

Grit.

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MR MCGIRR GAVE NOTICE TO MOVE—
"THAT A ROYAL COMMISSION BE APPOINTED TO INQUIRE INTO
MONEYS PAID INTO PARTY FUNDS BY THE LIQUOR TRADE AND
ALLIED BODIES, AND ASCERTAIN WHETHER SUCH MONEYS
WERE USED FOR POLITICAL PURPOSES OR OTHERWISE,
AND IF THEY DID OR DID NOT INFLUENCE POLITICAL
ACTION" — D.T. AUG 8TH



A VERY BLACK CAT COMES OUT OF THE BAG.

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REASON'S LONG FIGHT WITH APPETITE. THE WHOLE WORLD EMERGING FROM THE SHADOW OF THE BOTTLE.

(By R. B. S. HAMMOND.)

Twenty-five years ago only one-seventieth of the area and one-sixteenth of the population of the United States were under laws demanding the complete prohibition of the beverage use of alcohol.

In this year, 1923, one-seventieth of the area of the world and one-sixteenth of all the people of the earth are living under prohibitory laws which they have imposed upon themselves.

A "dry" world is now only a question of "when." And to answer "never" is to place yourself among those who said we would never fly, never have submarines, and never have wireless.

To say that the Prohibition law is broken is only to prove that we are not yet fully civilised, and such law is on the same footing with all other laws which, without exception, are broken.

Our laws are but our crystallised ideals, they are the high standard that calls us to restrain, and the upward march, and when generally observed they become the point of advantage from which we reach to yet higher things by the call and protection of better laws.

WHY PROHIBITION?

Within 100 years life insurance companies, from barring the total abstainer, now offer him a special premium. They now declare alcohol to be the enemy of longevity.

Within 50 years medical science has reduced alcohol from a first place among remedies to among the very last. They declare it is the enemy of health, and unnecessary in sickness.

Economists have discovered that money invested in liquor gives less work and imposes greater disabilities on the worker than invested in any other business. It is economically a brake on the wheels of progress. Modern business management has declared the beverage use of alcohol to be a promoter of inefficiency, a producer of accidents, a prolific cause of untrustworthiness. Moralists have never been disputed when they have called attention to the physical degeneracy, moral failure, home destruction, child depravity, and social disorder inseparable from the beverage use of alcohol.

World champions and world explorers with one voice have declared they do their best without using alcohol. No restraint on the beverage use of alcohol suggested by the ingenuity of man has been left untried. Appetite, joined with greed of gain, has defied all such restraints, and the world, tired of failure, has turned purposefully towards Prohibition.

WHAT WARRANT FOR SUCH AN AIM?

Seventy-three years ago the State of Maine went "dry." It was ridiculed, maligned, and attacked in every conceivable way. It remained "dry."

Forty-three years ago the State of Kansas went "dry." The concentrated fury of the wealthiest trade in the world broke over it. In 1980, by a majority of less than 3000, this State banished liquor-selling places—in 1905, by a majority of 406,000, they decided to remain permanently "dry."

Thirty-three years ago the State of North Dakota went "dry," and became the target of every joker and the "paradise of the bootlegger," but the jokes grew stale, the bootlegger went to jail with other law-breakers, and the State remained "dry."

Then State after State went "dry" after innumerable fights, after exhaustive educational campaigns, after every conceivable effort had been made to find out the facts. When 32 States were "dry" the National Parliament of U.S.A., by a two-thirds majority in both Houses, submitted to the 48 States the Eighteenth Amendment of its constitution which would for ever make the nation "dry." Forty-six out of the forty-eight State Parliaments in both Houses ratified this amendment, and on January 16, 1920, a great nation of 105,000,000 people committed themselves to the highest ideal ever imposed by a people on itself.

HOW IT MUST BE JUDGED.

Prohibition must be judged like the great war. The Allies knew disaster at Gallipoli, they knew a sad and pitiable retreat at Mons, they knew the calamity of the Lusitania, and many a loss, many a set-back, and many a dark hour—and, in spite of it all, they won.

The forces for Prohibition do not deny or dispute defeats and discouragements, but they proclaim themselves victorious as surely as were the Allies.

Prohibition is not a wave, it is a river; its progress is genuine even if its course is winding; and its end is sure, even if it does pass through frowning mountains.

Do not make the unpardonable error of mistaking some lawless backwater for the main stream of Prohibition progress.

Don't allow a freckle on the back of a girl's neck to blind you to the beauty of the girl's face.

THE REVIVAL OF HAIRDRESSING.

WILL "BOBBED" HAIR REMAIN IN VOGUE?

War time exigencies reduced our hairdressing to a minimum. With our hair tucked into a knob at the back, and our service caps pulled well over our eyes, we faced the world boldly for some years. But the time is at hand when ill-dressed hair can no longer be camouflaged; the lost art of coiffure is being revived.

Hairdressing, of course, should always be a matter of individual taste. But whether one's coiffure is elaborate or simple, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, its effect is wonderfully enhanced by the "waviness" of the hair.

Bobbed hair, which is so eminently becoming to many, and which seems likely to remain in fashion, has no charm if the hair is lank and straight.

Waving the hair with hot tongs has much to be said against it. Unless performed by an artist, the result is too rigid to be really becoming. Far worse is its effect on the hair, which soon becomes dry, discolored, and brittle.

The most satisfactory solution to this problem of producing an "ondule" effect without the use of curling tongs, seems to be the occasional use of silmerine.

Where a wave in the front of the hair only is required, the hair should first be combed into position, exactly as if you were about to put it up. Having decided where you want the wave, damp the place with your finger dipped in silmerine, and insert a small slide. The hair should be "fluffed" up on each side of the slide to intensify the wave. After a few hours the removal of the slide will leave a deep "kink" in the hair, just where you want it. It will last for several days without further treatment. Silmerine can be obtained from the up-to-date chemist.

Porridge Perfection

is something that you surely desire—and something that you can very easily and economically attain. For

Tartan Oats

mean just that. Easily prepared and economically priced as they are, they yet present the ever desirable features of warming and nourishing power and delectable flavor. Try them to-morrow morning—they'll become a regular part of your breakfast.

YOUR GROCER WILL
SUPPLY.

MADE IN AUSTRALIA BY
HARPER'S

PASS "GRIT" ON

PROHIBITION IS WOMAN'S BUSINESS.

ALCOHOL MUST BE OUTLAWED.

By MISS PRESTON-STANLEY.

There are many great women engaged in human service throughout Australia, lightening the cross of sorrow, the burden of shame, and the blight of poverty.

Their activities cover a wide sphere.

Some are working for child welfare—either in the clinics, day nurseries, or the free kindergartens.

Some are working in the benevolent societies providing food and clothing for destitute families.

Some are endeavoring to help the criminal—not by removing the conditions which produce him, but through the Prisoners' Aid Associations and other organisations, which are simply dealing with effects and disregarding causes.

Some are working for the relief of the suffering, on hospital committees.

Yet others for the prevention of consumption, or for the prevention of venereal disease.

And all these good women are to be honored for their devotion to the cause of humanity.

But what tragic waste of energy is represented in this wonderful organisation for human good!

Here is idealism, plus enthusiasm, patience, courage, and endurance. Elements which welded together become a driving force—a great propulsive energy—so dynamic that it could achieve wonderful things if properly focussed and directed, and yet which is spending its time dealing with effects whilst causes remain untouched.

Let women ask themselves what is the greatest factor in producing crime, prostitution, destitution, pauperism, disease, and the ruthless sacrifice of child life, and having found it let us direct our energy to the cause of the problems we desire to solve, and thus get results that are commensurate with our efforts.

Science has established beyond any doubt that the greatest factor in this tide of human degeneracy is alcohol, which blights everything it touches, defies beauty, dethrones reason, stains spirituality, destroys character, murders the souls of men, and breeds defective, parasitic and criminal stocks.

Alcohol is a racial poison. It not only poisons the body, but it injures the germ plasm. This is its most terrible offence against mankind.

Scientific experiments have shown that the offspring of guinea pigs, subjected to only the fumes of alcohol for one hour a day, show visible deterioration, which is not worked out for several generations.

Let us turn to the question of the children. There are 17,000 children under the care of the State Children's Relief Department. Alcohol is responsible for robbing 10,000 of that number of their parents and of homes. This is what alcohol has done for some of the children of this State, and we must not forget that there are thousands of others whose lives are darkened by its grim shadow.

All that our splendid women are doing to "relieve" the children but touches the surface of this question, for to-day we are dealing with effects and not with causes.

But the abolition of alcohol can do wonderful things for the motherless, destitute, neglected, or hungry child.

In the last year of Prohibition in New York, admittedly the most difficult State in America in which to enforce Prohibition, still births were reduced by 19.7 per cent.; the children's death rate was reduced by 23.5 per cent.

