

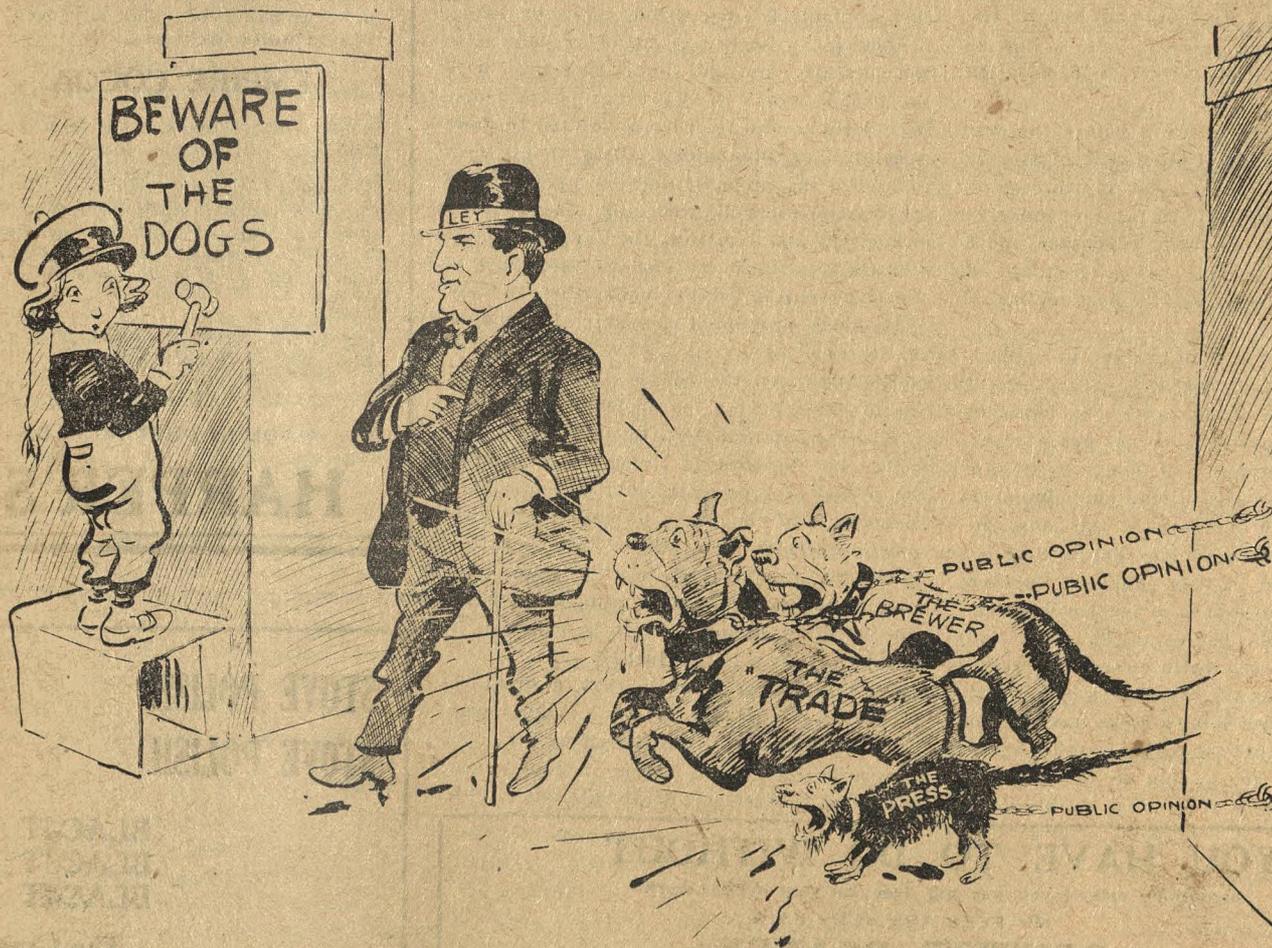
Grit

A JOURNAL OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY AND PROHIBITION

VOL. XVII. No. 9. Twopence.

SYDNEY, MAY 17, 1923.

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HON. T. J. LEY: "IT'S ALRIGHT; THAT CHAIN WILL HOLD THEM!"

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PROHIBITION AND TUBERCULOSIS.

According to Dr. Haven Emerson, New York's well-known health physician, the death rate in New York City from tuberculosis has declined 77.9 per cent. in the past fifty years, and the decrease has been 51 per cent. the last eleven years, while for the single year of 1921—the first full year under Prohibition, the decrease was 18.1 per cent. The decline the country over has been marvellous. In the American Review of Tuberculosis, Dr. Emerson discusses the reasons for the big decrease and writes as follows concerning the effect of Prohibition on the disease:

"From a time many years before the war until the entry of the United States into the struggle, there has been a steadily increasing opinion, lay and medical, in favor of moderation in the use of alcoholic beverages and a conviction that its place as a stimulant or medicament had been greatly over-estimated in the past.

"Prohibition, first confined in its application to men in uniform, and later generally effective because of the necessary limitation in the use of foodstuffs for the manufacture of alcoholic beverages, and finally by the application of the constitutional amendment on January 16, 1920, has caused the most important alteration in dietary habits that has been experienced in this country. Furthermore, the discontinuance of legal commercial traffic in alcoholic beverages for other than medicinal purposes, which formerly involved an expenditure by the consumers of approximately 2,500,000,000 dols. a year, has released most of this amount (probably four-fifths) for other purposes, for having or for improvement of the quality of housing, clothing, and

food. That much of the money formerly turned into the saloon has gone to the purchase of more and better clothing and food for women and children of wage earners, has been the testimony of the dry goods and grocery stores since Prohibition went into effect.

"There is no sufficient evidence to offer to the effect that the discontinuance of the use of alcohol by the tuberculous, or by those of the particularly susceptible types or races, has caused a higher grade of resistance to the disease, but all our experience with the disease tends to show that better housing, clothing, and food have resulted in more resistance to tuberculosis. It is unnecessary to invoke the probable decided advantage of not having alcohol constantly affecting the circulation, the digestion, the nervous system and the resistance to various infections of the large portion of the population, in view of the more prominent economic effects upon the manner of living which have followed beneficially upon the release from the wastage of expenditures for alcoholic drinks.

"That Prohibition has, by indirection, elevated the standard of living by prolonging the period of prosperity and by neutralising the effects of the years of non-employment and that women and children have benefited by the investment of the weekly wage of the man of the family in food and maintenance instead of in liquor, can, it is believed, be maintained with entire justice.

"Prohibition, or prior to that, a great reduction in the general use of alcoholic beverages, is believed to have shared with general prosperity to a great extent in causing the fall in the tuberculosis death rate since 1914."

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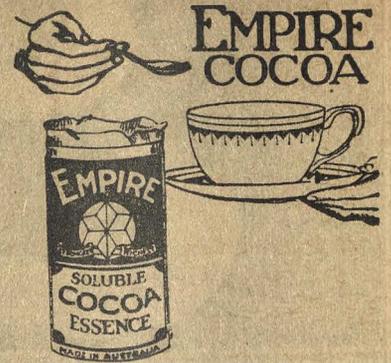
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CONFESSIONS !

(With the title as stated this human document came to me. It is not pleasant reading, but it is true, and not only of the man who has written it, it is true of the thousands of others.—Ed. "Grit.")

The Editor, "Grit."

Sir,—What follows I term confessions, because my association with the incidents related should never have taken place. At least, perhaps not. Sometimes, as I review the past few years of a chequered career, I pause and wonder. But let that suffice. Where am I? It's midnight; and I am roused to my senses by a railway porter tugging at my arm and giving me to understand the train goes no further. I am hustled out on to the platform of a station some ten miles beyond my destination, and the last train had returned. But that didn't worry me at the time. I remembered no more till I found myself at daylight some three miles from there. Then consciousness came. Oh! the sting of it all, at that moment! Drunk! Yes, so I thought then. Drunk for the first time. But I have learned since to use another, and more appropriate term—doped.

There, that was the beginning of the road that ended in Sydney's Underworld. "Where is that?" What, you know! You've been there! You tell me you have done it in the dead of night accompanied by a policeman guide for protection; you wandered through squalid streets and darkened alleys; you describe hellish, bedridden mortals, who hardly ever see the light of day; you describe grim pictures of fearful looking faces, peeping at you round corners, or through musty windows. The Chinaman's den fills you with terror and loathsomeness, and you exclaim, "What an awful place is Sydney's Underworld." My dear friend, I once took a nocturnal journey like that, through the worst of Surry Hills, and old time Woolloomooloo, and I said to myself: "I've seen Sydney's Underworld, and how dreadful it is!" I was mistaken. And you are mistaken too. To see and realise Sydney's Underworld you must get there yourself. I advise you not to take it on. It's not worth the risk. For, if you ever returned (a very improbable thing to the man who deliberately goes there) it may well be written of you, "Saved as by fire." Poor souls, they pass out, but hardly one in a hundred returns.

