When they are torn;
It's really more than I can bear
I'm so forlorn.

There must be some girl on this earth
To heed my plea,
Someone to bring a little mirth
And joy to me.
Give me a blonde or you can make
It a brunette,
I'm not particular, I'll take
What I can get.

* * *

THE TAX HOWL.

Mr. Stevens has stung the moneyed interests. He has tried to make those who can best afford it foot the bills that we so gaily run up.

If you throw a stone at a lot of dogs you know by the howl which one you have hit.

If the Government retrench there is a howl; if they seek to raise more money so that retrenchment is not necessary there is another howl. In fact we are a howling mob.

Tax the other fellow, sack the other fellow, but whatever you do don't touch me or I'll howl.

Big Business, with its watered stock, its undisclosed profits, and its fictitious expense account is what may be called a "howling success."

The official paper of the Millions Club says:

"Sports," they call us, and sports we like to be thought—flattering to our open-handedness, our 'keep the change' outlook, easy come, easy go! So when we are told by the Auditor-General's folk that the public debt of N.S.W. is £249,812,478, and that it was increased last year by £12,790,819, we are understood to breezily wave the change aside and ask: 'Well, who cares about that?' Those who direct the dear old 'ship of State,' wisely or otherwise, gathered up, amongst other odds and ends, £6,382,468 during the last financial year, by way of income taxation. But how about this item: The financial year 1927-28 was started with an accumulated Treasury deficit of £3,246,185; it finished up with the deficit further expanded to £4,341,181; and the fact may be recorded, and those responsible in office let to sort out any change coming, that since the drift commenced in 1912, last year's individual deficit of £1,094,995 created an accumulated deficiency which has only once been exceeded."

The most painful wound in the world is a salary cut.

MATCHES.

I have a box of matches, and they go
To light a fire for warmth, a pipe for peace,
A lamp for guidance, or the candle's glow
For friendliness when daylight labors cease;
Or one may come to nothing—break in two,
Or in the ashes shed its scarlet crown;
Or scorch your fingers, burn the carpet through,
Or lay a rick in ruins, or a town.

So they are spent, and vanish one by one,
Brief altar-flames to happiness or strife:
What shall I do when all of them are gone?—
The matches are my years, the box my life.

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GRAINS OF GOLD WORTH PICKING UP!

TAKE IT.

This big, round, fiery, sad, serious, happy-go-lucky world belongs to YOU. It exists that you may be given a chance. But you must not expect it to come and play court to you for its possession. It's YOURS already. "Without money and without price." So—

Take it.

Take it that you may feast hourly on its gifts of Love, Hope, Happiness, Power, Influence, Experience, Knowledge—that you may revel in its intricate mysteries and re-discover its hidden treasures—and that it may hotten your blood till it tingles—till it spurs you into DOING. The world!

Take it!

Don't let it roll away—and don't go to sleep in its shade. Somebody else is sure to snatch your world and own it himself if you do. Then there will be in this world no world for you. And in time this grey templed old world won't recall that you were ever around. So, I say to you again—right now—this world's for you!

Take it!

Then give it away. For if you do, at that moment, NEW worlds will immediately appear—all YOURS. New life. New power. From everywhere, from everybody, from everything—worlds, worlds, worlds—nothing but worlds for you if you but strive to be a Realiser, to be Faithful—to Help.

YOUR world is now ready for YOU.

Take it!

Nobody but yourself can bring you peace.

* * *

Happiness is where you take it, not where you find it.

* * *

You will never be happy till you think you are.

Think all you speak, but speak not all you think.

LET'S PLAY.

Let's dream like a child in its playing;

Let's make us a sky and a sea;

Let's change the things round us by saying

They're things as we wish them to be.

And if there is sadness or sorrow,

Let's dream till we charm it away,

Let's learn from the children and borrow

A saying from childhood "let's play."

Let's play that the world's full of beauty;

Let's play there are roses in bloom;

Let's play there is pleasure in duty,

And light where we thought there was gloom.

Let's play that the heart with its sorrows

Is hidden be joyous and glad;

Let's play that we'll find on the morrow

The joys that we never have had.

Let's play we have done with repining;

Let's play that our longings are still;

Let's play that the sunlight is shining

To gild the green slope on the hill;

Let's play there are birds blithely flinging

Their songs of delight to the air;

Let's play that the world's full of singing;

Let's play there is love everywhere.

We all have hills to climb, and the climb is shorter when we smile.

—BUT.

Of all the useless word barriers ever coined—"BUT" takes the lead.

Grammarians call it an adversative conjunction. It is all this—and more. When put to work and into life, it typifies obstruction and inaction.

Here's the way it works:

I feel fine—But.

Everything's all right—But.

I would have done a lot better—But.

Like a wet blanket, like a slap in the face, it dampens the very ardor of one's soul. It squeezes the last drop of hope and endeavor from one's heart.

Muste the forces of your character and dismiss "But" from your service. Just drop it—that's all.

Here's the way it will work then:

I feel fine. (And you will.)

Everything's all right. (And it will be.)

I've set out to do my best—and I'll DO it!

Failure is the father of "But." Success and achievement never heard the word.

If YOU have ever heard it—forget it—without delay.

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WHO IS A CRIMINAL—AND WHY?

The "born criminal" of popular imagination is a myth, declares the warden of Sing Sing, New York, "but the violation of law is a fact, and those who violate the law, regardless of whether or not they are ever apprehended and convicted, are criminals—yes, just that; if the shoe fits, it must be worn." Under the question title quoted above, Warden Lewis E. Lawes says in an article contributed to "World's Work" that in his twenty-four years of prison experience, contacting with over 30,000 convicted men, he has never seen a prisoner with receding forehead, receding chin, low, beetled brow, furtive eyes, large flapping ears, etc., "fore-doomed to crime by his physical make-up." That theory elaborated by Cesare Lombroso, we are reminded, was exploded by Dr. Charles Goring, who, examining an equal numbers of English convicted criminals and non-criminals, found as many of Lombroso's physical stigmas in one class as the other. It is now known to all leading scientists, sociologists and criminologists, continues Warden Lawes, "that law-breakers are just as normal or abnormal as those who keep the law; that the 'born criminal' type does not exist and never has existed. The myth of the born criminal persists because it appeals to the public's imagination and has been popularised by fiction, by the stage and screen, and by the cartoonist's pen. Show me an American who looks like Uncle Sam or an Englishman who looks like John Bull and I shall grant the possibility of finding a man who looks like the so-called typical born criminal." Popular criminal theories, made up of a curious mixture of contradictory ideas, ancient and modern, do not square with the practical facts, according to Mr. Lawes. He points out that—

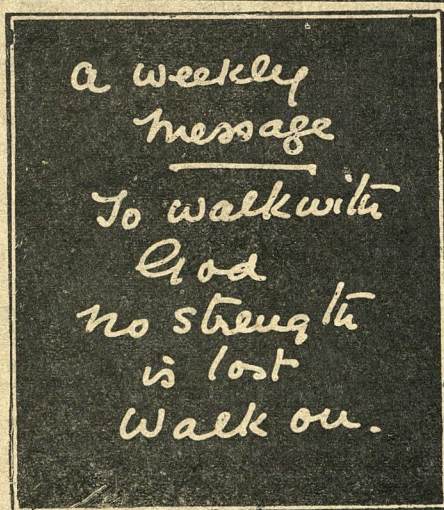
"The theory of criminality upon which most of the criminal law and practice of to-day is based is fundamentally religious and quasi-philosophical in principle, as assumes that all men, despite any physical, mental, and environmental differences, are equally able to distinguish between right and wrong and should, therefore, be held equally accountable to the law.

