

Grit.

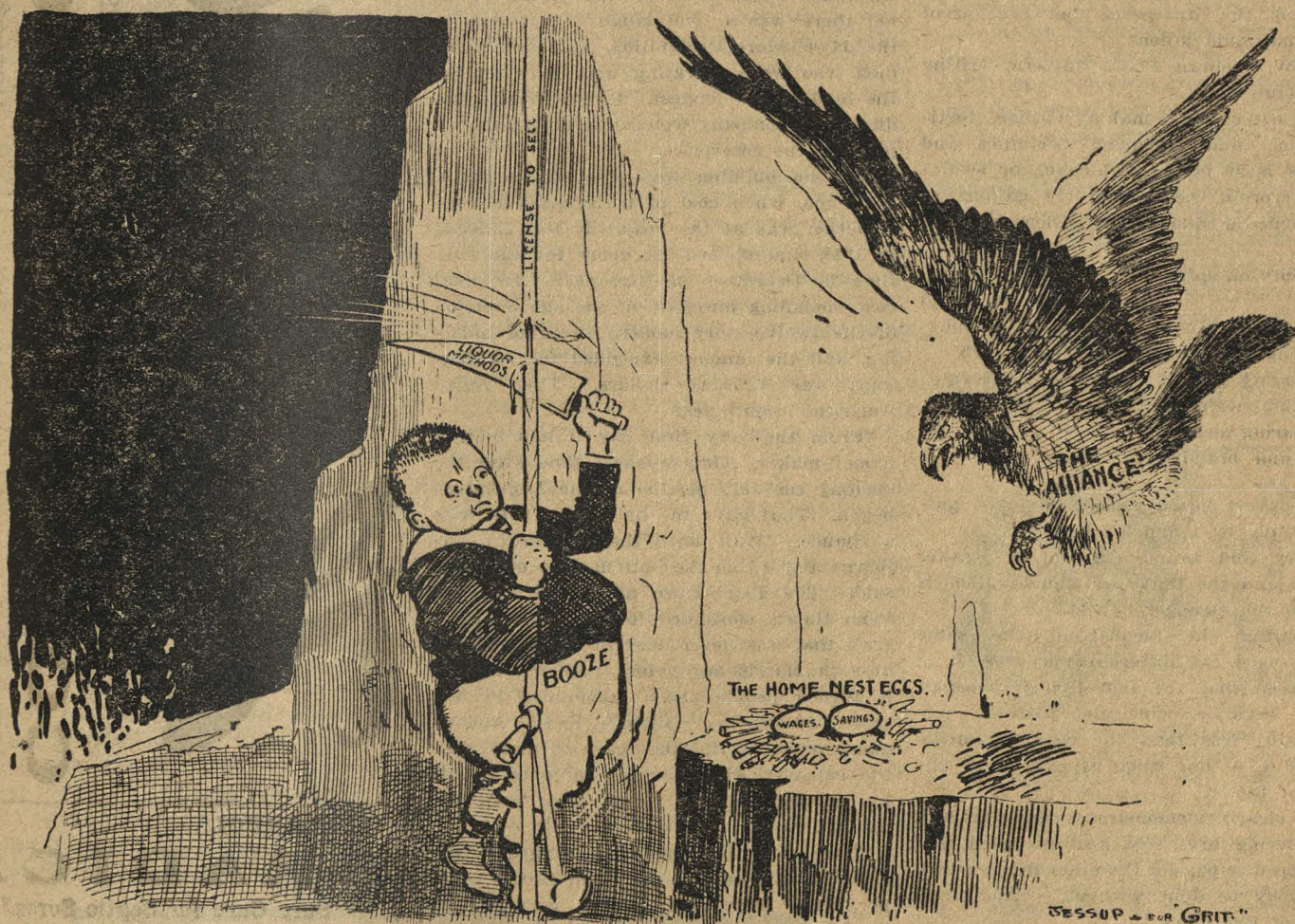
A JOURNAL OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY AND PROHIBITION

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Twopence.

SYDNEY, JUNE 30, 1921.

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THE DUTY ON MEDICINAL ALCOHOL.

When the spirit duties were being dealt with by the House of Representatives on May 13, the Minister for Customs informed Dr. Earle Page, leader of the Country Party, that special consideration would be given at a later stage to the question of the duty on alcohol used in medicine.

Members of Parliament find it difficult to understand the difference between proof gallons and liquid gallons.

Mr. J. W. Cochran, Ph.C., Malvern, writing on this point, says:

"The spirit used for making vinegar, fortifying wine, and preparing perfumes and medicines is 90 per cent. alcohol, or 60 degrees overproof, i.e., every 100 gallons of this strength is equal to 160 gallons of proof spirit.

"The duty on spirit:

	Per proof gallon.	Per liquid gallon.
For making vinegar is	2/-	3/2
For fortifying wine is	6/-	9/7
For making perfume	—	23/-
For preparing medicine ..	28/-	44/8
Whisky and brandy	25/-	—

"(To convert liquid gallons to proof gallons multiply by 1 and 3-5ths.)

"Whisky and brandy are of a weaker strength, and the duty per liquid gallon is less than the stronger spirit.

"Comparing the alcohol of the same strength used for different purposes, it is clearly seen that the semi-luxury, vinegar, and the luxuries, wine and perfume, pay considerably less than the essential medicine used at a time when expense is an all-important factor.

"This clearly demonstrates that the sick and suffering are very heavily taxed and handicapped to pay for the other items, which could easily be done without."—"Australian Journal of Pharmacy."

MUST NOW BUILD ANNEX.

NOT ONLY HAS MADE BIG MONEY BUT STILL GROWING; MUST BUILD ANNEX TO CARE FOR TRADE.

The Penn-Harris Hotel, Harrisburg's (U.S.A.) newest hostelry, has not only demonstrated that a big modern hotel does not have to depend upon the revenue of a bar to make money, but it comes pretty

near showing the bar as a revenue producer and an "attraction" was largely a myth, says the "Philadelphia North American" of January 16.

The "North American" then relates how even those who had pledged the money to build the hotel in 1917 felt that it would never be a paying proposition, and how when the company was finally organised and the announcement was made that churchmen in the company had exacted a guarantee that no liquor would ever be sold in the building there was a loud laugh. That was in the days before Prohibition, and Harrisburg men who were operating with bars scoffed the loudest and longest. It was freely predicted the company would lose all the money put into the enterprise.

But the building was erected, and at a time, too, when cost of materials and construction was at the peak. It was finished in 1918, and opened its doors for the first time in December of that year. Its total cost, including purchase of the site, erection of the twelve-story modern fireproof building, and the amount expended for furnishings, was 1,250,000 dollars. The "North American" continues:

"From the very first day it has been a money-maker. Only a short time after the opening the 1919 session of the Legislature began. That gave the hotel men with bars a chance. 'Wait until the Legislature adjourns and watch the bottom drop out,' they said. The Legislature adjourned and the Penn-Harris continued to do business on a scale that was never done in the hotel business in Harrisburg before. Almost nightly it turned people away, sometimes by the score. Nearly every night it is full, and on many occasions it takes care of more than the capacity which it was built to handle by putting cots in rooms and 'doubling' up. . . .

"Last year the operating company declared a dividend on the Penn-Harris of 25 per cent. Harrisburg people who put up the money to build the hotel owned 48 per cent. of the stock on which the 25 per cent.

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

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dividend was paid. In addition, the local company which built the hotel got a 6 per cent. dividend in 1919, and a similar dividend again last year.

"To take care of its tremendous business the Penn-Harris has purchased a dwelling next door, and opened an annex with 40 rooms. In the spring a new annex will be built containing 250 rooms, doubling the capacity of the present structure."

THE FAMOUS MONEY-SAVING TREATMENT FOR
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STATE HOTELS.

HOW FORTUNES ARE MADE.

£60,000 for Goodwill.—State Gets Nominal Rental.

The recent disclosure in the City Council of how small fortunes might be made by enterprising hotel licensees out of Council property has directed public attention to the general question of State ownership of such properties.

A special inquiry made by a representative of the "Herald" has elicited the information that there are a large number of other hotel sites owned by the State in areas which have been resumed by the Government for various reasons. In all of these cases it has been discovered that merely nominal rentals are charged the lessees, which are in no way commensurate with the profits made out of the business of hotel-keeping. It has been impossible to get anything like complete details, but sufficient has been learned to make the matter one for the immediate attention of the Government, or, at any rate, for the Parliament of the country. Parliament has the absolute right to demand the full facts. It may be that this course will be followed.

All these properties are under the administration of the Resumed Properties' Department, and are subjected to the same official control as the State housing schemes, to which public attention has been directed of late.

The most glaring instance of the extreme benevolence of the State as a landlord of city hotel property is probably that of the Prince of Wales Hotel, in George-street, near the railway. This hotel has been popularly known for some years as "Walter's Prince of Wales." Six or seven years ago it was let at a rental of less than £1000 per year—about £18 per week—for about 20 years. Out of this money received as rent the State has to contribute a substantial sum every year to the compensation fund, operated by the Licenses Reduction Board, which is built up by levies made upon the owners of the property, the lessees, and the brewers and other suppliers of liquor.

Some idea of the profits which can be made out of well-situated hotels, when well conducted and secured on low rentals, can be gleaned from the fact that this Prince of Wales Hotel has just changed hands for a

consideration of £60,000 for the goodwill. The lease still has about 13 years to run, and if the experiences of the late lessee are repeated in the case of the new lessee, an equally estimable hotelkeeper, there is every chance of the property changing hands several times at an equally remunerative figure before the lease expires.