We have frequently heard the argument that light wine drinking does not impair health, but a comparison between the infant mortality rate in wine drinking in France and other countries is most eloquent.

In France 200 out of every thousand children born in 1922 died before reaching the age of one year. In dry New York, with a much more rigorous winter, 71 per thousand died in the same year, whilst the average for the seven dry provinces of Canada was 83 per thousand, against 155 per thousand in Montreal, where alcohol is sold under Government control.

Recently the Chief of Police in Indianapolis stated that the parents brought before the Juvenile Courts for neglect of their children for the last wet year was 619, and in the last dry year 55. The Chief of Police for the City of Boston has stated that the yearly average for the neglected children in Boston during the wet years was 206, in the dry years 88.

Civilisation marches forward on the feet of little children, and every obstacle that we can remove from their path is a definite contribution to a better civilisation.

Can any woman face these figures unmoved? Can any woman who is working for human betterment fail to grasp their overwhelming significance? Can any woman be satisfied just to tinker with the problem of the child when such an opportunity to help them lies ready at our hands if we will only direct our energies into effective channels? What can we do for the children to compare with the immeasurable blessings which Prohibition brings to them?

Let us turn to the question of public health. The Bellevue Hospital, New York, is the largest of its kind in the world. In the last two wet years, 17,503 patients secured admission, and in the last two dry years 4474 patients were admitted. What can we do for the sick and suffering of our city compared to this? Let us leave off tinkering with effects and get down to causes.

To-day there are a few feeble organisations who are trying to help the unfortunate woman who sells her body on the streets by securing laws to suppress the trade in which she is engaged, and in preaching to her of the horror and evil of her life.

These associations do not attempt to deal with the causes which produce her. They are content to spend all their energy in lessening the effects of those causes whilst the causes remain.

Yet overwhelming evidence comes of what could be achieved if we got down to causes.

Evidence has come from city after city and State after State that the red light districts have entirely disappeared, or are greatly decreased since the coming of Prohibition.

What can we do to lessen prostitution to compare with what Prohibition is doing—for alcohol has ever been the mightiest agent in recruiting the ranks for prostitution.

Let us turn to the question of tuberculosis. If we could by our united efforts in this city reduce over a period of 20 years the tuberculosis statistics, say, by 5 per cent., we would consider we had achieved an immense thing, but Prohibition does it better than we could ever do it.

The official figures show a reduction of 40.2 per cent. in tuberculosis in the last year of Prohibition in New York State, and the credit was given by the Tuberculosis Association of that city to Prohibition. What can we do in the next three or four generations to equal this wonderful result?

With regard to venereal disease. Again official figures tell their own story. Last year there was a reduction of 27 per cent. in the venereal disease statistics in New York. What can we do to stem the tide of venereal disease to compare with this remarkable result?

But State after State in the United States and Province after Province in Canada show a reduction of from 60 to 70 per cent. in the number of their criminals as the result of Prohibition. If we want an eloquent and convincing illustration of the effect on criminality in America, just let us remember that 300 jails have been closed in two years in the United States, because the United States got to the root of the matter.

As a reducer of human misery, as a promoter of human happiness, as a developer of human efficiency, as a civilising agent, Prohibition stands pre-eminently as the greatest thing ever achieved in the realm of human reform.

The time has come for women to face reality, to scorn compromises, to get down to causes, to refuse to spend the whole of their lives in social work and practically to achieve nothing that is great or lasting. This may sound harsh, but it is true, because the next generation will have to face this same endless chain of human defect all over again, because we have not had vision enough and courage enough to attack the cause.

Let us determine that we will remove the cause of most of our great social problems—alcohol—which is more responsible than any other factor for the tide of human degeneracy which we are trying to stem.

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FIELD DAY APPOINTMENTS.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 26.

7 p.m.: Parramatta Presbyterian Church;
Mr. R. J. C. Butler.

7 p.m.: Lakemba Presbyterian Church;
Mr. C. W. Chandler.

11 a.m.: Morongolia Presbyterian
Church;

3 p.m.: Koorawatha Presbyterian
Church;

7 p.m.: Cowra Presbyterian Church;
Ex-Senator David Watson.

11 a.m.: Bendick Murrell Anglican
Church;

3 p.m.: Greenthorpe Anglican Church;

7 p.m.: Koorawatha Anglican Church;
Mr. Chas. E. Still.

Week-night meetings are arranged for
services at country appointments for
Ex-Senator David Watson and Mr.
Chas. E. Still.

R. B. S. HAMMOND'S FIXTURES—

Monday, August 27: Men's meeting,
North Sydney, 8 p.m.

Tuesday, August 28: St. George's Hall,
Mortdale.

Thursday, August 30: Masonic Hall,
Summer Hill.

MR. HERBERT CARROLL'S FIXTURES—

Monday, August 27: Double Bay Masonic
Hall.

Tuesday, August 28: Oatley School of
Arts.

Wednesday, August 29: Campbelltown
Town Hall.

Thursday, August 30: Newtown Town
Hall.

THE LEGION OF HONOR.

THE N.S.W. ALLIANCE OF CHURCHES AND TEMPERANCE ORGANISATIONS.

A WHITE AUSTRALIA.

Chinese versus New South Wales may be
alright at Soccer, but the concern of good
government which should be actively exer-
cising your minds and utilising the whole of
your spare time is the enthronement of the
children's birthright, "a White Australia,"
as the guiding principle of present-day poli-
tics.

Mr. A. B. Piddington wrote one of the
finest appeals on behalf of the coming gene-
ration ever penned. He stands out as an
exponent of child endowment, and we have
no hesitation in announcing to all and sundry
that child endowment is a fundamental basis
of Prohibition.

By the introduction of the benefits of Pro-
hibition to New South Wales, a child endow-
ment scheme would be immediately intro-
duced which would, by its effects, endow a
child with those inherent rights—health and
mentality—which a liquor-soaked Australia
refuses to its very best of immigrants (the
children).

Australia can never be white whilst black-
ened and smudged all over with the baneful
liquor traffic, and we urge you to use your
efforts in the Seven Points Campaign to

help your local politician to realise that a
White Australia should, and must be, his
first concern as a politician in a democratic
country.

To make Australia white, you must help
us rub off all the liquor smudge and imme-
diately that your name and address is for-
warded on to the Field Secretary, N.S.W.
Alliance, a reply will be posted along to you
explaining how you can assist in granting
the children their birthright at no cost to
yourself.

This is your golden opportunity to do
something really big for posterity, and like
the wise old man of olden time, "you must
grasp this opportunity of a lifetime during
the lifetime of the opportunity."

Awaiting your reply.—Field Secretary.

CAMPAIGN NOTES.

"The Mender of Broken Men," R. B. S.
Hammond, continues his suburban series of
public meetings, and his remarkable story,
"Adventures in Prohibition," built up on
facts gained during the work of a quarter of
a century of applied Christianity, is of much
more than passing interest, and leaves the
audiences with food for thought and future
reflection.

You really must hear Hammond during
his series of metropolitan meetings.

"AUSTRALIA'S DRY COMEDIAN."

Mr. Herbert (Pat) Carroll prefers his New
Year to recur at a different period to most
people, and hereunder presents with his com-
pliments his wishes for a Happy New Year
to all. Read what he has to say:

To My Friends,—Having just completed 12
months' active service on the staff of the
New South Wales Alliance, I feel (with the
kind permission of the Editor) I would like
to broadcast a message of greeting for my
"Happy New Year" to the thousands of good
people I have had the pleasure of entertain-
ing and lecturing to during the year just
left behind, and it has been made smooth
for me in numberless instances by the hos-
pitality and kindness shown me in many a
parsonage, rectory, manse, and private home.
To those with whom I stayed when on tour
I tender my special thanks. I have found,
and continue to find, splendid satisfaction
in the work that I am doing, and never for
one instant have I regretted leaving my old
profession for that which some of my ac-
quaintances erroneously called a "wowser
stunt." I will admit that, at the beginning,
I occasionally (to use a diggerism) had the
"wind up" when facing what was to me a
totally different kind of audience to that
which I had been accustomed, and under
altogether changed conditions—no proper
stage lighting, no setting, no orchestra, etc.,
but I pulled through. My heart is in my
subject. I know that I am doing the best
(Continued on page 15.)

GREAT CONFERENCE OF PROHIBITIONISTS

ARRANGED FOR SEPTEMBER 30th,
OCTOBER 1st and 2nd.

To be Biggest Conference of its
kind yet held in N.S.W.

The final arrangements for the
Great Conference have now been com-
pleted by the Alliance Executive.

The programme contains something
of interest to all Prohibitionists.

