

Spirit.

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POISON-BERRIES.

LAST STAGE.

SORDID SOAKING.

END OF COCKTAIL PATH.

(The third of three remarkable articles in the Sydney "Sun.")

(Concluded from last issue.)

Last scene of all in this strange history:

A wine bar, upper George-street, dark and rancid. Advertisement-mirrors on the wall, mottled with fly-specks, give back a glimpse of Hogarth. Shadowed at greasy little tables, the drinkers sit at their wine—laborers, sprawled over chairs; foreign gentlemen smelling of concealed garlic; old men with dirty stubble beards and dregs

of stolen glasses; women, metallic with paint and age, their laces soiled, their finery a mess of color and spilt liquid. . . .

Two girls—it would be hard to call them young or old—sit idly at the back. The proprietor seems to know them, for he does not bother them with requests for orders. They sit there sullenly, almost stupidly. They light cigarette after cigarette. An old man

leans over and asks whiningly for a "smoke." They do not appear to hear him, and he roots about on the floor, with muttered complaints, for the fag-end of a stale cigarette. But there are very few fag-ends cast away here.

These girls betray themselves by their nostrils and their eyes. They are drug-takers—cocaine; the powdered sort, which is so easy to sniff from the hand. Their lives are ordered into the business of obtaining money, and the business of buying drugs. Their presence here is part of the business.

WHAT POLICE SAY.

Some time during the afternoon, a plain clothes man will poke his head through the swing-doors. He knows everybody in this bar. They all pass through his hands, sooner (Continued on page 2.)

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POISON BERRIES

or later. It is almost a bond of sympathy. He looks at the girls in the background with scientific interest. They have met often before. Periodically, he charges them at the Central Police Court with "offensive behaviour." It means only one thing. They are fined, or they disappear for a time into the stone jaws of Long Bay. This is a regular process. These girls will never stop. Their "offensive behaviour" can never be stopped. All they can do is to try to avoid being caught for as long as they can. There is no pretence of reformatory ideals in this punishment. Meanwhile, they sit at the back of the wine-bar, with dead, humid faces and twitching nostrils.

Here is the graveyard for Clara and for Gladys. Impartially, democratically, it waits for all. It makes no distinction of class or clothes. You may come from hotel-lounges or from just such another wine-bar. Here is the end; a law of slow dissolution, of corruption almost machine-like.

Police who are used to the round-game of liquor raids are candid in their opinion that the habit of cocktail drinking is growing more fashionable and more popular every day. Of course, their cognisance is confined officially to the sly, or after-hour, cocktail, but unofficially they see a lot of life in the winter-garden, and their evidence is worth considering.

"But it is in fruit-cups and claret-cups that most danger lies," declared a well-known officer. "It is perfectly easy at most of the big hotels to persuade the waiter to make these concoctions more interesting with a flavoring of whisky or gin, and very often a girl, who thinks she is being offered no more than innocent fruit-cup, is given large quantities of alcohol, and over-balanced by the mixture, sometimes with unfortunate results."

The police are not of the opinion that very much cocktail drinking goes on at suburban bars or cheap wine saloons. "The women you find in these places are solid drinkers," they say. "They will have nothing but wine or spirits. In some of the suburbs there is quite a proportion of women who drink beer. Many women immigrants, arriving from England, are used to drinking ale, and look for it at suburban hotels."

PRIVATE INDUSTRY.

Far away from both the winter-garden and the wine-bar the pursuit of the cocktail continues unabated in the suburbs. Here there are no waiters to pay, no coarse cash-registers, no ladies with mauve faces—nothing but dim verandahs and rose-lit dancing floors.

This is entirely a private industry.

Instead of the lounge-table or the glare of the saloon, there is the comfortable obscurity of somebody's motor car. Lift up the door-flap, and you are sure to find a bottle. If you are lucky, several bottles. There are whisky and brandy and ready-mixed cocktails. After every dance a gentleman would be lacking in true chivalry if he did not offer his partner some of this refreshment.

Besides, there is always the host to fall back on. The host, if he has any hospitality at all, is sure to have provided a few swimming tanks of various wine-cups, not to mention whisky neat. These little efforts at entertainment are prettily embellished by the men of the world present, who contribute liberal donations from their hip-flasks. This is not an American picture. It is an ordinary fact, verifiable at any of the suburban parties which occur any night of the week.

Drinking cocktails and spirits in these surroundings thus acquires a tinge of fashion. It is as if the best people encourage it, with the same beam they reserve for good taste in evening waistcoats. And what girl can afford not to be thought fashionable,



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even, indeed, a little darling? It is the same secret which lies at the back of the winter-garden.

IN THE BACKGROUND.

There is something suspicious about the passion of young ladies for preserved cherries. Phyllis, in a confiding moment, explains. "Of course, I always have cocktails when I'm with men," she confesses. "But when it's just girls, I'd just as soon have a lemon squash."

But when there are no men of the world (aged 20) present to impress, they do have ice cream. They consume sundaes with great enjoyment. It is a childish taste, of which they feel furtively ashamed. But if you gave one of these girls the choice in privacy of an ice cream soda or a dry Martini, the ice cream soda would win every time.

In the background, at her whisky, sits the adventuress. You see these indefatigable ladies spinning their whisky out from 2 till

6 p.m. Sometimes they will sit in an obscure corner for an entire afternoon; at intervals, looped by their smile, a "friend" will join them; often they remain by themselves. It is impossible for the management to exclude commercial travellers of this sort. If their faces become too familiar, and their record too undesirable, a half-hearted attempt will be made by the head-waiter to keep them out, under the pretence that the tables are "all booked up."

What is Phyllis doing in this galley? Any modern mother knows the answer. She is being fashionable. To be seen in the cocktail colony gives one a flavor.

But, alas, there is nothing fashionable about upper George-street, and the flavor there is of slow death.

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"SOME EVANGELISTS."

By REV. W. P. NICHOLSON.

There is a disposition in these times to belittle the work and the office of the evangelist. We can understand this, so far as the modernists are concerned, because the whole appeal of the true evangelist is to the saving power of God in Christ Jesus and the Holy Spirit. His only message is the gospel. The modernist either denies or has lost faith (if he ever had any) in the gospel. He denies the necessity of being born again. His message is character, not Calvary. His appeal is not to the Holy Spirit and His work of convicting of sin, and persuading and enabling the sinner to believe in Jesus Christ as His one and only Saviour. He appeals to the will and self-respect of man, so we can understand the modernists' position and attitude to the evangelist and evangelistic work. In addition to the opposition of the modernists there is a tendency in many churches to criticise and belittle the evangelists and to ignore them in all church plans, and to encourage the pastors to carry on evangelistic campaigns without them. This is contrary to the Word of God and the historical practice of the church. The office of the pastor is highly recognised in Scripture. It is recognised as the highest office in the church. But the office of the evangelist is also distinctly recognised and magnified. Philip is specially mentioned as an evangelist. Paul in his letter to the Ephesians, in speaking of Christ's gifts to the church, says: "He gave some apostles, and some prophets, and some evangelists, and some pastors and teachers." Therefore those who belittle this office or authority or discourage those appointed by the Head of the church to it, belittle Scripture, presume much, and assume serious obligations. The office of the evangelist has been precious to the church in all ages. Many of us honor the memory of such servants of God as Whitefield, Wesley, Moody, Whittle, Chapman, etc., and others rejoice in the many evangelists still living and laboring.

The pastors have the right, singly or collectively, to arrange for evangelistic services by exchanging with one another. They also have the right to secure the services of an evangelist, who has proved himself such by special evangelistic gifts, and God has and will bless such services to the reviving of the saved and the salvation of the lost and bringing them into the membership of the church. Test any congregation and see how many were saved through the regular ministry and ordinary means of grace, and how many were saved through the ministry of the evangelist and the extraordinary means of grace. It will reveal the truth of this statement, that God blesses and uses the evangelist and evangelistic missions.

True it is, that certain men have misused the sacred office of the evangelist, as some others have misused the sacred and high office of the pastor. Such misuse should be condemned, and as far as possible

be prohibited, but that is no reason why the office itself should be discarded or discredited. But why all this opposition to the evangelist and evangelistic missions? There is surely some reason, in fact there are many. Let us mention merely one commonly used to-day. They say the evangelist denounces worldliness and sin, unbelief and apostasy in pulpit, college and pew, and in doing so uses language plain and personal, with fiery indignation and high resentment. All this is true, and if not, then the evangelist has lost his message and zeal and has become a tinkling cymbal and sounding brass.

Rabbi Wise said some time ago: "We seem to have lost every capacity for high resentment." The truth of this pungent remark must be apparent when one sees the lack of popular indignation over crimes and all manner of offences against decency and public safety, also when one sees the lack of high resentment amongst the ministers and the members of the churches over worldliness and sin and the apostasy that is abounding in pulpit and pew. The infallibility and inerrancy of the word of God is denied and the atoning death of the Lord Jesus is scoffed at. His deity denied, and yet there is little or no protest against all this on the part of the pew or pulpit. This paralysis of healthy moral resentment is apparent all along the line—in the home—in the church—in our schools and colleges—in our political institutions.

We have no warrant in Christianity for this attitude. Ours is a religion of love, but not laxity. Its most triumphant periods have been those when evil was vigorously brought to account, even in matters that seem insignificant to the best of us to-day. Righteous indignation was no negligible element in our Lord's character. When a penitent sinner came to Him, He threw the white robe of mercy round him; but when one of the hypocrites came to Him He tore the mask from them and held up their despicable characters to the scorn of the multitude. The lips that breathed the beatitudes to the sincere, withered with scorn the hypocrites and the corrupt rulers. He wept over the woes of the city, but for the hypocrites and corrupt rulers He had nothing but lightning. Our modern conception of Christ has largely omitted this element. It has made Him tame and effeminate. It is because we have lost the sense of the evil of sin, therefore such denunciation seems out of place. Gladstone said that the most striking fact in modern religious life was the decay of the sense of sin. Sir Oliver Lodge says, "The man of to-day is not worrying about his sins at all, still less about their punishment." This tendency to ignore sin is everywhere apparent. We seldom hear of its evils from the pulpit or religious literature, while Christian Science declares it to be a delusion, and evolutionists a fall-up. The denunciation of sin

and its punishment is left to the masters of the drama. We have read our Bibles with blinded eyes and waited on the pulpit that neglects one side of the gospel. The evangelists do not hesitate to tell us that Jesus's eyes flashed lightning and His lips spoke words that shook men with fear. His hatred of sin burned like a furnace. His gentleness rendered His indignation all the more terrible. The hottest denunciation comes from the gentlest souls. His anger is described as "the wrath of the lamb."

