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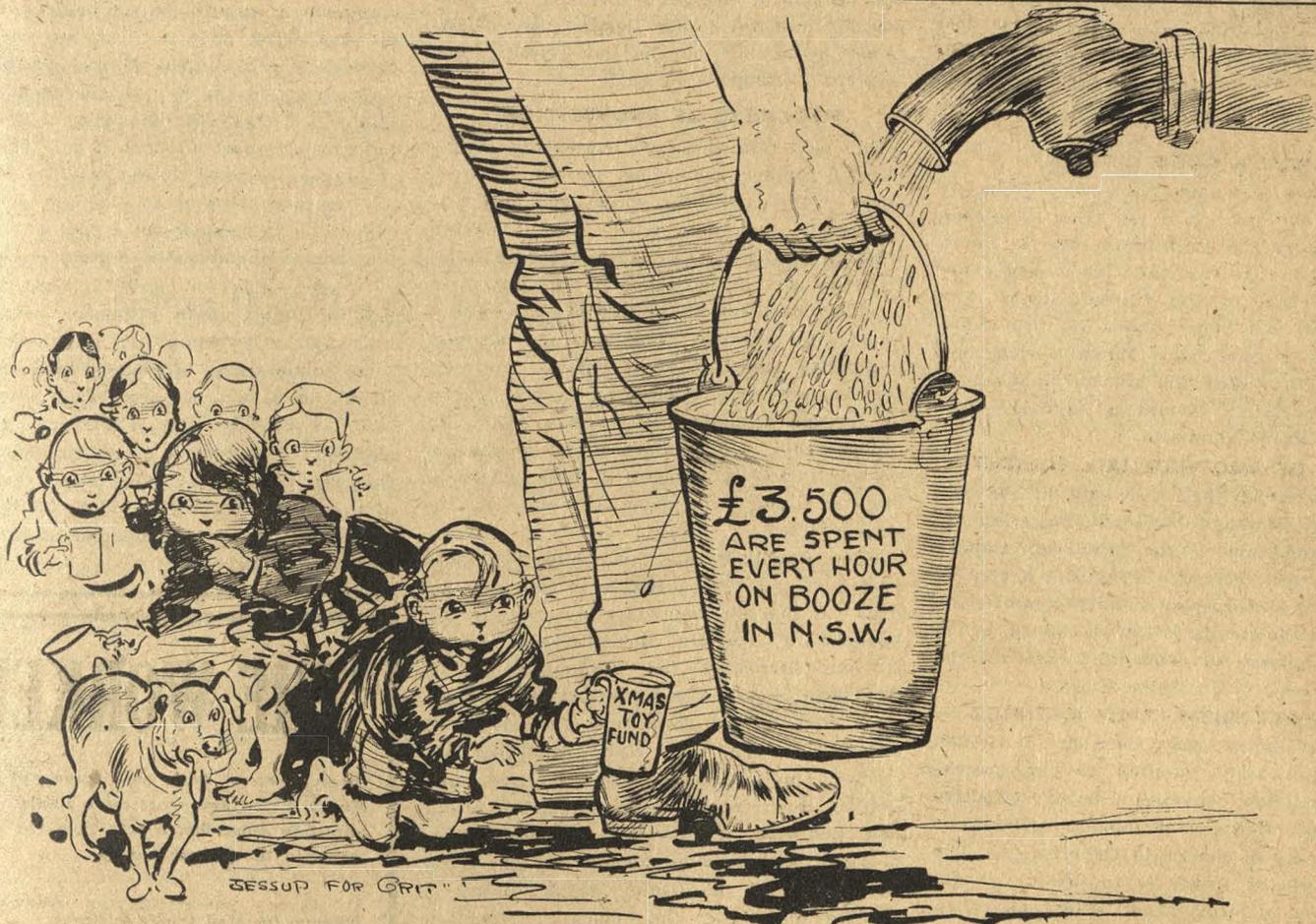
Grit.

A JOURNAL OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY AND PROHIBITION

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HOW PROHIBITION WORKS.

FROM THE DAILY PRESS.

OXFORD DEFEATED IN DRY LAW DEBATE.