Here is an outline of the Agenda:

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 30th

11 A.M., SPECIAL SERVICE FOR
CHILDREN.

3 P.M., MASS DEMONSTRATION,
LYCEUM, PITT STREET.

7.15 P.M., OFFICIAL SERVICE, ST.
BARNABAS' CHURCH OF
ENGLAND.

To this service Metropolitan Lodge
members are being invited. Seats will
be reserved for Delegates to the
Conference.

MONDAY, OCTOBER 1st

ST. JAMES' HALL.

2 p.m.—Roll Call.

2.30 p.m.—Address by President of
the Alliance, R. B. S. Hammond:
"The Political Situation."

3.15 p.m.—Subject: "Organisation,
the Secret of Success."

4.30 p.m.—Subject: "Liquor Influence
in Country Press, and How to
Combat."

5.30 p.m.—Tea.

7.30 p.m.—Subject: "Woman: Her
Part in the Campaign."

8.30 p.m.—Subject: "Best Methods to
Sustain Local Committees."

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 2nd.

7.30 p.m.—Subject: "The Church
Must Lead."

8.30 p.m.—General Business.

10 p.m.—Closing Services.

THINGS THAT I SEE.

(By A MAN OF THE ROAD.)

Eugenics. It looks a formidable word. "Good birth" is its meaning. And since "Grit" is a paper devoted to national efficiency this is a subject worthy of much emphasis in its columns. The propagation of healthful citizens—or to use a common and perhaps vulgar sounding phrase, the "breeding of good stock"—in our Commonwealth is of paramount importance.

Gigantic efforts are being made, both at this side and the other of the Empire, to fill our vacant spaces. Our Premier has been to England, very largely in search of population of the right sort. Millions of pounds are being spent by the British Government, and millions more by our own, in Empire migration. And all the time we are ignoring the most fundamental laws of commonsense in our own domestic circles.

I am writing this on this Sunday morning, August 5, in an old settlement, a spot overcrowded by hilly country. The inhabitants, about two hundred in number, are segregated to a degree. Many miles from a town and railway communication, they have lived here for fifty years. They never get out; no one ever comes in. The place is

"On a road never crossed

Save by folk that are lost"

as it were. Oh, yes, the "shanty"—the inevitable "shanty"—is here. I mentioned its existence last week. I saw it at work, and saw a bit of its results last night. At least a dozen young men were there, in a very hilarious mood. Rum is the tippie. They tell me the policeman knows. It is the same "real good fellow" of last week's article. So it's no use reporting to him. Why not report HIM? The Inspector-General's Department would simply send the report back to him (the said "real good fellow") for report. And he would report that he IS really "a real good fellow," and I would get a letter from the Inspector-General telling me that he is, and that the Department has every confidence in its officers. This one in particular.

But this is not exactly "eugenics." In this secluded spot there are scarcely two families that are not related. Intermarriage has been going on for years—cousins marrying, and their children marrying again. The result on "eugenics"—the production of a healthful stock—is deplorable. A few instances out of many that might be given: A is a young returned soldier who came back to this isolation, and married his cousin. Their little child, seven months old, weighs seven pounds. He has about doubled his weight

in his seven months' struggle. B is a farmer of rather less than average physique, whose parents were cousins. He also married his first cousin. They had seven children, three of whom were deformities and died in infancy—the last poor little mite was so horribly deformed that report says the nurse made no effort to save its life at birth. But the mother—mother-like—battled for it. It lived for four months. The four survivors are much undersized. C is a farmer who married his cousin. He has a family of eight. Four girls, all deaf and dumb, and four boys of less than average intelligence. D is a butcher who married his cousin. A large family resulted, only one of whom is normal. Several are mentally deficient, one of them showing criminal tendency. He is a most monstrous wife-beater. His wife at present is in hospital and has suffered great torture as a result of a periodical hammering.

My observations and memory recall very many other cases of the curse upon "inbreeding," as the stockmen call it. "Consanguinity" is the medical term. But the above instances, which have come casually to my notice in a week's work as "a man of the road," and are all within a few miles of where I sit and write, indicate a very serious evil in our land.

Women's deputations have been frequent of late to the Minister for Justice. Miss Preston Stanley's articles in "Grit" have been impressive. She at all events knows the meaning and the value of eugenics. May I hope to read of her organising another women's demonstration and deputation to the Minister for Justice for an amendment of the law to prevent the horrors of the result of consanguinity, and make it illegal for cousins to marry.

Of course, this is only one aspect of a vastly large and momentous subject, but an important aspect. The murder of the unborn, and of infants under two years, due to the prevalence of syphilis and gonorrhoea, makes it imperative that only persons free from these diseases at least should be permitted to marry. A medical certificate should be required. The segregation of mentally deficient persons, or even a simple operation, frequently performed by stock owners, should make it impossible for the reproduction of this class of persons. The urgency of this question impresses any observant man who desires to see the happiness of his fellows enhanced, and a cause of much suffering and sorrow eliminated.

LADIES—

The Beautifully Illustrated

"KING" TEA

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THE "ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA" DOES NOT LIE.

IT SAYS OF PROHIBITION?

The new volumes of the "Encyclopedia Britannica" (twelfth edition) give a fair, comprehensive, condensed history of the Prohibition movement in America, devoting nearly a page to various surveys to ascertain the results. The closing paragraph reads:

"The more authoritative opinion (as to Prohibition) seemed to be that the first effects had been generally beneficial; that the popular sentiment in support of effective Prohibition was gaining in strength, and that the experiment would be continued and developed. The fears of lurking danger to social institutions or to the moral integrity of the people (which some critics believed to be inherent in Prohibition) seemed likely to be outweighed by the economic and political advantages of freedom from the saloon, and the semblance, at least, or more orderly communities, less petty crime and less abject poverty. The majority of moderate drinkers seemed to be willing to sacrifice their personal liberty for these desirable results. The intemperate constitute a minority as compared with the total abstainers plus a majority of those who had been moderate users of intoxicating beverages, and their number may be expected to diminish from year to year. The business interests which were thought to be menaced by Prohibition found, at the time when national and wartime Prohibition went into effect, means of readjustment without great loss and without inflicting on the nation the burden of any scheme of compensation. The outlook for the future was one of hope that new forces and new funds had now been released which might be directed to providing normal recreation and facilities for social and community life which the saloon did not provide, but for which its very existence had precluded other provision being made."

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SOME BRITISH PROHIBITION FACTS.

QUEENSLAND'S GREAT CHANCE.

By W. D. B. (JACK) CREAGH.

During my trip to U.S.A. and Canada last year I had the pleasure of a long stay over at Toronto, the largest city in the Province of Ontario. I like to talk Canada, also to judge Prohibition from a British standpoint.

The liquor trade are always doing their best to discredit Prohibitionists for using American facts, but they forget that they themselves are to blame, because they are always using faked American statements, written by their own agents, to discredit Prohibition there.

It was a great comfort to me to hear on all sides that the prohibition of alcohol had been a success in Ontario. I was told that it was at least an 85 per cent. success in all parts; greater prosperity and happiness was reported everywhere.

CRIME IN ONTARIO.

The following comparisons are interesting, and should interest the Queensland electors:

	1914.	1921.
Assaults	1627	894
Cruelty to animals	1172	319
Threats and abusive language..	166	103
Trespass	1982	805
Vagrancy	4703	1289
Indecent exposure	165	55
Indecent, obscene, and profane language	385	183
Keeping and frequenting bawdy houses	802	270
Loose, idle, disorderly	6411	1486
Total	17,413	5413

Some crimes have increased, and Prohibition has had a hand in it. For instance, Prohibition has made it possible to protect life and limb. Especially is this so in regard to traffic regulations.

The Chief of Police, Toronto, told me this fact: When the open bar existed there was a big list of drink-created crime, with only a few in other departments. The table above shows how the police, being free, lay for traffic and other cases.

LOOK AT THESE FIGURES.

Convictions for offences, highways,	
1914	4,714
Convictions for offences, highways,	
1921	19,708

An increase of

The irony of this fact is that the trade use these figures against Prohibition. They say there is an increase of crime, but they make no comparisons with a Wet and Dry period.

Authorities in all branches of the religious, industrial, social and commercial life could be quoted. I will quote one, coming from an unusual source.

FATHER LANCELOT MINAHAN.

During a speech in Toronto, Canada, on November 27, 1922, Father Minahan, rector of St. Vincent de Paul Catholic Church, Toronto, said:

"After many years of intimate dealing with humanity, my ministry taking me not merely to the externals, but to the very inmost recesses of the heart, I am forced to the conclusion that moderation in intoxicants is a mockery, a delusion, and a snare; that the keenness of the moral sense is blunted, and the accuracy of the mental, as well as the physical, eye distorted by alcohol in even the smallest quantities, and that the only security against the world's worst tyrant, whose throne is flanked on either side by violence and lust, is Prohibition."