Well, now, in these confessions my real object is to tell something about the inhabitants of that place, of whom, after a few

years' sojourn amongst them, I feel that very little is known to the outside world, which sees only the surface of things, and has not time for deeper probing. De Quincey wrote the "Confessions of an Opium Eater." Let me give you the "Confessions of a Wine Drinker" in deep humility, a feeling of shame, yet daring to hope that good may come out of it, that some light may be thrown on one of the greatest of evils of our national life; aye, the source of about every other evil that curses and blights the manhood and womanhood of this promising land of the Southern Cross, as I will prove later on in my story. And, I will even dare to hope too that this simple narrative of actual experiences may deepen a desire to reorganised efforts to reclaim Sydney's Underworld. I have often heard it said by religious teachers and workers: "This class of people is utterly hopeless. We can never reach them." I heard one cleric remark: "They appear to me to be outside the pale of humanity. Nothing can be done." Well, as long as we think so (and you know they think we think so, too) the difficulty will stay where it is, and the consequences become more appalling. Now just a hint as to what I mean by the Underworld. I don't mean exclusively the slums and alleys, and Chinese dens. There are worse places than these for the fostering of every form of vice and crime going. Some of the proprietors of these places may not realise it, and would be deeply insulted if told. But most of them know, and don't care, aye, some of them set themselves out deliberately to encourage vice, and use their dope to that end.

From a moral point of view, not one of these places in the Metropolitan Area of Sydney can justify its existence. That is absolute fact in the face of any argument.

It was a raw, cold, wet day in June. I was wending my way along George-street, feeling very miserable and downhearted. I paused at the door of a wine saloon, just then a daily resort of mine. I hesitated whether I should go in and spend my last sixpence. The matter was settled almost instantly. A friendly pat on the shoulder, and a cheery "come along and have a drink with me." It was my friend George. For a man with a great world of trouble on his shoulders it would be hard to find a more honest, clean living, and good hearted fellow. He held a good position in the Government service. His children were his pride and his care. He was a slave to wine. Where I drank by the glass he drank by the demijohn, and

many a time I went to his house and helped to reduce the contents of his demijohn. But in his soberer moments he would confide to me how the wine was doing its deadly work; and he would put his finger to his head and say in solemn tones, "Callan Park" some day. I used to laugh at him at first, and pass the matter off with a joke. Well, many a day George and I met at this particular wine saloon. I simply met him in passing, because he took a great interest in me, and introduced me to a lot of fresh people, amongst whom I found some interesting characters. Anyway it was not long before I became alarmed about my friend's condition, and realised the truth of his own anticipations of lunacy. An acquaintanceship of two years, ended in George going completely and hopelessly insane. It staggered me for a time, and I began to reflect very seriously. Yet I was fool enough to keep on the habit, and consoled myself with the thought that perhaps there was some other cause for insanity. But as I now write I am fully convinced this was the direct influence of the wine. I might give several similar instances where excessive wine drinking ended in lunacy, all being more or less customers at the one wine saloon. As a matter of fact, is not the habitual drinker in a state of insanity more or less all the time? I know from my own sad experience. A man will do many a wrong and wicked deed under the dope influence of wine that he would never think of doing with a clear head and brain. More especially is this the case with what is served up as wine in many shops. There is very little genuine wine in the majority of shops, and adulteration is common enough. If genuine wine is poison, what of the stuff most wine drinkers are pouring down their throats? When you come to know the truth, and get a glimpse behind the scenes, the position is astounding.

(Continued on Page 16.)

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

FIELD DAY APPOINTMENTS.

SUNDAY, MAY 20.

11 a.m.: Parkes Presbyterian Church.
3 p.m.: Men's meeting.
7.30 p.m.: Parkes Methodist Church.
Mr. Francis Wilson.
11 a.m.: Gunnedah Methodist Church.
3 p.m.: Curlewis Methodist Church.
7 p.m.: Gunnedah Presbyterian Church.
Ex-Senator David Watson.
11 a.m.: Quirindi Church of England.
3 p.m.: Gosford Presbyterian Church.
7.15 p.m.: Quirindi Presbyterian Church.
Mr. W. D. B. Creagh.

MONDAY, MAY 21.

Parkes Public Meeting.
Mr. Francis Wilson.
Curlewis Public Meeting.
Ex-Senator David Watson.
Quirindi Public Meeting.
Mr. W. D. B. Creagh.

TUESDAY, JUNE 22.

Trundle Public Meeting.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23.

Bogan Gate Public Meeting.
Mr. Francis Wilson.

MR. CARROLL'S FIXTURES.

MONDAY, JUNE 21—Kempsey.
TUESDAY, JUNE 22—Wauchope.
WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23—Frederickton.
THURSDAY, JUNE 24—Macksville.
FRIDAY, JUNE 25—Nambucca.

MR. HENRY MACOURT.

STAFF AND EXECUTIVE SAY
GOOD-BYE.

On Friday afternoon last the staff of the Alliance farewelled Mr. Henry Macourt, who has resigned from the position of Organising Secretary to take the position of Campaign Director for Tasmania. Mr. Hammond spoke of the worth of Mr. Macourt's work, and expressed the opinion that Tasmania had made a wise choice when they invited him to take charge of the campaign in that State. On behalf of the staff he asked Mr. Macourt to accept a travelling bag and fountain pen as tokens of the esteem with which the whole of the staff had for him. Replying to the good wishes Mr. Macourt said he would take with him the kindest memories of his six years' association with the Alliance. There had always been a spirit of comradeship, which made his work pleasant, and was so essential in an organisation such as the Alliance. He hoped to see them all again in about three months, and extended an open invitation to members of the staff to visit him in the island where they grow apples.

THE EXECUTIVE.

On Thursday, midday, the Executive of the Alliance invited Mr. Macourt to lunch with them. The President, Mr. Hammond, reviewed the Tasmanian position, and pointed out that it was necessary that the best man available should have charge of the campaign in that State, and for that reason he

had suggested Mr. Macourt's name to the Tasmanian Executive. He wished Mr. Macourt a happy and successful time in his new work, and then on behalf of the Executive he asked him to accept a wallet of Treasury notes, which carried with them the sincere wishes of every member of the Executive for his well-being.

AT THE TRAIN.

Mr. Macourt left Sydney by the Melbourne mail on Thursday night. A number of friends gathered on the platform, among them Mr. R. B. S. Hammond, to wish him Godspeed. Mrs. Macourt and the eldest boy (a fine chap he is too) were there to see dad off. Mrs. Macourt and the family will remain in Sydney for about three months, and then proceed to their new home. And now "Grit" adds one word: We have lost a contributor, and page 4 of this paper will be handled by another hand. We wish Mr. Macourt all the best that life can give, and we shall expect soon to get an invitation from Tasmania inviting us to be present at the celebration of the winning of Prohibition in the small State.



FAIRIES AT WORK.

This splendid display has now been given by five suburban halls during the last five weeks. Under the enthusiastic leadership of Mr. F. J. Cramp, the party of about 40 Christian Endeavorers from the Western Suburbs have splendidly helped the Cause by this effort. Ashfield, Auburn, Balmain, Petersham, and Campsie have assembled in big audiences, and have enthusiastically greeted the Queen of the Fairies and her Court.

The display graphically showed the effect of liquor upon home and national life, and with plain facts it also told some of the benefits which would result from Prohibition. The presentation of these facts was most impressive, and in every case the audiences seemed to grip their significance.

While we would like to have seen the audiences overcrowding the buildings, yet the result totalled over 1000, who witnessed these displays. Remembering that four of the nights were wet, and that on the fifth night there was also a local anniversary and another school concert, the result is by no means discouraging.

We should like to mention all who took

part, but this is too big a task. The assistance of the orchestra was most valuable. Miss Dale helped greatly as pianist, while Miss Allen, as Queen of the Fairies, rendered outstanding assistance. Miss Ruby Macbeth also brightened the programme with her splendid recitations given at Petersham and Campsie. To all the young people representing fairies, workers, attendants, heralds, crusaders, etc., we say "Thanks, many thanks, for your loyal help."

At each display the "New Day Crusade" was outlined, and many signatures were received. Some signatures were also received prior to the displays, and these were distributed to the children at these meetings. In these ways valuable educational work and much publicity was gained for "The Crusade."

We cannot measure the results of this series of meetings in numbers or finance. From the magnificent response to the appeals for Crusade signature, and from the ringing cheers for Prohibition, which closed each display, we are confident that the results will continue in the future increased activity for Abstinence, Prohibition and Citizenship among young people.

The value of these displays is emphasised by the following words, taken from a letter just received from a Junior Christian Endeavor Society: "The Juniors are working hard for the Cause, having received inspiration from 'the fairies at work.' The competitive spirit is high in our society, and it will not be long before we have two or three times 50 signatures. Please send me a supply of pledges, for I have run out of them." With the letter came a big parcel of Crusade pledges. For the Town Hall demonstrations the Crusader took a leading part in the procession, while the Queen of the Fairies presented the shields of honor.

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HEADS OF PRISONS.