We have come to a place where the Christ of denunciation needs to be preached. Amid the hypocrisies and insincerities which permeate our modern life we too seldom hear in the pulpit the burning indignation, the splendid scorn and the fiery arraignment which distinguished the old prophets of God when they looked upon social sin and corruption in high and low places. The old indignation seems dead. Or are we too cowardly to speak our convictions? Emerson said, "The pulpit is the coward's fort." We may resent the charge, but we admit it if we keep silent when great moral interests are at stake. It is to be hoped that this wave of foolish and unguarded criticism will soon pass away and that faithful evangelists will be appreciated. We must evangelise or we will fossilise. We must preach the evangel or we will perish. Oh, for a mighty wave of evangelistic zeal and fervor all over our land and in all our churches!

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NEW SOUTH WALES PROHIBITION ALLIANCE.

Headquarters: 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.

Our Objective: The Abolition of the Liquor Traffic.

Our Weapons: Education and Legislative Action.

This Page is devoted to the activities of the Prohibition Alliance—Edited by Henry Macourt, Publicity Officer.

TASMANIAN CELEBRATIONS.

(By H. C. STITT.)

To one not previously privileged to have visited that richly endowed, beautiful and attractive State the opportunity—when also combined with celebrations worthily commemorative of the seventieth anniversary of the Tasmanian Alliance—was indeed something to anticipate with joy. I had on numerous occasions heard tourists and others remark that it was most unfortunate that the Island State was not attached to the mainland, and after my experience in tossing about on Bass Strait I readily concur in that regrettable circumstance. There being a party of eight happy representatives from the various temperance activities of Victoria added much to the enjoyment of the trip.

The first impression gained on entering the river en route to Launceston is really imposing, and as that city comes into view on the hillside its picturesqueness is most charming. We immediately entrained for Hobart, where a full complement of church services and Sunday school addresses had been arranged. Arriving twenty-four hours late considerably upset the Sunday plans, but we were in time for the evening services by hurriedly departing for our appointments. The Alliance had planned well both for educational propaganda and for the social welfare of the visitors and we were comfortably housed with friends, where every kindness was shown by the respective hosts and hostesses. The limited time for visiting the many beauty spots was fully occupied, and beyond doubt they are many and varied.

We were the guests at lunch of the Alliance, the Prohibition League, the Rechabites, and the W.C.T.U., all of whom extended a welcome such as only those organisations know how. The Mayor of Hobart extended a civic welcome, and also invited the workers and visitors to morning tea at the gardens. His Lordship the Bishop of Tasmania was a most prominent figure during the whole range of functions and meetings. He is beloved by all, and his thoughtfulness in calling a special meeting of the whole of the Hobart clergy during the celebrations at which the Hon. S. Mauger and W. F. Finlayson delivered addresses was appreciated and will result in much good.

The history of the Temperance Movement in Tasmania was presented by the veteran Mr. Kirk, and the detail which he outlined by introducing the various organisations in their order was an educational treat, and an inspiration to present-day workers. After speaking at twelve meetings of various kinds during the week, we returned to Launceston for the week-end, where five further meetings and services were arranged. Again it was hospitality and kindness in every detail, and we were "happy to meet, sorry to part, happy to meet again."

AS I SEE IT.

Tasmania presents a unique opportunity for trying out the progressive experiment of Prohibition. Her people possess all the qualities of good citizenship. Her isolation is an advantage. She has none of the problems which confront America and in fact possesses opportunities which are not so apparent on the mainland. In fact, Tasmania is the State where all possible effort should concentrate and lead the procession of Australian States into that Brighter Day which

AMONG UNIVERSITY STUDENTS

IMPORTANCE OF PROHIBITION IN RELATION TO HUMAN LIFE AND SOCIAL MORALITY.

The importance of awakening University students to an active interest in the greatest social problem of our time was emphasised at the last annual meeting of the Alliance by the Rev. A. A. Yeates, M.A. Since then the Hon. Crawford Vaughan has addressed the University students at St. Andrew's Theological College on the subject. He was excellently received. On Thursday last Mr. Vaughan addressed the students of Moore College, the Church of England's Theological Institution at the Sydney University. The lecturer said that as evidence of the awakening interest in public affairs in the great universities of the Empire, he had himself addressed the combined Conservative, Liberal and Labor Clubs at Balliol College, Oxford, on the subject of proportional representation. University students of England did not hesitate to take an active part even in political affairs. It was, it seemed to him, a special function of a theological college to give the lead to other colleges, especially as there were so many influences at work amongst students in the wrong direction. The traditions of University life had not in the past been altogether favorable to the Temperance Movement, but at the same time it was one of the privileges of University men to break away from obsolete traditional tendencies.

The ordinary worker created wealth by changing raw products into finished articles. The theological student's task in life would be to create moral and spiritual wealth out of the raw human nature of human nature through the inculcation of high ideals. On the other hand, it was the function of liquor to take the fine raw product of the Australian youth and convert a certain proportion of this promising citizenship into the finished product of drunkards, criminals, lunatics, degenerates, etc. It was an amazing fact that while there were born in N.S.W. 27,713 males in 1923 the convictions for drunkenness in the same year totalled 30,579. Allowance had to be made for a number of repeaters in these convictions; but, on the other hand, it could safely be said that not one intoxicated man in five was convicted in the Courts. In America, under the old licensing law, the average number of drunks who escaped was stated by the Police Commissioner of Detroit to be nine in every ten; whereas under Prohibition not one in every ten escaped. It was certainly appalling to think that in an enlightened country like N.S.W. for every boy born one man was convicted of drunkenness while four other drunkards escaped conviction.

In addition to the actual cost of drink involved in a man becoming so intoxicated that he was convicted, there was the serious loss of time, both of the drinker and of the

police who arrested him. It could safely be said that each conviction represented a day's loss of work, or 240,000 working hours a year. If the number of unarrested drunks were added to this, the total loss in working hours would amount in N.S.W. to at least 1,200,000 per annum. Outside of disputes in coalmines this is a greater loss of time than was incurred through industrial disputes in N.S.W. in 1923. It takes a policeman at least half-an-hour to escort a drunk to a Court, and then the policeman has to wait about for half a day in the Court while the charge is being laid. This further loss of time necessarily involves a loss of national efficiency, and adds proportionally to the cost of production. Further than that there is the after-effects of liquor, which, according to Sir George Paish, in America caused a loss of 17½ per cent. in the total volume of national efficiency of U.S.A.

A still more appalling waste was shown in the number of children in the State homes of N.S.W., totalling 10,500, who were there because of the drunkenness of one or the other of their parents. This figure represents 65 per cent. of the total number of children in the State homes, the rest being there for other causes. Liquor also added its load to the cost of upkeep of our jails, courts, hospitals, lunatic asylums and old people's homes.

Regarded in the light of a factory each liquor bar produced on the average 11 convicted drunkards per annum. If unconvicted drunkards were added the production of drunken men turned out under our licensing system averaged more than 55 per annum per liquor bar. This was what the apologists of our licensing system called regulating the liquor trade.

The relative effectiveness of Prohibition in U.S.A. and the licensing system of N.S.W. was shown by the fact that in New York, with a population of 6,000,000, there were only 9000 arrests for drunkenness, whereas in N.S.W., with a population of 2,000,000 there were 30,000 convictions for the same offence. Apart from any sentiment no student of social problems could on these figures justify the liquor traffic.

FIELD DAY APPOINTMENTS.

FRIDAY, JULY 2:

8 p.m.: Open Air, Kogarah.

Mr. H. C. Stitt and others.

SUNDAY, JULY 4:

11 a.m.: Blacktown Anglican Church.

3 p.m.: Seven Hills Anglican Church.

7.30 p.m.: Wentworthville Anglican Ch.

Mr. H. C. Stitt.

11 a.m.: Young Methodist Church.

3 p.m.: Country Appointment.

7.30: Young Methodist Church.

Rev. H. Putland.

11 a.m.: Newtown Methodist Church.

7.15 p.m.: Crow's Nest Methodist Church.

Rev. Geo. H. De Kay.

Rev. Geo. H. De Kay speaks also:

TUESDAY, JULY 6: 8 p.m., Methodist Hall, Turramurra.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 7: 8 p.m., Meeting of Women, Y.W.C.A. Rooms.

THURSDAY, JULY 8: 8 p.m., School of Arts, Hornsby.

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TO SAVE CANBERRA.

STRONG EFFORTS TO COUNTERACT INSIDIOUS LIQUOR INFLUENCES.

Canberra as a "dry" capital city would be a striking feature of the Commonwealth, indeed in the British Empire, and an example to the rest of the civilised world. This was the purpose of the framers of the ordinance which prohibits any liquor licenses within the Territory; it is the aim of the reformers of Australia to ensure its confirmation.

The N.S.W. Prohibition Alliance has protested against the decision of the Federal House Committee to recommend a bar at Parliament House, as being quite opposed to the spirit of the ordinance and likely to create an agitation for its repeal.

At the same time, should Federal members consent to allow their personal wishes to dominate their public spirit, that need not be taken as an impelling reason for opening public licensed houses throughout the area. Burke called consistency "the hobgoblin of little minds," and it often is made the excuse for actions that are reprehensible. Because politicians fail to grasp an ideal, and are content to be commonplace, is no reason why a great purpose should be abandoned by the community.

At the same time we should not assume that Canberra is to be made wet. Indeed, the Alliance does not assume so, and efforts continue to be made to influence a decision to maintain the ordinance in its entirety. Should the matter go to a vote of the House, which is likely, the liquor protecting politicians will not have it all their own way. Thousands of people throughout Australia feel so strongly upon this particular matter that politicians who lightly treat a great matter like this will find there will be a reckoning to be paid on election day.

The situation at Canberra offers an opportunity of testing the two systems of license and no-license side by side, even as is being done in New Zealand, so as to give to the general public the opportunity of judging their relative merits. There is no denying that there is a drink problem. In these days of progress and improvement the State should be grappling with it. Instead, public men are largely ignoring it newspapers are hiding it, and drink sellers continue to thrive through it.

It is time for the protection to be taken away from drink and the people allowed to deal with it.

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LIQUOR'S GUERRILLA WARFARE.

NEW DISTRICTS MENACED BY OPEN BAR.