"Prohibition is the best protector of clean industry, clean politics, clean sport and clean homes."

FURTHER PROOF.

During the last Prohibition campaign in Queensland, Ontario was getting ready for one also.

THE RESULT.

Four questions were submitted to Ontario electors in October, 1919. They were, with the vote upon each, as follows:—

	Yes.	No.	Dry Maj.
1 Are you in favor of the repeal of the Ontario Temperance Act?	369,434	792,942	423,508
2 Are you in favor of the sale of light beer containing not more than two and fifty-one one hundredths per cent. alcohol weight measure through government agencies and amendments to the Ontario Temperance Act to permit such sale?	401,893	741,007	339,114
3 Are you in favor of the sale of light beer containing not more than two and fifty-one one hundredths per cent. alcohol weight measure in standard hotels in local municipalities that by a majority vote favor such sale and amendments to the Ontario Temperance Act to permit such sale?	386,680	755,933	369,253
4 Are you in favor of the sale of spirituous and malt liquors through Government agencies and amendments to the Ontario Temperance Act to permit such sale?	450,370	693,524	243,154

Surely after testing Prohibition these Britishers gave a deciding vote, and that in spite of the tremendous power of liquor.

THE OUTSTANDING ARGUMENT.

The people of Queensland should mark well this fact:

That no State has gone back to the old saloon, "such as exists in Queensland"; that in U.S.A. the Light Wine and Beer Association has no mention in its platform of going back. The first plank in their platform is: Light wines and beer, but no saloon ever.

This in itself is an admission that the closing of the saloon is a great success, and as they were beaten last November the American people have practically had the last word in the matter.

Having cut sugar cane and driven a team in Queensland I am keenly desirous that Queensland will win for Prohibition. The big wonder State has a great chance of being first to win. Drink hampers, also degrades, Queensland. Why not give Australia and the world a big lift upward?

Booze is a natural enemy. Kick it out.

"GRIT" SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Received to 16/8/23, and where not mentioned the amount received is 10/-: Miss E. J. Kenner, 15/7/23; Miss Brown, 30/6/24; F. Ralph, £1, 30/12/24.

The following are paid to 30/12/23: W. Harvey, £1/8/-; A. D. Stevenson, £1/10/-; W. Walsh, 16/3; Mrs. O'Hara, 6/8; Rev. L. Peacock, £1.

GOOD COUGH MIXTURE RECIPE.

A family supply of wonderfully good mixture for colds, bronchitis, asthma, whooping cough, and sore throats may be made in a few moments by adding Heenzo to sweetened water, in accordance with directions printed on the label. The quantity of mixture so made would, if bought in the ordinary way, in a lot of little bottles, cost anything from 12/- to £1, or more, according to quality. Heenzo costs only 2/-, and money cannot buy anything better. Try it. Heenzo Cough Diamond Jubes are for those who do not require a family supply of mixture. Obtainable from most Chemists and Stores.*

BOUND COPIES OF "GRIT."

There are a few bound copies of "Grit" available. Ring up or write and we will send you 52 issues nicely bound for 10/6; postage extra.

AMERICAN YEAR BOOK.

Here is a wonderful storehouse of up-to-date information on the U.S.A., 318 pages. Price 4/-; postage 4d. extra.



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Cafe Au Lait
when made with
GRIFFITHS BROS.'
COFFEE
is an Exquisite Beverage



THE GREAT CONFERENCE.

(To the Editor, "Grit.")

Sir,—May I congratulate the Alliance on calling the conference of Prohibitionists which is to meet in Sydney on Eight-Hour Day. This is a good move, and should prove of real value to our movement. I notice one subject for discussion is, "The Political Situation." This discussion, I take it, will reveal the mind of our movement on the question of our political policy. May I suggest that a special effort be made to get a number of Parliamentarians present at that session. Their presence would be pleasing to delegates, and I am sure they would benefit by a close personal contact with our people.—Yours, etc.,

"VOTE DRY."

(Every Parliamentarian who is a Prohibitionist will be invited to the conference.—Ed., "Grit.")

"I'M A SEVEN-POINT VOTER."

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—The Seven Points Campaign is causing our local politicians to sit up and take notice. Many a "verandah parliament" has dealt with the demands, and, from what I can hear, the general opinion is that, in the words of the Seven Point leaflet, the requests of the Alliance are just and equitable.

Good luck to Mr. Hammond and the great little paper, "Grit."

I have written to my members of Parliament and told them I am "a Seven Points voter."—Yours, etc.,

H.R.C.

TWO SAMPLES OF LETTERS WE LIKE.

(To the Editor, "Grit.")

Sir,—Herewith please find postal note to value £1 for subscription to 30/12/23.

Many thanks for your bright, helpful, and interesting paper.

Wishing you still greater success in the fight.—Yours for "Pro.," E.J.W.

(To the Editor, "Grit.")

Sir,—Please find enclosed 10/- postal note as subscription for "Grit." We look forward to getting the paper with its very interesting reading, and find pleasure in passing it on to our friends. Especially have we enjoyed each week the articles on your trip round the world, and desire to express our appreciation of same.

Wishing you every success in your splendid work for the benefit of humanity.—Yours faithfully, B. McM.

A READER'S ACCOUNT OF DARWIN.

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—In a recent issue of "Grit" I read with a great deal of interest an account by "Jack" Creagh of the way the liquor traffic was conducted in the Northern Territory under State Control.

When I was in Darwin in 1917-1918 I witnessed some of the deplorable effects brought about by the uncontrolled sale of intoxicating liquor at any hour, and to anyone, by the officials who had charge of the sale of it.

Here the stores adjoin each other.

Their owners in 1918 were, without exception, aliens—Chinamen, Greeks, etc. In this street is the Terminus Hotel. When the writer saw it for the first time in 1917 it consisted of an oblong wooden shed with an iron roof, a rough deal counter, breast high, running the length of the building, over which the drink was served. The bottles of "forked lightning" were stacked on roughly constructed shelves attached to the wall at the back of the bar. Behind the bar were two or three white men, acting as barmen, and a Chinaman rinsing out the glasses, going for his life in his endeavors to cope with the demand for glasses by the numerous thirsty customers who thronged the shed. They were of many nationalities, being black, brown, white, and brindle, full-caste, half-caste, and every other caste apparently; but nearly all dressed in the ubiquitous khaki pants, broad-brimmed hat, and shirt open at the neck. Adjoining the "hotel" were a few huts containing stretchers for the accommodation of boarders, who, it was commonly reported, carried other boarders about with them who boarded upon them free gratis. The charge for "board and lodging" was at that time £2/10/- per week, but the desideratum was not so much the tucker and accommodation, but the advantage of obtaining a drink at any time.

Inside and outside, on the footpath and in the road, were scenes of the vilest debauchery. Here and there a couple of drunks fighting, whilst the atmosphere was befouled by language, much of it in broken English, that was bad enough to waken the dead. On one occasion the writer remembers reading in the local paper that their reporter had counted 70 fights taking place on the one pay night.

Amidst this scene, motor cars loaded with men from Vestey Bros. pulled up outside the hotel, who, before the car stopped, jumped out, rushed through the crowd and clamored for drinks at the bar. The general hubub was frightful—cries, oaths, orders, mingled with the noise of clinking glasses and hiccoughing and retching of drunken men. Sometimes the scene would be enlivened by knife work in which a Malay, Spaniard, Greek, or some other alien would seek to carve up a compatriot or other antagonist.—Yours, etc.,

T.M.

Every boy is "a movie fan."
Every boy is a half-built man.
Every boy of the "make-good" sort
Sticks to study as well as sport.
Every boy with a healthy brain
Will greet a sneak with a boy's disdain.
Every boy with a cold, be sure
Barracks for Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

ROGERS BROS
DYERS & CLEANERS
181 Oxford St., 775 George St.
455 Pitt St. 3 Macquarie Place
172 King St. (opp. St. James')

A Personal Chat with my readers

AN UNSOLICITED TESTIMONIAL.

In a paper called "Service" the Commonwealth General Assurance Corporation, Ltd., advertise a "medical" policy, insuring against personal accident and sickness, for registered medical practitioners only.

At the bottom of the advertisement comes these words:

Total abstainers will receive an immediate abatement of 10 per cent. of the premium. It is the voice of business speaking from the accurate information supplied by the cold, unemotional actuaries. There is no argument against this.

A friend of mine was at the football match on Saturday when Carlton beat a N.S.W. team.

He was talking to a well-known Judge at half-time when someone came and suggested a drink to the old sporting Judge. He replied: "Since my recent sickness I have not touched any alcoholic beverage, and if I had my days over again I would never touch it at all."

Don't argue. Jump on the water waggon.

HOW SYDNEY TREATS A STRANGER.

Charged with having stolen £35, the property of Donald McIlree, Gladys James, aged 31, was committed for trial at the Central Police Court last week.