TWO STATEMENTS—BRIDEWELL (CHICAGO) AND LONG BAY (SYDNEY).

(By W. D. B. CREAGH).

Liquor supporters are constantly saying that drunkenness is increasing in America, that serious crime has also increased, and making no comparison when they publish matter, paying for it at advertising rates. Well, they reach some minds. The facts, as seen in comparison, or by the statements of those in authority, show the true state of affairs. Perhaps one of the most difficult places to enforce Prohibition was, and is, Chicago, Illinois, and when in that city I made every enquiry to find that they had cut their prison population, as their records show below.

BRIDEWELL, CHICAGO.

Years 1907 and 1909; total all prisoners, 27,197. Women, same years, 2824, both wet years; 1920 and 1921 (dry), total all prisoners, 15,043. Of this number only 790 were women.

Let us look at this closer.

1907-9, two wet years, smaller population, 27,197; 1920-21, two dry years, 15,046. Decrease in favor of dry, 12,151. Same years, women, wet, 2824; same years, women, dry, 790. Decrease in dry years, 1034.

Surely only a criminal would stop the same conditions coming to this land. The safety first, save the children, and all other cries are bunkum, if this well-known curse is to remain at large.

Let us look at the statement of the Medical Head of Bridewell prison—latest report to hand. Dr. Charles E. Scalesh, Medical Superintendent: "The number of alcoholics has markedly lessened, also the cut throats, fractures, and scalp wounds, which formerly filled the hospital after Saturday night drunks became less."

LONG BAY PRISON, SYDNEY.

Mr. William Urquhart, Comptroller-General of Prisons, in his report for 1921, pub-

lished last year while I was in America looking at the decreasing prison populations, said: "A congested condition at the State Penitentiary (Long Bay) has therefore been a cause of anxiety, as at times it has been requisite to associate prisoners in cells." Six o'clock closing made for a tremendous fall in convictions, so much so that the authorities closed Parramatta Jail. The liquor interests have had time to adjust the six o'clock setback, and now the convictions are growing again, and they are mostly due to the consumption of alcoholic liquor.

The last three years show a decided jump in our prison population:

1919	5409
1920	6202
1921	8614

Or in 1919, 270 for every 100,000 of population.

1920, 302 for every 100,000 of population.

1921, 310 for every 100,000 of population.

The following choice bit of information I pass on to Prohibitionists, also to those engaged in the liquor traffic, including the New No-Prohibition League just formed. This statement is also taken from the 1921 Prisons Report, State of New South Wales: 241 inebriates (120 males and 121 females) were under treatment during the year, including 24 males, 31 females, under detention at the beginning of the year. Fourteen males and 25 females were re-committed to the inebriate institutions on revocation of licenses; 54 males and 62 females were released on license.

The Act came into force in August, 1907, and up to the close of 1921 orders have been made in the cases of 471 males, 592 females, and of those released on license in 529 cases (177 males, 352 females) the license had been cancelled.

Most of these people are hopeless drunkards, with long records of police court convictions for drunkenness. This class is provided for at the State Penitentiary (males) and Reformatory (females), where the treatment benefits them, mentally and physically. But when they are free of this controlling influence, they lack the will-power to abstain from intoxicants, and they become nuisances to the community.

Some have been released on license time after time, but their confirmed drinking habits have brought about the revocation of their license.

A PROTEST AND CALL FOR HELP.

As one who has been constantly in touch with the inebriates during the period mentioned in the above report, I protest that these unfortunate people should, year after year, in a constant stream, flow through our courts. The trouble they are to their dependents, the expense they are to the State, and the positive danger they are to the community, should surely get them more attention, but as everything has been tried, and in the large majority of cases failed, there is only one other way open: Prohibition. The cry of those still alive, and the silent appeal from the graves of those who have passed west, many to be killed in the most violent way, surely cannot remain unheard much longer.

The following cutting, taken from "Evening News," 7/5/23, shows that one judge has ideas of reform. But how much greater would the reform be if the learned judge asked for the thing, "alcohol," to be removed, and those, the most numerous class the judge has to deal with, be kept from the docks of the criminal courts altogether.

Prohibition Canada and United States show that this is being done:

"LIKE WILD BEAST" BEHIND THE BARS.

DOCKS CONDEMNED.

Goulburn, Monday.

Condemnation of the style of docks in which prisoners are caged while on trial was uttered by Judge Bevan at the Quarter Sessions to-day, in granting a solicitor's request that his client should be allowed to sit at the table.

"There is need of reform as far as the docks of our criminal courts are concerned," he said. "We barricade the accused up with iron bars and railing, and it is difficult for the Judge and gentlemen of the jury to see his face. He glares at us through the bars like a wild beast shut up in a cage."

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A PROHIBITION HOLIDAY.

ON THE WONDER SHIP.

(By THE WANDERING EDITOR.)

In my last letter I closed with a farewell to U.S.A., as the great Aquitania pulled out into the stream and, with gathering pace, slipped past the huge Statue of Liberty on the one side, and the towering fifty and sixty-story buildings on the other. No sight in all America so stirred by imagination as did New York when distance and the fog and smoke softly but surely hid it from sight. It is the most un-American city in America, containing 4,294,629 people not born in America. The babel of voices, the confusion of different religions, and the conflict of age-long racial traditions throw one's imagination into a state of chaos.

It has all faded now, and I turn to investigate the wonder ship that is over 300 yards long, that moves more smoothly than a train, that travels easily over 500 miles a day, and that weathers a storm so that those of us sitting in the vast lounge do not know there is a storm raging.

We passed through quite a storm. The Berengaria, formerly known as the Imperator, a German boat of 52,022 tons, now one of the Cunard fleet, passed us, and she had just lost 36 feet of railing and bulwark on the port side.

Imagine what our boat was like when I did not feel any inconvenience, and hardly knew when we had again run into a fairly smooth sea.

THE PASSENGERS.

Beside me at the table is a Glebe man, in front of me are two Americans, both making up for their long period of drought. Marie Tempest, the famous actress, is on board, and at the excellent concert on Saturday night made a most charming little speech.

The U.S.A. representative in Finland, who is going back to his post, told me much of great interest (for Finland is under Prohibition), and it was a privilege to meet him. Another man was at school with my younger brother, and it was nice to talk over the old school and its doings.

A former U.S.A. secret service man was delightful in what he told me of his war-time experience. A charming man, with an English wife, turned out to have been in the police force, and at one time he had charge of the plain clothes squad that handled Billy Sunday's meetings. The number of people who left their seats and hit the sawdust trail to shake hands with Mr. Sunday, and also the great crowds, gave the sneak-thief an unusually good chance.

Many foreigners—Germans, Jews, and Japs—were on board, but in so short a trip it was hard to get to know more than a few—hardest of all to get to know the silent, morose Englishmen, many of whom were titled, and some of them war heroes. I never had a chance of speaking to the commodore or the staff captain, neither of whom mixed

with the passengers; and when I did one morning see the commodore, and greeted him with a cheerful nod, he looked at me as would a tired Sydney cab-horse, and never batted an eye. I was evidently mistaken when I thought a clergyman could nod to anyone, and that a captain of the ship could be approached by everyone.

NEW ZEALAND.

While on the ship the news that New Zealand had again failed to win its freedom from the liquor evil just crushed me.

I was so sure of victory. I can't understand. The news came with sickening effect.

For another three years this great little country must pour out thirty million pounds, must see 100,000 of its people gathered off the streets by the police, and all the superb effort and wonderful generosity have failed to overcome all the outrageous handicaps imposed on them.

I find some comfort in the beautiful lines of William Norris Burr, who writes:

"All harvest hopes are shattered by the frost!

The labor of the year is spent in vain!

All through the growing season sun and rain,

Favored my fields for fatness; but—all's lost!
No 'joy of harvest' this year!"

At such cost

Of mental vigor did a man complain—

Both mind and heart impoverishing by the strain—

When lo! these sights his inner vision crossed:

Fields of fine friendship to be harvested;
Laughter of little children; love-feasts spread

On his own dear home-tables; noble thought

Sown for his harvesting by men who'd wrought

In high-soul'd passion; beauty of the sod,
The sky, the mountain; music; soul-throbs;
God!

OLD ENGLAND.

We touch at Cherbourg, in France, to drop the passengers for the Continent and land mails, and then, at 2.30 on Sunday, we speed over to Southampton. We arrive at 8 o'clock, but by the time we pass the inspection and the Customs and the special train gets away it would be long after midnight when London, 80 miles away, was reached. Most of the passengers went, but a few of us lonely ones—whom no one expected—remained on board, and landed in the morning in fine weather, and had a pleasant run up in a well-appointed train, and London—wonderful London—was reached at 11.30 a.m.

Every name I read, every name I saw stirred memories, and nothing surprised

me but the mildness of the temperature, the fineness of the weather, and the cheapness of the taxi. I soon had my things in my room, and simply could not waste time on lunch, and so found the Alliance Office, just a few yards from Westminster Abbey, and there found some Australian mail, which I pounced on as an albatross pounces on the morsels thrown over shipboard. Unfortunately, it was only a small portion, and the part of it that went to Toronto will be a long time catching me up. A wire of welcome reached me on Sunday on the boat from a dear chap who came to me years ago. He had been sleeping in the park. Today he is an honored worker in a Christian church, I was not friendless in this old land after all.