"This theory falls down in important respects. Right and wrong in a religious and moral sense are not identical with right and wrong in a legal sense—a 'right' act morally may be a 'wrong' (criminal) act legally and, of course, vice versa. Moreover, the insane, feeble-minded, and ignorant are often not able to distinguish clearly between right and wrong in either a moral or a legal sense. But in recent years there has been a tendency to overemphasise the part that insanity, feeble-mindedness, and ignorance play in criminality."

The correct angle from which to approach the question of the criminal, according to Warden Lawes, is that "law determines crime; there would be no crime without law and, by the same token, no criminal without law":

"A criminal is, therefore, anyone and everyone who commits an act forbidden by law or omits an act commanded by law. Anyone who steals, be it a five-cent apple or a fifty-dollar bill, a watermelon or a car, a handkerchief or a fur coat, has committed a theft and is, in the real sense of the word, a criminal—regardless of whether or not he or she is ever tried and convicted—just as much as the man who commits a murder is a murderer and a criminal even if never apprehended and convicted.

"I have discussed this point pro and con with hundreds of prominent men. Most of them when pressed for an answer have admitted that at one time or another they have violated laws (committed crimes) which would have resulted in imprisonment if they had been prosecuted for them. Some even admitted a sufficient number of viola-



tions to bring a 'life sentence' under the law as it now applies to 'fourth offenders.'

"The few who would not admit the commission of a crime conceded that they could imagine conditions under which they might commit a criminal act. . . .

"Crime is not peculiar to a certain, specific type of a man. All mankind is potentially criminal under certain circumstances and conditions. Most men stumble and many fall. In every community are respectable men whose wealth has been the result of a lucky gamble that was more or less illegitimate, and that was criminal in all essential respects. Many an honored financier has made his success by 'blackjacking' competitors and by bribing officials. Such men of the 'upper-world' are as criminal as the 'blackjacking' thugs of the underworld."

Concerning the individual, Warden Lawes holds that "the 'rope' of a man's heredity, environment, education, etc., limits his area

of action, but he is responsible for his choice of conduct within this area. Only rarely is this rope so short as to limit his choice to criminal conduct." The warden further avers that "society, in attempting to adhere to a jumble of theories, some of which have been exploded or discredited, and others of which are only 'half-baked,' complicates the criminal problem and—worse yet—actually produces most of its criminals. Crime, as everyone knows, is general, and the prevention of crime is hampered by an antiquated system of justice.

"Society succeeds in bringing only a small number of violators before the courts, and only a small percentage of these, the 'small fry,' are convicted. The New York State Crime Commission found that there were 19,468 arrests for felonies in New York City in 1925. Of this total only 5622 were indicted, and only 1178 were committed to Sing Sing.

"Society not only fails to catch and convict the 'big fellows,' who too often set the example or provide the incentive for the 'little fellows,' but it also blunders inexcusably in its handling of the convicted criminals. Some of these it kills—according to the old rule of 'an eye for an eye'—the others it punishes with imprisonment, varying the dose by the crime and at the whim of a judge who often knows little of practical penology. No concerted effort is (Continued on page 10.)

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A Personal Chat with my readers

TIRED. I expect you have heard someone say, "I am tired and I do not know what I have done to make me so." You have also heard someone say, "You must be tired, you have been making it a welter." The curious thing is that the idle one was more tired than the active one. Someone sent me the following statement: "A stranger was observing a potter at work. He noticed that one foot was busy upon the treadle to keep the wheel going round, and his hands busy moulding the clay. When he had finished shaping a vessel, the stranger said: 'Your foot must be very tired.' 'It is,' replied the potter, 'but not the one that works, but the one that stands still!'"

Work is not so tiring as loafing, and is not one-tenth as hurtful as worry.

Hop in and do a bit more—there is no danger.

* * *

LIKE A LITTLE CHILD. We are all very ambitious to be thought wise and grown up, strong and independent, and yet the most attractive qualities in the eyes of our Lord were the childlike qualities of which we are ashamed. We badly need to be converted to the Lord's standards and ways of thinking.

A tender child of summers three,
Seeking her little bed at night,
Paused on the dark stair timidly,
"Oh, mother! take my hand," said she,
"And then the dark will be all light."

We older children grope our way,
From dark behind to dark before,
And only when our hands we lay,
Dear Lord, in Thine, the night is day,
And there is darkness nevermore.

Reach downward to the sunless days,
Wherein our guides are blind as we,
And faith is small, and hope delays;
Take Thou the hands of prayer we raise,
And let us feel the light of Thee.

* * *

AT LAST. In these days when churches and charities find money irresistible and "ask no questions for conscience sake," it is refreshing to find that the Sydney Rescue Society, under Mr. Ardill's unique guidance, refused money from the United Charity Fund because of its gambling chocolate wheels.

At last an English Society has entered its protest at "Beer doles" and "Liquor sops."

The General Secretary of the Waifs and Strays Society desires that publicity be given to the fact that his society is "in no way connected with the Ancient Order of

Froth Blowers, and has, in fact, been materially injured by its activities." Money which might otherwise have gone directly to the Waifs and Strays Society now helps to supply members of the Ancient Order of Froth Blowers with silver links, badges, and more or less vulgarly indecent "Handbooks." To register its protest against this plausible chicanery the Waifs and Strays Society promptly refused and returned a cheque for £250 sent to it by the Ancient Order of Froth Blowers!

Let those who appreciate this loyalty to principle, both here and in England, see that their gifts go only to those splendid charities that refuse to "strain out a gnat and swallow a camel."

* * *

OUR IMPATIENCE.

Because N.S.W. did not vote for Prohibition with outrageous and unwarranted compensation a lot of people "dropped their bundle" and jumped to the conclusion that we never can win. In fact, we did magnificently, and three more polls at two-year intervals would bring Prohibition to New South Wales.

Knock compensation off and 100,000 votes would at once come to us. A transfer of another 50,000 votes would not be difficult and would give us a majority.