The appeal to Quarter Sessions regarding the decision of the Newcastle Licensing Bench to grant the petition for an hotel license at Wangi Wangi on Lake Macquarie was allowed. This again illustrates a definite difference of opinion—or is it viewpoint?—as between the licensing magistrates and the more experienced judge of Quarter Sessions. There is in it also an indirect intimation to the members of the Bench that the policy which influences their decisions will have to be reviewed. Should it be in their minds that they are, in their dual capacity as Licenses Reduction Board and Licensing Bench, charged with the redistribution of licenses, the whole position would need to be very seriously considered.

The type of evidence which is being tendered in opposition to the various applications is undoubtedly an expression of the

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public mind upon the whole matter of liquor traffic. Crow's Nest furnishes a striking instance in this connection. There were leading commercial and professional men of the city, prominent educationists, medical men and representatives of hospitals, and many others, each stressing both the undesirableness and the danger of the liquor bar in their midst.

This is the usual story at the hearing of every application, sanely and consistently told. And in spite of it the liquor agents are able to succeed.

The latest applications reported to the Prohibition Alliance are at Allawah, the new suburb between Hurstville and Carlton, Ramsgate and Willoughby. The Bench is now hearing the petition for a hotel at Collaroy. Five Dock, Cronulla, Kogarah, Bondi, Matraville and Long Bay are preparing to go into the court. Thirroul and Crow's Nest are matters of appeal.

So the long fight goes on. Liquor agents everywhere, looking for places of exploitation. The public compelled to fight the attempts to spoil their districts; politicians looking on unconcerned for the most part. Public sentiment is, however, being stirred, and will yet express itself sufficiently forcefully to change the old order.

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This page is devoted to the activities of the N.S.W. Prohibition Alliance—Edited by Henry Macourt, Publicity Officer.

PROHIBITION FAIR.

The sub-committee appointed by the Alliance Executive to make the preliminary arrangements for a great Prohibition Fair in October or November has prepared a plan of campaigning. During this and next week meetings of friends in each denomination, whose interests it is desired to obtain, will be held for the purpose of having the project explained and preparations begun for providing the stalls.

Big as was the success of previous efforts, it is anticipated that this year's function will be in no sense behind them, either for financial results or for propaganda value. It is hoped, in the next two issues, to give more detailed information, including the dates of the Fair. It is intended to hold it in the Town Hall.

IN THE FIELD.

Rev. H. Putland is engaged on an extended country tour, which took him to Grenfell, and then to Canowindra and through the towns of the Central West to Harden, and on to Yass and Gunning. He has a big programme of Church services, public meetings, open air gatherings and public schools.

Mr. C. E. Still also was at Grenfell, going as far afield from there as Caragabal. He then travelled round to Temora, Wyalong and Junee on organising work.

Mr. Macourt visited Cowra and Woodstock, speaking at three services and in the open air. There was a strong sympathy expressed in the work and eagerness for information.

Mr. Albert Lane, M.L.A., was the preacher at North Sydney Methodist Church, and Mr. Evan Richards at Bellevue-street Methodist Church, Suspension Bridge.

Rev. Geo. De Kay entered upon his programme of addresses in this State at Albury on Thursday night. From thence he came on to Sydney, where a number of opportunities of hearing his story of American Prohibition are being provided.

PROHIBITION FABLES.

THE LIQUOR WOLF AND THE PROHIBITION LION.

A Liquor Wolf was polluting the stream of Law Enforcement when a Prohibition Lion, disguised in a lamb's skin, came down to the river's marge to drink. "You are polluting the water I have to drink," cried the Liquor Wolf. "How can that be," replied the disguised Prohibition Lion, "seeing that you never drink water, that you were here long before I arrived, and that you have always fouled the stream?" "That may be so," retorted the Liquor Wolf, "but if you hadn't come along no one would have noticed it. And, anyhow, I'm going to have your hide." "Try," said the Prohibition Lion, casting off his lamb's skin. With that he seized the Liquor Wolf and held its head under the water until the beast was drowned.

Moral: Never say "Die" to a Prohibition Lion.

WITHOUT A SINGLE EXCEPTION.

LIGHT WINES AND BEER NOT WANTED.

(By the REV. CHARLES SCANLON, LL.D., specially written for "The Presbyterian Messenger.")

Mr. Scanlon, the author of the article published hereunder, has been the active head of temperance work for the Presbyterian Church in the United States for over twenty years.

In commending his article to the attention of our readers, we do so with this confidence—he knows his subject.

As you have no doubt noted in the press despatches, there has just been concluded a hearing on the subject of Prohibition before a committee of our United States Senate. The writer was present and personally heard much of the testimony on both sides, and himself testified under oath in this hearing. I do not wish to trespass upon your space further than to offer testimony on a few points. In justification of this request I may say that I have been the active head of the temperance work for the Presbyterian Church in the United States of America for nearly twenty-two years, during which time my duties have called me into every State of the Union, most of them many times, and by appointment by Presidents of the United States, have four times been one of the representatives of our Government at the International Congress Against Alcoholism held respectively in London, The Hague, Milan and Lausanne (Switzerland), besides being vice-president when the Congress was held in America in 1920, and going to Europe in 1919 to arrange for the Congress in this country.

NO EVIDENCE OF ANY DEMAND.

There is no appreciable demand for light wine and beer among our people save by those who were habitual drinkers or who are selfishly interested in the liquor traffic. Those who advocate modification of our law so as to legalise the sale of such liquors not only fail to define the percentage of alcohol which would be satisfactory to them, but have no suggestions to offer as to how, where or by whom such liquors would be furnished to the public. Every place where a regular vote has been taken on this question since the adoption of Prohibition the majority against the sale of wine and beer has been larger than it was for entire Prohibition. Notwithstanding the false propaganda to the contrary, there is not the remotest probability that any change will be made in our law to permit the return of wine and beer. It has been tried in our country in the past, always with unsatisfactory results and speedy repeal. The sworn testimony of former Attorney-General Raney, of the province of Ontario, Canada, a few days ago, before our Senate Committee, supported by other equally well-informed witnesses, offered overwhelming evidence of the most conclusive character that the liquor traffic in Canada has always, as everywhere else, neither respected the laws of God or man, and that every provision of the law in the provinces of Canada where liquor is sold is grossly violated. A license to sell the lighter liquor, so called, is used as a screen for the sale of every kind of liquor.

AFTER 100 YEARS.

Prohibition in America was the result of more than 100 years of intensive and extensive study and discussion. With the facts before them the American people brought in a verdict of such overwhelming proportion that on any other subject it would have been regarded as absolutely final and conclusive. The adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment was preceded in the United States by general discussion and by more

than a generation of education in the public schools of the nation. The work of the Women's Christian Temperance Union was one of the most basic, constructive and fundamental pieces of legislation ever enacted in the United States. It taught the children the nature and effects of alcohol, showed it to be useless and harmful. When these children got to maturity they expressed their conviction directly and indirectly at the ballot box, and national Prohibition was the result.

Permit me to offer testimony for one organisation with which I am necessarily familiar, as will be understood by what has been previously said of my position. When various organisations were being invited to testify before the Senatorial Committee, it became my duty to speak for that branch of the Presbyterian Church with which I am connected, which is the largest in the United States, having 10,000 ministers, 48,000 elders, 1,600,000 Sunday school scholars, and 1,900,000 communicants. By letter and telegram I made a careful survey of our denomination which I believe is as reliable and fair an expression of opinion as could be easily secured.

PRESIDENTS WITHOUT EXCEPTION.

Of the twenty-three men who have held the position of Moderator of our General Assembly replies were received from nineteen, all of whom favored Prohibition and its continuance, and only one favored modification to permit the sale of wine and beer. The Stated Clerk is the highest permanent officer of our General Assembly. He is against modification and for rigid Prohibition. There are 345 Stated Clerks of Synods and Presbyteries in this country and abroad. Those in other lands did not have time to reply, but replies were received from about 200 in this country, every one of which favored Prohibition, and only one favored the sale of wine and beer. We have under the control of the denomination 54 colleges and universities and 13 theological seminaries in which there are more than 25,000 students in these institutions and some hundreds in our seminaries. Without a single exception, so far as heard from, the president of these institutions favored Prohibition and are opposed to wine and beer. A questionnaire was sent to 6300 active pastors, 4131 replied, and of this number only 47 favored wine and beer, while 4037 favored more rigid enforcement and 2946 specifically mentioned their opposition to wine and beer in any form.

OVERWHELMING SENTIMENT.

We have between 30 and 40 individual churches each with a membership of from 2000 to 4000, and one with 7500 communicants. Telegrams from the pastors and sessions of most of these churches forwarded to me during the hearing at our national capital authorised and requested me to express their deepest sympathy with, and approval of, Prohibition and their strong and definite opposition to wine and beer under any guise or in any form.

The facts here set forth fairly and accurately represent the overwhelming sentiment of our Church in favor of Prohibition and equally strong sentiment of the same kind obtains in most Protestant Churches in the United States. The advocacy of representatives of the Catholic Church in support of Prohibition, and of some Jewish rabbis, is as significant as it is influential.

I do not desire nor attempt to leave the impression that there is no problem on this question in our country, but I do believe

that for the legalised liquor traffic there is neither resurrection nor posterity, and that no person now living in America will ever see the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment.

The statement that the jails are taxed to the utmost is not true, according to the latest United States census report, which shows a decrease in inmates in penal institutions. Very many jails have been closed. Some of the Federal penitentiaries have more inmates, but this is due to activity in prosecuting violations not only of the Prohibition laws, but of laws against the narcotic drug and white slave traffic in which Prohibition is not concerned. While certain types of crime has been somewhat conspicuous since the war, there is a division of opinion whether there actually is an increased "crime wave." The common opinion is that a considerable factor in the prevalence of these types of crime is an inadequate development of American court methods for dealing effectively and promptly with crime. No one expected Prohibition to "bring a new heaven and a new earth" especially at once. It has brought, nevertheless, substantial health, social and economic gains recognised by all thoughtful and competent observers.

TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.

In the past we have inserted a paragraph in this paper asking if you have realised the importance of sex instruction for your children in a clean wholesome manner. The response has been to a certain extent satisfactory, but we feel we have a sacred duty to try and reach thousands of other parents for the sake of the rising generation. You can by sending 1/- in stamps or P.N. obtain an 18-page instructive Report for 1924-25 and ten more booklets to help parents, boys, girls, youths and maidens.

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FIRST QUALITY CREAM OF TARTAR BAKING POWDER

A FAMILY STOCK-TAKING. HOUSE-CLEARING DAY.

(By RICHARD ARTHUR, M.D., M.L.A.)