A NOTABLE ENGLISHMAN.

Sir George Paish is recognised in England as an economist and a man of unusually sound judgment. It was cheering to find that he had just arrived back from America, and said:

"Prohibition is an economic question. There are two reasons for this. First, we must admit the working classes will command, from now on, a greater share of the world's goods than they have been getting before. Secondly, the difficulty of securing capital from the classes that formerly supplied capital will be exceedingly difficult because of taxes and fear of the future. Therefore, unless the working people make savings and provide capital, world business will be at a standstill. They can only make savings by denying themselves pleasures, which include drink. In England to-day they spend from £400,000,000 to £500,000,000 on drink. If half that amount was saved in England and elsewhere among the nations the problems of the world would be solved. As an economist I consider Prohibition is necessary and inevitable."

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THE ALLIANCE STATES ITS CASE TO THE GOVERNMENT.

DEPUTATION TOO NUMEROUS TO BE ACCOMMODATED IN MINISTER'S ROOM,
SO ADJOURNS TO PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

EVERY PROTESTANT CHURCH AND TEMPERANCE ORGANISATION IS REPRESENTED.

A REMARKABLE DEMONSTRATION OF THE UNITY OF PROHIBITIONISTS.

On Friday, May 11, the representatives of every Protestant Church and Temperance organisation went as a deputation to the Minister for Justice, the Hon. T. J. Ley, and asked that the claims of Prohibitionists for a referendum on the question of Prohibition be granted. Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, the leader of the anti-liquor forces of this State, was the speaker. He was supported by Messrs. R. W. D. Weaver, M.L.A., Albert Lane, M.L.A., and Major Foxall, of the Business Men's Efficiency League. Twelve members of Parliament were also present, and no less than seventeen wrote apologising for their absence, and stated they were in accord with the requests of the deputation, which means that thirty-two members of Parliament, who are supporters of the present Government, are in active sympathy with the Prohibition Party. That is apart from members whom we know to be sympathetic and did not send apologies. It was a remarkable deputation, and demonstrated the determination of Prohibitionists to carry their fight to a victory. As a final word Mr. Hammond said to Mr. Ley: "We have been more than patient, but I must say, sir, that there is a limit to our patience, and we sincerely hope that a Government which is so obviously desirous of serving the best interests of the people will not ignore the just claims of this deputation."

Dr. Arthur, M.L.A., introduced the deputationists. He said it was an honor to be able to introduce a deputation which represented so large and important a section of the public as those present did. He told Mr. Ley that the Alliance was sending their representatives to him because in the opinion of the majority of the people it was time to stop tinkering with the evils associated with the liquor traffic and to cease trying to mend. They had come to say the time was ripe for the whole traffic to be ended.

Dr. Arthur then introduced the Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, President of the New South Wales Alliance, whose statement of the claims of the Alliance appear in the next columns.

MR. R. W. D. WEAVER, M.L.A.

Following Mr. Hammond, Mr. R. W. D. Weaver, M.L.A., said he had much pleasure in supporting the claims made by Mr. Hammond. It was a refreshing experience to listen to Mr. Weaver make his speech. He believes a thing to be right, and he just says so and other people may think of it whatever they like. For instance, he very quietly and convincingly told Mr. Ley that to his (Mr. Weaver's) personal knowledge the majority of the National Party were so keen about seeing that fair play existed with regard to the great question of Prohibition that they would not stand for any Cabinet log-rolling or steam-roller tactics. "I would go so far as to say, Mr. Ley, that I will defy any Cabinet to raise any valid or logical objections to the just and equitable claims made by Mr. Hammond in the name of the Prohibition Party of New South Wales."

Following Mr. Weaver, Mr. A. Lane, M.L.A., whose attitude on the question of Prohibition is so well known, and whose advocacy of its claims has won for him a place of high honor in the Movement, in dealing with the question of holding a Prohibition Poll on a day other than election day, said that although Sir George Fuller might himself be opposed to such an idea, Sir George Fuller must not forget that one of his duties as Premier is to guide legislation along such lines that it meets the just demands of the majority of the people.

MAJOR FOXALL.

Major Foxall, Secretary of the Business Men's Efficiency League, disclosed his fitness for occupying a public position by not making an unnecessary speech. The Major said: "My League is in entire accord with the claims made by Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, and I would only add to what he has said that my League is of the opinion that the anomaly at present existing whereby a Licensing Reduction Board may close two hotels and a court, the Licensing Court, can then open them again.

"Our claim is that one properly constituted body should control all licensing matters."

HON. T. J. LEY REPLIES.

In his reply to Mr. Hammond's request Mr. Ley stated that the claim that existing legislation should be amended was one that he quite agreed with.

The request that a simple majority should decide the issue when submitted to the people was one which met his entire approval.

TRIENNIAL POLLS.

On the question of triennial polls, Mr. Ley said that he was personally in favor of a poll being taken every three years, but that Cabinet would have to have the final decision.

SINISTER INFLUENCE.

At this point Mr. Ley said that there was certain to be disagreements on some of the points raised, both in the Prohibition Party and the Cabinet, and the National Party, and he wanted to say that he hoped that when such difference of opinion occurred that neither parties would be ungenerous enough to hint that such were the result of sinister influence, but that each person would allow others to hold differing opinions without questioning their motives.

COMPENSATION.

On the question of compensation and the request of Mr. Hammond that the matter be submitted to the people, Mr. Ley said that he must be allowed time to consider the question before coming to a decision. He promised to give the matter his earnest and sympathetic consideration. The question of preferential voting was, Mr. Ley said, bound up in the suggestion that compensation should be submitted to the people, and although he was personally in accord with the principle of preferential voting, that matter also would have to be deferred for his decision.

LOCAL OPTION POLLS.

The request of Mr. Hammond that the provisions of local option should operate in those electoral districts which declare for Prohibition was a matter which he would have to ask for time for consideration.

INSPECTORS.

Dealing with the vital question of the appointment of inspectors, whose duties it should be to see that the provisions of the Liquor Act were enforced, Mr. Ley said that he, personally, was strongly in favor of the proposition, and would at once find out if he, in his capacity as Minister for Justice, had power to appoint such inspectors, and if he had he promised that he would ask Cabinet for the permission to do so at the earliest opportunity.

After Mr. Ley replied, Dr. Arthur briefly thanked the Minister for his sympathetic hearing of their claims.

MR. HAMMOND STATES THE CASE.

Mr. Hammond said:

I speak on behalf of the N.S.W. Alliance, associated with which is every Temperance Society and every Protestant Church.

We have come in the spirit of reason, asking only what we can justly claim to be the rights of the people.

We ask for an amended Act, consolidating the following three Acts:

1. THE LOCAL OPTION ACT, which provides for 90 electorates, a three-fifths majority, and a reduction issue. All three of these provisions are now impossible and obsolete.

2. SIX O'CLOCK CLOSING ACT, which provided only for the duration of the War and six months after.

3. THE REFERENDUM ACT, which prolonged six o'clock closing, and provided for a referendum on a date which was not fixed, for compensation upon terms of an unwarranted and extravagant nature which revolt the public sense of fairness, and omitted to make any provision for any future Referendums.

These three Acts must all be amended in some particular to make them operative, and we claim that the sane and right thing is to give us a consolidated Liquor Act, which must be democratic, fair to the public, and in harmony with the world's progress in the matter of liquor reform.

To be satisfactory to us it must include:—

1. The principle of the bare majority.
2. A provision for a poll every three years.
3. That the poll, as provided for in Queensland and West Australia, be held on a day other than election day.

4. A provision be included to submit the question of compensation to the people upon the terms which the Reduction Board is now providing compensation for over 200 de-licensed hotels.

5. That provisions be made for preferential voting, and that the ballot paper contain the three following questions:—

I vote for Prohibition without compensation.

I vote for Prohibition with compensation.
I vote for Continuance.

6. The bill should include the Local Option rights given to the people in the 1905 Act, by which the progressive localities should have the right to free themselves from the liquor nuisance. The Local Option areas to be as defined by the present 24 electoral areas.

7. Since law enforcement is so unsatisfactory at present that special inspectors, like those already employed under the Factories Act and the Pure Food Act, be appointed to see that liquor laws are enforced.

WATCH FOR FAKED FIGURES.

Temperance Society's Survey Reveals "Statistics" "Made on Order" in N.J. Town.

CLERK ADMITS FRAUD.

In making a survey of crime conditions in New Jersey municipalities, the New Jersey Temperance Society sent a questionnaire to the clerk of the town of Belleville, and the table of statistics as returned signed by John J. Daly, town clerk, would have published to the world (had it been printed) that Belleville in the matter of drunkenness and crime is the worst town in New Jersey, says the New Jersey "American Issue."