The day will come when whisky will be as obsolete as Cobb and Co. coaches. A lot of grown-up pessimists are no higher up than the small child who came home to lunch after his first morning at school and said, "School ain't no good. Teacher asked me how to spell cat and I told her, and if she don't know that no wonder I ain't able to read yet." He then threw down the newspaper with great disgust.

It is said that a woman once bought a new suburban villa. The day she made her first payment she thanked the agent for the acorns he had given her. She said, "I have planted them in the garden. Are you really sure they'll grow up big, strong, handsome trees?" "Quite sure," said the agent. "Then," said the woman, "on your way back to the office will you kindly stop at Horderns' and tell them to send me out a ham-mock."

Agnes M. Shaberg writes:

I cannot build a spire of steel and stone
To lace the blue,
But I can raise a thousand spires in June
With bells that peal more gayly in the wind
Than any man-made chime.

GRIT

A JOURNAL OF
NATIONAL EFFICIENCY
AND PROHIBITION.

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

Editor: ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.

Office: Room 712, 160 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Phone: MA1355.

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

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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, NOV. 15, 1928.

Some of them are holly-hocks, a curious name

For towers of white and yellow,
Rose and oriflame.
I ring with foxglove many a matin song,
And larkspur spires my path
The summer long.
I cannot build a spire of steel and stone,
I plant . . . Seeds.

The Editor

DR. DORAN AT ANTWERP.

It was a great pleasure to meet for the first time D. Doran, who, as Chief Prohibition Commissioner in the United States, attended the Congress on behalf of his Government. Dr. Doran is an enthusiastic Prohibitionist, and has watched from the inside the development of law enforcement since 1920. He is very optimistic as to the future of Prohibition, and believes that statements made as to the immense quantities of illicit liquor consumed are untrue. To take one illustration: Over 100,000,000 gallons of alcohol were distilled last year for industrial purposes. Three years ago Dr. Doran estimated that from 13,000,000 to 15,000,000 gallons went astray, but, in his opinion, last year the maximum estimate would be 1,000,000. Over 50,000,000 gallons are used for anti-freeze purposes by motor car owners, and the development of this use of alcohol has transformed the open car, with only a spring and summer life in the northern parts of the United States, into the limousine, or closed car, with an all-the-year round use everywhere.

HOOVER THE DRY.

U.S.A. SPEAKS WITH MIGHTY EMPHASIS.

SYDNEY PAPERS SQUIRM AND DODGE.

By ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.

Mr. Al. E. Smith made the Presidential Election a challenge to the "drys" of U.S.A. For the last two months the Prohibition forces have set themselves to meet the challenge, and proclaimed this appeal to the people as the most significant in the last 63 years.

Ernest H. Cherrington, the General Secretary of the World League Against Alcoholism, wrote last September:

"Those who have been anxious for a national referendum on Prohibition are to be accommodated. The telegram of Governor Smith to the Democratic Convention at Houston after his nomination has made such a referendum inevitable. Moreover, the issues are clear. Governor Smith has not only re-stated his well-known position, but he has served notice in no uncertain terms to the effect that if elected he will unquestionably use the office of President to secure the modification of Prohibition. He declares that he would consider it his duty as the chosen leader of the people to point the way to a solution of the problem in harmony with his own opinion, which, as repeatedly expressed, is to let each State be its own judge as to alcoholic content, and for each State to interpret the Eighteenth Amendment to the National Constitution to suit itself.

"Hence, the national referendum in November is to be a referendum, not only on Prohibition, but also upon the right of a President to use his office to secure practical nullification of the Constitution and the right of a State to interpret a provision of the Constitution to suit itself.

"It is, therefore, certain that the referendum in November will be the most solemn, the most far-reaching, and the most vitally significant and important to the people of any such referendum for the last 63 years."

AN OVERWHELMING REPLY.

The "wet" "Daily Guardian" says: "Hoover Wins Colossal Victory," "Hoover Home with 10,000,000 to Spare."

The "Daily Telegraph Pictorial" says: "Prohibition Issue Proved Al. Smith's Downfall, Record Poll of 40 Million." The bitterest opponent of Prohibition is the "S.M. Herald," and in its double column heading it says: "Republicans Lead in 40 States. Democrats' Crushing Defeat."

These statements are all made in headlines, and are the testimony of the enemy to the emphatic way in which the people of U.S.A. put the value of Prohibition above Party Politics.

The clever cartoon which we reproduce on this page appeared two months ago in the New York "Times"—it was prophetic. All this must leave Prohibitionists with a very comfortable feeling that those who know

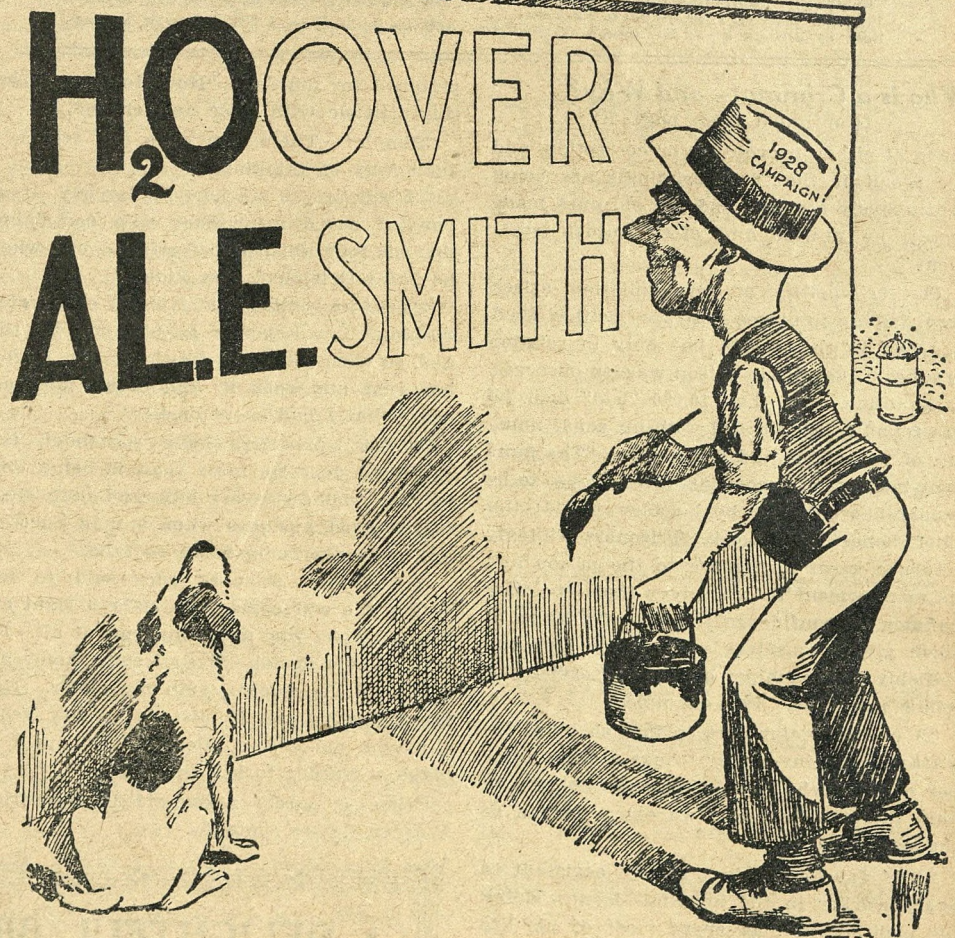
most of Prohibition, and have lived longest under it, have no doubt whatever that it is worth keeping.