McIlree said he was a contractor, and a stranger to Sydney. At about 5 p.m. on July 27 he went to a wine bar in Elizabeth-street, where he got into conversation with the defendant. Later they went to a house in Hunter-street. Whilst there the defendant left, ostensibly to buy a bottle of beer, and failed to return. Witness examined his wallet, and discovered that £35 was missing.

Detective Royal said that he arrested the defendant at about 6.30 p.m. on the same afternoon. Although she said she had only 15/- on her, when searched £33/10/- was found in her stocking. He asked her if it was true that she had told the girls in the wine saloon that she had "got a mug for about £50," and she replied "No."

This is just what Mrs. John Fell said about our wine bars, and the representatives of the wine business said it was not true, and then the wine shop gave the lie to their representative and proved it was true.

The "Methodist Recorder" of England has the following gem:

"A recent issue of the 'Licensed Victuallers' Gazette' contained no less than thirteen advertisements for barmen and barmaids and drivers who "must be teetotal." One is

tempted to dwell on the rich humor of such a naive self-betrayal! Imagine the principle being extended to other trades—the situation is positively Gilbertian! But while at first one is inclined to smile, the humor of it all is soon displaced by a sense of the arrant selfishness which those advertisements betoken. This is what they amount to: We want teetotal servants, says 'the trade,' but we will do our best to see that other industries don't get teetotal servants. We prefer barmen and drivers who don't drink, because we know they are more dependable. But all the same we are going to take care that other employers, who equally prefer abstainers, shall be unable to obtain them, for we exist for the very purpose of turning abstainers into drinkers. The hideous cynicism of it all! That an industry should not only destroy for others what it coolly demands for itself, but batten on the destruction! Such advertisements throw a lurid light on the plea of 'the trade' that a man is none the worse, but all the better, for a glass of beer. If that is so, then why this demand for servants who 'must be teetotal?'"

Send this to your local publican.

WHAT FIVE WOMEN DID.

Poland, under its new regime of complete independence, prohibits all beverages containing more than 12 per cent. of alcohol. This is a piece of wonderful progress. The fight for the enactment of this temperance legislation by the Polish Parliament was led and won by the five women members of that body. It all happened within the last two or three years. These five Polish women endured, as have all pioneers, the laughter and jokes of most leaders of that country. Yet they prevailed and provide for us an inspiration.

WHERE IS HEAVEN?

We mostly forget that the Greatest of all Teachers said "the Kingdom of Heaven is within us." We are the authors of our own happiness, the creators of our own Heaven. Bliss Carman has put it well in these verses:

Where is Heaven? Is it not
Just a friendly garden plot,
Walled with stone and roofed with sun,
Where the days pass one by one,
Not too fast and not too slow,
Looking backward as they go
At the beauties left behind
To transport the pensive mind?

Does not Heaven begin that day
When the eager heart can say,
Surely God is in this place,
I have seen Him face to face
In the loveliness of flowers,
In the service of the showers,
And His voice has talked to me
In the sunlit apple tree?

THE MODERN CRAZE.

Being just a wowser and an old-fashioned fogey, anything I might say about dancing is taken with several pounds of salt—or more likely

still, with just a shrug of the shoulders and an expression of pity that a man should be so foolish as to speak of what he presumably knows so little.

I have received the following letter from a very charming lady, and am grateful for her endorsement:

"I read with interest your comments on 'A Modern Craze' in your 'Personal Chat' of July 26, for 'them's are my sentiments too.'

"I write as a lover of dancing. Those who have not danced do not understand the wholesome feeling of exhilaration which comes from moving the body to music, whether it be done in dance or physical culture movements, and for some it is a means of expressing harmony and balance not to be found in song or speech. But behind it all is the spirit of the thing that counts, and I must sadly agree that the old social spirit is lacking and the average dance of to-day has lost its charm, at least for one who found pleasure in friendly gatherings.

"In the old days when three dances were considered the limit for one partner, we took the bad partners with the good, remembering the days when we ourselves were not as proficient as we might have been.

"Being human, no doubt we did avoid the persistent dunderhead who trod all over one's feet and thought apologies quite superfluous, but I guess he deserved his fate.

"But we no longer co-operate for enjoyment, and the mere suggestion that one has any social obligation to dance with others than the one or two in the immediate circle is enough to brand one as 'queer' or 'old-fashioned.' I wonder if there is a worse crime than 'being old-fashioned' in this 1923rd year of our Lord?"

The Editor

Sac Suits from £6/6/-

Gowns and Hoods for all
University Degrees.

Special Attention to Clerical
Outfitting.

HARRIS & BOYD

FOR A BETTER SUIT.

H. E. HARRIS, late Manager of
Howat and McPhail.
O. A. BOYD, late Head Cutter, R. C.
Hagon, Ltd.

TAILORS & CLERICAL OUTFITTERS

313 PITT STREET, SYDNEY
Near Y.M.C.A.

Phone: City 1269.

THE BOWERY OF NEW YORK.

PROHIBITION CLEANS UP THE WORLD'S MOST NOTORIOUS SLUM.

(By O. O. McINTYRE, in the "Cosmopolitan.")



The Bowery is no more!

The picturesque midrib of New York's East Side squalor has flung off tattered garments. Instead of shiny serge, there is now the faint rustle of silk.

Windows once crammed with pawn pledges are spilling with roses. Blue Nose Murphy's swing door saloon is labelled "Silberstein—the Florist."

Where once the bung-starter spoke with authority, the Bowery now "says it with flowers."

McGuirk's Suicide Hall, whither soiled ladies crept to quaff the hemlock, is a spick-and-span electrical shop. Next door at the old Kelly Garden, John Callahan is angling for lost souls at his rescue mission.

Gone are the iniquitous cesspools, "The Flea Bag," "The Alligator," "Nigger Mike's" and "The Doctor's"—where one beer was served with two straws and "third rail" whisky was a nickel a shot with a back room "flop" thrown in.

The scrofulous facades of other myriad bazaars that specialised in "knock-out drops" and ten dollar murders are bright with new paint—their vices swallowed in respectability.

The Bowery may not wear silk hat and spike-tail coat, but it has discarded cap and sweater. Bells that guided uncertain steps to pawnshop doors are stilled.

The Bowery purse is mirrored in the Bowery Savings Bank—one of the strongest financial institutions in the world.

In its new dress the Bowery has not entirely lost its shades and colorings. It remains the dark, brooding, sunless street—one of the widest in Manhattan.

Fat wives of shopkeepers sit in dingy doorways and the human lees still eddy there as hopelessly forlorn as the midnight shriek of the elevated high above the roof tops.

Yet the bread line's surge of misery in every block has vanished. "Dummy chuckers" are no longer throwing their fake fits in front of Beefsteak John's.

The one-cent coffee houses are white tiled cafeterias. The bedraggled old women who screamed their imprecations on passers-by have disappeared.

Gum chewing girls in plaid skirts, faded blouses and rakish tams exist only in Bowery fiction. Broadway modistes have branches along the Bowery.

The secondhand bookstall flaunt Tolstol and Ibsen along with yellow-back thrillers. The public libraries of the Bowery are more generously patronised than those in uptown New York.

Once sailors flocked to the Bowery to have hearts and anchors etched on manly chests and brawny arms. Now they go to the "De-tatooning Parlors," on the same street, to have them removed.

The urge of beauty is keen. Indeed, Slip McGuffin's old stuss house has become a ladies' coiffure parlor in the strange Bowery metamorphosis.

Fire escapes are not filled with balloon bedding and flapping wet wash in the early morning. The strange loaded silence that hung over the gray street has been replaced by the sharp jangle of commerce.

All the old Bowery characters who tinged poverty with romance have ascended the starry trail. What characters they were! No other city has produced their like!

Doc. Shuffield in high hat and boiled shirt—a fellow of a Royal Surgical Society—does not minister gratuitously to the Bowery sick. He died in a snowdrift struggling to reach a patient.

Chuck Conners with his bowler derby and pearl buttoned short jacket—a self-appointed Mayor, philosopher and intimate of the great. And his "skoit" Nellie, the best "spieler" in the dance halls.

Chinatown Gertie who cast her miserable lot among the Chinese and emerged from the foul causeways "a white lily" whose oratory drew sin-stained wrecks to the mourners' bench.

Gold Tooth Fannie who once lived on the Avenue and fed the poor at dawn from a banjo-torched cart.

The Sullivans—Big and Little Tim! Owen Kildare, the Bowery poet. Spike O'Day who



pawned his peg leg each morning and retrieved it at night with a beggar's spoils.

Jew Dave Kelly, a fiery little despot who licked cops and spent his earnings feeding friendless cats. Margolly Nickerson—the Bowery dude, remittance man and Oxford scholar.