The report of Town Clerk Daly showed a jump in arrests for assault from 54 in 1917 to 152 in 1922. Cases of desertion, abandonment and non-support had leaped from 6 to 29. Disorderly conduct cases had increased over 100 per cent.; drunkenness nearly 500 per cent.; and juvenile offences 300 per cent.

The report was so rank in comparison with neighboring towns that it aroused the suspicions of J. Edward Thompkins, who conducted the survey, and he personally examined the town records with the help of the chief of police. The result was that they proved conclusively that Clerk Daly had drawn upon his imagination for his facts. Mr. Thompkins thereupon wrote a letter to each of the five commissioners, enclosing a copy of the figures as reported by Clerk Daly and as corrected by the chief of police, remarking, "My reason for sending this communication to you and your fellow commissioners is to ask if you desire that we should show up your town as reported, or, if my corrected figures are correct, to have the latter tell the real story. If you desire to furnish a corrected and authentic report before the figures are used for general publication I shall be pleased to have an early reply."

The question was taken up by Commissioner Yarrow at a meeting of the Board of Commissioners, and the clerk was called in to explain. His explanation was that he did not look at the records but put down any figures that came into his head, and then signed the statement officially as Town Clerk.

The question arises, what proportion of statistics furnished by the liquor interests are obtained by the method resorted to by the Town Clerk of Belleville? By way of showing what a vivid imagination will do when working in the interest of booze the following table is here given showing actual figures on crime conditions in Belleville and Daly's figures:

Offences.	1917.	1922.	
		Actual figures.	Daly's figures.
Assaults	54 ..	21 ..	152
Desertion	6 ..	9 ..	29
Drunkenness	40 ..	28 ..	189
Narcotic law	0 ..	1 ..	14
Juvenile offences	10 ..	0 ..	28
Vagrancy	2 ..	1 ..	6

Latin Americans Not Wedded to Alcoholic Liquors; Opinion Against Them Growing.

POWERFUL CAMPAIGN AGAINST ALCOHOL IS GROWING STRONGER; UNITED STATES HAS SET EXAMPLE WHICH IS LIKELY TO BE FOLLOWED.

(By JALMAR BOWDEN, Dean of the Bible School, Granbery College, Juiz de Flora, Minas, Brazil.)

Latin America has been proclaimed to be wedded to its idols of alcoholic drinks, but there are many evidences of an ever-growing current of public opinion against alcohol. There follows a translation of an article that appeared in the "Jornal do Commercio," the leading daily of Juiz de Fora, which is one of the two most important cities of Minas Geraes, the most populous State of Brazil.

"Everywhere the exceedingly powerful campaign against alcohol is growing stronger. In North America the use of any sort of alcohol or fermented drink was prohibited more than a year ago, all the factories being closed and the importation of the said drink being prohibited.

"This energetic act of the North American Government is having a marked effect in other countries, which have taken restrictive measures against alcoholic drinks. This is especially noticeable in the Scandinavian countries. In other nations taxes have been greatly increased on such drinks.

"The tendency in all countries is to take radical measures such as those taken by the United States.

"Alcoholism is the cause of many diseases that desolate humanity, and among these tuberculosis may be especially noted.

"The people of Europe, especially the poor, have an ancient habit of using alcohol—and such alcohol! They use a variety of rum that is much more harmful than that commonly in use in Brazil.

"The natural substitute for alcohol is coffee, which does not damage the health, and is a stimulant and a tonic. But coffee is costly in Europe. The problem is to put it in the reach of the pockets of the poor.

"In North America the prohibition of the use of alcohol resulted in the increase in the consumption of sugar, which is also a stimulant, as is coffee. This increase resulted in the high price of sugar, not only in the United States but also in France and in other countries tributary to America.

"The last harvest in France produced 225,000 tons, but the annual consumption is 700,000.

PROHIBITION TO BENEFIT BRAZIL.

"All interested in the hygiene of the world are carrying on a powerful campaign against the use of alcohol as a drink. If this campaign spreads and produces the desired effects, there will be opened to Brazil a splendid economic opportunity. The use of coffee as a substitute for alcohol will be generalised, without the necessity of propaganda on our part, for this will be done by those interested in hygiene and by the Governments that prohibit the use of alcoholic drinks.

"Not only would the use of coffee all over the world be increased, but also the use of sugar. There is another side to the question which would be very useful to us—the diminution or the suppression of the manufacture of rum. The growers of sugar cane make rum, which now, in spite of all the taxes that weigh over this drink, is more remunerative than the manufacture of sugar. But when sugar becomes profitable it will be given the preference. Other than sugar the producers ought to make alcohol only for industrial purposes.

"May this campaign against alcohol as a drink be carried on, for it can only be useful to humanity and to Brazil."

A chronic cold poor Peever had,
And in a most despondent mood
He hied to town with anxious frown
"In search of Something Good."
A chum exclaimed: "Cheer up, Old Top!
Your fears are quite absurd be sure—
Just try the nearest chemist's shop
For Woods' Great Peppermint Cure."



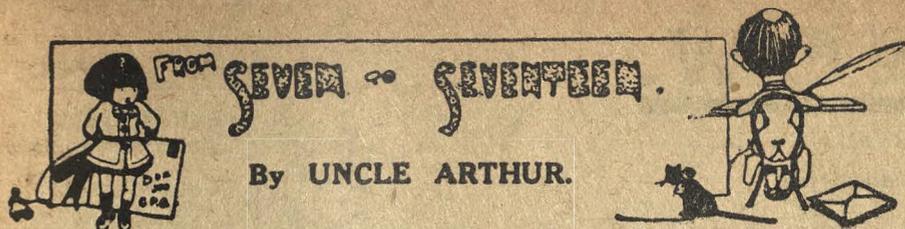
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FROM SEVEN TO SEVENTEEN.

By UNCLE ARTHUR.

WHO IS UNCLE A ?



He is the leader of a large family of children, aged 7 to 17, who write to this page. There is no fee to pay. Write on one side of the paper in ink. Send your age and date of birthday.

All who do not write for three months are "scallywags." After 17 you become an "Hon." Ne or Ni, and write either at Christmas or your birthday. Grand Uncle B.'s birthday is celebrated by a picnic for all Ne's and Ni's. Address letters to Uncle A., 321 Pitt-street, Sydney.

FOR MOTHER.

Dear Ni's and Ne's,—

Of course you remembered in an especial way that May 13 was Mothers' Day. Lots of folk wore badges or white flowers to show that they wished to honor their best friend. But why not make every day "Mothers' Day"? Why not let Mum know that we always love her and that we wish to fill her life with smiles and sunshine instead of sorrow and sadness?

Mother gives her best to us, so the best of our young lives should be hers. The best help, the best words, the best smiles, the best thoughts, and the best wishes. We can say this even while we still believe that our very best should be given to God, for when we honor Mother we honor the God who gives us our Mothers.

Do you know how God Himself has honored Mother? When he wished to say something to His people which would be of help to them in the midst of all their troubles He could think of no one better or kinder than Mother, and so He said, "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you, and ye SHALL be comforted."

Here is a beautiful little poem, written by Will H. Ogilvie. Read it to Mother, and tell her that it's true.

UNCLE A.

THE BEST GIFT.

I chose a gift for mother—rich gold and rarest gem,
But the beauty in her kindly eyes looked down and humbled them;
And, had they been God's golden stars, close-woven in a crown,
They might have lost their lustre still when those dear eyes looked down.

I twined a wreath for mother—the best of summer flowers,
White lilies and white roses, the pride of garden bowers.
Their petals were no purer than her white hands pure and sweet,
And the flowers were only fitted as a pathway for her feet.

Then I wrote a song for mother—there was love in every line,
And never sang such music in any song of mine;
But the words were all unworthy, though the words were good and true,
So I left the song unfinished, and I tore the page in two.

And the richest I could fashion, and the fairest I could twine,
Were fit for no man's mother, and so much less for mine!
But I trust, at last, in heaven, God will wreath her with His light,
And the angels sing the verses that will praise her worth aright.

—Will. H. Ogilvie.



HAVE YOU WRITTEN TO UNCLE A ?

OUR HONOR LETTER.

Each week we give pride of place to one letter. It may be the shortest or the longest the best written or the funniest, the most interesting, or most newsy. Write what you wish in the best way you can. Try for this honor and become a good letter-writer.

UNCLE A.

OUR HOSPITAL.

Elsie Rogers, Main-street, Young, writes:—
Dear Uncle A.,—I received the "Grit" which you kindly sent me, and I wish to thank you for it. It is nice to see one's letter in print, isn't it? Mrs. Blackett, who subscribes to your paper, is my grandmother, so I will be able to see it every week, I think. You will please excuse my writing in pencil, Uncle, because I am lying in hospital. I have been here about twelve days. I was operated on eleven days ago for appendicitis, and I can't sit up yet. The doctor came and took all but two stitches out to-day, so I hope that I will soon be able to sit up like any decent person. Now, Uncle, just how would you like to be like me? The nurse has to wash me, set my dinner on my bed just so, and give me nearly everything I want out of my locker. I can manage to do my hair, and, of course, I can eat my dinner, etc., without any help. The days are fearfully long. Sometimes I have plenty of visitors, but other times I don't have any. The hospital is a real long way from town, and as a good many of my mates go to school, they cannot come to see me. So will you please excuse me for writing so quickly to you. Is it raining in Sydney, Uncle? If it is, I wish it were possible to send some up here. It's as dry as I don't know what! When the drought breaks it will be a real blessing.