This same department (Resumed Properties) has quite a number of other hotel properties to administer, the great majority of which are situated in what is known as the Rocks resumption area. And the same policy of benevolence seems to have been followed all through. Whether this policy was ever submitted for Ministerial sanction is somewhat doubtful, but whether that is so or not it will be seen that it is by no means difficult to make money out of hotel enterprises when the rentals are fixed by State authorities.

There are two groups of hotels in the Rocks area. The first group consists of about a dozen hotels in what is known as the Observatory Hill district. The approximate improved value of these hotels ranges from about £8500 to £2000. The rentals fixed range from about £13 to £4 per week. Out of these rentals the Resumed Properties' Department has to contribute varying sums towards the compensation fund. For instance, in one case the rental charged is £312 per annum (£6 per week). The contribution to the compensation fund is about £80 per year.

Neither does there seem to have been any consistent policy of arriving at the rentals to be charged. In one case the value of the property is assessed at a little over £5000. The rental charged is £650 per annum. In another case, where the property is assessed at £8500, the rental is £485 per annum.

The terms of the leases given over these properties range from three to twenty-one years. In the case of the property valued at £8500, which is let for £485 per annum (less than £9/10/- per week) the lease is for 21 years.

Then there is another group, which consists of half-a-dozen or more hotels which have been leased on building covenants rang-

ing from £2000 to £6000. In every one of these cases the lease is for a period of 50 years, expiring in from 1956 to 1970! In the meantime, and during the whole of the meantime, the State is pushing ahead with its improvement policy, which constantly adds to the value of every one of the properties.

An idea of the excellent proposition thus acquired by the individual lessees of these properties can be got from the fact that the rentals charged for these premises hover around the £4 per week mark. Here again there is a somewhat remarkable discrepancy between the rents charged. For instance, one of these properties is valued at £5000. The rent is £225 per annum (about £4/6/- per week); while another, valued at only £2280, returns to the State a revenue of £260 per annum, less, of course, the amount of the contributions which have to be paid to the compensation fund.

These facts make up an almost incredible story of peculiar management. In none of these cases has it yet been suggested that any unfair advantage has been obtained by one lessee over another or that any corrupt influences have crept into the administration. But the simple fact is that the State seems to have entered upon a policy calculated to make it easy for hotelkeepers to get rich quick at the expense of the general taxpayer. The facts quoted might conceivably form the basis of a further general inquiry into the whole administration of the Resumed Properties' Department, following upon that just concluded into the housing section.

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FIELD PLAN.

Sunday, July 3.

- 11 a.m.—Roseville Methodist Church.
- 7 p.m.—Roseville Presbyterian Church.
—Rev. Fred C. Middleton.
- 11 a.m.—Killara Methodist Church.
- 7 p.m.—Hurlstone Park Baptist Church.
—Mr. Thos. E. Shonk.
- 7.15 p.m.—St. Peter's, Hornsby.
—Mr. Francis Wilson.
- 11 a.m.—Hornsby Presbyterian Church.
- 7.15 p.m.—Pymble Methodist Church.
—Rev. H. Allen Job.
- 11 a.m.—Bankstown Anglican Church.
- 7.15 p.m.—Mortlake Anglican Church.
—Mr. W. D. B. Creagh.

Tuesday, July 5.

- 8 p.m.—Cleveland-street Band of Hope.
—Mr. Thos. E. Shonk.

Thursday, July 7.

- 8 p.m.—Botany Workers' Rally.
—Mr. Thos. E. Shonk.

BATTLE AGAINST LICENSES.

This continues with as much vigor as ever. The week has not been too successful, two wholesale spirit licenses having been granted. One was for Croydon and the other for Leichhardt. A wine license application for Mascot was refused. Several are part heard. There is an application for a hotel at Kearsley, and another for one at Guildford. The latter is expected to provoke very strong opposition. A public meeting of protest will be held.

AMONGST THE WORKERS.

The Western Suburbs Prohibition Council is getting ready for a forward move. At a meeting attended by the Organising Secretary, Messrs. Goddard and Hill were appointed joint secretaries, succeeding Mr. Geo. Lewis, whose other duties compelled him to resign. At the next meeting (July 4) a plan of education work for the whole district will be made, and assistance from headquarters should help to make this a big success.

Manly is preparing for a similar effort, and has asked for a big supply of "With One Voice."

From Murwillumbah comes news of re-organisation which is likely to be effective. Rev. J. H. Baker is secretary there.

Wagga has its own organiser, and has planned a splendid scheme of publicity. This is likely to be a factor in the Riverina.

Armidale is using "With One Voice" for circulation. A big supply has been forwarded.

From many country towns have come requests for literature, which go to show the growing interest in the cause, and the strengthening of our fighting force.

LITERATURE AS A WEAPON.

You wish to slay the liquor traffic! Then education is a fine weapon. In addition to "With One Voice," which is being more and more availed of in connection with the "lending library" scheme, we have various leaflets. The latest has President Harding's fine statement on its front page, and other pages are given to Canadian facts, the wine industry, and health results in U.S.A.

Send for a supply for distribution in your district.

CLEANSING ELECTORAL ROLLS

The attention of members of our Branches, workers, and all interested in obtaining success at the next poll is directed to the opportunity that presents itself for making certain that those names that have no right to be there are removed. Electoral lists prepared for the Revision Courts may now be examined at every police court, and our members can examine them, and object at the Court of Revision to any names that have no right to remain on the lists. The police officials will advise our friends of the date of the sitting of the Revision Courts. As a victory may possibly be decided by a very small majority, it is imperative that every roll be closely scrutinised by our friends in order that we may not be defeated through the rolls being unclean.

AMONG YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

Mascot.—We welcome the Mascot Congregational Band of Hope into our circle of societies. Miss Low is the energetic superintendent of the Society, which has an average attendance of about 40. It was formed seven years ago, and is doing splendid work in this locality. Mascot readers of "Grit" are invited to attend the meetings, which are held fortnightly on Mondays at 8 p.m.

Enmore.—The Church of Christ Band of Hope is continuing to do good work. At a recent meeting 150 were present. Mr. Wine

is the popular and splendid superintendent who has for many years worked for temperance amongst the children of this district.

Ariah Park.—A Band of Hope here, under the leadership of Rev. W. Gibbins, is doing active work. They have 60 on the roll, with many new members joining during the last two months.

Sans Souci.—On a recent Sunday afternoon, Mr. S. Terrill visited Sans Souci Church of England. With the singing of Prohibition hymns and signing of pledges, a splendid practical work was done. Every pledge card which was taken by Mr. Terrill was signed. Over 200 children were present and great interest was shown throughout the whole meeting. Rev. Gardiner picked out a boy and brought him to the speaker, saying, "This boy is the most restless in the school, but he listened with his mouth open."

Revesby.—A Band of Hope here is under the leadership of Mr. N. T. Donsworth. Last Saturday, Mr. E. Gilbert attended as our representative and addressed a crowded meeting. The interest shown was wonderful, and we feel that this Society is one which will certainly progress in the days to come.

Loftus Park.—This Society is under the leadership of Mr. Cattnach, and is now a growing one. We recently addressed the children of the district on a Sunday afternoon, and were delighted with their intelligent interest in the question of temperance.

The Y.P. Department is ready to help any Society planning temperance meetings. Already help has been rendered to C.E. Societies, Sunday schools, Rechabites, etc. Write in to 321 Pitt-street, Sydney.

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and 51,000,000 Barrels of Beer.
Money Devoted to Useful Trade.

An anonymous correspondent mailed "American Issue" a newspaper clipping featuring a statement by Wayne B. Wheeler, general counsel of the Anti-Saloon League of America, that it is estimated that more than a billion dollars was saved by the people of the United States in 1920 as a result of Prohibition. Pinned to the clipping was a little scrap of paper on which was typewritten a round of abuse for the Anti-Saloon League couched in terms that wouldn't have been used had the writer signed his name and address.

It is a safe guess that the fellow who wrote the screed belongs to the gang from whose pockets money formerly spent for liquor has been diverted to the tills of merchants dealing in legitimate commodities.

The fact that this item called forth a howl of rage was emphasis of the fact that the only people hurt by Prohibition financially are the makers and sellers of alcoholic drinks. The people who saved the more than billion dollars are not going to squeal very loudly on that account. And that there was approximately this amount saved—diverted from the brewers and distillers and saloonkeepers' tills—is seen in the figures showing consumption of alcoholic liquors. These figures are from the revenue department.

N.J. SUPREME JUSTICE HOLDS SOCIETY CONTRIBUTORY TO COMMISSION OF MURDER.

Trial Judge in Case of Murder Committed While Slayer Was Under Influence of Liquor, Holds Society in Permitting Sale of Intoxicants, Partly Responsible for Crime.

Supreme Court Justice James F. Minturn in the passaic County, N.J., criminal court, last week sentenced Stephen Podubrio to life imprisonment for killing two citizens and seriously wounding a third. The slaying took place in a saloon on December 1, 1920. In

explaining why he imposed a life sentence instead of the electric chair, which is the penalty for first degree murder, Justice Minturn said:

"You took the lives of two citizens and seriously injured a third. You have informed the court you were intoxicated. The court believes you because no man in his full senses would have done what you did. The court is aware, however, that some consideration should be given your case in view of the fact that society is in some part responsible for the crime you committed, and society should bear some of the responsibilities, for without your ability to secure whisky it is probable you would not have committed the crime."