Out of 48 States Mr. Hoover is ahead in 40 of them, having won 444 electoral colleges to Smith's 87.

Even New York, bad old New York, that worships Al. Smith, just had to part with him, and preferred Hoover "dry" to Smith "wet." New York State four times elected Smith Governor of the State, but they for-

who would win, but what the Republican plurality would amount to. Mr. Hoover and Senator Charles Curtis, the Party candidates for the Presidency and Vice-Presidency respectively, were borne along on rapidly rising majorities—States that were hitherto impregnably Democratic going over to the Republicans. At an early hour on Wednesday morning Mr. Hoover was practically certain of 444 electoral college votes, 178 more than a majority. Governor Smith (Democratic nominee) was certain of only 87 votes."

In its editorial this "wet" sheet says: "A Democrat occupied White House from 1912 until 1920. Then for another eight years a Republican was installed. In many countries that would suggest that the pendulum was due to swing. . .



WHAT'S IN A NAME!

—"New York Times," July 1st, 1928.

N.B.—H₂O is the chemical formula for water.

sook him badly in this election. The Southern States, that are dyed in the wool Democratic, as surely as East Sydney is Labor, went solidly for Hoover, the Republican.

OUR "S.M. HERALD" SQUIRMS.

In its news columns the "S.M. Herald" prints the following cable message:

"New York; November 6.

"At to-day's polls the Republican Party scored a smashing victory. The magnitude of the Democratic defeat cannot be over-estimated. Within an hour or two after the counting of votes began the question was not

"Defeat is an unfamiliar experience to Mr. Smith. Prior to this election he had nineteen times been a candidate for public offices, and but once had he been vanquished. . .

* * *

"His attitude towards Prohibition evidently did not divert many Republican votes to him. The 'wet' Republican was not moist enough to sacrifice his political principles. Indeed, the supposition that Mr. Smith's views on this question would bring him Re-

(Continued on page 12.)



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Who is a Criminal—and Why?

(Continued from page 7.)

made at either prevention or correction, and the result is that new criminals are being continuously created, and the old ones made worse, by unwise and often unjust treatment."

The criminality of law violation arises from human impulses that are "neither good nor bad in themselves but only in relation to other things," this prison warden observes. In handling more than 10,000 "bad" men, he has found himself faced with an equal number of paradoxes and anomalies. "The gunman-murderer in most instances proves to be tender-hearted; the bold robber, timid; the thief, honest." In work, "prisoners willingly return a great deal more to the prison and its management than is given them—be they gunmen or confidence tricksters." Many of them give themselves unsparingly and unselfishly to teaching or social service for fellow prisoners. For example:

"A call for volunteers to furnish blood for a transfusion invariably brings a large number of men who have absolutely nothing to gain thereby—not even an extra portion at the next meal. . . .

"'Old Jake'—who is a sort of assistant to every worker in the hospital—is now doing his eighth 'bit,' has spent most of his life in prison, and has been a miserable failure from a social standpoint; but in the good that he has done his fellow prisoners by long hours of patient care and drudging labor he has been a huge success. I don't know, but I fancy that whatever his shortcomings in this world have been, 'Old Jake' will need no judge's commitment to get 'within the walls' of heaven."

More than 20 per cent. of Sing Sing prison population served the nation's flag in the World War, and the warden would stake his life on the courage of hundreds of them. Moreover, prisoners quickly recognise merit and give credit to deserving fellow prisoners, we are told, and a thief in prison is despised by prisoners committed for theft; capital punishment is strongly upheld by men im-

prisoned for murder. "How do they square this attitude with their own crime?"

"Simple! Their acts were not crimes to their way of thinking.

"I believe you are here for larceny, aren't you?" I asked a prisoner who complained that his fountain-pen (later found just where he had left it) had been stolen.

"Yes," he replied, 'but I didn't really steal nothing. I had spent a lot of money on this girl, so when she gave me the go-by, I keeps her ring and sells it, and didn't get back near what I had spent on her.' . . .

"Several prisoners have contended that they had done no more than is being done by 'big business' every day, and that 'stealing is good business when a man succeeds and is larceny only when he fails.' . . .

"An Italian prisoner once said to me: 'When the war come, I go make a fight and kill Germans who never hurt me at all. For this I get a medal. Then I come home and this man, he slacker, ruin my sister. Now the judge he say I must do twenty years. I maybe make a murder in war, but I no make a murder to kill this snake.'"

Crime is rarely a one-sided proposition, Warden Lawes contends.

"Guilt is rarely entirely personal. Responsibility must, in most instances, be shared by society, which takes credit for a man's virtues and should by the same token acknowledge at least some of the blame for his vices. The newspapers and movies must, in many instances, share a good deal of the responsibility of crime, but so too must the schools, the churches, and many thoughtless fathers, indulgent mothers, vain wives, under-paying employers, dishonest politicians, usurious bankers, and grasping money-lenders."

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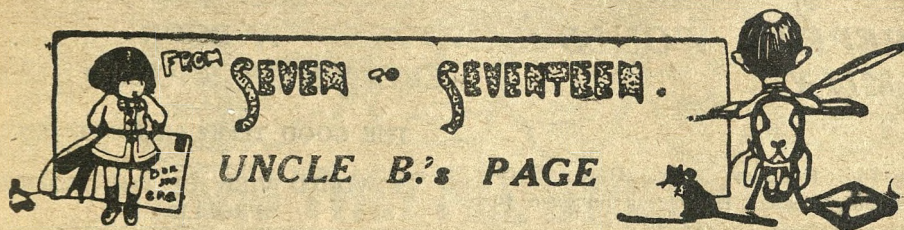
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UNCLE B.'s PAGE

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

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

SO BUSY!

Now, my busy, busy scallywags, where am I on your programme? You ought to have a programme, and some items ought to have a reserved spot, one that nothing else can cust it from. What are the six most important things in your life?

I think they ought to be:

1. My prayers, my Bible and my church.
2. My mother, my father, my home.
3. My school.
4. My play.
5. My friends.
6. My neighbors.

Now each of them should have a definite place in each 24 hours. It can be done, and I hope you will do it.

UNCLE B.

DID YOU?

- Did you ever see a stone step?
Or a peanut stand?
Or a sardine box?
Or a sausage roll?
Or an apple turn over?
Or a horse fly?
Or a snake dance?
Or an organ stop?
Or a bed spring?
Or a rail fence?