(Dear Elsie,—I'm sorry and glad—sorry

that you have been unwell, but glad you are getting on better. A few papers are being sent to the hospital for you.—Uncle A.)

A GOOD WORKER.

Norman Fisher, Watson's Bay, writes:—
Dear Uncle A.,—I hope you are well. My daddy gave me a penny book, and after breakfast I went out to sell the book for the mile of pennies at 20 to 9 o'clock, and before tea I had sold all the tickets. I hope to go to the procession for Mother's Day; my brother will be in the procession and I will have a big flag in my hand. Will you come and see me?

(Dear Norman,—You did very well collecting the money in one day. I think that is about a record. Yes, I will be at the procession and will look out for your big flag.—Uncle A.)

NO SHARKS!

—Commandant Hill, Kempsey, writes:
Dear Uncle A.,—During the Easter holidays we had a trip to Macksville by car, and though the road was rather muddy in places we got through without difficulty. I think Macksville is a very nice place. The town has many nice stores. Drapers, grocers, general stores, and other minor shops abound. Fruit, groceries and other articles are very dear. Macksville is situated on the steep slope of a hill, four miles from the mouth of the Nambucca River. There are public baths, which are very convenient, since sharks frequently visit this spot. There is a steam punt, which crosses the river near the baths, over which Robinson's cars convey passengers from Macksville railway station to Urunga, and from there a train runs to Lismore. We stayed the night, and then returned.

(Dear Who?—You must write soon and send your name, otherwise I will have to put you on the scallywag list. I've been at Macksville, and think it a very pretty place.—Uncle A.)

A BUSY HOLIDAY.

Marjorie Harris, 33 Bent-street, Lithgow, writes:—
Dear Uncle A.,—I have not written to you for a good while because I am on a holiday and cannot get much time to write. If I happen to be on the scallywag list would you please cross my name off? Mother and I went to a place called Yerranderie, which is also called the Silver Peaks, where the silver mines are. Yerranderie is about 42 miles from Camden. The car runs from Camden to Yerranderie. Well, I must close, with love to all.

(Dear Marjorie,—Most people write letters during holidays. You must have had a gay time to be too busy for letters. Tell me more about the silver mines.—Uncle A.)

LOVELY TOYS.

Bessie Dunlop, 16 Knox-street, Ashfield, writes:—
Dear Uncle A.,—Would you please accept me as one of your Ni's? I will be ten on the 11th of August, and I am in fourth class at school, but in the last holidays I had my tonsils and adenoids out, and I haven't been at school since. When I was in bed

SIGN NOW.



YOUNG AUSTRALIA'S PLEDGE
AND APPEAL

With God's Help,

* * *

1. I will oppose the Liquor Traffic all my life.
2. I ask Parliament to support Prohibition for the Protection of Young Australians.
3. I promise to uphold the law and to encourage good Citizenship.

Date..... Signed.....

Address

Parent's consent (for those under 14). Age....

Parent's Signature

If aged 8-18, put your signature here. 

If aged 8-14 also get parents' consent here. 

SIGN AND SEND
TO THE Y.P. PROHIBITION COUNCIL, 321 PITT STREET, SYDNEY
Enclose 1d. Stamp and receive in return
A CRUSADE SEAL.

after having my tonsils and adenoids our mother got me a doll and a tea-set, and daddy got me a picture book called "Aladdin," and my auntie gave me the pencil I am writing with. I know Marie Dougan, and was with her nearly all the time at the Ashfield Prohibition Victory Fete. I also saw Grand-Uncle B. I was getting "Grit" regularly every Friday up to the second of March, but I haven't had it since. Oh, Uncle, I nearly forgot to tell you that Thelma and Zillah Dunlop are my two aunties, but, of course, I don't call them aunty.

(Dear Bessie,—Welcome! You should soon get quite better with such a lot of toys. Keep on writing, and when your pencil is worn out someone will give you another.—Uncle A.)

TRAVELS AND TURKEYS.

Marjorie Barrie, "Talofa," Ito Parade, Leura, writes:—

Dear Uncle A.,—When I was in Sydney last I went to the Show four times, to the Zoo twice, Manly twice, the Gardens once, and Kurnell. When we got to Kurnell it was 11 o'clock, and it would be too late when we got back for dinner. I am going up to Mount

Victoria to-day, and then to Mount York. Will you please excuse my writing, as I want to catch the 9 a.m. train. We have a lovely fernery, and a nice garden full of weeds. The ducks have not come out yet. Love to you and all "Grit" cousins. One of our turkeys died.

(Dear Marjorie,—What a lot of travelling about you are doing. I guess you are having a good time. I'm sorry about the poor young gobbler.—Uncle A.)

A PRETTY SPOT.

Sylvia King, Branxton-street, Greta, writes:—

Dear Uncle A.,—We have had some splendid rain, and our garden looks well after it. The sun is shining once more. I would like to tell you about a pretty spot on the Hunter. If you follow for a mile from the town a track through the wattle trees you come to the banks of the Hunter. Pretty wild flowers grow along the banks, and the branches of the willow trees droop right down, making shadows in the water; everything is very quiet here. The only sound to be heard is the rippling of the water, the twitter of birds, and the humming of insects across the water. There are a great many farms, and from them can be heard the low bellowing of cattle and the rattle of milk pails for ever such a distance. The green lucerne waves to and fro in the breeze. People often come here for a picnic. I go to Sunday school every Sunday. Prizes are given out at the end of the year for the best attendance. We belong to the Methodist Church, and are all Prohibition people.

(Dear Sylvia,—You gave such a lovely description of the Hunter that I should like to go to that spot.—Uncle A.)



WHAT SHALL I RECITE

WHAT HE COULDN'T PASS.

A Woolwich man at Aldershot
Was a credit to his race,
For he "passed" in everything
That's taught about the place.
He passed in army signalling,
In military law;
In section (a), (b), (c), and (d),
And judging hay and straw.
In Burnett's patent cookery
He took a high degree;
At finding ranges short or long,
None was so smart as he.
He passed in equitation,
And in gymnastics too;
And when a man got wounded
He quite knew what to do.
He "passed" all courses—long or short—
With credit to his name;
And the dreary camp resounded
With the echoes of his fame.
The clever staff instructors
Declared the man a gem;
For the radiance of his glory
Was reflected back in them.
"He should have been selected"—
I can hear some of you say—
"To command the British Army,
With a thousand pounds a day!"
But alas! this brilliant genius
Was "gazetted out" a sub,
For though he passed in everything
He couldn't pass a pub.

"OUR COUNTRY WILL BE DRY."

This song, specially written for the Campsie fight in opposition to an application for a license, was sung by the author at a Campsie Prohibition meeting. It can be sung or recited anywhere, altering the name of the locality and the reference to suit, as in last chorus.

We are little workers sowing seeds of temperance,
And we'll do the best we can to keep our suburb dry.

We have had a victory o'er the power of evil,
And we sing rejoicing, Campsie still is dry.

(Chorus.)

Campsie still is dry, Campsie still is dry;
So we sing rejoicing, Campsie still is dry.

Let us march to battle; 'gainst the power of Satan

We have yet more work to do. Belmore must be dry.

We don't want a wine shop, ruining lives of people,

So we'll raise our banner to help make Belmore dry.

(Chorus.)

To help make Belmore dry, to help make Belmore dry;

So we'll raise our banner to help make Belmore dry.

Let us don our armor, raise aloft our banner,

In the cause of freedom to fight this evil foe.
When the conflict's over, and we've gained the victory,

We will sing rejoicing, our country has gone dry.

(Chorus.)

Our country has gone dry, our country has gone dry;

When the conflict's over, our country will be dry.

•WINNIE DUNCAN.

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SHEEPISH.

A man who went to his grocer's to order something for dinner was asked if he would like to have a saddle of mutton.

"Why," said he, "wouldn't it be better to have a bridle? Then I'd stand a better chance of getting a bit in my mouth."

MIND THE POINT!

Father was reading to son; the subject being the life of a famous general:

"He was always calmest when on the point of attack."

"Gee whiz! Fancy being calm on the point of a tack."

ONE AGAINST THE WORLD.

"Look, Daddy," said a little six-year-old, "I pulled this cornstalk right up all by myself."

"My, but you are strong!" said his father.

"I guess I am, Daddy. The whole world had hold of the other end of it."

HONEST MAN.

There is a preacher in Kansas who should have his salary raised for making the following announcement from his pulpit: "Brethren, the janitor and I will hold our regular prayer meeting next Wednesday evening as usual."

WHOSE TURN NEXT?