Oxford University debaters, led by Malcolm J. MacDonald, son of the British Premier, were defeated recently by the University of Cincinnati team on the subject, "Resolved, that this house is opposed to Prohibition." The British team took the affirmative. The audience, by a vote of 1714 to 698, went on record as supporting the presentation of the view that Prohibition is improving the condition of society.

The victors showed that "anti-social evils require restriction," and concluded that, as the liquor traffic constituted an "anti-social evil," it should be restricted.—News item, "Christian Science Monitor."

HEAVY SENTENCE FOR DRUG PEDDLER.

Baggio Dandrea, of Brooklyn, who was recently found guilty of selling and in possession of narcotics, was sentenced by Judge Inch to fifteen years in the Federal Penitentiary in Atlanta, and a fine of 1000 dollars. Dandrea has a criminal record dating back to 1916.—Report to Commissioner Haynes from Narcotic Agent Salvatore Pacetta.

NOT A GOOD CITIZEN.

It is sometimes said that good citizens are violating the law. It is not true. The man who violates the Prohibition law is not a good citizen. He has made his money under the protection of the United States law; maintained his home under its protection, and owes it gratitude. When a rich man conspires to violate the law he makes himself a peculiarly obnoxious mucker.—Editorial, "Arizona Sunbeam."

SALE OF ANOTHER JAIL SOUGHT.

Prohibition is likely to result in the sale of another Massachusetts jail, following the closing and sale of the Middlesex County jail in Lowell recently. Proposals are to be made to the Worcester County commissioners to sell the county jail in Fitchburg, which has been closed for some time.—News item, "Schenectady (N.Y.) Union Star."

DRY PACT WITH ITALY RATIFIED.

The new liquor treaty between the United States and Italy, similar to the Anglo-American liquor convention, is now effective as a result of the exchange of ratifications of the treaty at the State Department. The purpose of the treaty is to prevent illegal importation of intoxicating liquors on Italian vessels.

Secretary Hughes represented this country and the Italian Ambassador, Gelesio Caetani, the Government of Italy, in making the exchange. The treaty was signed June 3 last, and was ratified by the American Senate the next day.

The United States has negotiated treaties of this sort with eight nations—Great Britain, France, Italy, Norway, Denmark, Sweden, Panama and the Netherlands.—News item, "New York Times."

JUDGE IMPOSES 6500 DOLLARS FINES IN LIQUOR CASES.

Fines totalling 6500 dollars were imposed by Judge Frank H. Kerrigan in the United States District Court in one day on defendants convicted of violating the national Prohibition law. Fines ranged from 300 dollars to 600 dollars each.—"Sacramento (Calif.) Chronicle."

UNITED STATES SECURES RIGHT TO SEIZE RUM CARS.

A decision was handed down recently in the Federal Court at New Haven by Judge Edwin S. Thomas, which it is believed will have a marked influence in the attempt to curb illegal transportation of liquor throughout this United States district.

The New Haven judge overruled claims of defendants in a case involving the right of the Government to confiscate automobiles of bootleggers in which untaxed liquor has been found. Under the decision the Government will be able to confiscate any vehicle transporting untaxed liquor despite any conditional ownership of the car.—News item, "Hartford (Conn.) Courant."

PROGRESS OF PROHIBITION.

The next Congress will witness an initiation of further legislation for the enforcement of the law. But while such action is necessary and meritorious, the ultimate triumph of this law will rest, not on a more rigorous use of the police power, but upon a wider education of the people to the awful menace to individual happiness and national prosperity resulting from liquor. No man ever suffered loss of personal dignity, health, or fortune from breaking away from the liquor habit. No nation can fail to gain in prosperity and influence if it shall rigorously ban the liquor trade from any place within its borders.

Economically Prohibition has been the salvation of the United States in the last decade. It has enabled its people to bear the burdens of taxation and post-war prices. It has increased the productiveness of American labor. It has lessened the lawlessness and turned jails into factories and schools. It has ruined whisky distillers and brewers and quadrupled deposits in savings banks. It has made the nations of the world ask each other if a drinking people can ever compete with a sober people, and the more the record of the United States to-day is studied the louder the negative answer to that question will be.—Editorial, "Christian Science Monitor."

LABOR MADE MORE POWERFUL.