OUR LETTER BAG.

SOME DAY.

William Henry McWilliam, 3 Dudley-street, West Marrickville, writes: I am doing well at night school and have attended every night since the beginning of the year. I have best attendance so far, and if I continue to attend every night I will receive a gold medal at the end of the year. Well, Uncle, N.S.W. lost the benefits of Prohibition by foolishly giving the liquor interests two-thirds of the votes polled. However, we are sure to get it another day, and I hope all the other N's and Ni's will help and pray that the day is not far off. I am not down-hearted. I have great faith that some day we will give the publicans and brewers a big surprise. We know and are happy to be able to say that the Lord Jesus is on our side, and so that is at least half of our argument for Prohibition. A few of my less friendly school mates call me a "wowsers" and roar

at me, telling me that we will never get Prohibition. I quietly answer them by telling them to stop and realise what fools they are making of themselves. When I asked some of them to prove that we would never get Prohibition they looked doubtfully at the ground and slunk directly away, not opening their mouth till sometime later.

(Dear W.H.—I expect your friends call you Bill or Mac, but as you grow older you will find some will call you W.H. Your letter is fine, and I am proud to have you as a Ne. I want you to come in and see me some day and we will write a letter to the man with 1000 partners.—Uncle B.)

NEXT TIME.

Ronald Stephenson, "Glenara," Atchison-street, Crows Nest, writes: I am very sorry we did not win. I tried to do my little bit for you, but, never mind, next time if I am spared I will be older and able to do more. I delivered all the leaflets that you sent me and managed to sell just on 5/- worth of "Grits." Mother has made it up to 10/-. I had a very happy birthday on Saturday, and got a good many useful presents.

(Dear Ronald,—Thank you for the 10/-, but even more for your cheery letter and your splendid promise to help more as you grow bigger. I hope when the holidays come and you visit Sydney that you will come and see me.—Uncle B.)

DOING HIS BIT.

Wes. Brown, "Midlands," Goolagong-road, Grenfell, writes: Grenfell's votes were 500 drys to 900 wets. I stood at the gate of the polling booth from 3 p.m. to 5.30 p.m. handing people little slips of paper asking them to vote "Yes." One man stopped at the gate to read what was on his slip of paper. After a couple of seconds he said, "Aw, it's some of those jolly old wowsers' business," and threw it away. There was nearly a fight at the gate. There was a woman at the "wet" table, and she got so angry with the Sunday school children for giving away the papers that she got hold of one of them and shook her. Another man told me to get away or I would be reported to the police. I did not shift, or at least I did not go right away. I went and asked one of the men at the "dry" table and he said that it was all right. I went back and nothing happened, so then I knew he was only trying to get me away. The slips that I was giving away were as follows: "Please will you strike in this life one loving blow for God and us. May the blessing of God be upon you."

(Dear Wes,—You did splendidly on September 1 and I am sure all your "cousins"

will read your letter with great interest. I am very thankful to God for my splendid friends and helpers.—Uncle B.)

MUMPS.

Gladys Thorn, "Thorndale," North Dandalup, writes: Uncle, have you had the mumps? They have been going all round Dandalup. First of all the school teacher's children got them, nobody knows where from. We were the next, I believe. Daphne only had them for two days and then got better; they did not worry her in the slightest. Donald was supposed to stay home for three weeks, but at the end of two weeks I had the mumps. Three weeks were up at last when to our horror Violet, who had been to Perth for a few days, came home with the mumps. Again three weeks were up and Donald and Daphne were to go to school again after the week's holiday, when on holiday Monday Donald got the mumps. By the time we were free Donald and Daphne had been home for two months, and Daphne was getting very bad at her lessons. Donald had kept up a little practice by going to the teacher's house every afternoon after school was over to get his lessons set, because Mr. Anderson wanted him to go up for a scholarship. Mr. Anderson, however, got his long leave, six months I think it is, so he and his family are going to Mandurah to spend their holidays. They have a block of land and a small house out there now. At first the attendance at school was very poor; nearly everybody had the mumps. Most of it is over now, except in some families where there are about eight children. I guess their mothers are nearly worried to death with

(Continued on page 12.)

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HENRY FORD SAYS REPEAL WOULD BE A CALAMITY.

In a statement to newspapermen at Wayside Inn, Sudbury, Mass., Henry Ford declared that he favors Herbert Hoover for President because Hoover is opposed to changing the Eighteenth Amendment. Mr. Ford is quoted as saying:

"The worst thing that could happen in this country would be a step backward in our fight against liquor. I am interested in anything to keep the amendment as it is. If Hoover stands for the Eighteenth Amendment, and I understand he does, then I am for him."

Mr. Ford said he had no fear of Prohibition being repealed, and added: "Such a change would be a calamity, but there is no possibility of it. As for present enforcement conditions, we manage to get along well enough at Detroit although we are next door to Canada. Personally, I would turn out the army and navy to stop violations."

"But if the law were changed, we would have to shut down our plants. Everything in the United States is keyed up to a new pace. The speed with which we operate our motor cars, and with which we operate our intricate machinery—in general, life would be impossible with liquor. No, there must be no change in Prohibition."

Hoover the Dry.

(Continued from page 9.)

publican votes rested upon false premises. After all, Prohibition does not prohibit. Popular opinion does not condemn infractions of the law. If a 'wet' Republican wishes liquor he can obtain it without much trouble, and has, therefore, little inducement to vote for a political opponent."

If the wonderfully-popular Smith did not lose votes because of his "wetness," will the "Herald" tell us why he did lose them, and by millions?

If Prohibition does not prohibit, why are Prohibitionists so enthusiastic in retaining it, and why are the "wets" so all-fired set on getting rid of it?

Seven to Seventeen—

(Continued from page 11.)

them, for they have nothing to do but hang around all day.

(Dear Gladys,—You have surely had more than enough of Mr. Mumps. He is a nasty old chap to keep hanging about when he is so unpopular. How I wish I could have a peep at your farm and enjoy myself having a real holiday. My only holiday this year will be a seven days' trip to Melbourne with about eight meetings.—Uncle B.)

JUST STUPID.

Mary McDonald, Minimay, via Gorokey, writes: I have not noticed my last letter in "Grit," but I think it time I wrote you a few lines. First of all, Uncle, I want to say how sorry I am that Prohibition did not win the vote in N.S.W. It is a pity folk are so stupid, and the more I travel around the more I am against drink. When last I wrote I believe I was at Westernport Bay, and I was very fortunate to come this way for the winter months. Minimay is only twelve miles from the border of South Australia. It is mostly a sheep farming district with a few crops of wheat and oats as a side line, for the farmers think twelve miles too far to cart the wheat to a railway station.