Father (to small son who has been watching him shave): "What on earth is the matter?"

Small Son: "Yesterday you let Betty look on and you cut yourself; and to-day you didn't."

A TENDER SPOT.

A little girl ran into the house crying bitterly, so her mother asked her what was the matter.

"Brother has broken my dolly," she sobbed.

"How did he break it?" asked her mother.

"I hit him on the head with it," was the answer.

JUST WHERE HE WAS WRONG.

He was thinking what a pretty picture she made as she stood in the doorway.

"Papa dear," she lisped, "I've dithcovered what I'm going to give you for your birthday prethent."

"Have you, darling?" he said.

"Yeth, papa," the little girl answered. "A beautiful new china thaving-mug, with pretty flowerth on it."

"But papa has a nice one like that—a very beautiful one."

"Oh, no, he hathn't," replied the little maid. "I've juth dropped it!"

EAR WORK.

Lazy Mike: "I have a new position with the railroad company."

Weary Rhodes: "What is it?"

Lazy Mike: "You know the fellow that goes alongside the train and taps the axles to see if everything's all right? Well, I help him listen."

WELL CLEANED.

Father was annoyed. His expensive gold watch had failed him. It wouldn't go at all.

"I can't think what's the matter," he complained. "Maybe it needs cleaning."

"Oh, no, daddy," objected four-year-old Henry. "'Cause baby and I had it in the bathroom washing it all day yesterday."

BREAKING THE PAIR.

During a very hot spell a man was riding in his Ford with one foot hanging out over the door. A small boy, noticing this, shouted after him: "Hey, mister! Did you lose your other roller skate?"

OF COURSE NOT.

"Can't you wait on me?" asked the impatient customer. "Two pounds of liver. I'm in a hurry."

"Sorry, madam," said the butcher, "but two or three are ahead of you. You surely don't want your liver out of order."

VULNERABLE POINT.

Bobby: "Wow! Elsie took a bite outa my apple."

Mother: "You shouldn't cry so about a little thing like that."

Bobby: "But it was my Adam's apple."

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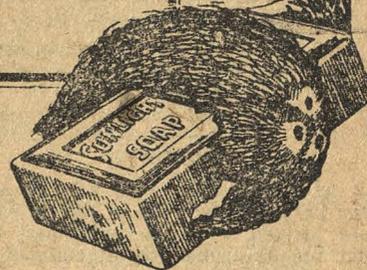
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TRUE.

The old lady who liked children was gushing over Helen, aged three.
"How old are you, darling?" she asked.
"I isn't old," said Helen; "I'm nearly new."

DAILY INSPIRATION.

(By FAIRELIE THORNTON.)

SUNDAY.

"I was in the spirit on the Lord's Day."—
Rev. 1, 10.

Blessed Spirit, on this day,
Rule and reign in me, I pray,
May I, like the seer of old,
Things unseen, by faith behold.
Rise to-day on eagle's wings
Far above all earthly things,
Seek a city out of sight
And behold its wondrous light.

This should be our prayer as each week commences, and the blessed Sabbath appears. And why should we quibble about the word Sabbath? Sunday is merely taken from the old heathen worship of the sun. We, who profess to be Christians, worship the Sun of Righteousness, and it certainly should be a sunny day to us. Still, the old word Sabbath seems to breathe of peace and calm and to have a hallowing influence in its very name. Whatever we call it, let it be the Lord's Day.

MONDAY.

"He that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him."—Heb., 11, 6.

Prayer is an act of faith. The very fact of our coming to God indicates that we have some faith in Him, that we believe that He is a rewarder of those who thus come. Yet prayer may have become a formal habit. If we come in a perfunctory way merely to repeat certain phrases because we have been accustomed to do so, if we come with our hearts full of other things just to recite some form of prayer as a sort of duty, we need not expect to receive anything of the Lord. Real prayer is using the telephone which reaches heaven. We go with a definite purpose to ask for certain things, knowing we shall be answered. We touch the unseen hand by prayer. We grasp the infinite and lay hold on the strength of the Almighty. Prayer is the wireless message which reaches heaven instantly.

Would you have power in prayer? Grasp this fact, that God IS, and is a hearer and answerer of prayer. Ask for the Holy Spirit to teach you how to pray and what to pray for. "For we know not what we should pray for as we ought, but the Spirit Himself maketh intercession for us." Remember you are coming to a King, One who has the worlds in His keeping, who has infinite resources at His command, and with whom nothing is impossible. "Is anything too hard for the Lord?" His gifts are waiting for the asking. None can ever ask too much. Just try to grasp this fact, and you will find that God is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him.

Were half the breath in murmuring spent
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oftener be:
"Hear what the Lord has done for me."

TUESDAY.

"But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering, for he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed. For let not that man think that he shall receive anything of the Lord."—Jas., 1, 6-7.

Prayer is the channel by which God conveys
The living water to those thirsty souls.
A man is nearest to the angels when he prays;

His noblest impulse then his soul controls.
Prayer is the link connecting man with God,
The living current flows through prayer alone.

Prayer is to man the true divining rod,
Prayer is the reading of the secret stone.

Prayer is the lock which doth unlock closed doors.

The telephone by which we audience gain,
Waiting but for the asking are heaven's stores.

Who takes not gifts when offered, none obtain.

But he who never prays is cut adrift,

Tossed with ill currents whither they do list.

Who never doth his soul to heaven lift

Knows not what blessings he by this hath missed.

WEDNESDAY.

INGRATITUDE.

"And one of them, when he saw that he was healed, turned back, with a loud voice glorifying God, and fell down on his face at His feet, giving Him thanks; and he was a Samaritan.

"And Jesus answering said, Were there not ten cleansed, but where are the nine?"—
Luke, 17, 15-16.

There is an old fable that Jupiter once made a great feast to which all the virtues were invited. Love and Hope, Faith and Joy seemed quite at home with each other, but he observed there were two ladies amongst the guests who did not seem very well acquainted with one another. So he introduced them to each other—their names were Beneficence and Gratitude. They were very much astonished, for they had never yet met before. There is much truth in this fable. These are the very persons from whom least gratitude is to be expected, to whom most favors are shown. There is natural repugnance to acknowledgment of favors latent in human beings. One would rather bestow than receive such, and pride rebels against being indebted to another. It requires the grace of God to make a thankful spirit. The lowly in heart are the most ready to give thanks, and these are the truly great. Many a man needs the reminder, "Be courteous," as well as "Be ye thankful." How many take all from the great Giver of good without even a "Thank you"!

THURSDAY.

"All Thy works praise Thee."—Ps., 145, 10.

The whole creation raises
To Thee her song of praise,
Thy works, Lord, sing Thy praises
in many varied ways.

We see Thee in the mountain,
And in the river's course,
Thou art of life the fountain,
Thou art of good the source.

The stars declare Thy glory,
Unnumbered worlds proclaim
How wondrous is the story
Of Him who man became.

Therefore to-day our praises,
O Lord, to Thee we bring,
The whole creation raises
Her voice Thy praise to sing.

FRIDAY.

"Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face. Now I know in part, but then shall I know even as I am known."—
1 Cor., 13-12.

"He cannot read his tombstone when he's dead." So says someone. How does he know he cannot read it? Has he ever been there to see? One has only to state one of his ideas as fact, and it is trotted round as Gospel truth. There are as many chances as not that he can read it. "Now we know in part, but when that which is perfect is come, then shall we also know even as we

are known." I like to think that our friends on "the other side" are as interested in the life on this side, and in their old companions, as they were in the days of the flesh. True, they enjoy a spiritual existence, and their knowledge is perfected, so they can see clearly the right and the wrong of things; but why should they not be cognisant of their friends' remembrance of them? Have they passed into the dim unknown, where they have no knowledge nor interest in their former state? When we read the long columns of "In Memoriam," we cannot think they are merely written to revive the sympathy of friends on earth, but are a tribute to the friends lost to sight, and there is the feeling hid deep within that those friends will appreciate this, and like to know they are not forgotten.

Doubtless, the person who wrote those lines intended to convey the lesson that we should do for our friends what we can while we have them with us. They no longer need our ministrations when gone from us. Many mourn over the things left unsaid, or the deeds done which had been better left undone, when it is too late to repair them, but should remember that those friends thus slighted no longer feel those slights, but have more kindly judgments for them than ever they had on earth, and so while thus repenting, they should only try the more to serve the friends remaining, and not unduly sorrow for those gone, believing that they knowing all, forgive all. Bring all the unsatisfactory past to the One who, knowing all, loves still, and confessing all to Him, He will say, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more."

SATURDAY.

BETHANY.

When the weary day is done,
And the spirit craves for rest,
When, as sinks the glorious sun,
Earth in nightly robes is drest,
Then our hearts for Thee, Lord, sigh,
Loving One of Bethany.

When our spirits sink oppressed
'Neath their weight of earthly cares,
Seeking all in vain for rest,

Visit us Lord, unawares,
May we find Thy presence nigh,
As of old at Bethany.