If it were possible for a court to pursue this reasoning further, and impose a penalty upon the officers of the law who wink at violations by boot-leggers, it might hasten stricter enforcement in some localities.

DRINK CRIMES SLUMP, METHODIST BISHOP FINDS.

In thirty of the counties of Pennsylvania from which reports were collected by the Board of Temperance of the Methodist Episcopal Church on crime as a result of drunkenness there was a marked reduction of such crimes as usually are attributed to intemperance in intoxicating liquors. July 1, 1920, there were 1702 in the jails of those counties as compared with 2456 the same day of 1919, and 2397 on the same day of 1918.

SIXTEEN STATES SHOW CRIME SLUMP OF 12 PER CENT.

On March 21 the Associated Press made public statements gathered from 16 States relative to crime and jail statistics. The figures showed a decided falling off in practically every kind of crime in nearly every section covered by the survey. The total prison population in the 16 middle and south-western States on December 1, 1920, showed a falling off of 12.4 per cent. Wardens and other officials cited Prohibition more than any other cause for the decrease.

BRITISH CHARGED WITH UNFRIENDLY ACT.

A protest should be lodged with Great Britain against the alleged liquor traffic in Bimini in the Bahama Islands as an unfriendly act, William J. Bryan said in an address at Miami, Fla., on April 10. Because of the proximity of the islands to the American coast, Mr. Bryan said, development of such traffic amounted to "hatching a conspiracy against the laws made by a friendly Government for the protection of our people." Other nations, he added, should respect our national laws.

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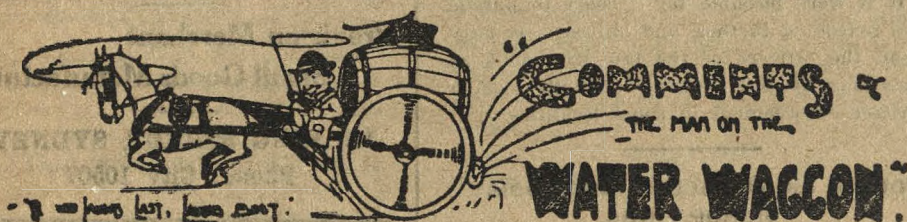
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BUY GRIFFITHS BROS. Special Afternoon TEA



Prohibition Arguments at Newcastle.

(By W. D. B. CREAGH.)

The people of Newcastle and district have for a long time known something of King Booze. During last week, also during the coming week, they have had, and will have, further opportunities to know something about the great Prohibition question.

Big crowds, especially in the open air, listened to the various speakers, and the move for a more sober Newcastle got a decided lift along.

WATCH NEWCASTLE GROW SOBER.

A sign has been for years flashing out by night, also observable by day. That sign contains three words: "Watch Newcastle Grow." I have now added another word—"Sober"—to it.

Newcastle is a great seaport and industrial centre. Ships from all nations go there. All classes of skilled workmen, mostly from the mining and industrial centres of Great Britain, have migrated to this great town, and already drink has brought to the place much misery, poverty, crime, and even death. Seamen have always suffered in Newcastle, as indeed they suffer in every seaport where the alcohol devil is.

Prohibition speakers were not the only ones that were producing arguments against the trade. They, the liquor trade, were busy themselves, as the police courts showed. The town has a large number of its victims, many hanging around the bars waiting for something to turn up.

Many look to be unemployable, too light for heavy work, too heavy for light work—so they do none.

After one meeting one of the above class climbed on to the lorry, dirty and drunk. A constable standing near said to a motor-man, "That's the best argument for banishing booze." He was right.

The following cuttings, taken from Newcastle papers of June 20 and 21, show how drink has its grip on this city; the hand particularly like to grab the seafaring class:

"NEWCASTLE POLICE COURT.

"On Monday, June 20, three persons, charged with drunkenness for the first time, did not appear, and their bail deposits were forfeited. Another first offender was fined 5/-, or three hours' detention. Arthur Hested (46), seaman, did not appear to answer a charge of drunkenness and disorderly conduct, and his bail deposit of £3 was ordered to be estreated. Harry Ridley (41), seaman, was fined 10/-, or two days' imprisonment, for drunkenness. The same fine was imposed on Albert Cook (21), seaman, James Jackson (18), clerk, and George Morgan Corrigan (19), clerk, each of whom was charged with drunkenness and disorderly conduct. Harry Bush (30), laborer, was fined 5/-, or two hours' imprisonment, for offensive behaviour at Hamilton. Francis Gordon (28), seaman, for improper behaviour at North Stockton, was fined 10/-, or two days' imprisonment.

"SUNDAY SCUFFLE.

"Helge Sorensen (35), a scantily-dressed, but strongly-built seaman, breasted the dock at the Newcastle Police Court this morning,

and exhibited a war-scarred face to Mr. Le Brun Brown, S.M.

"Sorensen was charged with having behaved in a disorderly manner on the American barquentine Alta yesterday, and also with having assaulted the second officer of the vessel.

"John Thorm, second officer of the Alta, said that Sorensen was drunk in the galley yesterday. When witness ordered him to get out a fight occurred, and something thudded on to the deck, which the steward picked up. It was a pocket knife, with the blade open. The vessel was putting to sea this afternoon, but the crew was made up, and defendant was not included in it.

"Defendant was convicted on both charges, and was sentenced to three days for his disorderly behaviour, and one month for the assault.

"NO END OF TROUBLE.

"Charged with being 'absent without leave' from the British steamer Otaki, William Goodwin (38) and Charles Davis Southwood (35), seamen, pleaded guilty at the Newcastle Police Court this morning.

"Mr. H. M. Williams, chief officer of the Otaki, said that since the vessel arrived on the Australian coast there had been 'no end of trouble' among the firemen. At Sydney four of them were arrested, and they resisted the police so violently that one of them was sentenced to two months' jail.

"Discipline on the ship,' he continued, 'has been undermined right through owing to this man. Instead of setting an example to the men he is with them all the way through.'

Goodwin was sentenced to seven days' jail. He was ordered to pay 8/- costs.

"In the case of Southwood, Chief Officer Williams said that while the steamer was in New Zealand waters defendant was continually under the influence of liquor, and was unable to perform his duties, and was absent from the ship continually.

"I was badly gassed at the front,' Southwood told the bench, 'and when I get a few drinks in I don't know what I'm doing.'

"As a cure, Mr. Le Brun Brown, S.M., suggested five days' imprisonment in Maitland jail, and the payment of 8/- court costs."

The above will show that while it may have been calm at sea, on land an alcohol gale was blowing, and the blows seem to be such that it is just a marvel that some innocent people were not put under the sod.

A few weeks ago in Newcastle district a man named Harold Ryan, while drunk, was killed in a street brawl. Another man, Harold Collier, was given two years for manslaughter. Inspector Ramsay, in evi-

(Continued on Page 8.)

ROURNVILLE COCA

Watch Newcastle Grow—Sober.

BOOSTING PROHIBITION IN NEWCASTLE.

Amongst the crowd (says Mr. Francis Wilson) who left the train at Newcastle, the Alliance team were unnoticed—just an ordinary bunch of men—but their advent was one of the many strokes that will make the booze castle topple.

PROHIBITION WEEK IN NEWCASTLE, AND THE BEST EVER!

The ladies of the W.C.T.U. led off on Friday night with a splendidly attended open-air meeting in Beaumont-street, Hamilton. This created a great amount of interest and sympathy.

On Saturday night the members of the team conducted open-air meetings in West Wallsend, Hamilton, and Newcastle, which were reported uniformly successful, large crowds, with the useful interjector, being in evidence. One noticed a decidedly friendly attitude on the part of the crowds as a whole. West Wallsend, usually looked upon as a specially difficult place to arouse sympathy, accorded a fine hearing. The only interjector at Hamilton finally sided with me at the conclusion of the meeting, and this well-filled "liquor container" was surely drawn to the meeting to prove the scientific fact that alcohol has an affinity for water! The churches were visited on Sunday, and facts were driven home to so many who need to realise even the A.B.C. of Prohibition. The financial responses were pleasing, pointing to the time that will come when all who should will support the financial side of Prohibition. That these Sunday services are necessary is proven by the fact that there were several church members who "professed conversion."

On Monday morning arrived the generalissimo, the President of the Alliance, and, after a splendid reception by the Mayor of Newcastle, Mr. Hammond gripped the hundreds who attended the open-air meeting at the post-office corner.

In the afternoon about seventy women workers were enthused by the galvanising power of the President, who was aided by Mr. Middleton. At night a number of successful meetings were held, and funds and members were secured for the campaign.

Messrs. Butler and Alder obtained a friendly and attentive hearing from the workers in a number of factories and establishments during the week, and report a growing understanding of the value of Prohibition.

The business men's luncheon on Tuesday was presided over by Ald. Kilgour, Mayor of Newcastle, who spoke in no uncertain tones of the need for Prohibition; and a successful meeting of ladies was addressed by the President in the C.M.M. at 3 o'clock.

These valuable meetings are still in progress as we go to print, with promise of a continuance of the success of those here recorded.

COAL AND CHILDREN.

Children and coal—they're what I saw (says Mr. Fisher) in Newcastle; getting into my eyes everywhere; and surely to be counted amongst Australia's most valuable assets.

A week amongst coal and kiddies, enjoying the fine arrangements made by Miss Gow, with the lantern pictures putting extra spice into my lectures, was a capital experience.