"Labor's welfare depends upon the prosperity of the nation and upon the ability to secure its proper share in the profits of industry. In this struggle during the past five years, Prohibition has rendered a signal service. Booze never secured or held a worthwhile job for any workingman. Sobriety, industry and thrift have made Labor more

powerful, more successful and more prosperous.

"With the removal of the saloon, the personal health, trade efficiency and well-being of such workers as once patronised them, has been increased. This has made possible increased mass production, lowering the cost of production and the price to the consumer in many cases, thus enlarging the market for such goods, creating more jobs to be filled, and giving the worker a legitimate claim upon his portion of the augmented profits.

"A drinking fellow-workman is a menace. His elimination greatly reduced industrial accidents, thus adding to the safety of the workers by cutting production costs and increasing his claim for a larger wage.

"Thrift has been stimulated. Labor banks receive in deposits millions of dollars from Union men who formerly spent more than they could afford in the corner bar-room.

"Labor disputes are settled without strikes more readily since Prohibition. Men whose brains were not muddled with drink have won greater victories in conferences with employers than could have been won by costly strikes. It is impossible to-day to stampede a union into unconsidered action because drink does not inflame the minds or destroy self-control of our members.

"Such strikes as have occurred show that Labor is better able to make a successful fight to-day than in saloon days. The saloon no longer provokes rioting which would justify the invocation of martial law, and liquor cannot be introduced as a factor to induce the weaker members to surrender.

"Wider fields for activity, higher standards of living, more intimate acquaintance with the better things of life, more wholesome amusement, all have come to Labor since the saloon, the so-called poor man's club, is closed. Our children are better clothed. They have a longer school life. Our families have better homes and more of the comforts of life."—Hon. M. E. Stoodray, Labor leader and member of the Legislature of Louisiana.

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LIQUOR ACTS GOOD FOR LAWYERS, BUT OPAQUE TO LAYMEN.

BUNG REJOICES.

Scandalous! No other word fits the situation, so far as the Liquor Acts are concerned.

That is to say, they are many—the Acts. Year after year amendment has been piled on amendment. Now there are a thick mass of Acts which profess to constitute the "Law of Booze" in this State. No one can be expected to understand them. Note that word "profess." The fact is also that the Acts do not represent the whole law, because what fleas are to a dog so are regulations to Acts. The civil servants who draft Acts are always careful to put in a clause that the Government may issue "regulations" too—which power is good for the bureaucracy, it aggrandises the billet and makes work for the "Gazette" chaps.

So now there is not only a mass of Acts, but a spider's web of regulations ten or twelve years old! No one understands the Acts, and no one dreams of understanding the regulations, which cancel and amend and flout one another in the best Mad Hatter style.

All these facts are in the interest of Booze! He is not only entrenched behind appetite and vested interest; he is also wired and sand-bagged in with a labyrinth of Acts and regulations—so obscure or so antique that the very sight of the stuff in its printed form would be hateful to gods and men. But very few have seen it all hidden away in libraries and "Gazettes."

Now that the Justice Department and the Licensing Court have had so long an innings surely it were time that something like reform were established. What is needed, of course, is consolidation of both Acts and regulations. Mr. Ley ought to have done it long ago. The Prohibitionist forces often think Mr. Ley was a poor friend. And if he wishes to redeem himself he might add to his fame by changing the law—that law behind which, as behind some smoke screen, Bung sits and grins.

The law is obscure because successive politicians were content to sew on a patch here or there, and so Act bred Act, like microbes.

Give us daylight! The best thing in Acts would be one of a few short clauses, abolishing the Liquor Trade and killing off all other Acts. The next best thing is consolidation and simplification of the law.

STORIES AND INCIDENTS.

BISHOP CONVERTED TO DRYS BY BRICKBATS.

Brickbats were the chief cause of the conversion to teetotalism of the Bishop of London, this prelate said recently at a public gathering.

"I was led to become a teetotaller in a fit of youthful enthusiasm forty years ago," the bishop declared, "because I saw brickbats being hurled at women trying to hold a temperance meeting in a town I will not name. When I saw that these devoted people had the whole of the publicans in the place heaving bricks at them, I said to myself that a cause that wanted backing up with brickbats was not the cause for me. I have been a teetotaller ever since, and I am glad of it."