Make our hearts Thy home of peace
Where Thou dost delight to stay,
May we find a sweet release
At the close of every day,
May we find Thee then close by,
Gracious Guest of Bethany.

When our loved ones pass away,
And our day is changed to night,
Come and weep with us we pray,
Turn our darkness into light,
May we then behold Thee nigh,
Tender One of Bethany.

When we come to cross the brink
From which none repass again,
When our spirits sore would shrink,
Be our resurrection then,
May we find it life to die,
Living One of Bethany.

SAVE THE CHILD.

If we save the child, we shall save the man
If we save the men, we shall save the women
and children and the nation.

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Impressions of a Latin European of the Toronto Dry Convention.

Appeal Made not only to Reason but to the Heart and Will. Songs and Pageants Created Pleasant Diversion. World Brotherhood Typified.

(By Dr. ROBERT HERCOD, Switzerland.)

A convention and not a Congress, at least not a Congress as the word is understood in Europe; reports of a scientific bearing, conscientious and well thought out, rather tiresome at times, introducing lengthy discussions, often interesting when they do not end up with a too lively altercation. The European Congress appeals above all to the intelligence, the American Convention to the heart and to the will. Hence there reigns an intense animation unknown in Europe, a variety and an extemporaneousness, disconcerting at first, but which becomes captivating. A quantity of elements to which we are not accustomed are introduced.

First, singing. Every sitting begins and ends with a song; from time to time, between two reports, the audience is invited to sing; a soothing diversion. The listeners, too passive, beginning perhaps to feel drowsy, suddenly awake, and strike up a popular hymn, in the first rank of which I place the famous

ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS.

Or it may be a living picture; a young woman, supporting the terrestrial globe, is surrounded by a group of little children, charming as American babies are; the allegory is not far to seek, it is the strength of the young generation of abstainers that will conquer the world. The public applauds, the little actors applaud themselves, prettily, and work is resumed with fresh eagerness.

THE WORLD REPRESENTED.

And the procession of the nations; 68 of them, practically the whole world, were represented at Toronto. These representatives had to be seen, and, filing past the tribune, we beheld natives of all countries, strangely intermingled; the Dane with the negro from Sierra Leone, the Hindoo with the Australian, the Englishman with the Japanese, the Finlander with the Chinaman, and countless others. The public applauds conscientiously, with an inspiring cordiality and with an entire eclecticism; be it Belgium or Germany, the applause is equally hearty. A specially loud salvo greets the representative of Russia—why is not very clear.

The aim of American eloquence is rather to startle than to convince. Over there one rarely hears the orator of the Latin type who links up his impeccable arguments in close logical order, discreetly veiling all passion, appealing to the reason rather than to the emotions. The American, on the contrary, wishes to stir his hearers.

Must we quote names among the thousand participants? All the great leaders of the Anti-Saloon League are there: Dr. Cherrington, general secretary of the World League,

whose strong personality dominates the universal temperance movement. Dr. H. H. Russell, founder of the Anti-Saloon League, still young in spite of his 70 years; the Rev. Ben Spence, head of the Canadian Temperance forces, smiling, exuberant, overflowing with cordiality, youthful as at 20 years with his white hair. From France, the pastor Gallieffe and Mr. Cauvin; from Belgium, Prof. A. Ley; from Denmark, the editor Ledlet and Mlle. Prior. Esthonia sent the deputy Ernits; Latvia the advocate Kempels. Germany is represented by Dr. and Mme. Strecker and Mlle. von Blucher, Lohman and Kupperbusch. A fine delegation from Great Britain, headed by Mr. S. B. Wilson and Dr. Saleeby, brilliant orator and fascinating personality. One of the most remarkable figures of the Congress is the Rev. Robert Hammond, the eloquent leader of the Australian temperance forces.

WOMEN WELL REPRESENTED.

Many ladies returned from the Philadelphia session of the World Union of women abstainers: Miss Anna Gordon, the universal president, clear headed and great hearted; her indefatigable adjutant, Miss Agnes Slack; a vivacious Argentine lady, in spite of her French name, Mlle. Norville; Japanese ladies, who receive a special welcome, and English and Irish and Australians and North Americans without number. All this motley company is very friendly and ready to fraternise.

This was clearly seen at the great banquet for 700 people. I don't know if the fare was good; I care little about that. At any rate, there was abundance of life. Rather noisy at times, but not with that wine-created gaiety which soon gets beyond control. Silence was re-established in a second as soon as an orator began his speech. And how many speeches there were! Save a few privileged ones, each speaker was only allowed one minute: one minute in which to say something not quite devoid of sense. What a cruel effort!

Impossible to give an analysed account of the sittings. A whole number of the paper would not suffice, for we worked hard at Toronto from 8 o'clock in the morning till 10 in the evening. Even the meal hours were not free, for the Americans have introduced what I irreverently called talking lunches; one holds a meeting while eating a cutlet, and an eager discussion is pursued.

The Congress was before all a grand review of the present state of the alcohol question throughout the world. Everywhere the fight is going on, and if most countries are still very far behind America there is every reason to hope in the future. Discouragement, defeatism are unknown in the temperance

campaigns; the watchword is forward—ever forward.

PROTEST AGAINST SPAIN'S ACTION.

A question which came up several different times, and in which the Convention seemed to take a passionate interest, was that of the pressure exercised by the wine-growing countries on the small Prohibitionist States. The violence offered to Iceland in particular and to Norway was vehemently denounced. May protestation be followed by action. Above all, may the Government of the United States intervene in a friendly manner with the wine-growing States. It would certainly be heard; for, alas, one bows before the strong and the weak are crushed.

Let us note—proceeding as it does from a touching idea—the commemoration sitting in memory of the temperance leaders who have gone from among us within the last two years—Dr. Helenius, the Countess of Carlisle, John G. Woolley, to mention only those who, too soon taken from their work, gave to temperance work the best part of their lives.

ANSWER TO BRUSSELS CONVENTION.

Several times in the course of the Convention I wondered what would have said or thought the directors of the International Committee for the Defence of Liquor, the League Against Prohibition and similar organisations which, at Lausanne, at Paris, at Brussels and in other places hurl their thunderbolts at the heads of the abstainers. Our adversaries would, I think, have returned from Toronto in consternation. From the Convention there emanated such an impression of life, such valiance, such inspiring optimism that the victory of such troops seems assured. If it is true that it is the morale of the soldier that decides the victory, the victory will be ours, for it is impossible to imagine troops of better mettle than we have. That they have still much resistance to contend with they are well aware, but they will know how to charge the obstacles with such ardor that all will go down before them. Alcoholism will be vanquished.

The Toronto Convention was a real triumph for the World League Against Alcoholism. It is only three years old; it was its first public appearance, and it revealed itself as an organisation of importance. All the organisations against alcoholism ought to gravitate more and more around it, thus realising that unity of action which has always been the condition of success.

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Letters to the Editor—

(Continued from page 3.)

One afternoon I was sitting in the parlor of a wine saloon in George-street West. A lady in deep mourning attracted my attention. The saloon was practically empty. In a moment the proprietor ascended from the cellar, and after greeting me introduced me to the lady. Mrs. X—, explaining that she had just lost her only child—a charming boy of three years. I, of course, expressed my sympathy, and soon we were conversing freely. She told me the whole story of the child's illness and death. The end came suddenly and quite unexpectedly, inflicting a stunning blow from which the poor Mother could not recover. She could not bear the empty house; the absence of merry childish laughter and dancing feet. Her husband was an uncouth and an unsympathetic man, and left her to mourn alone. She came to the wine saloon to drown her sorrow in wine and convivial company. Her boy was dead and gone, what mattered now? She assured me she lived a good life, and didn't deserve such cruel punishment. She never drank wine till about a couple of months previously, and now it was the only thing to subdue the pain of suffering. We talked on and on, the whole afternoon. She would not get away from the subject of her child. She asked what I believed? Was there a God? Oh, yes, she believed there was a God, and her child where was he? In the grave. What a cheerless, gloomy, loathsome thought? She shuddered. Her tears flowed. I saw in the depths of those blue eyes a mother's pure love. It touched me deeply, and for a time I felt I was glad to be there. She told me her whole sorrow, she craved the comfort of sympathy. I responded. My old sweet faith revived. I spoke words of consoling hope. Friend you are wrong. Pardon me, your sweet child is not in the grave. He is not dead. He is as much alive at the present moment as you and I. He has not lost his merry laugh, his prattling feet are busy, and I can almost hear his voice. "Mummy, mummy, don't cry." Well, we talked, and talked till she assured me she felt a different woman. Months after I met her and she told me had she the view of death she gleaned then, some months before, she would probably never have sought to drown her sorrows in the wine glass. But the wine had got its victim, and she was fast going under. When I heard of her last she was very low down. Passing out. Sodden with drink. A human wreck. Poor bereft mother. I remember an admission this poor woman made to me on one occasion. It was to the effect that he minister never came to see her after the death of her child. I should say her priest, for she was Roman Catholic. And here we are face to face with a problem.—Yours, etc.,

"IN TERROREM."

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