I have been here almost three months, but I am leaving on Friday. My two sisters and I are to spend show week in Melbourne, and from there I go to my next school at Narrawong. Narrawong is on the coast, sixteen miles from Portland, so I hope to enjoy plenty of sea bathing this summer. Do you know the Portland district, Uncle? I was there nearly two years ago, but only for a couple of days.

(Dear Mary,—You hit the nail on the head when you blamed the defeat of Prohibition to the stupidity of people. We kiss the chains that bind us and protect the tyrant that robs, hurts and curses us. I am looking forward to a visit to Forge Creek in a few days. When are you coming to Sydney for an ice cream?—Uncle B.)

"The comparative mortality figure of publicans is 80 per cent. more than the standard. As with brewers, so with publicans, the greatest proportion of the excess is under alcoholism and liver disease, from which the mortality is nearly sevenfold the standard, and from suicide is more than twice the standard."—65th Report, Registrar-General for England.

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"An anonymous person is one who does not wish to be known. Who is that who is laughing in the class?"

Voice: "An anonymous person, teacher!"

* * *

"I believe a horse understands more than a dog."

"I don't."

"Very likely—but I was speaking of the horse."

* * *

Master (to servant): "You have the visiting list and the cards?"

Servant: "Yes, sir."

Master: "At every house that I don't stop, you will leave a card."

Servant: "Very good, sir."

Master (after many visits): "Have you any cards left?"

Servant: "Only the ace of spades and the joker."

* * *

AND OTHER THINGS.

"You say you came from Detroit," said the doctor to his fellow passenger; "that's where they make automobiles, isn't it?"

"Sure," replied the American with some resentment, "we make other things in Detroit, too."

"Yes, I know," retorted the doctor; "I've ridden in 'em."

* * *

OUT OF FORM.

"Mummy, I can't go to school to-day."

"Why?"

"I don't feel well."

"Where don't you feel well?"

"In school."

* * *

TEACHER'S ORDERS.

"Here, ma," requested the boy, hurrying in from school before time, "hang my jacket up behind the stove."

"Is it wet?"

"No, but teacher sent me home to tell you to warm my jacket for me."

REAL THRIFT.

An old Irishwoman sent a parcel to her son, in which she enclosed the following note:

"Pat, I am sending your waistcoat; to save weight I have cut off all the buttons. Your loving mother."

"P.S.—You will find them in the top pocket."

* * *

A PLAUSIBLE SUGGESTION.

They were coming across the Brooklyn bridge and saw a little tug puffing around one of Uncle Sam's war vessels just outside the navy basin.

"There's a man-of-war, my dear," he said, pointing to the big ship.

"And is the little one a tug-of-war?" she asked, as she gazed dreamily upon the water.

* * *

TEACHER'S MISTAKE.

John: "Teacher, can anyone be punished for something they didn't do?"

Teacher: "Why, no; of course not."

John: "Well, I haven't done my arithmetic."

* * *

POOR ON THE TRIGGER.

Keen-eyed mountaineer led his overgrown son into a country school house.

"This here boy's arter larnin'," he announced. "What's yer bill o' fare?"

"Our curriculum, sir," corrected the schoolmaster, "embraces geography, arithmetic, trigonometry—"

"That'll do," interrupted the father. "That'll do. Load him up well with trigger-nometry. He's the only poor shot in the family."

* * *

FIZZIOLOGY.

"Name two large joints," said the teacher of the class in physiology.

"Mike's and the Dutchman's," replied the sophisticated pupil. "Only Prohibition's put them both on the blink."

The scientist who says women are going to become the ruling sex must be a bachelor—that "going to become" proves it.

* * * SHOWED UP TEACHER.

One: "Well, I showed up the teacher before the whole class to-day."

The other: "Why? Wise us up."

One: "She asked me for Lincoln's Gettysburg address 'n' I had to tell her he never lived there. Oh, you should have heard the class laugh then."

* * *

GETTING THE FACTS.

Angry Customer: "These eggs aren't fresh."

Grocer (indignantly): "Not fresh! Why, the boy brought them from the country this morning."

"What country?"

* * *

SELF FIRST.

Waiter: "Beg pardon, sir, but you'll choke to death if you eat that sandwich in one bite."

Customer: "Well, it will be my funeral, won't it?"

Waiter: "Yes, sir, but how about my tip?"

* * *

GRAND SCRAMBLE.

A case of new-laid eggs upon his bended back, the delivery man made his way carefully along the street, but right in his path lay a piece of banana peel, and—

As he stood regarding the scattered mess of broken shells and running yolks a kindly old woman appeared on the scene.

"Oh, my poor man," she exclaimed, "have you dropped your eggs?"

"Oh, no, my lady—no, indeed! I'm only giving a free lesson in open-air cookery. I'm making an omelette."

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DAILY INSPIRATION.

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SUNDAY.

"All Scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable."—2 Tim., 3-16.

It is by no means necessary, in order to vindicate the truth of Gospel history, that the narrative of the same transaction should correspond in its minutest details in all its writers. On the contrary, such a coincidence would rather be evidence of concert and fabrication than of simple veracity. For in no historical account of any important or interesting event that has been handed down to us from remote ages, nor in any authentic narratives of recent date, is this correspondence to be found. Independent testimony is always marked by slight variation of circumstances, which is as much, in the nature of things, a characteristic of truth, as that in all principal points there should be a perfect agreement. No man of the slightest experience of life is surprised at finding such trifling differences in the report of honest and undesigned witnesses—witnesses who tell what they believe without hesitation, and without contriving or thinking about the support or the contradiction they may receive from others. It is indeed rather a ground of suspicion and mistrust when there is no such difference, especially when the points of disagreement are immaterial in themselves, or would naturally seem to be so to an ordinary observer.—Bishop Coplestone.

MONDAY.

"That which hath been is now, and that which is to be hath already been, and God requireth that which is past."—Eccles., 3-15.

Not myself, but the truth that in life I have spoken,
Not myself, but the seed that in life I have sown,
Shall pass on to ages—all about me forgotten,
Save the truth I have spoken, the things I have done.

So let my living be, so be my dying,

So let my name lie—unblazoned, unknown;
Unpraised and unmissed, I shall still be remembered;

Yes, but remembered by what I have done.
—Dr. H. Bonar.

TUESDAY.

"A book of remembrance was written."—Mal., 3-16.

Among the books that will be opened when God shall reckon with the universe, one will be produced filled with costlier records than the common translations of time. In that precious book, that "book of remembrance written before Him for those that feared the Lord, and that thought upon His name," how many little acts of the humblest saint, which the world never knew or noticed, will appear in golden capitals! How many forgotten words and looks of kindness which dropped a healing anodyne into some broken heart will there be shown the child of God, who faint will ask: "When did I this?" How brightly in those leaves of pearl will glow that pellucid jewel which fell from the eye of him who gave all he had to give—a tear for another's woe. And the poor widow's mite, what a bright record shall be made of that, and of the midnight prayer for those pinched with sterner want than hers. What a page in that heavenly Album will be given to him who gave a cup of cold water to a disciple of the Lamb, with a heart big enough to have given the world! There will be shown the tableaux vivants of prison-scenes, and sick and dying bed-scenes, where eyes with a heaven full of love in them, and hearts big with the immortal sympathy of God, ministered to the sick stranger and him that was ready to perish. In that Souvenir of Eternity will be preserved charities of celestial water that never found a record of remembrance on earth.—Burritt.

istered to the sick stranger and him that was ready to perish. In that Souvenir of Eternity will be preserved charities of celestial water that never found a record of remembrance on earth.—Burritt.