Sophie the Scrubwoman whose life-sized painting now hangs in a Doyers Street Mission. Blind Toots the singer of Chatham Square. Stubby Tolliver the Bowery hackman. Salvation Annie!

All are gone!

Merchants now park limousines at the curb of their Bowery shops. From Chatham Square, where the Bowery begins, to Cooper Square, where it ends, there is not a "reliever shop" left. In these cellar hutches the out-cast changed his shoes for those a little more worn and received in the bargain the price of a drink.

The dim-lit one flight up hotels have flashy electric signs and offices with mosaic floors. Their signs no longer read "For Men Only" but "For Gentlemen Only."

Ghastly museums that stressed the horror of social ills while Van Dyked medical charlatans—French-American doctors, Berlin specialists—awaited trembling victims upstairs, have been swept away.

(Continued on page 10.)

The Bowery of New York—

(Continued from page 9.)

The famous guinea-pig store near Broome-street is now a London Dog Shop, and sells the chow and fashionable borzoi. Signs of interior decorators greet the eye on all sides.

A lone penny arcade and shooting gallery is dying of inanition, a survivor among scores of other days.

Hogan's Roost in Bleecker-street where uptown beggars drifted for the night has become a printing house for Bible tracts.

The breath of reform has also spread to Chinatown, whose narrow, winding streets sprawl precipitously off a hip of Chatham Square.

The old Chinese theatre is a house of Christian worship. Lantern-hung 'buses continue to carry visiting lodgemen and school teachers to see Chinatown wickedness, while a ballyhoo barks of the shuddering terrors.

But the Chinatown horror is only imagined—the pale young man in the opium bunk is a mere illustration of cosmetic artifice, and he languidly puffs Virginia leaf instead of the dreadful poppy. During the day he is a gay soda jerker on Park Row.

White wives of Chinese no longer peer from latticed windows at a forbidden world. Slipped myrmidons of Opium Kings do not flit ghostlike in the shadowy catacombs underneath the sidewalk, nor do frail young girls huckster their souls in a Hell's market place.

The ancient joss house is a "yokel yanker"—a prop setting to lure coins from tourists. The real Chinatown long since moved to suburban Jersey hide-aways.

Chinese merchants have their Chamber of Commerce, and settle differences with silk-voiced diplomacy instead of tong wars. Gunmen have taken their "gats" to Harlem and the Bronx.

Big Jack Zelig, Louis the Lump, Foggy Bernstein and a score of others have died, as they lived, by the gun. To the new Chinatown they are not even memories. "Ganging the Cop" is a lost art.

The thieves' "fences" have moved to Avenue A. Nothing indeed is left that is remindful of the days when the Bowery was a hell-roaring street, ruled by the might of fists.

When the booze joints dried up, the Bowery bloomed with Danish pastry shops, bonbon parlors and soft drink stands.

The Bowery's "new front" is due solely to Prohibition. The disintegration began with the passing of the Volstead law.

With the coming of the debacle, the attempted Boweryisation of Broadway began. The army of "grifters" bivouacked northward with their dime museums, snake charming parlors and catchpenny devices.

But the invasion withered up in a puff of scorn. A street that had bubbled with champagne foam was not ready to welcome beer-buying invaders from Steve Brodie's stamping ground. The tarnished "Flytrap"

SAVE and SERVE

Savings paved the way to
Victory

And will pave the paths of
Peace

The Commonwealth 5% 1928 Loan

Has been demonstrated to you as
A SOUND INVESTMENT

This is an opportunity

Of again serving the Nation

Just as real in Peace as in War

Loan closes 3rd September

Lend to the Limit

could not compete with the mirrored elegance of a tea dansant.

When the Bowery started to move the soul of it died. It had completed its cycle and is now returning to its pristine simplicity. It is going back to the days of flagstone walks and flowery dells whence it derived its name.

At an old chemist's shop in the very heart of the thoroughfare, the aged proprietor shook his head.

"We don't keep leeches for black eyes these days," he said.

The Bowery, indeed, is no more.

SUPPORT OUR ADVERTISERS.

In Great Britain the Commercial Temperance League and the Strength of Britain Movement have amalgamated under the banner of the League. In Ireland the Irish Temperance League and the Ulster Temperance Council have joined in forming the Irish Temperance Alliance.

* * *

On January 30, 1923, the following advertisement appeared in the "London Times": "Lady Carlisle Memorial Fund.—The National British Women's Temperance Association gratefully acknowledge £500 banknote received as an anonymous contribution." The Memorial Fund now amounts to £3700.



By **UNCLE ARTHUR.**

OUR FAMILY

All children aged 7 to 17 can join the family of Uncle A. 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 3 months are "scallywags." After 17 you become an "Hon." Ne or Ni, and write either at Christmas or your birthday.

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

Address letters to Uncle A, 321 Pitt-street, Sydney.

SEPTEMBER 30.

Now September 30 is not anyone's birthday, but it is going to be a Demonstration Day in New South Wales. In Sydney, at 11 a.m., there will be a great Young People's service, at which Junior Good Templars, Junior Rechabites and Ne's and Ni's, Scallywags and Honorary Ancients are all invited to St. Barnabas' Church, George-street West, when your old Uncle B. will "make a talk," and that night he will "make another talk," stronger than the morning one, for the grown-ups.

On the Monday, while everyone is having a holiday, some hundreds of dead-in-earnest folk will spend the day planning to win Prohibition. Now what can you do about the Sunday services?

Pray for it.

Talk about it.

Write to someone about it.

Come to it.

Send a wee "widow's mite" gift to it.

The only unpardonable thing is to do nothing.

UNCLE B.

OUR LETTER BAG.

NOT THE LAST.

Essie McDonald, Central Lansdowne, writes: Thanks for sending the Crusade forms. I gave some of them to one of my girl friends, who secured a number of signatures for the "New Day Crusade." I expect to be able shortly to forward you a number of signatures for it. I have not heard from my English cripple friend of the Crutch and Kindness League, to which some of your other Ni's and Ne's belong, for about twenty or twenty-one months till last January, when I received a letter from both her and the General Secretary of the Shaftesbury Society and Ragged School Union, of which the Crutch and Kindness League is a branch. The Aus. Sec. has suggested to me that I copy a portion of the General Secretary's letter, so the following is a portion of it: "We have waited to reply to your letter until we had an answer from our local worker about Amelia Grainger. She writes that Amelia

wrote regularly to you until she started work, when letter writing got pushed on one side, but she says she wrote to you last Sunday. We are needing many more correspondents for our large family of crippled boys and girls. If you can interest any of your friends to join the League we shall be very glad indeed." I received the two letters on the same day. I hope it may help some who once joined to go on writing still, even if they don't get replies. I suppose this will probably be my last letter to you, as I am now over 17 years of age.

(Dear Essie,—I'm glad you belong to the "C. and K." League. You can still write once a year as an Hon. Ni.—Uncle A.)

A GARDENER.

Ethel Kremer, "Inverlochy," Manilla, writes: I am a little girl attending the Manilla Rural School. I am 8 years of age; my birthday is on October 13. We have had a lot of nice rain here lately. Since the rain my sister and I have started a little flower garden of our own. I have four sisters. The school is a very nice one.

(Dear Ethel,—We're glad to have you also in our family. Here is another verse of the poem mentioned in Mollie's letter which suits your garden:

"I drink water," said the pretty flower,

"It comes in sparkling dew;

And when I am weak

With the summer heat

My strength it does renew."

—Uncle A.)

A GOOD RESOLUTION.

Doris Gibson, Henty, writes: I have always intended writing to you, and I like reading your page. I notice some interesting letters in it, but I have never noticed any from this part. I am 16, but still attend school. I am in the 7th class, having passed my Q.C. last year. My two brothers and I attend the Henty public school. We used to live on a farm about 4½ miles from Henty, but father has sold our farm and has bought a small place close to Henty. We left our farm on March 13 and travelled to Albury, where we spent a happy day with friends. The next morning we left for Wangaratta, and after having our dinner we left for Beechworth. There were eight in our party, so we spent a lovely holiday of 10 weeks in Beechworth. Father was getting our new home built while we were away. We arrived home on Empire Day, and like our new home very much. My brother Dick is staying with my brother and sister near Lockhart. My birthday is on May 17, so I only have a year to be a scallywag in, but I'm not going to be one.

(Dear Doris,—Welcome! I hope you keep your resolution and don't become a scallywag.—Uncle A.)

TRY AGAIN.

Isabelle Brown, "Broughton Park," Moss Vale, writes: I am going to try for this week's Honor Letter. It has been raining here. The flat was covered last night with water. Fancy—the sun is out just now. This is a little rhyme I know:

"Sunshine and showers
Bring May flowers."

Everybody says July is a nasty month. I think it's the best in the year. Here is a riddle for you: Which monkeys make the best wine?