Once at least every year all well-regulated and well-to-do families should set apart a day for stocktaking. A Sunday will do as well as any, on the reversed principle that the better the deed the better the day.

And regarding everything in the home should be made the inquiry, Is this of any real and vital use to this family, or would we be all the better without it? There are two classes—those who are cumbered to their detriment with too many things that they do not need, and those others who suffer from the lack of money of the necessities and elementary comforts of life.

The stocktaking I propose would lead to at least a partial redistribution of these things. Many persons display a jackdaw instinct. They hoard things that have outlived their value as far as the possessors are concerned, under the delusion that in some way and on some future day these discarded and actually worthless goods may re-establish themselves in some mysterious fashion.

If one could ordain a search of the attics, store-rooms and cupboards of the mansions of Sydney, what a collection of clothing, furniture, crockery, cooking utensils, toys, books, magazines, etc., etc., could be brought to light! These have been condemned as too shabby or too worn for present use, but they are sedulously stored away by a preposterous faith that time will discover some unthought-of use for them.

Time does work its will on them by its agents—moths, silverfish mildew and mice—and after a year or two things which could have brought comfort and pleasure to other fellow-beings are only fit for the dust-heap.

Those who are so circumstanced that when they desire something new they can go at once and buy it, should make it their business to try and realise how it is with those others for whom such a course is outside their wildest dreams. There are men and women in Sydney—decent, hardworking folk—who have never purchased new clothes for themselves since their marriage; have never been able to renew any furniture or bed linen or crockery, having to devote all their thought and money to the feeding and housing of their children and themselves.

It is to be hoped that at some early date a Child Endowment scheme will solve the at present impossible problem of a decent standard of living for such families, but for

to-day's need let the better-to-do in the community come to the aid of their unfortunate fellows in this way, which calls for no sacrifice on their part, but rather a relief; as for them it stands for the getting rid of what is really rubbish to them.

Let then a day for the purging of the house be set apart, and let the father, mother and children each set out to overhaul their personal possessions and apply to all the rigorous question: Is this of any good to me? If this question cannot be answered emphatically in the affirmative out the articles under scrutiny should go.

At the end of the day it would be amazing to realise how much could be got rid of with actual gain in acquiring houseroom and lessening dusting and the incessant conflict with moths.

As to the disposal of what has been ejected that is an easy matter. Giving something of ourselves is the true charity, and so it would be well if many of the women and their daughters in the prosperous suburbs would set their faces towards the homes of the poor—hitherto unexplored worlds to them—and make themselves known to those who are condemned to live under these unlovely conditions.

They could find out exactly what was wanted in these homes, if they really wanted to, and supply the needed things, and if not able to do so, they could ransack their friends' storerooms until they got what was required. And while doing this, they might

perchance begin a friendship with the mother of a family from whom they might learn a lesson in patience and devotion to her children, and uncomplaining bravery in the face of want and worry. In such relationships the gain is not all one-sided. The rich woman may acquire something of infinitely greater value than anything she gives. It is well worth her while to strive after such treasure-trove. Anyhow, let us have the annual house-clearing, even if it were necessary for the Government to proclaim a holiday on which to hold it.

OLD CLOTHES.

PLEASE SEND THEM JUST BEFORE
THEY ARE TOO OLD.

A railway regulation says: "Left off clothing consigned to charitable institutions will be charged at quarter rate."

Now, if you address parcels, to me personally they will charge them full rates; if they are addressed to St. Barnabas' Poor Relief Department, George-street West, Sydney, and marked "Left off clothing," they will come at quarter rates.

Thank you.

ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.



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



Yes, ma'am, it do
look nice but it's
very little trouble
when you use
**PEARSON'S
SAND SOAP**

A Personal Chat with my readers

CHRISTIANS AND SMOKING.

The Rev. W. P. Nicholson has delivered a broadsider against smoking. Naturally, many good folk resent it. I feel like asking them the question addressed to Jonah, "Dost thou well to be angry?"

When I was a young man I had sport ambitions, and my trainer said, "It is going to be a tough race," and later, "It will be a hard fight," and in each case he added, "You must cut out tobacco." I was keen and wanted to win, so I did not argue—I cut it out.

Later my doctor said, when I complained of my eyes and my digestion, "You must cut out tobacco." I wanted to feel well, so I did not argue. I cut it out.

I was consequently quite prepared for a missionary years after to say "If you want to be spiritually fit, fit enough to win in a very tough scrap with evil, cut out tobacco." I did not argue. I cut it out. It seemed to me unreasonable to say "Yes" to my trainer and my doctor, and "No" to my minister. I think perhaps I was influenced by the conviction that what was physically wrong could not be morally right. Anyhow, when I first smoked I did so because it seemed so manly. Now I do not regret not doing so; it seems so effeminate. I often wonder what the man in the train thinks when he sees the cross on a clergyman's waistcoat, and looks up higher and sees the cigar in his mouth. If the cigar says he is a jolly good fellow, the cross suggests he is a rather poor follower of his sacrificing Leader.

While the skunk is a "stinking creature," he is, the last one to be conscious of it, and if he saw himself just a fur round the neck of a beautiful woman it would be difficult to convince him that he ever was a "stinking creature."

If the smoking Christian is a "stinking beast," as Mr. Nicholson asserted, he is at least no more conscious of it than the skunk, and when he is acclaimed as a "jolly good sort" who preaches a "topping" sermon, he naturally does not believe this "wild Irishman," yet it may be as true of him as of the skunk.

Many good and great men smoke, but they are not good and great because they do so. We spent £5,000,000 last year in New South Wales on "smokes." At least one-fifth of that was smoked by good, valuable, church-going men, many of whom paid more for their smokes in which they lawfully indulged than for their religion, to which they owe all they are and all they hope for in another world.

The pipe as a rival to the collection plate

is an easy winner. Mr. Nicholson, maybe of design, puts rough edges on his remarks, for his long experience has taught him how tough some of us easy-going folk are.

I may not be better than some other fellow who smokes, but I am better for not smoking.

* * *

HOW MANY DRINKS?

Motor accidents are bringing the question of even a few drinks into great prominence. Many of those responsible for the accident cheerfully acknowledge that they had enjoyed a "few drinks," a delightfully vague and elastic term, yet they stoutly deny that they were drunk.

George E. Stephenson, M.D., M.C., giving evidence at Newcastle-on-Tyne Police Court, said: "I do not consider any man who has had alcohol is fit to drive a motor car." Further pressed by the defending solicitor: "If only one glass of beer?" "Yes; he is not fit."

A feeling of exhilaration, a sense of well-being, begotten of even one drink, makes a man in a car very dangerous.

He loses his sense of danger, is more easily confused, more readily fumbles, and is not ready for a sudden emergency. The courts are justified in asking not if a driver was drunk, but if he had been drinking; that is sufficient to warrant his loss of his license. The man himself is no judge at all as to his condition when alcohol has blunted his faculties and warped his judgment. He may not be drunk in the sense in which men are convicted in the courts, but he was drunk in the sense that he was not normal and was not fully competent to control a high-powered machine needing the perfect co-ordination of all his faculties.

* * *

IT'S GOOD ENOUGH FOR ME.

We all get blue at times, and think the world is out of joint. Such moods will pass, and our opinion changes, but the old world does not change.

The world, they say, is gettin' old, an' weary as can be,

But write me down as sayin' it's good enough for me!

It's good enough, with all its grief, its pleasure and its pain,

An' there's a ray of sunshine for every drop of rain!

They stumble in the lonesome dark, they cry for light to see,

But write me down as sayin' it's light enough for me!

It's light enough to lead us on from where we faint and fall,

An' the hilltop nearest heaven wears the brightest crown of all.

GRIT

A JOURNAL OF
NATIONAL EFFICIENCY
AND PROHIBITION.

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

SYDNEY, THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1926.

They talk about the fadin' hopes, that mock the years to be,

But write me down as sayin' there's hope enough for me,

Over the old world's wallin' the sweetest music swells,

In the stormiest night I listen and hear the bells—the bells!

This world o' God's is brighter than we ever dreamed or know;

Its burdens growin' lighter an' it's love that makes it so,

An' I'm thankful that I'm livin' when love's blessedness I see,

'Neath a heaven that's forgivin' when the bells ring home to me.

* * *

John MacNeil, after preaching on "the reasons

why men are not Christians," was confronted by a young man of about twenty, who said, "I was interested in your talk, but you did not touch on my difficulties."

"Ah," said MacNeil, "what is your difficulty?" "I am an atheist," replied the young man.

"Then you have been reading Bradlaugh, Tom Paine and Ingersoll," said the preacher.

"No," replied the young man, "I have never seen their books."

"Then you have been confused by Renau, Strauss and Morrison?"

"No," replied the young man, "I have not bothered to read. I just looked round and summed things up for myself, and I came to the conclusion there was no God, so I am an atheist."

The big-hearted John looked at him in his great kindly way, and, putting his hand on his shoulder, said, "Someone ought to tell you you are not an atheist—you are an ass."

Dr. Fitchett says, very convincingly:

"The fit and only place for atheism and atheists—is an asylum for idiots; for it is difficult to imagine anything more absurd than the spectacle of a human being who cannot tell how the nails grow on his own fingers, or why his heart beats, and makes himself responsible for the tremendous affirmation, "There is no God." He must himself be omniscient—and omnipotent—must know everything that is everywhere—before he has the right to be an atheist. For if there is a fact of which he is ignorant, perhaps it may be the fact of God's existence. And if there is a place at which he is not present, perhaps God is there. But atheists exist, and somehow do not realise what anachronisms they are."

THE EDITOR.

196 TO 4.

PROHIBITION WAVES A FAIRY WAND.

(By JOE LONGTON, for "Grit.")

I learned the language of the drunken underworld in the "shank of life." I know it from pedestal to gutter, and return; you can't tell me anything about pigs—I was raised with 'em.

The Yankee "wets" are like old maids; old maids are like the doors on a Ford car—they've got to be banged a few times before they'll stay shut, and I don't mean maybe when I say that the "wets" have had an awful bangin'. The answer to the recent investigation was a 196 to 4 vote in favor of stricter law enforcement. (Still Australian newspapers tell Australians that the Americans do not desire Prohibition. 196 to 4; count the odds and you'll realise how Americans feel about the issue.) The "wets" are wondering whether they went through with the investigation, or whether the investigation went through them. It was some banging and convincing to the world that the truth Prohibition now possesses cannot be damaged by the new truth it will gain.