WEDNESDAY.

"If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him."—2 Tim., 2-12.

Art thou so weary of thy self-denials,
And so impatient of thy little cross?
Is it so hard to bear thy daily trials,
To count all earthly things a gainful loss?

What if thou always suffer tribulation,
And if thy Christian warfare never cease?
The gaining of the quiet habitation
Shall gather thee to everlasting peace.

But here we all must suffer, walking lonely
The path that Jesus once Himself hath gone;
Watch thou in patience through this hour only—
This one dark hour before the eternal dawn.

—Kebble.

You cannot tell Christ anything new about your suffering. He felt it all; felt it in His hands and feet, in His brow, and in His heart."—Dr. Talmage.

THURSDAY.

"We look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen."—2 Cor., 4-18.

There is such a thing as nursing and cherishing our grief, employing a "busy meddling memory to muster up past endearments," and personate vast variety of tender and heart-rending circumstances. There is a tearing open of the wound afresh by images and remembrances; and thereby multiplying those pangs which constitute the very bitterness of death itself. But conscience should be concerned to repress such a disposition. It is a temptation. It desperately tries to retain what God has determined to remove. In some cases it seeks to penetrate an abyss which He forbids even conjecture to explore; and while it unfits the mourner for the pressing duties of his station, it leads to that "sorrow of the world which worketh death." How different and superior the sentiments of David! His servants said to him: "What thing is this that thou hast done? Thou didst fast and weep for thy child while it was yet alive, and when the child was dead, thou didst arise and eat bread." And he said: "While the child was yet alive, I fasted and wept, for I said, Who can tell whether God will be gracious to me, that the child may live, but now he is dead, wherefore should I fast? Can I bring him back again? I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.—Cecil.

FRIDAY.

"Ye sorrow not, even as others which have no hope."—1 Thess., 4-13.

Tears are not always fruitful; their hot drops

Sometimes but scorch the cheek and dim the eye—

Despairing murmur over blackened hopes,
Not the meek spirit's calm and chastened cry.

Oh, better not to grieve than waste our woe,
To fling away the spirit's finest gold,
To lose, not gain by sorrow; to overflow
The sacred channels which true sadness hold.

It is not tears, but teaching we should seek;
The tears we need are genial as the shower;
They would moulder the being while they stain the cheek,
Fresh'ning the spirit into life and power.
—Dr. H. Bonar.

SATURDAY.

"He knoweth the secrets of the heart."—Ps., 44-21.

Our sincerity cannot be unknown to an infinite understanding. "The Lord knows the way of the righteous; He knows their way is to observe them, and He knows their way to reward them. How comfortable it is to appeal with Hezekiah to this attitude of God for our integrity! Remember, Lord, how I have walked before Thee in truth." God knows that we do that in the simplicity of our hearts, which may be judged by men to be done for unworthy and sordid ends. He knows not only the outward action, but the inward affection, and praises that which men often dispraise; and writes down with an euge: "Well done, good and faithful servant," which men daub with their severest censures. How refreshing it is to consider that God never mistakes the appearance for reality, nor is led by the judgment of man. If God had no sounder or more piercing judgment than man, woe be to the sincerest souls that are often judged hypocrites by some. What a happiness it is for integrity to have a judge of infinite understanding, who will one day wipe off the dirt of worldly reproaches!—Charnock.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

By FAIRELIE THORNTON.

"Heart Cheer," new poems, 1/6; "The Southern Cross," 1/6; "The Other Side," 1/6; "Sunset Gleams," 2/6. Postage, 2d. each. "Kindly Greeting" Cards, with verse, by Fairelie Thornton, six different in packet, for 1/1. William Tyas, 558 George-street, Sydney. Christian Workers' Depot, 145 Commonwealth-street, Sydney, and others. The whole series sent post free for 8/6.

"The cost of alcohol in human life far exceeds that of war, and the victims of alcoholism do not die out. They drag miserably through a sick life, and transmit their decay to following generations."—Professor T. G. Masaryk, President of Czecho-Slovakia.

GREAT SALE OF LANTERN SLIDES.

The Rev. J. J. WILLINGS, who is to sail for England in the New Year, desires to sell a large stock of Lantern Slides: Scenic, Lectures, Comics, Stories, Temperance, and Religious.

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UNITED INTERCESSION.

WHERE PRAYER AND FAITH EASE BURDENS.

By HELEN GRAHAM.

Verily at times the Town Hall Basement seems a little City of God, an anteroom of Paradise. He is there recognised as the Great Father, those present are the children of His heart and home, and the Holy Spirit gives to each worshipper the "freedom" of that city, whose Builder and Maker is God.

While the reading of the petitions reveal tragic experiences, grimmer even than the facts recounted, and the Nemesis of retribution, they also reveal amazing grace, heroic courage, the recapturing of faith, love, hope, trust.

Some little time ago Colonel Sowton of the Salvation Army gave a remarkable exposition of the 12th chapter of Acts—a chapter though many know almost by heart, yet it may chance have missed the gem truths shining in every verse.

Some of the lessons the Colonel left with his hearers were as follows:

God takes away leaders, yet carries on His work. James was killed, Peter imprisoned awaiting execution. In the biggest crises in life prayer can be made "without ceasing." The chapter does not record one prayer nor the name of one who prayed. Some may have pleaded that Peter might be given power to make an eloquent appeal; others that Herod might be smitten with a sudden sickness. But God had a better way.

God always answers prayer—not at first; it may be not till the very hour of execution, of defeat. God answers in His own way. He answers for His own glory. He answers for His own purpose. It was good for Peter to live just then. There was much work for him to do. God answered in spite of tremendous odds, in spite of chains, quarters of soldiers, locked prison doors, an autocratic ruler. But God expects us to exercise the powers He has bestowed upon us in order to receive the answer prayed for. Peter had to exercise faith, obedience, courage. After the angel had passed through one street he left Peter to continue the journey alone.

We often pray unbelievably. Peter's friends said, "It is his angel!" God notices the smallest details. Perhaps the humblest member of that band was the young door-keeper. Yet what she did, what she said, and her name are all mentioned. Verily He crowns the uncrowned of earth. And he also uncrowns the crowned, for we read, "Herod, arrayed in royal apparel, sat upon his throne, and made an oration, and the people shouted, and said, 'It is the voice of a god, and not of a man!'" And immediately the angel of the Lord smote him, because he gave not God the glory, and He was eaten of worms and gave up the ghost."