(Dear Isabelle,—Try next time for honors. Yours was not the best this week. I know the answer of your riddle. Now send some more with answers for our Riddle Corner.—Uncle A.)

THE "C. AND K." LEAGUE.

Doris Gibson, Henty, writes: I am writing for stamps, for which I enclose order and 4/-. I think the Stamp Club a very good idea. I look forward to "Grit" each week. I noticed that nice letter from Kathleen Hughes. I think the "Crutch and Kindness League" a very good plan.

(Dear Doris,—Stamps have been posted to you. Are you joining the C. and K. League?—Uncle A.)

A SEVEN-DAY YEAR.

John Cleland, First-avenue, Campsie, writes: I received my Crusade Seal some time ago. We broke up a few days ago for a week's holiday. I just love to sit and read the letters in "Grit." It seems a year till Friday, the day we receive "Grit." I'll be promoted into some higher class in a week's time. I think you saw me at "Fairies at Work," for I was in front on the right-hand side and the second from the passage. Did you see the storm yesterday? Our roads are like mudholes. All the fences round here were shaking with the wind. Pools are left in everyone's yard. I am going to send a few "Grits" to my grandfather in Scotland next time I write to him.

(Dear John,—Yes; I think I saw you out of the corners of my eyes. Let me know what grandpa thinks of "Grit."—Uncle A.)

WHOSE PHOTO WAS IT?

Edna Lowrey, Glenelg, Gloucester, writes: My father has taken his cattle away to Kempsey for six months, as he thinks it will be a severe winter here. Mr. Creagh was in Gloucester about two months ago speaking on Prohibition, and we all went to hear him, and he gave a very interesting address on his travels in America. No doubt Prohibition has made a great place of America, and we all ought to do our very best to get it in Australia. When I got my last copy of "Grit" from the post office I passed under a public house, and an aged man who was sitting in front caught sight of the name "Grit," and he said, "Don't read that." I don't know whether he thought it was his own photo on the cover or not, but I think it resembled him.

(Dear Edna,—The stamps have now been sent to you.—Uncle A.)

The man who was through at thirty

THIS happened in Sydney; but the place is unimportant. It might have happened anywhere; as a matter of fact it is happening everywhere; in your office and in the office across the street.

A young man entered the employ of a Sydney manufacturer, and moved along rapidly until he was office manager.

The Managing Director of the company liked him. More than once he said to friends:

"I intend to make that young man General Manager some day. I should like to train him to be my successor."

But the young man never did become General Manager; his career is one of those countless tragedies of business. The Director, who wanted to promote him, found that he could not promote him.

He knew enough to manage an office, but for larger responsibilities he lacked knowledge and self-confidence and decision. He has never grown beyond an office managership.

He was through at thirty.

And the other man who kept on growing.

CONTRAST that man with another of the same age—a man who started as a salesman; and in course of time became sales manager. The office of Secretary became vacant, and the Company looked around for a man.

Sales experience was a requisite; but the man must have more. He must know something of factory organisation and control; of costs and accounting; of office management; of advertising and merchandising and corporation finance.



There's just one important question for a man who is under forty: "Where shall I be in business ten years from now?"

To their surprise they found that the young sales manager knew all these things. His practical experience had given him sales training; the Alexander Hamilton Institute had given him a grasp of the fundamentals which are found in every business.

A few days after his election to the Board of Directors of his company he wrote:

"The day when I enrolled in the Alexander Hamilton Institute's Modern Business Course marked the turning point in my career."

250,000 men who are going ahead.

IN all the business world there are just two types of men. There is the man who goes only as far as experience in one department of business can carry him and settles down in a departmental position for life.

The other man takes a new hold upon himself in his twenties or thirties or earlier forties; he adds training to experience and travels far.

For fourteen years the Alexander Hamilton Institute has been engaged in the splendid task of helping men to find themselves.

Its training means larger vision; more rapid progress; increased earning power. And the proof is this—more than 250,000 men have tested this training in their own experience; and to-day, after fourteen years of testing, the rate of enrolment is more rapid than in any preceding year.

Only you can decide where you will stop.

EVERY man in business is paying for this Course whether he benefits by it or not. The Sydney man paid, and at a tragic price. He might have moved on up to large success—and he stopped at thirty.

Only you can decide where you will stop. A training which has done so much for 250,000 other men is open to you also. It is worth your investigation at least; make the investigation now.

Send for "Forging Ahead in Business."

FOR men who are asking themselves: "Where will be in business ten years from now?" the Alexander Hamilton Institute publishes a 120-page book. It contains a full explanation of what the Modern Business Course and Service is and does; it contains letters from men whose business situation was precisely like yours. It will richly repay a careful reading, and it is free; the coupon will bring it. Send the coupon now.

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42 Hunter Street, Sydney.

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HURSTVILLE PROHIBITION VICTORY FETE.

A Prohibition Victory Fete was held at the Masonic Hall at Hurstville on 10th and 11th instants.

For some weeks previous to the Fete the Committee had been hard at work, but, by a curious irony of fate, nearly all the meetings whose object was to secure a dry State were held on particularly wet nights.

The Fete was opened by the Minister for Justice, Mr. T. J. Ley. Mr. Ley's addresses are always well worth listening to, and this was no exception. He briefly referred to the advantages of Prohibition, and said he was in favor of taking a periodical referendum on the question.

The hall was tastefully decorated. The stalls looked beautiful; and, most charming of all, were the dimple-dotted faces of the bevy of young and handsome ladies who worked behind those stalls. No wonder the Fete boomed! The stalls were: General Work Stall (Presbyterian and Methodist Churches), Cake and Jam Stall (Girls' Friendly Society), Sweet Stall (Salvation Army), Kitchen Stall (Hurstville South Church of England), Apron, Handkerchief and d'Oyley Stall (Women's Christian Temperance Union), Refreshment Stall (Mrs. Lark); while numbers of lads made things merry and noisy with hoop-la, giggleville, dart-oh, football potting, dips, etc.

Talk about things being dry! Why there never was such a jovial time. If you don't believe me just ask those enthusiasts who were selling tickets for the queen competition. How they flittered round, pouncing down on you here, meeting you again over there, coming up to you again over yonder and forgetting they had ever seen you before; they were just like bees flying from flower to flower, and getting a little honey from each. And the queen bee, I mean the queen of the Fete, was Mrs. Lark. And the crowning! Yes, you should have seen that coronation! Behold the venerable bishop, the royal crown glittering with gems of priceless value, the blushing queen with regal robes, and the army of maids-in-waiting; and just hear her, as with heart overflowing with benevolence, she wishes her subjects all happiness and felicity, and promises to free them from that giant ogre who has so long been terrorising them—alcoholism.

Why, man, it was glorious to be there.

The Fete will net about £100. The Com-

mittee wishes to express its deepest gratitude to Mrs. Brunton-Smith for her untiring efforts and genial support.

Dulwich Hill, Hurlstone Park, and Lewisham District Fete made a bid to grip the big heart of the workers at a public meeting held in the Masonic Hall, Hurlstone Park, on Tuesday night, 14th instant, when Mr. Pat Carroll delighted an appreciative audience on that occasion as he was doing his very effective share in the great cause. An announcement was made to the effect that the Hurlstone Park end would be glad of any gifts that could be sent to Mr. G. White, 188 Holden-street, St. Ashfield; Mr. T. Downer, 204 Queen-street, Ashfield (Vice-Presidents); or Mr. W. Tregowning, Hopetown-street, Hurlstone Park. An open invitation was given to all interested to attend the next Committee meeting to be held in the Methodist School Hall, Dulwich Hill, on Tuesday, August 28, at 8 p.m.

"AUSTRALIA'S DRY COMEDIAN" AT LANE COVE.

Advice reached this office recently of the results arising out of Mr. Herbert Carroll's visit to Congregational Hall, Lane Cove, on Friday, July 27.

An entertainment had been arranged by the local workers for the purpose of obtaining goods and cash for the Longueville stall at the forthcoming North Shore Prohibition Victory Fete.

A fine programme had been arranged, and "Australia's dry comedian" went along to assist in the merriment.

Prohibition's Popular Fun Factor was very much appreciated, and although the weather was very uninviting, the results were most gratifying.

The collection of cash amounted to £7/3/10.

To the local workers we present our congratulations.

FETE FIXTURES.

Hornsby District Fete.—Hornsby School of Arts, August 24 and 25. Hon. Secretary, Mr. W. R. Crittenden, Albert-street, Hornsby.

North Shore Fete.—St. Leonards to Wahroonga, Chatswood Town Hall, September 7 and 8. Hon. Secretary, Mr. H. Anderson, "Bayswater," Mackenzie-street, Lindfield.

Bankstown District Fete, to be held in Majestic Hall, Bankstown, on October 25 and 26. Hon. Secretary, Mr. C. Martin, Monastreet, Bankstown.