Every family skeleton has a funny bone, and the funny part about the Congressional decision to make life more miserable for the left-over publicans and the rest of the "Battalion of Death" is that the "wet" politicians have one-armed bartenders passing the plate around amongst the mugs that sincerely believe that John Barleycorn's life in America is not like the candle burning at both ends and which is becoming shorter.

The "wet" press "guff" falls on uninterested ears. It played its big hand when, a few months ago, it "ballyhooed" the murder of Dean O'Banion, the supposedly king of the bootleggers, who'd accumulated a large fortune, and then came out with a statement recently to the effect that all the Dean owned was 6500 dollars, of which 4000 went for funeral expenses, 2000 went for a brass-studded coffin that was heralded world-wide as a sarcophagus that would make King Tut's look like a horse trough. The other 500 dollars (£100) went towards purchasing one hundred quid's worth of requiem mass for the repose of the Dean's soul, which had vamoosed from a body that had been plugged so full of holes that it resembled an embroidered bedspread.

Since I covered this territory last I notice the following changes in the industrial world caused by Prohibition:

The Diebolt Brewery in Cleveland, Ohio, is the city ice plant and food storage, as is the Reno Brewery in Youngstown.

In Pennsylvania the Grand Bar in Beaver Falls is the Grand Auto Tyre Co. In Rochester the Lincoln Bar is the R. C. Clausen Jewellery Co., and the National Pipes Products Co. has rented part of the Rochester Brewery. In Ambridge the Ambridge Brewery is the Heinz tomato sauce and pickle factory, the Ambridge bottling works is the German Beneficial Union; the Washington Brewery in Washington is being remodelled for a creamery.

In Wheeling, West Virginia, the breweries and distilleries are food storage plants and factories.

In Ohio the Zanesville Brewery is a food storage plant full of butter and beef; the Cambridge Brewery is a ginger beer and ice plant; the Newark "Canhouse" Brewery's bricks are now converted into workmen's homes; the Steubenville Brewery is a creamery; the Bellaire Distillery is an ice plant; the Martin-Parry Auto Body Corporation and the Parry Candy Co. have taken over the Franklin Brewery at 555 Cleveland Avenue, Columbus, Ohio; and over at Springfield the Red Head Brewery have

a new 20 by 30 feet sign saying that a famous brand of bread and meat is sold in the building; in Westerville (the home of the Anti-Saloon League) Norris and Son, the haberdashers, are in the saloon of the Blenden Hotel; in Dayton the Dayton Brewery is now the huge factory and salesrooms of the L. E. Mudd Furniture and Upholstery Co.; while the Adam Schantz Brewery has been ripped down for the Dayton View park and gardens. In Middletown the Sebald Brewery has been torn down, and the Sebald building, a seven story office building and bank, has gone up. Across the street Barry's saloon is a "trade-in store," where people trade old furniture for new.

In Indiana I saw where the Muncie Brewery is now the Muncie Set-screw and Cap Co. (the largest business in Muncie). In Indianapolis the Eli Lilly Pill factory (a new addition) has gone into the Indianapolis Brewery's malt house, and the Citizens' Brewery is now the Polk Milk Co., supplying the entire city of Indianapolis (a city of 400,000) with milk and cream.

I found 25 inmates in the Madison County Poor House that harbored 200 in "wet" days, and in the Delaware County and Randolph County Poor Houses I found 31 and 14 inmates respectively. In "wet" days they also had 200 apiece. The Richmond Brewing Co. is a junk yard. The Brazil Brewery is now padlocked, but Brazil, a brick city, is enjoying prosperity, as it specialises in school bricks, and as so many schools are going up since Prohibition, Brazil has an enormous pay roll for the Brazilian merchants on pay day. (They didn't get that when the saloons were open.) The Vigo Battery Co. and the McCray Ice Box Co. are in old "rat holes" (saloons) in Terre Haute.

In Illinois (thanks to the "drys" and Prohibition which brought back horseracing) the new fifty-million-dollar (£10,000,000) racecourse and stands at Fairmount, East St. Louis, is near completion. The betting stand alone is the most gorgeous I ever saw. The Highway and Monarch restaurants are in "rat holes" in Effingham, as is the Highway eating house in Vandalia.

In Missouri I noticed where the National Brewery has tired of waiting for John Barleycorn to show up (and is for sale) in St. Louis, and that in the same city the saloon at Jefferson and Choteau Avenues is a moving picture parlor, and the old saloon at 4353 Manchester Avenue is a gigantic grocery store. In Washington, Missouri, the brewery makes lemonade, and the largest saloon is now a corn cob pipe factory. In Jefferson City Kolster's bar is a restaurant; the Europa and the Pacific restaurants are old "rat holes" in Sedalia.

In Leavenworth jail, Kansas, an investigation, which will treat priests who commit crime the same as other criminals, is stirring the nation. Father Grace, the bootlegging priest of Denver, Colorado, who tried to mix rum and the rosary, found—like the drunken auto driver in the next cell, who mixed moonshine and gasoline—that it can't be did.

Father's doing the "lock-step" with the rest of the boys in the pen' family, and like the whole family that slept in the same bed and turned when Father said turn, Father Grace turns when the "screw" (warder) in charge says turn—"Right about face."

In St. Louis I saw the greatest wrestling match for the world's championship that was ever staged. It lasted five hours. "American" Joe Stecher and "Polish-Russian" John Pesek were the principals.

John trained, as usual, on home brew;

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Joe gets his beverages from the dairy and "iron cow" (pump). They wrestled until 4 a.m. the following morning, when Joe picked Johnski upski and threw him out of the ringski on his headski. Doctor Murphyski said that Johnski had a broken skullski, and the referee gave the match to "Joe, the Prohibition champion."

Meanwhile, Johnski, getting upski, begun to discharge his cargo of home brewski, and the inquisitive fans that gathered around him began to make a hot "get away," remarking, "Phewski! What an awful smellski."

Australia, how much longer are you going to permit the cancerous growth of the liquor interests to eat into the vitals of the greatest country in the world, populated by the greatest people in the world?

We have been shipping our genius abroad as fast as we produce it. We like to show off. We are proud of our accomplishments, so much so, that as soon as we develop a champion human or animal life we send it abroad, where 80 per cent. of it remains. We bleed ourselves.

An Australian becomes a victim to wanderlust faster than any other race, and in interviews I've had with employers of my countrymen, whom I've asked, "What did you think of him?" I always elicited the reply: "He was the best man I ever had; but I couldn't hold him!"

Unfortunately, those that come here usually become "whitewashed" (naturalised). Uncle Sam would rather see an Australian remain an Australian, because the majority of to-day foreigners become naturalised for the dollar, and do not obey the laws. Sam says, "If they'll forfeit allegiance to their country for my dollar, what would they do to me for their 'quids,' francs and liros?"

The immigration bars of America are up to the millions that wish to get in. America is worth-while. It is 90 per cent. free from the cancer (alcohol), and its other 10 per cent. is fast being torn out by the roots.

(Continued on next page.)

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351-359 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

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196 to 4—

Make Australia worth-while. Tear out its cancerous liquor growth and divert the money from the direction of the thieves of humanity's time, virtue, strength, decency, happiness, comfort and respect, the belly and back robbers that, since the first glass of grog, took the first nourishment from the nipple of the babe's mother and the first garment from its little back, and send the nation's wealth after prosperity.

The pound spent across the counters of legitimate enterprise keeps on rolling, and the purchaser receives something in return. The pound spent that way is a pound earned, and it increases his earnings and country's value 100 per cent.

The pound spent across the bar ends in excreta and a "quid" for John Barleycorn, with absolutely no reimbursement. The booze purchaser's pound is a pound wasted, and his earning power and all else pertaining to his life and country is decreased less than 100 per cent.

Australia! Watch America grow! Lean over our boundary line and take cognisance of this nation which is the cynosure of the world's eyes. But don't be like the old-style farmer that spent his time leaning and knocking over his progressive neighbor's fence while the weeds were crowding him out.

Ninety per cent. of those who condemn Prohibition are for it just the same. There's an amount of discontent in everybody's make-up, and the privilege to grumble is one of the world's greatest pleasures.

America's amazing prosperity is so extraordinary that Prohibition seems to be the best bone of a grouch's contention, and if it could in any way be possible to repeal, or even modify, the Eighteenth Amendment (Prohibition law), now that it is constitutional, you will get an idea as to what the lopsided vote would be when you are informed that out of nearly five hundred voters in Congress, Senate and House of Representatives, the "wets" could only dig up four during the Congressional election last week to put five more sets of teeth in the Prohibition laws.

Besides writing for several Australian sporting newspapers, few people remember me as being at one time (or two or three times) Jim Hackett's jockey, and a boy who, in youth, attended nearly all the race meetings that it was possible to reach. At several of them I managed to get out of town a few jumps ahead of the police force. But we'll not dwell upon that in this article.

As many who know me say, "It doesn't seem possible that Joe Longton sponsors Prohibition," I become reminded of Patrick Mulcahy (now deceased).

Mulcahy lived much of his time in jail. When he wasn't in jail the people wished he was. When he was in jail they hoped he'd remain there. He was a loafer that would not work. When he could get drunk, he got drunk, and looked for fight. When he couldn't land a fight he'd go home and beat

up Mrs. Mulcahy, who done family washing to support the home and Katie, the little daughter.

At last Mulcahy died. At the funeral ceremony the parish priest, looking at times on the face of Mulcahy in the coffin, said to the mourners seated in the parish church:

"The world has lost a noble character and a useful man who was about to make history. He was a friend of the church and the people. He was loved by old and young. He was a friend to the poor and a constant contributor to the church. He died in the prime of life." Looking into the face in the coffin he continued: "He was a peaceful, law-abiding, honest, hard-working man and a familiar and welcome figure in the homes of us all, and his erect, manly walk was a topic of conversation, as he light-heartedly and smilingly walked the thoroughfare and made people happy with his song and laughter. The world has lost a brilliant man, a sober and industrious person, a kind, loving father and a devoted and loving and tender and peaceful husband." (At this juncture Mrs. Mulcahy, who was seated nearby at the side of her daughter, leaned over and whispered in Katie's ear, "Katie, dear, just walk around behind Father Mulligan and look in the coffin and see if it's your dear father he's talking about.")

Yes, this is the same Joe Longton in the flesh, but probably a victim of progress and the finer qualities intact in the frames of all mankind. It's the same Joe Longton that learnt to write his A.B.C. on a rock near the old Tambaroora Creek with a hunk of charcoal. The same Joe Longton that has lived nearly 25 years in America and been honored by His Majesty our gracious King George.