Large, bright, responsive audiences met me everywhere, listened to lectures, and laughed at my Prohibition rooster, gave liberally to the campaign funds, bought Prohibition buttons, and by no means of least importance over one hundred scallywags rallied to sign our temperance pledge.

PIONEERING AMONG MOSQUITOES.

One of my six lectures was given under novel conditions.

The frosty weather having accounted for most of the skeeters, and armed with the acetylene generator of our lantern outfit, our launch party glided up the Hunter River and prepared for a "dry" attack on any remaining winged inhabitants and the human occupants of Mosquito Island.

Boys and girls, men and women, representing every family on the Island, crowded the Church of England hall. There is no liquor license on the whole of the Island, and this, the first Prohibition meeting held there, showed a people prospering on milk not malt, on beef not booze, and investing their money in poultry not pubs!

A large Sunday school addressed, two church services conducted, and six lantern lectures delivered, made up a heavy week's work, but the child of to-day is the citizen of to-morrow, and Newcastle coal and Newcastle kiddies will surely help in making Newcastle grow—dry!

JACK CREAGH SAYS—

If the success of a "dry drive" depends upon the district's experience of the "workings" of the liquor trade, Newcastle is dead easy! Newcastle gets its booze thrills and shocks, quite its fair share of the outrage,

crime, cussedness, and misery which spring from the pot, and a horrible example is to be found written deep into the city's history.

NEWCASTLE HAS GROWN—?

Newcastle is certainly growing so far as the business and residential sides are concerned, but as a trained expert in estimating the strength of drinks, fortifications, ammunition supply, and general effectiveness, and sadly appreciating its results in the records of the city's public courts, I'm afraid that Newcastle is not growing more sober!

A CONTRAST.

To look deep into the eyes of men whose ambitions, hopes, and interests in life had been annihilated by booze, to go and speak to a meeting of men who were sunk nearly as low as I had once been, to know that abstinence for me had meant good clothes, good food, and good friends, and to see before me Newcastle's homeless men—all drunkards—heaped coal on my fire for Prohibition!

And then, out at Cook's Hill school, I addressed over three hundred scholars—bonny boys and bonny girls—and wondered just how many of these sweet-faced youngsters would be found in such a drunkards' meeting in ten years' time—if Prohibition was delayed.

Had the good people of Newcastle been with me, surely they would have realised that important though iron and coal may be, boys and girls are more so, and Prohibition is their greatest safeguard.

HOMELY NEWCASTLE

opened some of its finest homes to the Prohibition delegates, says Mr. Middleton. The one provided for me was the "best ever," and I want to say that it helps considerably to have comfortable quarters when on a campaign of this kind.

I was pleased to have the unusual experience of the presence at both my Sunday services of the local minister, Rev. Torrens, of St. Andrew's Presbyterian, in the morning, and Rev. Thomas, of Hamilton Methodist, in the evening. The attitude of the clergy was very sympathetic all through, and this fact augurs well for the success of Prohibition in the Newcastle district.

My evening service was unique, inasmuch as the audience contained as many men as women, and out of an audience of 200 about 75 signed cards pledging financial support. Well done, Hamilton!

(Continued on page 12.)

BABY'S FIRST PORTRAIT.

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A Personal Chat with my readers

THE CLOSING HOUR.

Many people are concerned about the closing hour of the bars now the referendum has been refused by the Government. It is impossible to say what the Government will do. There are those who urge that the hours of sale be from 8 a.m. to 8 p.m., and some fear that automatically after June 30 the hour for closing becomes 11 p.m. A Cabinet that waved an Act of Parliament on one side, of course may do something equally astounding, BUT—and this is a "but" spelt with capital letters—the Government is well aware of the value of 6 o'clock closing, and the great volume of public opinion behind it, and is not at all likely to stake its existence on a retrograde step such as re-opening the bars till 11 p.m. Valuable as 6 o'clock closing is, it by no means brings drinking within reasonable bounds, and its failure to do this further urges us to bring about Prohibition.

PAUPERISING AUSTRALIA.

The Melbourne "Age" begins a leading article with the statement: "One of every two persons in Australia who reach the age of 65 years lives upon public charity. Nearly one-half the aged population receive old-age pensions, and the inmates of institutions make up the proportion. Life, generally, among us is, or ought to be, freer from care and lapped in an easier content than in any other civilised land, as far as human laws can accomplish this. A maternity bonus awaits the unborn Australian; free schooling stretches through the whole of his youth; a bewildering array of Arbitration Courts, wages boards, and trades unions guard him from unjust conditions of work during his working life; the Workmen's Compensation Act protects him from accidents; and a pension awaits his old age."

And yet, perhaps with the exception of Ireland, we are the most discontented and grumbling of peoples. Mr. McGirr would add a further instrument for undermining our independence by trading on our weakness for gambling to raise money to give every one with children, whether they need it or not, six shillings per child per week. We seem to be heading for a condition of chronic dependence on others, and we should have the courage to look forward and see where all this spoon-feeding is going to land us, say, in another century.

It is a well-known fact that **INVISIBLE STARS.** the naked eye can discern but a small proportion of the stars of the midnight sky. According to scientists, all the visible stars

might be withdrawn without seriously diminishing the light of the skies. It is the invisible stars whose light illumines the darkness of even the blackest night. Otherwise the blackness would be impenetrable.

There are many invisible stars in God's great world of human suffering and sorrow, men and women of sympathy and prayer who draw no attention to their ministry and receive no praise from the lips of men. Oftentimes they are hidden away in the corners of our homes and churches and communities. They are not looked upon as leaders, they wear no crowns and receive no encomiums, very little notice is taken of them. But nevertheless they diffuse radiant blessings upon our pathways. What a dark, cheerless world ours would be were it not for the invisible stars!

Some one, struck by some lines **DO IT NOW.** on this page a few weeks ago, sent me the following verses:

Sent flowers to your friends while they are living,
Sprinkle sunshine down life's trail each passing day.
You'll find the sweetest thing in life is giving;
Kind words and thought the greatest sort of pay.

For diamonds cannot take the place of roses,
Fine trappings cannot take the place of bread,
A grain of gold in every heart reposes
We want the flowers now—not when we are dead.

The men and women struggling for existence
Under loads of care and grief they bear alone
And smiling through their tears at Fate's resistance
Make it plain the greatest heroes are unknown.

Why wait until too late to do your giving?
Don't you think it were better if you said:
"I am going to send my flowers to the living."
We want the flowers now—not when we are dead.

The Editor

GRIT

A JOURNAL OF
NATIONAL EFFICIENCY
AND PROHIBITION

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

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, JUNE 30, 1921.

Water Waggon—

(Continued from Page 6.)

dence, said, "Collier was a good hard-working man when sober, but lost his head when he took drink."

Judge Hamilton said he could not understand Collier's conduct in going away without taking the trouble to see if anything serious had happened to the man he knocked down. That action satisfied the Judge that Collier wanted to be made to realise that such things could not be done with impunity.

What wretched reasoning! Fancy a drunk stopping to bandage up the wounds he had inflicted!

Ryan goes to his grave; Collier goes to jail; the Judge goes on commenting foolishly about the actions of murdering drunks.

Thank God an army of Prohibitionists are in the field. They will avenge the many insults, the many crimes, the misery, the violent death which in the meanest kind of way it (alcohol) has been responsible for.

I laid in my old bunk on the S.S. Newcastle after thanking God I was one of the team that was helping to make Newcastle dry.

I SAW YOUR AD. IN "GRIT"

If you say to me, "I saw your ad. in 'Grit,' or send someone, and business results, I will pay 'Grit' 20 per cent. of the commission.

PROPERTIES ALL SUBURBS.

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AGENT, CROYDON PARK.

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8 Doors below school.

The High Cost of Hiring and Firing.

A PLAIN TALK TO BUSINESS MEN.

Joe Lathrop, foreman of the finishing department, had a bad headache. And that is how this argument starts.

Along towards the cool, clear dawn of that morning, after having finished the inevitable row with Mrs. Lathrop, he had got up, taken just another little taste of Johnnie Walker, and so growled and hiccuped himself to sleep. True, his ears still rang, disconcertingly, with the stinging echoes of his wife's views and opinions. Very frankly indeed she had portrayed his character, his disposition, parentage, and general prospects. His mind, as he fell asleep, was still painful, swollen up with the things that he would have said, and could have said, in reply. After a row with one's wife upon the drink question, a man's mind is usually swollen up a bit like that.

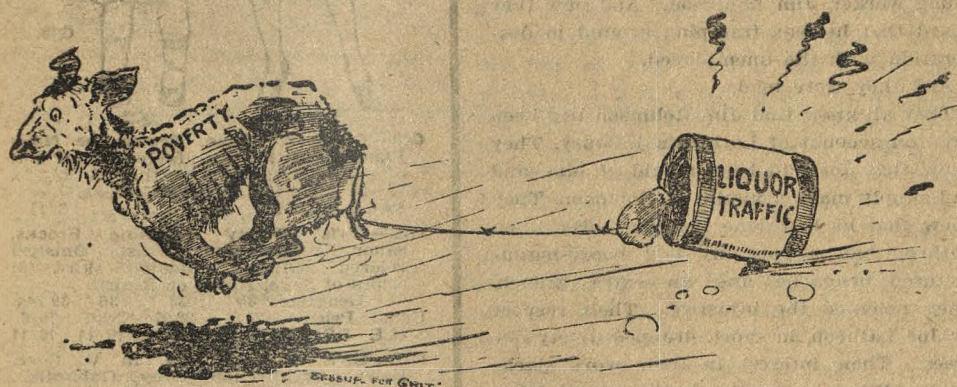
It was a distinct relief to Joe Lathrop, therefore, that day when he got to work to

Robinson was not self-assertive. Perhaps he was, at times, as busy workmen often are, a little taciturn. But he had that about him which made men respect him. Over the dinner-boxes at lunch-time there had been many a guess on the part of his fellow-employees that Robinson was about due for promotion, and might be made an assistant-foreman at any time.