But—what a tremendous "but!"—but the word of God grew and multiplied.

Amongst the many petitions and "praise notes" which were handed in at these meet-

ings are the following, each a history in itself, every sin as old as time, every triumph over sin as great a miracle as those performed in the streets and lanes of old Judea:

"A man who deserted his wife was prayed for at these meetings. He has returned and things are much brighter. Ask that a work of grace may be begun in his heart and that he may indeed see in Jesus his Saviour."

"I have been praying a long time for a loved one, a slave to drink. Thank God there is a marked improvement."

"Please pray that the dear Lord may send me work. I am not penniless yet. He has never failed me during a long life."

"A fortnight ago you prayed for a man who had suffered a sudden, alarming seizure. He is much better, and is able to use his limbs. Thank God for answered prayer."

"A young man who had not had regular work for years sent in a request for work last Wednesday. On Monday he had two jobs to pick from. How wonderful God is!"

"Please pray again as you have so often done that my brother and his daughter may make Jesus their Friend. I am keeping on praying."

"Give praise to Almighty God for rescuing me when confronted with an alluring temptation."

"Thank God I have been enabled to attend this meeting for four years."

"Last Wednesday I put in a petition on behalf of my sick mother. Since then she has slept wonderfully. Do thank God publicly."

AMERICAN LABOR PROSPERS.

The increased productivity of American workers under Prohibition is, according to our greatest economists, the most significant factor in mass production upon which our current prosperity rests and which makes possible the payment of high salaries to these workers. Not only have salaries and wages increased since Prohibition was adopted, but standards of living have also risen throughout the country.

In spite of the increased cost of living the latest figures of the Labor Department show that the worker could buy 30.7 per cent. more with each hour at work than he could in the pre-war license year 1913, usually taken as a standard wet year.

When American bricklayers receive 12.56 dollars per day, compared with 1.39 dollars paid in Austria, 1.32 dollars paid in Belgium, 1.57 dollars in France, and 1.84 dollars in Germany; when American carpenters receive 10.16 dollars per day as compared with 2.95 dollars in England, 1.86 dollars in Germany and 1.82 dollars in Italy;

when laborers in the building trades receive 4.00 dollars per day in the United States and only 1.47 in Germany, 1.12 dollars in Austria, .91 dollars in Belgium, and .30 dollars in Italy—one understands why so many in these drink-ridden countries are anxious to get as quickly as possible to "dry" America where the banishment of the saloon contributes to a general prosperity that exists nowhere else.

REMARK'S COMMUNITY HOTEL.

More Drunks than in Larger Towns.—The possibility of the Remark system of liquor control being installed was discussed on the eve of the recent poll at Canberra. In Remark the local hotel is community owned, and on that account—according to theory—ought to produce ideal results.

Business is certainly booming! The Committee report just published shows a record year. The turnover was £42,954, and profit £8098.

Big Profits.—Liquor bought cost £15,364, and was retailed for £33,974, showing a surplus of 121 per cent. The bar staff received £2302 and the dining-room staff £2325 in wages.

A Damning Indictment.—The convictions for drunkenness arising from liquor sold at the "ideal pub" were greater than those at Port Pirie, with more than double Remark's population.

One of the regular subjects the League of Nations Council will be debating before many years will be the ravages of the liquor traffic throughout the world and the international measures to be taken to mitigate this devastating factor.—Rt. Hon. Sir Donald Maclean.

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GRIT SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"Grit" subscriptions received to 10/11/23, and where not mentioned the amount is 11/-: Rev. A. C. Barmore, £5, sales; Rev. S. Jones, John Lowe, 19/9/29; W. H. Mills, 9/2; Mrs. F. Pedersen, 5/6, 6/5/29; C. Alupert, 8/6, 30/6/29; Mrs. Slender, 30/6/29; Miss Ida Southwood, 7/-, sales; Miss Head, 2/6, sales; Mrs. Horne, 30/12/29; Mrs. P. Mead, 30/8/29; E. H. Noble, 20/-, 30/12/29; Mrs. Paterson, 30/6/29; Anonymous, 10/-; Rev. A. R. Bowie, 16/-; James Hunter, 3/3, 26/10/28; D. Kelly, £2/2/-, 30/10/31; Pastor J. Morley, 4/6; W. Simmons, 15/-, 23/2/29; G. A. V. Stanley, 9/11/29; Rev. H. S. Brown, 5/-; J. Beveridge, 3/6, 20/12/28; W. Tate, 30/6/29; Ensign Rose, 5/6, 28/2/29; Mrs. J. Anderson, 3/-, 30/9/28; Mrs. Blair, 30/12/29.

The following are paid to 30/12/28: Miss E. J. Garnock, W. H. W. Jack, J. McKeown, H. O. Ryder, 22/-; E. F. Vickery, W. E. Collins, Mrs. Herbison, 6/-; Miss Byrne, 6/-; Rev. A. C. Donaldson, 6/-; Miss M. S. Fraser, J. Stein, Mrs. J. Spence, 6/-; Miss B. Truscott, Victorian Mission to Seamen, F. J. W. Howell, 6/-; Nurse Spence, 6/-; A. Shaw.

HENRY FORD ON PROHIBITION

"Dearborn, Michigan,
"June 11, 1928.

"Editor, 'Manufacturers' Record.'

'I am enclosing herewith a leaflet which contains an expression from Mr. Ford on the subject of Prohibition. In addition to this, he has requested me to say that our men are very much better off since Prohibition, as our records indicate that their attendance is more regular, their savings have increased, and property-ownership has greatly advanced.

"With the law back of us, and with Government co-operation, we have no difficulty in enforcing Prohibition among our own men, and if all employers would take it upon themselves to do likewise, we are sure that the burdens of enforcement would be greatly lightened.

"E. G. LIEBOLD,

"General Secy. to Henry Ford."

To this Mr. Liebold adds a comment from a statement made by Mr. Ford on April 10, 1923, as follows:

"Prohibition is a fine thing. I believe it will become world-wide. Alcohol destroys the brain cells and lowers a man's efficiency. I believe that industrial competition will force Prohibition upon the whole world."

Comment seems unnecessary on so striking a statement from a world character such as Mr. Ford, employing as he does over 100,000 men.—"Manufacturers' Record," June 21, 1928.

ONE FROM THE LAUNDRY.

A man has written to a newspaper complaining that his laundry sends back his shirts with only half buttons on them. That's nothing; some laundries send back buttons with only half shirts on them.

In U.S.A. a firm advertised to sell shirts that "laughed at the laundry." A man wrote the firm to say he had one of them; it came back from the wash with its sides split.

YOU HAVE BEEN WELL REMINDED OF ICE CHESTS.

Now we want to impress you with
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