When a Prohibitionist is introduced people visualise a lean, lank, sober, sad-faced fellow needing a shave, attired in a clawhammer coat and a pair of pants reaching just below the knees. His elastic-side boots, white socks, stove-pipe hat, decorated with crepe, and Bible complete the vision. "Snowy" Baker is a Prohibitionist, yet the world loves and welcomes "Snowy." You could not describe him as the above-mentioned.

"Snowy" Baker is the most popular man in the world to-day. His popularity is not local, it is universal. He is the greatest all-round man that ever lived. And men of the Baker type are not made, they're born.

"Snowy" is a superman. He's a diamond without a flaw. And Australia is "Snowy's" monument. He is much more popular in America than Australia, and Hollywood burns incense before "Snowy." They've no actors with the wonderful versatility of "Snowy" Baker anywhere. He is a polished, refined, courageous gentleman. America's clubs, homes and highways welcome this extraordinary popular movie hero and man-about-town, and there's none of his countrymen any prouder of the honor he has brought our race than I am.

I have always contended that if gambling is to be stopped the reformers should

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begin in the dens of vice and the stock exchange, instead of the great Australian institution—the racecourse. If it is the ruling of the majority to eliminate betting at the tracks, I would abide by the law. But I've a wholesome respect for our legitimate bookmakers, of which Australia can boast of some splendid characters, and men who have furthered (and not retarded) the growth of Australia.

While I believe in Prohibition, I most emphatically believe in the integrity of a good, clean bookmaker's profession, and I would fight as staunchly for his protection as I would the banishment of the bar-room and the liquor interests.

Successful, shrewd financiers of the racing world cannot survive as soaks, and no one loathes the presence of a "lush" around his betting bag any more than a leviathan.

The health of Australia is menaced by the "Battalion of Death" (the liquor interests). The country is too great, the people are too precious, the sport is too clean, and the opportunities that knock at our doors are too numerous for my pen to remain idle while I see our fields of sport and endeavor headed for the abyss to which liquor interests drove America's, and from which "a Prohibition era" is extracting horse racing and boxing, and teaching it to walk all over again.

It will be the sports and boozers, and not the churches alone, that will sour at the pugnacity of the liquor horde and drive it out. Press lies told at the command of the "Battalion of Death" become nauseous to those with the intelligence of an ordinary individual. When I say "Battalion of Death" I mean a "battalion" that means "death" to personal liberty, business, sport, the home and its happiness and its inmates, from the father and mother down to the babe in the cradle; and salvation for one body only—the "Battalion of Death," whose slogan is: "First comes me, then me again, then after that first comes me again."

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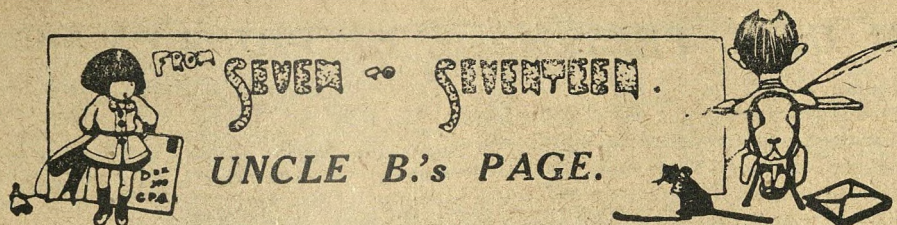
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Address all letters to Uncle B, Box 390F G.P.O., Sydney.

The Value of What Others Throw Away.

An English paper called the "Daily News" has had a highly qualified man investigating the German mining industry. He reports some most important developments, including the use of coal dust, formerly wasted, for the production of smokeless fuels, fine tar, and high-quality gas. Tar is distilled into fine motor spirit and heavy engine oil. Good profits are being made. There is an old saying that "Where one man fattens another will starve."

Fortunes have been made from what other folk have thrown away.

"Oh, that's no good," was said of old rags, but the finest and most beautiful paper is made from it.

On the goldfields great mounds of sand and crushed stone from which the free gold had been taken were not only useless but a problem to get rid of.

The cyanide process extracted a fortune from it.

While it is true that "all that glitters is not gold," it is also true that all that is ugly waste may only be waiting for the touch of genius to make it priceless.

I was in a factory this week where they handle profitably the waste cut-off pieces of tin thrown away by those who make tobacco tins, jam tins, etc.

Have a close look at what others throw away—there may be a fortune in it.

UNCLE B.

OUR LETTER BAG.

A NEW NI.

Audrey White, "Granville," Ercildoune-street, Cessnock, writes: Will you have me for one of your Ni's? I should like to become one. I'll try and not be on scallywag list. Dad gets "Grit" every week. I live in Cessnock. Have you ever been to Cessnock, Uncle? You might have another Ni soon from England. It is my cousin. I have two brothers; one of them is writing to you. I am ten years old; my birthday is on July 31. I go to the Public School in Cessnock and I am in 5B class. My teacher's name is Miss Maxted. Well, I must stop now; it is time to go to bed.

(Dear Audrey,—I am glad to have you join

my big family, and hope your cousin will join later on. It is a very long time since I have been at Cessnock, and I expect it has grown a lot since then. I wonder if you were born there.—Uncle B.)

A NEW NE.

Billy White, "Granville," Ercildoune-street, Cessnock, writes: Will you have me for one of your Ne's? I am in 3B class at the Public School. I am very glad that mother said I may join your family if you will let me. I enjoy reading the letters in "Grit" every week. I was eight on April 4. I shall look forward to seeing my letter in "Grit" soon.

(Dear Billy,—Welcome to my big family. Will you tell us something about Cessnock when you write next time? What do you think is the nicest thing about it?—Uncle B.)

A NEW NE.

Harold Goodwin, Irondale, via Piper's Flat, writes: I have not written before, but I would like to become a Ne. We have no Sunday schools here, but Mr. Hughes said he will try to get one made. I am eleven, and will be twelve on July 13. We used to live at Bathurst. There is a nice park there. I am in sixth class. Mr. Hughes comes out and gives us Scripture every second Tuesday. My teacher's name is Mr. Spargo; he is a nice teacher. There is only one school-room here. Eighteen children attend school here. As I have nothing else to tell you, and hoping "Grit" succeeds in every way.

(Dear Harold,—Welcome for your own sake, doubly welcome as a friend of Mr. Hughes. I wonder if you can tell us how the town you live in got its name?—Uncle B.)

A GOOD MOTTO.

Norman Paine, Penrose, writes: I saw my letter in "Grit" and I am very glad that you have accepted me as one of your Ne's. I hope I will be a worthy one, and will also be a sticker, as you say, and not get on the scallywag list. On Sunday, May 30, at the Methodist Church the preacher was Mr. Holiday, from the N.S.W. Alliance, and we liked his address very much. Dad is planting out a lot of strawberry plants, and as we have three cows, if you care to come along this way in the strawberry season we will give you as much strawberries and cream as you can eat. How would you like this motto hanging in your office, Uncle: "I can't does nothing; I'll try' does something; I will' works miracles." Mr. Collins gave an address on it to the children at the Methodist Church. We printed one and have it hanging on the wall.

(Dear Norman,—Thank you for passing

on that splendid motto. When you say "I will," say it with a snap and close your teeth and stick your chin out. Practise doing this; the will is like our muscles, it grows if we use it.—Uncle B.)

GARDENING.

Neville Towner, Mallanganee, writes: Please cross my name off the scallywag list and I will try and write regularly. I have been digging in the garden to-day; I am going to set some peas on Monday. My brother Ashley also got some ground ready and he is putting in lettuce and strawberries. He is nearly thirteen, and can get his dug best; I am only nine. We each have a flower garden at school, and mine had a lot of flowers in it last summer, and Ashley had some nice pansies in his. I have more sown and hope it will be nice again. For Empire Day we had a picnic on the edge of the bush, and we boys had a tree felling competition and the girls fire lighting; it was very exciting. After dinner the girls built a big cubby house and the boys made a fort. We go there to play bobbies and bushies on Saturday afternoon. We had our Sunday school anniversary two weeks ago. There are 48 on the roll, and every one of us got a book; mine was "Swiss Family Robinson." I have read half way through it and like it very much. I like reading books. We have a nice library at our school; we also get a box of books from the free public lending library; there is always great excitement when that is opened. We went to Bonalbo Show last week; that is 17 miles from here. Ashley and I liked the horse events, and wished we could have horses and ponies like them, but as Dad is a school teacher, we can't. I am learning to play tennis this season. The school children have the use of the public courts every Friday afternoon.

(Dear Neville,—I am glad you like a garden. I hope you will have both flowers and vegetables in yours. Nothing repays one's care like a garden; it is full of lessons, of pleasure and of good health.—Uncle B.)

I PROMISE YOU.

Eric —, 36 Mortlake-street, Concord East, writes: I hope I am not on the scallywag list. If I am please cross me off. I am in sixth class at school. My teacher's name is Mrs. Fry. I am sitting for the Q.C. this year. I was very pleased to see my letter in "Grit." Sorry I have kept you waiting so long for another one; but, Uncle, do forgive me. I promise you I won't be so slow next time. I attend the Baptist Church, Burwood, and go to Christian Endeavor every Sunday morning. We have to write a letter to one of the members about the topic. It is very interesting. This week is about the Prodigal Son.

(Dear Eric,—I accept your promise, and I am sure you will keep it. We should be slow to make promises and very, very much slower to break them. Never forget the Great War and most of the little ones started round a broken promise.—Uncle B.)

STRIKING FACTS FROM U.S.A. PRESS.

BOOTLEGGING OLD NEW YORK ISSUE.

(Continued from last issue).

WORRIED AUTHORITIES TWO CENTURIES AGO, HISTORIAN OF DAY DISCLOSES.

New York, February 27.—“The profits in the illicit liquor business are so great that men who might be earning a decent living otherwise are tempted into this nefarious traffic in brandy and rum, and what is still worse, the example of so much drinking everywhere about the city is corrupting our public servants and our youth in a pernicious way.”

This statement made in an address yesterday by Dr. Donald B. Armstrong, of the Metropolitan Insurance Company, before the historical section of the New York Academy of Medicine, was not a reflection on modern bootlegging conditions. It was a summary of the laments of the burgomasters of the ancient city of New Amsterdam, the New York City of 250 years ago, concerning the bootlegging of that period.

Armstrong quoted from edicts of the time showing that the attention of the authorities was as much taken up then as it is now with attempts to stamp out illicit liquor dealing.

“Decent taverns,” states one edict, “which honestly pay their taxes and excises are seriously injured in their legitimate business by the ‘underground groggeries.’”