Joe Lathrop knew this.

He knew also that Robinson's quiet efficiency and strict attention to business had not escaped the factory superintendent's eye. He felt that the day might come, almost at any time, when, as the result of some specially big booze-up, he might have to get out himself, and make room for this younger man.

Somewhere about nine o'clock on this particular morning Lathrop came around where Jim was working. And for one fancied fault



IS THE DOG RUNNING BECAUSE THE CAN IS BANGING? OR,
IS THE CAN BANGING BECAUSE THE DOG IS RUNNING?

be able to take advantage of his monarchical position as foreman of the department, and give somebody particular hell.

With all his blundering invective and attempts at flaying sarcasm, however, Joe Lathrop never for one moment lost sight of the fact that there were some men upon the finishing-floor that it was good business for him to leave alone. With all his truculence and general morning-after bad temper, he was too shrewd a man to lay his tongue to any man marked with the invisible but none the less protective approval of some man higher up. And so, that morning, Joe Lathrop let loose only upon those whose place upon the factory pay-roll depended on himself alone.

One of these was Robinson.

Upon this floor Jim Robinson had been finishing piano frames for twenty months. He was a young married man, in good health, ambitious, faithful, loyal, skilful and efficient. He thoroughly understood the rules of piano construction. Therefore he was no rule-of-thumb man. He had studied his work. And as a result he had continuously increased both its quantity and its quality.

or another, he began to blow-up some of the men. Robinson quietly went on working. Seeing this, and observing that this high-efficiency man paid no attention to the wrangle, made Lathrop properly mad.

"Hey! You!" he shouted. "Haven't you been here long enough to know better than this? What do you mean, standing there like a blanky post, and letting this fellow make a botch of these frames?"

Robinson was a wise man. So he simply said nothing, and went on with his work. He could not acknowledge himself in error when he was not at fault. His manhood revolted, however, although he held his jaw. His business—what was it? Simply to concentrate upon his own work. Therefore the louder foreman Lathrop cussed the more he remained silent. And this, of course, made Lathrop properly wild.

"Speak up!" he yelled. "Explain yourself! What do you mean by standing there like a ruddy owl?"

"I have my own work to attend to, as you know very well, Mr. Lathrop," he said very quietly. "That's all."

Lathrop had gained his point.

"I'll have no back talk from you, you

sulky bastard!" he shouted. "Get to hell out of here! Go to the office and get your pay."

Robinson knew better than to protest.

He hesitated even as to whether he should lay the whole matter before the factory superintendent. Finally he decided to do so.

Mr. Kennedy shook his head.

"It is a shame, Jim," he said. "But what can I do? Joe Lathrop is an awfully good foreman so long as he keeps off the tangle. And so long as we keep him in this factory, and in our service, we have got to stand behind him. You know why? Simply in order to maintain discipline."

And so Jim Robinson walked out of that factory with half a week's pay in his pocket.

Now let us estimate roughly what Joe Lathrop's little individual booze-up, plus his suspicion and rankling spirit of jealousy, cost that particular Sydney piano-manufacturing company.

His first cost, of course, was the loss of time on the finishing floor while Jim Robinson's place stood empty. It is fair to suppose, I should imagine, that the company was making some profit on Robinson. Therefore, for want of national Prohibition, it lost the profit of those two days. But the machinery and the factory equipment that Robinson had operated, besides this, also stood idle for two days. That ate up so much interest on investment, plus rental of floor-space, depreciation, light, insurance, and all other overhead charges. In addition to all that, the machinery ought also to have been making some profit for the company, since it existed, not to create rows, but in order to manufacture good Australian pianos.

But there were other losses.

For one thing, the firing of Robinson disorganised the whole finishing shop routine. There were delays, conflicts, piano parts piled up at one end of the room while other departments howled for finished frames at the other. Then at least one-half of a day of Joe Lathrop's valuable time went to waste, trying to find out some man that was really capable of taking the place of Robinson.

But his first attempt was a failure.

Finishing piano-frames is rather a fine job. And the man that he first picked out, from a number of willing and eager casual factory applicants, was unable to fill the bill. So Joe then made the round of two or three employment agencies; since such, in the case of several previous emergencies, had been able to help him out. This time, however, they seemed to be without resource, so far as he was concerned.

(Continued on Page 10.)

There are thrills of delight on the bal-
masque night,

'Mid the whirl of "a pace that kills."
All "the-beau-monde" is there a-la-mode-
rigger,

With limousines, lorgnettes, and frills.
Dames grandes décolletés and dudes debo-
nair,

And chaperones suave and demure;
Where debutantes fair, with a Vere-de-Vere
air

Sip their Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

High Cost of Hiring, etc.—

(Continued from Page 9.)

Being in considerable of a sweat by this time, he was glad, on his way back to the works, to receive a sumoning wave of the hand from John Mullane. For it was at Mullane's pub. that Lathrop did the bulk of his drinking. And John Mullane had heard, in the usual wireless way, that there was a frame-finisher urgently wanted at the big Annandale piano factory. Incidentally, Joe Lathrop owed John Mullane a long private score for drinks. Furthermore, in some way, by means of some underground mysterious connection, John Mullane was able to pull certain wires. So that an invitation from him was practically a command.

For these reasons, accordingly, Joe Lathrop found it convenient to hire a certain man upon the spot.

His name was Murphy.

And James Aloysius Murphy was a very dear friend of Mullane, so John Mullane said, over the drinks; and, indeed, John insisted, in every way a most deserving and praiseworthy man.

So far, so good. But, for a start, many valuable hours of Joe Lathrop's time were consumed in initiating J. A. Murphy into the employing ways of the company. There were certain necessary steps that had to be gone through in placing Murphy properly on the job.

Now, while Murphy had had some little experience in finishing, he was utterly unacquainted with the special kind of work turned out in this great Australian piano factory. Likewise, he was ignorant of the customs, rules, regulations, and individual methods which prevailed in this particular place. This meant that his employers paid him mighty good wages for five or six weeks while he was still blundering along and finding his way round. It was good money, spent without adequate return in the way of service.

In fact, during those weeks the company would probably have been better off without than with J. Murphy. Not only did he spoil a great deal of work, but he also took up a great deal of the foreman's time, which ought to have been applied in other directions. Furthermore, Murphy broke and ruined a lot of valuable tools, and otherwise displayed those symptoms which, so often, mark the entrance into a factory or office organisation of a man propelled by "pull" rather than personal push.

The trouble in James Aloysius Murphy's corner continued to halt and disorganise. So that inside the finishing department there were still further delays and losses, all up and down the line. Not only that, which was bad enough, but, by the end of the aforesaid five or six weeks, Murphy had demonstrated that he was not only incapable, idle, careless and entirely unreliable, but that he was also a gossip, trouble-maker, and disorganiser of the first water.

His long suits were Bolshevism and Sinn Fein.

Finally, the superintendent got action. He

issued a direct, positive order to Foreman Lathrop, and James Aloysius Murphy's place knew him no more.

Not that Murphy was either astonished or disappointed. In fact, he had been expecting this very thing to happen. And so he was prepared for it. Therefore, when he walked out, three or four very skilful, but easily influenced, men went with him. They were good-hearted, but very foolish fellows, who imagined that Murphy was being victimised, and so they slung in their jobs on principle. With what result?

Joe Lathrop had now their several places to fill, along with the original place of Robinson. This took a lot of drink to get over, and resulted in many midnight domestic rows and bad morning headaches. Furthermore, the company was faced with a new series of losses. A whole crop of losses and factory worries, indeed, set in, all springing directly from the lack of State-wide Prohibition and the foolish firing of Jim Robinson. Besides that, there was a whole heap of trouble and disorganisation among the men still remaining in the finishing department. Every man there had liked and respected that competent young worker, Jim Robinson. And now they heard that he was tramping around in desperation with the unemployed.

And they were mad.

They all knew that Jim Robinson had been fired on account of Lathrop's jealousy. They knew that Joe had been afraid of him, and had simply made a victim of Robinson. They knew that he had done that on a day when Lathrop had a specially bad booze-manufactured headache and an extra grouch. They resented the injustice. Their respect for Joe Lathrop, in short, dropped ninety degrees. Their interest in their work slackened. "What in thunder is the use of doing our best?" they said. "Why should we try to do better work, and more of it, like Jim Robinson, when all you get for it is the privilege of being fired?"

And they were sane.

So Joe Lathrop's series of private and semi-private boozings-up at John Mullane's went on. Jim Robinson tramped the streets of Sydney, unemployed, uncared for, and discouraged, while the organisation of that section of the factory went to bits. Things got so bad in that department that at last the factory superintendent blew up with a roar and fired Joe Lathrop. Then the superintendent himself was in for it. He had to find a new man; a new foreman, that is, as well as the other men. And he had to break them in. And the company had to stand the racket, and to put up with all the losses resulting from disorganisation, until the new foreman—Jim Robinson, whom the superintendent spotted in the street one day—took charge, and once more infused the splendid Australian spirit of enthusiasm into the team.