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And ask for a copy of this year's report and literature for yourself and your children.

DAILY INSPIRATION.

"I, if I be lifted up from the earth, will draw all men unto me."

John 12, 32.

SUNDAY.

"Come ye yourselves apart . . . and rest awhile."—Mark 6, 31.

MEDITATION.

"It is not the number of books you read, nor the variety of sermons which you hear, nor the amount of religious conversation in which you mix; but it is the frequency and the earnestness with which you meditate on these things till the truth which may be in them becomes your own and part of your own being, that ensures your spiritual growth."—F. W. Robertson.

MONDAY.

"The Lord direct your hearts into the love of God, and into the patient waiting for Christ."—2 Thess. 3, 5.

"WAITING FOR THE ADOPTION."

As hidden in the bare brown shoot,
Lie rosy buds and future flowers;
Abundant seed and golden fruit;
So in these earth-bound souls of ours
The lovelier life lies still concealed.
We know not yet what we shall be,
When faith's fruition stands revealed
And we shall be as one with Thee.
Day hath its sun and night its star;
We have Thy promise in Thy word.
But is Thy coming still afar?
We weary for Thyself, dear Lord,
As maiden for her love waits;
As mother for her sailor boy;
So lean our souls upon their gates,
And wait for Thee with trembling joy.
—Lilian Wooster Greaves.

TUESDAY.

"I count all things but loss . . . that I may win Christ."—Phil. 3, 8.

THE LIFE THAT WINS.

"We can win others to Christ only by being Christ to them, by showing them Christ in ourselves, by living so that they may be attracted to Christ, and may learn to admire and to love Him by what they see of Him in us. One of the most effective ways of winning souls is through beautiful, gentle, Christlike living. Eloquence of persuasion in a preacher is powerful with sinners only in so far as the preacher's life is consistent. Preaching without love in the life is only empty clatter. But where deep, true love, the love of Christ, is, the plainest, humblest words become eloquent and mighty."—Green Pastures.

WEDNESDAY.

"Be content with such things as ye have."—Heb. 13, 5.

DISCONTENT.

If tears and groans would make things right,
If worry could kill care,
If moping filled the dark with light
And make the black day fair;
Then weeping would be quite the thing,
And groaning would be fine;
And moping mixed with worrying,
'Twere useful to combine.
—Howitt.

THURSDAY.

"Learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed."—Isa. 1, 17.

"DOING."

In vain do they talk of happiness who have never subdued an impulse in obedience to a principle. He who has never sacrificed a present to a future good or a personal to a general one, can speak of happiness only as the blind do of colours.

Believe then that neither feeble health, nor cramping poverty, nor crushing sorrow, nor accomplished sin, nor evil habits, need paralyse the aspirations of your essential manhood, nor quench its immortality. Put forth your hand, my brother, and the serpent shall become a rod!—Dr. C. F. Aked.

FRIDAY.

"Let us be sober, putting on the breast-plate of faith and love."—1 Thess. 5, 8.

LOVE'S HARVEST TIME.

Love's holy flame for ever burneth:
From Heaven it came, to Heaven returneth,
To oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppress.
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in Heaven its perfect rest;
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest time of love is There.
—T. Southey.

SATURDAY.

"Let us cleanse ourselves. . . . Perfecting holiness in the fear of God."—2 Cor. 7, 1.

THOUGHTS FROM CANON BURROUGHS.

There is no real holiness which does not issue in righteousness, nor any live or valid righteousness of which holiness is not the background and spring. The combination of the two is the very essence of true Christianity. Christ fused the moral and the spiritual once for all.

The whole of this provision for service comes, so to speak, out of God Himself. He has not to go outside the infinite resources of His own Personality—"Three in One"—for anything which He either gives us or does for us. He Himself is at once the Ideal

to live for, the Atonement for refusal and failure to live up to it, and the Power to follow it afresh when forgiven.

We talk to-day of the need (and it is great) of interesting the indifferent; if one may judge by the effects of John Wesley's conversion, perhaps an even more pressing need is to rise en masse, within the Church and in all its branches and parts, from the religion of obedience to rules, whether wooden or fussy, to that of inspiration and freedom and grateful love.—Canon Burroughs.

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New South Wales Alliance—

(Continued from page 4.)

thing ever I did in my life, and I know that the story I have to tell my audience is a worth-while one, and I'm going to keep on telling it because I can see nothing better to give than those personal things which have made me see how grand a thing it will be for my son (and your son) to grow up in a country where the temptation of the open bar is not.—Yours dryly,

PAT CARROLL.

Mr. Lawrence MacBriar, of Lawson, paid a visit to Headquarters quite recently, and Lawson is again on the Prohibition map.

Mr. Payne, of Ariah Park, found time to tear himself away from business duties to pay us a visit whilst in Sydney, and we do wish our friends to try and realise just how much their call is appreciated.

The closer personal feeling existing to-day between the Alliance staff and Alliance supporters is largely the result of a few minutes chat sandwiched in between the many business commitments of busy men

whilst on a brief visit to the metropolis of New South Wales.

Ariah Park residents are enthusiastic over the recent tour in that area by "Australia's Dry Comedian" and Prohibition's popular champion.

* * *



OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

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

CRUSADE NOTES.

Signatures are still coming in from all quarters. The latest districts to join the Crusade army are Coonamble and Binnaway. There is no doubt that the Crusade has proved a sound success, and many boys and

girls are now linked up in the big fight for Prohibition, who perhaps before never even heard of a Band of Hope.

Miss Lowther Crofton is still working hard in the interest of the "New Day Crusade," and signatures from places visited by her are coming in by every mail.

Broken Hill.—Broken Hill Crusaders are looking forward to the visit of Mr. W. H. Rose, Australasian Secretary of the Band of Hope Union. Great preparations are being made, and there is no doubt he will have a splendid time.

FIRST PRIZE ESSAY.

BANDS OF HOPE AND THEIR ADVANTAGES.

(By MISS THELMA ROBINS.)

(This essay was written for the competition organised by the Enmore Y.P. Temperance League. Miss Thelma Robins, the winning essayist, is aged 16 years.)

A Band of Hope is a meeting held about once a month to instruct everyone in temperance principles, and to encourage them in purity of life and speech, and to save our boys and girls from the greatest enemy in our land—strong drink. A Band of Hope has numerous advantages. It impresses upon the people what a curse strong drink is to the nation. If people were teetotal there would be more happiness, love, and money, and less sickness, shame, sin, sorrow, ruin, disgrace, and early deaths. It is no exaggeration to say that from drink one or more members of most families have suffered. The expenditure on drink is an exhausting drain on the resources of the people, and is the direct cause of unsatisfactory industrial conditions, and is responsible for the world-wide national poverty.

The children of to-day are the men and women of to-morrow, so when every child has become a member of the Band of Hope it has been brought under the influence of temperance teaching. The vision of a sober nation will then be nearer realisation, but if the liquor traffic continues the boys and girls of to-day will be the drunkards of to-morrow.

Alcohol robs us of our peace, joy, money, purity, and souls. For your country's sake and your own, don't drink alcohol. You will be happier, healthier, and richer without it.

There are thousands of children whose hearts and bodies are bruised with unkindness, who are half-starved and poorly clad, whose tears and sufferings, caused by drink, pass unheeded in this Christian land, but gradually, through Bands of Hope, people are beginning to realise the evil caused by drink.

Abstinence is necessary for the highest efficiency.

Strong drink makes weak men.

Supreme in Service



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Your Draper Sells "Triple-Wear" at 7/6 per pair

PASS "GRIT" ON

JACK LONDON'S SUMMING UP.

"It is small use to tell the brave little boys toddling their way along into knowledge of life that they musn't play near the uncovered well. They WILL play near it. Any parent knows that. And we know that a certain percentage of them, the liveliest and most daring, will fall into the well. The thing to do—we all know it—is to cover up the well. The case is the same with John Barleycorn. All the no-saying and no-preaching in the world will fail to keep men, and youths growing into manhood, away from John Barleycorn when John Barleycorn is everywhere accessible, and where John Barleycorn is everywhere the connotation of manliness, and daring, and great-spiritedness.

"The only rational thing for the twentieth century folk to do is to cover up the well; to make the twentieth century in truth the twentieth century, and to relegate to the nineteenth century and all the preceding centuries the things of those centuries, the witch-burning, the intolerances, the fetiches, and, not least among such barbarisms."—Jack London.

ENTERTAINMENT BOOM.

From official reports entertainments of all kinds are booming in the United States. Prohibition was declared to be a "kill-joy." The entertainment tax, however, shows that there has been an increase from £30,568,000 in 1918, to £84,397,000 in 1922, with all taxes taken off the children's tickets under 10 cents.

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