In a later edict quoted by Armstrong, the city fathers lamented the fact that nearly one-fourth of New Amsterdam was given over to the legitimate and illegitimate liquor traffic.

“This sort of business and the profit easily accruing therefrom lead many from their original occupations,” it complained, “to resort to tavern keeping so that nearly the fourth of the city of New Amsterdam consists of brandy shops, tobacco and beer houses by the multitude whereof the common people and the city’s servants are seriously debauched, and what is worse, the youth, seeing and following, are drawn from the paths of virtue and into all sorts of irregularities. Hence also proceed cheating and smuggling and frauds and clandestine sale of beer and brandy to the Indians and natives as daily experience, God help us, shows, from which nothing but new difficulties between us and them ought to be apprehended.”

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO TO-DAY.

Chicago.—In the basements of decrepit frame buildings scattered throughout the Italian quarter of the west side detectives

discovered casks containing 60,000 gallons of wine, pressed and fermented in murky cellars of the quarter. This wine, detectives say, is sold without having been inspected, and no tax, Federal or city, is paid on it.

A BOOZE PARTY.

By WALT MASON, the Poet Philosopher.
Six men gathered in a shack on a chill midwinter night, and the host, whose name was Jack, said, “Let hearts be gay and light; for though drinking is a sin, I have here a jug of gin that was lately smuggled in by a brisk rum-running wight. It’s the kind we used to drink in the happy days of old, ere that meddling Volstead gink knocked the vodka traffic cold; in the old way it’s distilled in a land where men are skilled, with no poison is it filled, it is good as liquid gold. Let us then our beakers quaff in the old glad-hearted way, let us frolic, let us laugh, as upon an elder day; drink confusion to the guys who have banished beers and ryes, slake the thirst that never dies, slake it till the break of day.” When the break of day was come, there was silence in the shack, and the revellers were dumb, each one lying on his back; for the pure imported booze knocked them deadlier than the guns that old Adam used to use when some burdens he would pack. Only one was drawing breath and he told the dismal tale, ere he sunk to dreamless death, pickled in illicit ale; then the crowner came in state to decide upon the fate of the men whose thirst so great took them from this joyous vale. And the crowner said, “By gum, it seems passing strange to me that men drink the poisoned rum, thinking it from poison free; that the labels are all fakes, that it’s deadlier than snakes, causing funerals and wakes, all the analysts agree. There is now no harmless booze in the whole United States; there is death in all the brews sold by law-defying skates; yet men with a trust absurd take the bootleg merchant’s word that his wares won’t kill a bird, and for them the grave awaits.”

Minnesota County Jail has Fewest Prisoners in Ten Years.

Fewer men are in the Hennepin county (Minnesota) jail now than at any similar period in the last ten years, according to a recent statement of the county attorney. There are but four prisoners in the jail, two sentenced and ready to be sent out, and two sentenced but held as witnesses for other trials.

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“GRIT” SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Received to 25th June, and where not mentioned the amount received is 11s: Mrs. Garnett, 30/6/27; A. S. Mowbray, 2/6/27; W. Harvey, 10s., 30/12/25; Frank Gerguson, 20/5/27.

The following are paid to 30/12/26: Rev. E. Thomas F. T. Page (5/6), Mrs. Wiseman, W. Palmer.

“NIAGARA OF SIN.”

MR. SCRYMGEOUR ON LIQUOR TRAFFIC

Mr. Edwin Scrymgeour, M.P., addressing a meeting of the Leith Market Hall Mission, said that, unfortunately, many of those who were identified with Christian life, when it came to practical application, took up the position that they must of necessity walk in a crooked, irregular fashion if they were going to meet the requirements of the people. If they said the liquor traffic was a great national evil which was pouring out its Niagara of sin in all parts of the country and in all sections of the human family—and they did say so—why did they not act accordingly? When a man or woman came to ask for their votes, did they ask if the candidate stood for the advancement of Christ’s Kingdom? They did not. Political parties did not accept that as a practical proposition, because the people did not ask it in politics. The very forces which were understood to be equipped for and to be carrying forward the conflict against the powers of evil were becoming weaker, thinner, less inclined to stand for truth, flabby in their attitude, and very flexible in their convictions. They were not challenging the breweries and distilleries because of political expediency.—“The Scotsman.”

GIVING THE EXAMPLE.

The Australian paper, “The Age,” says: “Father Kerin, administrator of St. Patrick’s Cathedral of Ballarat, in speaking of his world tour, said: ‘I have made inquiries in all quarters in America, and I hardly met a solitary person who had a good word to say for Prohibition. When at Nice, France, I attended races on two Sunday afternoons. If races were held here on Sunday, I would attend them too, and I do not mind who knows it.’”

Should Father Kerin again visit America, “The Father Mathew Man” offers to be his guide, keep him away from bootleggers and race-track gamblers, and show him that 19/20th of the American people are practical Prohibitionists.—From the “Father Mathew Man,” an American Roman Catholic Temperance paper.

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Tons of cartridges, bombs, grenades and the like have been found in a stable in Dublin. So this is Ireland's stable government!

The world is getting better. The people sent to jail are a much higher class than formerly.

Women who went in bathing used to dress like Mother Hubbard. Now they dress more like Mother Hubbard's cupboard.

INSULT REPELLED.

"How many calories in this soup?"

"Boss, there ain't none. This am a clean place to eat."

EMULATION.

Rastus: "Ah done hear yo' stayed in de haunted house last night. What happened?"

Sambo: "'Bout 2 o'clock Ah woke up an' a ghost come frew de side wall jes' as if de wall wasn't dere."

Rastus: "An, what did you do?"

Sambo: "Boy, Ah went frew de other side wall de same way."

The wet is hard to please. His objections to Prohibition increase either with widening success in the enforcement or with widening failure.

YES, EGGS ALSO.

Old friends, old books, old wine are best, but we cannot say very much for old tyres. —Ohio "State Journal."

That goes, too, for old eggs.

BOTH TALENTED.

"Well, my little man," said the artist, patting the head of his host's son, "you have been gazing at me all through dinner and I feel greatly flattered. Would you like to have me tell you a story?"

"Not that, mister," answered the youth. "But mamma said you had a receding chin. Won't you do it for me just once? And then I'll show you how I can wiggle my ears."

MORE BLESSED TO GIVE.

Charity: "Will you donate something to the Old Ladies' Home?"

Generosity: "With pleasure. Help yourself to my mother-in-law."

BACKFIRED, PROBABLY.

"I had a drink of moonshine last night."

"How was it?"

"Well, I got about the same results as if I had kissed the spark plug while the motor is running."

SHE DIDN'T QUITE FOLLOW HER.

Lady (engaging servant): "Of course, I allow no followers."

Servant: "I'm glad to hear it, ma'am. You being a married lady, it wouldn't be right for you to act that way."

THE START OF IT.

First Sister: "I'm going to sell kisses at the charity ball to-night. Do you think ten cents apiece is too much to charge for them?"

Second Sister: "No. I guess not. People expect to get cheated at these charity affairs."

IT'S CATCHING, TOO.

Bo: "My father has a very bad habit."

Zo: "Drink?"

Bo: "No, he keeps forgetting things."

Zo: "Zat so?"

Bo: "Yes. Goes looking for work every morning, and forgets what he's looking for."

ECONOMY.

"Mistah, you'se got any heavier washboards?" inquired the colored man of the hardware dealer.

"No, those are the heaviest on the market. Why?"

"Well, my wife done broke free over my haid a 'ready when she git mad and I jes can't stand no sich fool expense. I wants one made o' plank what she can't break nex' time."

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DAILY INSPIRATION.

(By FAIRELIE THORNTON.)

SUNDAY.

"I hate vain thought, but Thy law do I love."—Ps., 119, 113.

Don't think it does not matter what your idle thoughts are like. It DOES matter, for on them your whole future, and possibly that of others, depends. I suppose no woman without some desire to influence those she loves, reads this page. Her power depends on the use of her idle time. She will become the embodiment of those leisure thoughts. What her brain turns to instinctively is her real self. And remember that these thoughts are not only heard in heaven, but when they become habitual they can be read on earth. The real self shines through all people do or say. As the years pass it is even written on their faces plainly for all to see.

If any of you want to exercise a good influence over those you love, pray God to make your heart a place where angels sing, to take your wandering thoughts and hallow them, to help you to drive out the evil within, but to flood your souls with good. Then when the time comes for your own particular bit of work to be done, you will be ready with a clear head and a willing heart to spend and be spent in His service, who knows well what you are making of the mind God gave you.—"Woman's World."

MONDAY.

"The Lord shall fight for you, and ye shall hold your peace."—Ex., 14, 14.

Come, Lord, and fight the battle, my hands are tired and faint,
I have no strength to struggle, consider my complaint.

One of Thy weakest soldiers is weary on the field,

Yet Thine is all the victory, Thy love is all my shield.

'Tis not that I am weary of service done for Thee;

'Tis not that I would alter Thy loving will for me.

Sweet is the vineyard labor, through all the toil and heat,

And sweet the lonely night-watch safe resting at Thy feet.

Yet, Lord, there is warfare no eye but Thine can see.

Oh, hear my cry for succor, come Thou and fight for me.

The self I cannot conquer, the will that still is mine,

Oh, take them both, Lord Jesus, and make them one with Thine.

Take them! I cannot yield them. I am not what I seemed.

I have no power, Lord Jesus, to do what once I dreamed.

The yearning of the earth-life is stronger than my strength.

When may the spell be broken and freedom come at length?

Like dew on drooping blossoms, like breath from holy place,

Laden with health and healing, come Thy deep words of grace:

"Thy strength is all in leaning on One who fights for Thee,

Thine is the helpless clinging, and Mine the victory."

—Hetty Bowman.

TUESDAY.

"Whosoever of you will be the chiefest, shall be servant of all."—Mark, 10, 44.

The old strife of "Who shall be greatest?" begun so long ago, is still going on, and is the cause of great crime and misery. There are not many mighty ones. The men who are called to great work are few. The world is made up of very ordinary people, and most of the work to be done is of an ordinary kind, which, although very necessary, attracts very little attention. A wheat field is far less conspicuous than a bit of ground gorgeous with flowers, yet of how much more value is the wheat! Since, then, there is but little extraordinary work to be done, and few are chosen to sit in high places, would it not be well to have the young taught to think the place they occupy is of less importance than the manner in which they occupy it? Unless this consuming desire to be constantly before the public is checked need we wonder, if in order to make a show in the world, money is gotten dishonestly, and forgeries are committed? Need we marvel to see brother putting down brother, that he himself may rise? We cry out against the times, but we venture to predict the future will be no improvement on the present, unless the children of the land are educated to respect the laws of God and man, and to believe that to be good is better than to be great.—Household.