And to-day, if you talk hiring and firing in the office of that company, they lead you to a big sign—"We are converted here to the cause of Prohibition"—that hangs not only in the manager's office, but on every departmental wall.

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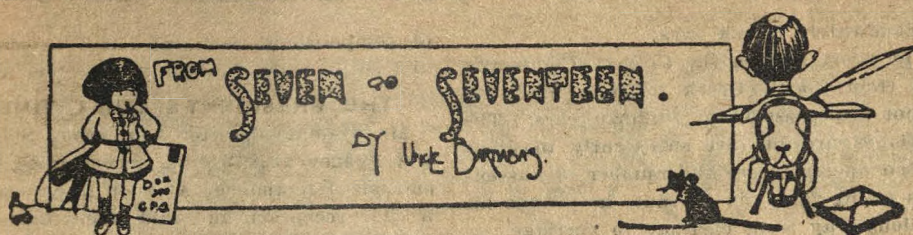
G12.—Children's and Maids' Rubber Lined Macintosh Coats, closed to neck as required, belt at waist.
Lengths 36 39 42 ins.
Usual Price 27/6 28/6 34/6
SALE PRICES 19/11 21/- 25/6

G13.—Maids' Good Quality Tweed Coats, single-breasted, open or fasten to neck, neat collar and cuffs of striped plushette. Lengths 39, 42, 45 ins.
Usual Price, 65/-
SALE PRICE 38/6

Send at once for your copy of our 24-page SALE CATALOGUE. We'll mail yours Free.

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

A NEW NI.

Stella Vera Freeman, "Glen Ellen," Croydon, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I should like to call you that as I wish to be a member of your large family. I am thirteen years of age. My birthday was on the 8th of November, 1907. attend the Five Dock public school and North Croydon Methodist Sunday school. Like most children I like my school days. I have read some of your loving Ne's and Ni's letters.

(Dear Stella,—I welcome you as a Ni. Be eager to "fight the good fight," to overcome all the evils which threaten the lives and happiness of the people.—Uncle T.)

RATHER LAZY.

Niece Eveline, Newcastle, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I saw my letter in "Grit" a few months ago, but have just managed to answer. I am feeling rather lazy when it comes to writing letters. The bandmaster at our school dropped dead to-day. His name is Mr. Godfrey. He died of heart failure. It must be very sad for his wife and family. We have started basket ball again, and we will be starting the competition this Friday week. I love basket ball, and once we start we don't like ending up. It is a very interesting game, although it is rather rough. We have plenty of lessons to do, as usual, but I am getting on a lot better than last year. I went to my cousin's birthday party on Saturday, and we had a real nice time. She got a lovely lot of presents. Well, Uncle, I will end now, with love to all "Grit" Ni's and Ne's and yourself.

(Dear Eveline,—Your letter is welcome. Mr. Godfrey's death was very sad. The fact of you making more progress this year at school shows that you are putting more "grit" into your studies. Keep on.—Uncle T.)

EVERYTHING LOVELY.

Annie Adams, "Eden," Berriwa, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I was very pleased to see my last letter published in "Grit." My brother takes "Grit" and I love reading pages eleven and twelve. Our flowers at school are out beautifully now. Nearly all of us have a rosebush. We also have a

nice tennis court and have many interesting games. Can you play, Uncle? Most of the farmers are busy sowing their crops now. Some of them have some up. There is an abundance of grass, and everything is lovely and fat. I do not know what I am going to be when I leave school. I would like to be a teacher. Well, Uncle, this is all the news this time, so I will conclude with love to all "Grit" cousins and yourself.

(Dear Annie,—Very pleased to hear from you again. Your letter is bright and cheerful; but do not spoil it by worrying over the future—just follow your natural bent—a teacher.—Uncle T.)

A NEW NI.

Ruby Small, Albury, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—This is the first time I have written to you, and I hope to become one of your many Ni's. My birthday is on the 12th of April, and I was twelve last birthday. I will be sitting for my Q.C. this year, and I hope to pass. My mother takes "Grit" every week, and I enjoy reading it, and your page especially. I have three brothers and three sisters, and my eldest brother is studying at the Sydney University to become a doctor. I am learning cooking at the cooking class, and I think it is very nice. I will close now, with love to you and all "Grit" cousins.

(Dear Ruby,—You are welcome to our family circle. Be true to all that "Grit" stands for and you will be blessed with a happy life. Write soon.—Uncle T.)

NOT YET.

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

Dear Uncle B.,—I am very sorry if I am a scallywag; but time slips past so quickly I have hardly time to think about anything but my home lessons. Oh, Uncle, do you know what? We are going to have a fete sometime in August to raise funds to build our Sunday school kindergarten hall. My sisters and myself are very busy getting little presents ready for the stalls. I do wish you could come along. We have a nice new pony and trap. Mother takes us in to the station of a morning to go to school. The freshness of the morning breeze blowing in our faces is beautiful. We have a nice flower garden now. The sweet-peas, chrysanthemums, and dahlias are in full bloom. It is Anzac Day to-day, and our honor roll at school looked beautiful, covered in wreaths and crosses in memory of the fallen. We had a nice lesson about the Anzacs in class during the morning. We had a half-holiday to celebrate the day. Soon, Uncle, we will be studying for the annual Sunday school exam. This will be the fourth time I have sat for it. I have passed each time, so I

hope to again. Our baby, Ronnie, turned two years old yesterday, so he went to Sunday school. I will close with best love to my "Grit" cousins and yourself.

(Dear Thelma,—I could never think of making a Ni who is doing good work a scallywag. "Keep on keeping on," there is a crown of joy ahead.—Uncle T.)

QUITE TIME.

Ivy Blaxland, "Dunvegan," Western-road, Parramatta, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I saw my last letter in "Grit," so I thought it must be time to write again. It is a beautiful day—not hot and not cold. Greg and I went to St. John's Church this morning for the Anzac service. The church was decorated very nicely. The V.A.'s. came, also returned soldiers and the scouts. My little George (he is my brother) fell down this morning on a rake, and it stuck into him and left two marks. It didn't bleed much though. Well, Uncle, no more news this time. With love to all my "Grit" cousins.

(Dear Ivy,—You are just in time to save yourself from that awful scallywag list. I am pleased to note that George was not badly hurt.—Uncle T.)

"DREADFUL."

Mavis Clarke, "Dalmar," Croydon, writes:

Dear Uncle B.,—We have been getting "Grit" since Sunday in March when we heard Mr. Wilson preach at Fairfield. I like to read the letters of your Ne's and Ni's. Will you please accept me as one of your Ni's? I am eleven years old and my birthday is on Empire Day, May 24. I will send you my photo when we get them home; my auntie took four of us together. I think it is so dreadful to see such a lot of men drunk. Coming home from school we often see them. I would like all the places where strong drink is sold to be closed; so many people are miserable, and children are hungry through the horrid stuff. The article in this week's issue of "Grit" about the brave airman, Lient. McIntosh, is very sad. I am in 5th class at school. We are having a bazaar in our class to get pictures for our own room. I go to North Croydon Methodist Sunday school. I have a lot of books. We have not been here very long, but I like the place very well.

(Dear Mavis,—Very pleased to include you in our family. The ravages of alcohol are truly sad. You must determine that you will make one to join the fighters against its use. The future will then be secure.—Uncle T.)

THE GREATEST COMPLIMENT.

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Watch Newcastle Grow—

(Continued from page 7.)

A PLACE IN THE SUN.

The chief remarked on Wednesday that while the delegation generally got into the "limelight," I got into the "Sun." There's a reason. I had a few N.S.W. statistics that caught the attention of the editor. Here they are: Last year this State spent £10,250,000 on drink, a sum which equals two-thirds of the earnings of the State railways and tramways, is twice what we spent on bread, and four times what we spent on education; 1900 men and women were committed for drunkenness in 1920; 110 inquests were held in 1918 on bodies of drunken persons; in the same year 133 men and 32 women were sent to the insane asylum through over-indulgence in alcoholic beverages; 1000 men and women, classed as chronic drinkers, passed through the detention home at Darlinghurst; while 10,000 out of 17,000 children under the care of the State Children's department had drunken parents.

The quotation of these figures was followed up by the question: What are we going to do about it? My answer was: "Get Prohibition, as they have in Canada; bring in a 'bone-dry' law for the Land of the Wattle, as they have in the Land of the Maple Leaf."

SOCIAL LIFE REPLACES SOCIAL STRIFE.

My second excuse for getting into the "Sun" was because the genial and socially-minded editor, Mr. Slater, was interested in Canada's experiment of putting something in place of the bar. This task is being attempted by the temperance forces there, operating through the Communists' Club movement. It was my privilege to be the first Community Secretary of Manitoba, and before I left there we had over 30 clubs functioning. The slogan of the movement is: "Think together, work together, play together." The purpose is to organise the forces of the community on a "citizen" basis and to provide a common avenue through which appropriate committees can carry out the programme suggested in the slogan. It is to my mind a necessary constructive movement following the advent of Prohibition. It seeks to make life, especially in rural and suburban centres, more wholesome, more attractive, and more complete. . . . And here endeth the telling of my little tale of the things that happened in Newcastle.

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"Sodawater" Shonk says:

The short run on the Colliery Company's line from Cockle Creek to West Wallsend is not a procession of Pullman cars. The carriages are lit just sufficiently to allow the conductor to see the number of passengers owing fares, as en route he swings his perilous way from carriage to carriage.

I'm glad it was dark. It hid the doubtful face of a "drier"—a "drier" who wondered whether "Westy" would accord him any more attention than had been given to previous Prohibition lectures.

"The pit"—which is to say, the miners—had turned thumbs down upon all attempts hitherto made to reason about liquor abolition, and I wondered what my fate would be. My knowledge of Labor's history, its economics and outlook, my work in the co-operative movement, and friendship with "Westy" co-operators, however, all helped to turn the scale, and with Messrs. Chapple, W. Hammond and Cummins, all local enthusiasts, supporting me.

A MINE FOR THE MINERS

was opened in West Wallsend. A fine crowd of about 300 persons listened for over an hour and a half to the mine of Prohibition facts which was opened up to them. A donation from the local publican of two human advertisements, the distribution of leaflets and booklets, and a general feeling of deep interest in the subject, helped to make what Mr. W. Hammond, Treasurer of the local Miners' Lodge, described as the best Prohibition meeting ever held here. "And we'd be glad for you to come along and address the Lodge on other educational subjects, too!" said the miners.

"Westy" is a "tough" proposition for Prohibitionists to tackle, but the Alliance staff, with its wide range of experience, its diversity of interests, its record of service in so many spheres of life, can now meet every particular situation with the right man.

I feel that I happened to be the right man at "Westy."

A "REC." RALLY.

No audience calls for more versatility in a lecture than does a gathering of boys whose ages range from nine to nineteen. Their animal spirits chafe under an ordinary address, they're eager to express themselves somehow, and if the fare provided for them is not varied it is uninteresting.

Believing that the old-time temperance moralisings are insufficient for the modern boy, I went armed and prepared for the fine gathering of junior Rechabites at the Masonic Hall at Hamilton.

COMMUNITY SINGING, CARTOONS, COMPETITIONS.

Commencing as community singing conductor, I soon had the youngsters stopping the traffic outside with their "lungy" rendering of our Prohibition parodies of modern songs. Following this by taking the role of lightning sketch artist, killing Bung by ridicule, and sending facts to the boys' brains through their eyes as well as their ears, the evening was concluded by a series

of competitions, each calculated to educate and enthuse the Prohibitionist voters to be.

THE PRESIDENT'S QUIET TIME.

Mr. Hammond, after a vigorous Sunday, left Sydney at 8.15 a.m., accompanied by a man-sized toothache. At noon he was given a civic reception, and said some things the press very fully reported. At one he was on the waggon at the street corner renewing acquaintances with some drunks, and making friends by his sane, convincing presentation of the case for Prohibition.

At three he was addressing workers; at six he was swallowing tea without chewing it, and convulsing the gathering with quaint stories of his unusual experiences; at eight he was stirring a fine meeting to enthusiasm. Some day, believe me. On Tuesday, a meeting of ministers, a lunch with business men, a big meeting of women, and a great gathering at Hamilton, and at 11 p.m. the boat for Sydney.

A nice, quiet, restful visit to Newcastle, and more to be thankful for than after any previous visit.

The papers treated us splendidly, the people were generous, the clergy were, as usual, helpful, and the weather was all that could be desired.

SAILORS AND UNEMPLOYED.

Mr. Allen Job says:

The babel on the vacant section at a Carlington corner ceased for a few seconds. The children were busy mounting the horses of the merry-go-round and the older sports handed in their bats to the man at the chocolate wheel. Then a new voice broke the comparative silence.

"Come along, boys, the meeting is about to commence. It's warmer in 'The Bethel' than out here, and I promise you plenty of fun."

Only a handful of hearers had gathered in the hall, and I was determined to get an audience.

"We're coming," said a drunken sailor, as he staggered forward, followed by a motley collection of men from ports in every part of the seven seas.

Still unsatisfied, I darted across the street to where a number of unemployed were pre-

(Continued on Page 16.)

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SHE SHOULD HAVE KNOWN.

A soldier whose head and face were heavily swathed in bandages, and who obviously had had a bad time, was being feelingly sympathised with by the solicitous lady who had no more wit than the law allowed. Not knowing what else to say, she asked:

"And were you wounded in the head, my poor fellow?"

"No, ma'am," Tommy replied. "No, ma'am, not that! I was wounded in the ankle, but the bandages slipped."

COULD EAT, BUT COULDN'T SEE.

A farmer who went to a large city to see the sights engaged a room at a hotel, and before retiring asked the clerk about the hours for dining.

"We have breakfast from six to eleven, dinner from eleven to three, and supper from three to eight," explained the clerk.

"Wa-al, say," inquired the farmer in surprise, "what time air I goin' ter git ter see the town?"

GETTING HIS TROUSSEAU READY.

The squire of the neighborhood was just leaving after a call on Mrs. Maguire. "And your son, Mrs. Maguire?" said he as he reached for his hat. "I hope he is well. Busy, I suppose, getting ready for his wedding to-night?"

"Well, it isn't him that is busy; it's me, squire," answered the beaming mother. "He's upstairs in bed while I'm washing out his trousseau."

FATAL MISTAKE.

(Situation: Burglar, caught red-handed, arraigned in court)—Woman: "The sorce o' the feller! 'E pretended to be my 'usband and called out, 'It's all right, darlin'—It's only me.' It was the word 'darlin'' wot give 'im away."

HEADED THE SAME WAY.

Johnson had been dining out with some friends. When he left to go home he found himself in a very thick fog. Stumbling along a narrow pathway, he found himself descending a flight of steps. This he felt sure was not right, and hearing footsteps ascending, he paused.

"Pardon me," he said to the dim figure which presently loomed through the fog, "but can you tell me where I am going to?"

"Certainly, sir," replied the stranger politely. "If you go straight on you will walk into the river. I have just come out!"

A LOWER PITCH.

She sang and she sang: "I will hang my harp on a willow tre-e-e, I will hang my harp on a willow tre-e-e," each time breaking on the high note.

Finally the patient father from the next room ventured: "Better hang it on a lower branch, Liz."

A CHERISHED EXPERIENCE.

The spinster waited two or three hours to be admitted to the presence of the man who visited their town once a month to retail good advice and his own proprietary medicine. At last she was admitted.

"Yes, yes," said the brusque doctor.

"I want to know if influenza can be transmitted by kissing?"

"Beyond a doubt, madam."

"Well, a man with a pronounced case of influenza kissed me."

"How long ago was this?"

"Well, let's see. I think it was about two months."

"Why, madam, no harm can come to you now from the exposure. It is quite too late."

"I knew it," she sighed, "but I just love to talk about it."



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ONE QUALITY—THE BEST

DAILY INSPIRATION

"I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you."—John 14, 18.

"My grace is sufficient for thee."—
II. Cor., 12, 9.

GROWING IN GRACE.

"Age or stature is not at one's own will. A man does not grow in respect of the flesh, any more than he is born when he will. So no man is "born of water and the spirit" except he is willing; consequently, if he wills, he grows or makes increase; or, if he wills, he decreases. To grow is to go onward by proficiency; but Christians are to "grow in grace" and never to "draw back."—St. Augustine.

MONDAY.

"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."—Prov., 15, 13.

JUST A SMILE.

What a lot of good you'd do
If you'd smile!
As this world you travel through,
If you'd smile!
Though you're neither rich nor clever,
Though your youth be gone for ever,
Yet one thing you can endeavor—
You can smile!
You could lighten many sorrows with a smile,
You could brighten sad to-morrows with a smile.
Though you've neither gifts nor graces,
And the homeliest of faces,
Yet you'd cheer world's dark places—
If you'd smile!

TUESDAY.

"As the angels of God in Heaven."—
Matt., 22, 30.

OUR HEAVENLY HOME.

"Him that cometh unto Me," said Christ, "I will not cast out of doors." What must the "within doors" be where there is no more going out "of doors"? Innermost depth of home, sweet secrecy of dwelling! Oh, secret place to dwell in, where there is no dullness, no bitterness of evil thoughts, no throng of temptations and griefs crying for help! Is it not that secret place into which that well-deserving servant shall enter to whom his Lord shall say, "Enter thou into the joy of thy Lord"?—St. Augustine.

WEDNESDAY.

"Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."—Acts, 16, 31.

"CREDO."

"Not what, but whom I do believe,
That in my darkest hour of need,
Hath comfort that no mortal creed
To mortal man may give—
Not what, but whom!
For Christ is more than all the creeds,
And his full life of gentle deeds
Shall all the creeds outlive;
Not what I do believe, but whom!
Who walks beside me in the gloom?
Who shares the burden wearisome?
Who all the dim way doth illumine,
And bids us look beyond the tomb
The larger life to live?
Not what I do believe,
But whom!
Not what,
But whom!"

—John Oxenham.

THURSDAY.

"If any man offend not in word, the same is a perfect man."—Jas., 3, 2.

SELF-CONTROL.

"Govern your passions, manage your actions with prudence, and, where false steps have been made, correct them for the future. Let nothing be allowed to grow headstrong and disorderly; but bring all under discipline. Set all your faults before your eyes and pass sentence upon yourself with the same severity as you would do upon another, for whom no partiality hath biased your judgment."—St. Bernard.

FRIDAY.

"Pray ye to the Lord for me."—Acts, 8, 24.
"Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by golden chains about the feet of God."

SATURDAY.