WEDNESDAY.

"There are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit."—1 Cor., 12, 6.

When my weary hands are folded on my faintly throbbing breast,

And my soul has spread her pinions for the city of the blest,

'Twill be sweet to hear the loved ones sing some dear familiar song,

As I rise to join the chorus of the blood-washed holy throng.

But a greater joy 'twill give me if some toiling one can say

I have helped to bear his burdens and have cheered him on his way.

Oh, I'll praise His name for ever who hath died to ransom me,

And hath chosen me a sharer in His blessed work to be.

And if one poor weary wanderer has been guided home by me,

'Twill be grandest, noblest monument throughout all eternity,

And to Him shall be the glory to whom all the praise is due

For the love that hath redeemed me and hath made my heaven too.

—F. W. Gray.

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THURSDAY.

"Awake thou that sleepest and arise from the dead and Christ shall give thee light."—Eph., 5, 14.

"I know thy works, that thou hast a name that thou livest and art dead. Be watchful and strengthen the things that remain, that are ready to die; for I have not found thy works perfect before God."—Rev., 3, 2.

The symptoms of spiritual decline are like those which attend the decay of bodily health. It generally commences with loss of appetite, and a disrelish for spiritual food, prayer, reading the Scriptures, and devotional books. Whenever you perceive these symptoms, be alarmed, for your spiritual health is in danger; apply immediately to the Great Physician for a cure.—Dr. Payson.

FRIDAY.

"To-day if ye will hear His voice harden not your hearts."

What is your life that you should trust in it? Is it not even a vapor that speedily passeth away? What security have you that heaven will warn you beforehand, or that heaven will help you to repentance whenever you please? Will the resolution of your mind gather strength as your other faculties of mind and body decay? Will sin grow weaker by being awhile indulged in? Or God grow more friendly by being awhile longer spurned? I pray you, beware of the thief of Time—procrastination. This day is as convenient as to-morrow; this day is yours, to-morrow is not. This day is a day of mercy, to-morrow may be a day of doom.—E. Irving.

SATURDAY.

"Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian."

So near the door—and the door stood wide! Close to the port—but not inside!

Near to the fold—yet not within!

Almost resolved to give up sin!

Almost persuaded to count the cost!

Almost a Christian—and yet lost!

Saviour, I come, I cry unto Thee!

Oh, let not these words be true of me!

I want to come to a point to-day;

O suffer me not to turn away!

Give me no rest till my soul shall be

Within the refuge—safe in Thee.

—Selected.

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THE TRAIL OF THE SERPENT.

FINED £3.

"COULDN'T CATCH UP AT 50 P.H."
PUBLICAN'S CAR.

Charged with dangerous driving in Pitt-water-road, Deewhy, on May 2, Arthur James Costin, keeper of the Markets Hotel, Haymarket, was fined £3 at the Manly Police Court.

Traffic Constable Hamer stated that Costin was driving his car at an excessive speed, and other cars were forced off the road to avoid a collision. He tried to overtake him on a motor cycle, and although his speedometer registered 50 miles an hour, he failed to do so.

Roy Lawrence Bacon, for the police, stated that Costin's car just missed the car he was driving by inches.

Alfred Henry Solomon, a passenger in Bacon's car, said he saw a man in Costin's car put his fingers to his nose, while a lady sitting with Costin turned round and laughed.

Costin denied that he was doing more than 38 miles an hour, and said he was never closer than a foot to any car that he passed.

"DIRTY DOZEN?"

HOUSE PARTY ATTACKED.
WARRANTS OUT.

Melbourne.

Warrants have been issued for the arrest of four men alleged to have been members of a mob that burst into a house in South Yarra on Saturday night and assaulted the host and guests at a party with pickets, bricks and bottles.

Henry Penny, at whose home in Brown-ing-street the party was held, said the wound in his head, which necessitated several stitches, was caused by a blow from a full bottle of beer wielded by one of the intruders, and not by a brick, as had been reported.

Mrs. Penny had her shoulder bruised by a picket.

Penny said that earlier in the evening he had ejected three rowdy, uninvited guests. Shortly before midnight the lights in the house were deliberately fused, and the mob then rushed into the place.

The male members of the party attempted to repel the attack, but were outnumbered, and all were roughly handled.

While Penny was being taken home from hospital, after his head wound had been stitched, the mob attacked again, and one of his friends was knocked down and kicked.

Members of a push locally known as the "dirty dozen" are thought to have been among the mob.

SLY-GROG SELLING.

WOMAN'S FIFTH OFFENCE.

Charged with selling liquor without a license, Rose Marlon, aged 37 years, of 246 Palmer-street, city, appeared before Mr. Laidlaw, S.M., at the Central Police Court.

Sergeant Duffell said that he saw defen-

THREE QUERIES.

1. When the Labor Government altered the Fair Rents Act, made it more drastic, applied it to shops and generally rubbed pepper and salt into the landlord's wounds, why, why did it specially provide that none of this indulgent legislation should apply to hotels or even wine shops? No reduction of rent for them—they are consigned to the pit of private greed, to be gnawed by brewery worms. Giggle, all other tenants!

2. Why is a baker fined for selling bread on a Saturday afternoon, and a publican or wine-vendor expressly empowered to so sell? This is where the money power gives several hearty laughs.

3. After 6 p.m., being on a journey and an-hungered, I knock up a grocer (or butcher) and say, "Friend, let me have three loaves—or three tins of sardines, or three chops. I famish. . . . I am a bona fide traveller!" The grocer (or butcher) will, without doubt (if a law-abiding merchant), say as follows: "Get thee to a nunnery. It is forbidden to sell after six, whether to a bona fide traveller or a bona fide king. Begone!" Bangs door.

But, for a pint of licker, I may root up the publican at any hour day or night, and ask to be served, without fine or danger. The law will giggle assent. Why?

The only reply to these queries is that the licker business has big funds, and knows how to use them. A black-and-red disgrace of Parliament is that these three queries (and a hundred others) stand out like ghastly beacons, lit up by that red flare of crime and evil, which is shortly known as "booze." Labor men, working men, how much will you stand?

Lord Buckmaster.

In Toronto, Ontario, as the guest of the Canadian Bar Association, after several months spent in the United States, Lord Buckmaster, former British Lord High Chancellor, said he was favorably impressed by the Prohibition laws of the United States. "I saw no strong drink or drunken men during the time I was there," he stated in an interview. "If all the facts brought forward by the Prohibitionists in the United States are correct, as I have no doubt they are, then I can only draw the conclusion that Prohibition has proved an excellent measure for that country.

"Hospitals and prisons are being closed, and the country is prosperous; these things speak well for Prohibition."

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dant give two bottles of beer to another woman in return for some money. This was defendant's fifth offence.

The defendant, who pleaded not guilty, and denied the police evidence, was convicted. She was sentenced to six months' imprisonment, and was also fined £100.



MISS DOROTHY ELPHICK

Winner of 1st Place, N.S.W. State Typists' Exam., December, 1925.

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- (4) "At the Crossroads"

Intemperance as Cause of Child Neglect Reduced to One-Third.

"Intemperance, always most destructive of good family life, and one of the greatest causes of child misery, was present prior to national Prohibition in 47.7 per cent. of the families dealt with," according to Theodore A. Lothrop, general secretary of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, speaking at the annual meeting recently held in Boston. "In the first year of national Prohibition, intemperance dropped to 16.8 per cent. In 1922 it increased to 20.2 per cent., and in 1923 to 23.2 per cent. In 1924 it decreased slightly to 21.9 per cent., and the year that has passed, our first year of State law concurrent with Federal, shows a still further decrease in 18.9 per cent.

"Briefly, as shown by the records of this society, working as it does with the worst types of family problems, intemperance, as a cause of child abuse and neglect, has, at all times, been less than one-half, and is now down to nearly one-third of what it was before national Prohibition."

PASS "GRIT" ON

LAUNCHED WITHOUT WINE.

Pride of French Line, Largest Boat Flying
French Colors, Launched Without Wine;
Trend of Times.

The Ile de France, the largest ship afloat flying the French flag and the new pride of the French Trans-Atlantic line, says a St. Nazarre (France) Associated Press despatch of March 14, was launched in the presence of Under-Secretary Maurine Roustan and M. John Henry dal Piaz, president of the line.

The naming was without wine, Mdme. Renee Fould, wife of the president of the Ship-builders' Association, merely cutting the tri-colored ribbon with a pair of scissors. The ship took the water smoothly and without incident.

The Ile de France, the future flagship of the French line, is a model of taste and luxury. It is a 41,000-ton vessel and will be provided with turbine engines developing 52,000 horse-power. It is 780 feet long and will accommodate 1200 first class and 600 second class passengers. Her crew will number 520 men and she is expected to make twenty-one knots an hour. She will rank about sixth in size among the floating palaces of the world.

The launching of this steamship was described by M. dal Piaz as the opening of a new era for the French merchant marine. "We want our good friends in America to know," he added, "that there is all of the French heart and soul in this trans-Atlantic service."

A French boat, the pride of the French line, launched without wine! Here is real news, which shows the trend of the times far better than any newspaper poll could possibly do.

THE DRINK CURSE.

Anyone who has worked as I have in the slums and the shameful areas of our great cities must have gone back home again and again well-nigh broken-hearted by the tragedies which crop up in every mean street due to excessive drinking. One need not be a fanatical total abstainer fiend to feel the horror of it; one only needs to be acquainted with the facts first-hand, and not merely through statistics, and to be a reasonably thoughtful person. Many a decent, comfortable, moderate drinker who talks glibly and airily about the impracticability of Prohibition would alter his tone, if he did not change his opinion, about the necessity of drastic measures if he were brought into daily contact with the actual facts. In this respect, as in many others, it appears to be necessary that Christ should be crucified afresh in every generation in order to redeem those who have no imagination, and even the re-crucifixion does not seem to penetrate the double protection of stupidity and vested interest.—Rev. G. A. Studdert Kennedy, M.A., M.C.

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SUNDAY, JULY 4.

7.15: God, Man and the Church.

MONDAY, JULY 5.

3 p.m.: Scripture or Tradition?

8 p.m.: The Confessional.

TUESDAY, JULY 6.

3 p.m.: The Mass.

8 p.m.: Purgatory.

Questions Invited.

Rev. R. B. S. Hammond will preside.