"Repent, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand."—Matt., 3, 2.

REPENTANCE.

"Let us repent while we are yet upon the earth, for we are as clay in the hands of the artificer. The potter, when he makes a vessel, and it turns amiss in his hands, forms it anew; but if he had gone so far as to throw it into the furnace of fire, he can no more bring any remedy to it. So we, while we are in this world, should repent with our whole heart for whatsoever evil we have done in the flesh, while we have yet the time of repentance, that we may be saved of the Lord, for after we shall have departed out of this world we shall no longer be able either to confess our sins or repent in the other."—Clement.

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A Tragic End

A Timely Warning to Mothers and Daughters of Australia.

Extracts from two letters received by Paul C. Brown, Field Secretary of the California C.E. Union, from a girl who was about to take her own life, and who did commit suicide a few days later.

She had seen an article in the "Christian Endeavor World," accompanied by the picture of Mr. Brown, and so wrote to him begging the privilege of reaching the ears of the young people of California through him.

—(Editor.)



Oakland, Cal., March 21.

Dear Sir: * * * I am going to write you a long, long letter and tell you something that no one knows yet, and when I am thru I am going to start down the last slide that stops in the centre of Hell itself. * * * The real reason for my confession will be very evident before I close this, my last letter on earth. I am going to write plainly. I am going to tell you my life's story. I am going to tell you some of the heartache, the agony, the anguish that we suffer. I am going to warn mothers about their daughters. I am going to put into your hands something that will speak in letters of blood from the very gates of Hell itself. I am going to try to save some other soul from this Hell with my last breath. This very paper is bought with the price from money I would have spent for liquor. I am going to take you, as it were, and have you stand with me on the rim of Hell and look down among the souls of girls who have lost their balance. I want you to see the agony, the anguish, the despair; I want you to hear the souls cry out in despair—and then I charge you to tell this story wherever possible, warn all young people you meet not to wander from their Savior * * * The only safe thing for young people to do is to keep close to their Lord. Tell them in no uncertain notes the inexpressible agony, remorse, anguish that may become theirs if they do not keep close to their Lord.

* * * When you get this I will be non-existent, Mr. Brown, and there will be no one to mourn, no one to care, no one to weep or miss me, but if I can save one soul by exposing my life, perhaps I may not have lived in vain, after all.

My parents were "Christians," but love did not rule the home. Church appearances were adhered to, but the week day life was a sham. My mother did not tell me the vital facts of life, the purity, the divine purpose in my body. * * * My mother thought ignorance was innocence, and left me unwarned. Oh, if mothers only believed in the pureness, the majestic sweetness of motherhood, and then watched their babies with an eagle eye, and would talk these things over in a right way. If some mother could only hear the moan of this little girl of 19 years in my room now. Oh, if my mother had only told me what it meant to be a girl! I am not speaking now of the girls who know what they are doing, but are forced to it by money troubles. I am only speaking of those who LEARN life's lessons, who feel Nature's call to mate because of too much freedom with the boys of their own set, the card parties, the dances, skating rinks, etc., where their emotions are aroused, and they do not see the danger rocks.

Oh, where is your Christ? Is He a stone image, is He an idol? Is there not real joy enough in religion to make the young people happy without these things? Oh, when will the church people get close enough to their Savior, so that they can feel His heart of love beating and find in Him their pleasure?

Yes, Mr. Brown, I once knew the sweetness of loving Him, but now the gates of Hell are closing behind me, and I am HERE because of a dance given in a Church parlor. I did not know it was wrong to let a young man take me for a walk alone. I was only 14. I learned that night the sweetness of being kissed. It was only a matter of six days from that day before I had taken the first step down and nothing happened, no one knew; then again and again and then a scandal, and I was sent from home disgraced, yet was I to blame for my ignorance?

Once upon a time I gave my heart to Jesus Christ and loved Him, but now—what a change! Even after my fall I did not sink very low. I rallied because of my Savior's love and tried to be good. I studied and studied, and wanted to fit myself to warn girls. Finally I met and loved the son of a Minister. My story was repeated with this exception—he did not play fair. From that time I went the pace. * * *

My case now is hopeless, but there are many young girls who have not yet taken the first step. If those who profess to know Christ would only live as if they knew Him. Oh, I know it is not His fault that I am here—it is not His fault! Oh, you people who profess Christ, oh, hear me calling from the very gates of Hell, live Him, tell others of Him, keep close to Him! Tell the young people that the world and all its pleasures are only traps for their feet. Oh, the heartache, the sorrow away from your Lord Jesus! Hear me, once pure as you are, with outstretched arms, with tears in my eyes, warning you of the broken hearts, the pain and mental suffering, the sleepless nights, if you leave your Savior. The world may glisten and invite you, but it is all sham. Christ is all that is worth while. The world turns to brass and gall when it has lured you away, and then laughs at your emptied, seared soul. It is not necessary that you go the depths of sin to feel its sorrow and anguish.

* * * Monday will see me out of this world forever, unmissed, unloved, unmourned. Oh, that someone really cared, that God could reach me now and help. * * * Well, here goes, this is the last good-bye—remember the souls of the young people you meet, and, oh, warn them before it is too late.

A heart-broken, lost soul, bound for Hell.

Second Letter Received About One Week Later.

San Francisco, March 24.

Dear Mr. Brown:

This letter, Mr. Brown, will be sent to you one week later, one week after I am dead, for to-night I cease to exist. I am leaving this with friends to be sent one week from now. My object? To speak to you as tho from the grave, and that what I say will be the more impressive.

I have not always been degraded. I once knew the peace and joy of a surrendered life and good society. People of refinement and education were my friends; but the pleasures of the world allured, the dances, the cards, the wine, and I was swept off my feet into the swirling waters of sin and suffering, and now—suicide. I've met many poor deluded girls and some boys who had had Church training and Christian parents, and yet, there they were in sin. Why?—Mainly because, according to their own words, the Churches had failed to live and preach Jesus Christ. The members of their own families were professors but not possessors of the Lord Jesus as a living reality.

Mr. Paul Brown, this to you is my very last word. I am going to tell why I am to kill myself * * * I am a prospective mother.

The only "decent" thing left me is to put myself out of the way.

A LOST SOUL.

Note.—From various sources we have been able to learn of the tragic end of this poor, unfortunate girl. She did not kill herself as soon as she intended according to her letter. Her last day in San Francisco was spent in the back end of a saloon trying to persuade some of her old associates in the evil life to give themselves to Christ. She did win three. Then she went to Seattle, hunted up the "father" of her unborn babe, and killed herself while in his house.

—PAUL C. BROWN.

Taken from "The Lure of the Dance"

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(Please write plainly)

Name

Address

Note.—Send us ten addresses to which we might send an announcement of this book, and we will send the book for 2/6 post paid. Your name will not be mentioned.

Watch Newcastle Grow—

(Continued from Page 12.)

paring to pass the night under the hotel verandah. A few words persuaded the crowd of unfortunates to follow the seamen in the hall; many of the men were full, but so was the building.

I was happy. For half an hour I poured forth words in praise of Prohibition. Keen interest was aroused, and almost every man in the audience was anxious to ask a question. For another hour the platform was bombarded from every corner of the building. The sailors had been everywhere, and knew everything. The unemployed had no doubt concerning the solution of economic and industrial problems, but, being at home with my subject, it was a most enjoyable time for me.

Newcastle gave me a warm reception, and an opportunity to considerably help our cause, but Carrington "Bethel" was a turning of new ground, and a meeting as interesting as it was unconventional.

WATCH NEWCASTLE GROW.

Monday midday Phil Adler and R. J. C. Butler went to Messrs. Goninan's works and met the employees. About one hundred and fifty workers gathered in the carriage shop to hear what these fellow-unionists had to say about Prohibition. The worker of the old days is dead and buried, a new and intelligent worker confronts any man who comes along to "have a few words with them," and Adler and Butler did not forget this when they faced the unionists who work at Goninan's. Mounting a pile of timber, Butler asked for a fair hearing for his colleague, and the meeting went ahead. With a skill which only comes from experience, Phil Adler got right down to tin tacks with his hearers, and they appreciated it.

"I know you like a glass of beer after you knock off work," said the speaker.

"You bet," came from a dozen of the listeners.

And then, in a business-like manner, the workers were treated to a feast of economic facts about booze, which sent them away thinking very hard.

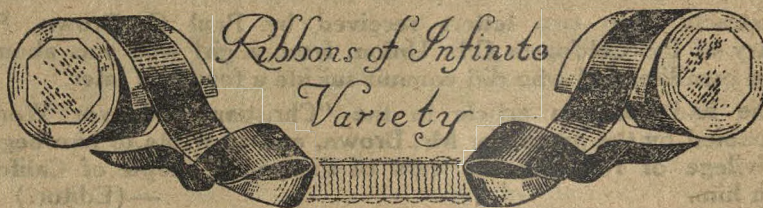
They were reminded of the men they had sent to Parliament, and to other places of trust, who had betrayed them, and drink was the cause. These unionists knew of such cases only too well.

"In these cases, don't kick your pals, but do the sensible thing and boot out the liquor traffic."

Tuesday lunch hour was spent at Morrison and Bearby's workshop, where a splendid meeting was held. Tuesday afternoon the coal trimmers had a visit and good work was done. The Trades Hall was visited and a cordial reception was given to the Prohibitionists. Butler and Adler returned from Newcastle convinced that the workers are wakening to the fact that Prohibition would be good for them.

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