WHY? BECAUSE THEY FOUGHT EACH OTHER.

Dr. Morton S. Rice, of Detroit, tells the following story:

"A fellow out in the backyard of a little house in the west end of our town, a laboring man digging in the ground, heard a peculiar noise and looked around to discover whence it came. For a while he saw nothing, but finally he looked up and saw two birds fighting in the air. He watched them as they tumbled and rolled around in the air while the feathers flew. He saw they were large birds and presently perceived

they were eagles. Actually those birds tumbled and fell down in the backyard of that workman in our town, and he grabbed them and put them into a hencoop. I looked at those birds with drooping eyes and drooping feathers—great eyes, meant to gaze on the morning sun, and wings intended to mount the tops of the highest peaks—there they were in the backyard of a workman, in a hencoop. Why? Because they fought each other."

WHERE DOES HEALTH EDUCATION BEGIN?

The man in the car stopped to look at the good-looking farm. The fields were yielding large crops; the stock was in fine condition. Well-made sheds housed the newest and most efficient farm machinery and an auto for travel.

"How many pigs have you?" asked the traveller.

"Just a hundred and nine," said the farmer. "That boar over yonder took first prize at the county fair. He's a full-blooded Duroc."

"You certainly know how to raise pigs, Mr. Farmer."

"I ought to; I've sure made a study of raising hogs. You have to get good stock and then raise them right."

"Your corn looks fine, too."

"Yes, it's going to be a bumper crop."

"I suppose anybody could raise corn around here," ventured the traveller.

"Anybody that's a mind to learn how and willing to work. You have to know how to raise corn; you have to know about the soil, and the seed, and how to raise the crop. I've got the best machinery anywhere around; and it pays. A man can't afford these days to buy inferior stock or tools and then he's got to keep everlastingly on the job."

A child came running out into the yard brown as a berry, but thin and sleepy-looking.

"How many children have you?" asked the traveller.

"Nine!" replied the raiser of prize pigs. "Some family, eh?"

"And I suppose you and your wife have made a study of how to raise a prize family of children?"

"Now you're kiddin' me! I reckon what's good enough for their dad is good enough for them."

"But, is it? You don't expect your small pigs to eat what your big hogs eat. You don't make prize hogs that way. When you're growing a prize pig you don't say, 'It's going to get no more than its mother had,' but 'What does this pig need?'—and that pig won't get it unless you give it to him. You know every point of a prize hog; do you know every point of a prize six-year-old girl or boy? Or a ten-year-old? Or a two-year-old?"

"Pears as if it's goin' to rain," said the farmer. "I'll have to be getting the cultivator under the shed. It's new this year and I don't want it to get wet and rust. If you want to keep good machinery you just have to take care of it."—National Bureau of Education.

HE DIDN'T HAVE TO BUY THE HAT.

"I was in San Francisco lately, and a lady reporter came to see me," said "Pussyfoot" Johnson to an English audience. "'Now looka here, Mr. Johnson,' she said, 'since Prohibition came the arrests in San Francisco for drunkenness have increased 500 per cent. How do you explain that?'"

"Do you know it?" I asked.

"Sure I know it!" she said. "I saw it in a newspaper."

"Young lady," I replied, "will you go to the chief of police and look up the records yourself, and if cases of drunkenness haven't decreased by about two-thirds since Prohibition came in I'll buy you the best hat you can choose out of any shop in this city. Go along now—I have the price for the hat!"

"In 1917," continued Mr. Johnson, with a chuckle, "the arrests for drunkenness in San Francisco numbered 17,000; last year there were 7000. She didn't come back. I didn't have to buy that hat."

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FIELD DAY APPOINTMENTS.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 28—

11 a.m.: Miranda Anglican Church.
3 p.m.: Miranda Children's Service.
7.15 p.m.: Sutherland Anglican Church.
Mr. C. W. Chandler.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 4—

11 a.m.: Lawson Congregational Church.
7.30 p.m.: Lawson Methodist Church.
Rev. Henry Worrall.
11 a.m.: Blackheath Church of Christ.
7.15 p.m.: Blackheath Church of Christ.
Mr. H. C. Stitt.

SUNDAY, JANUARY 11—

11 a.m.: Katoomba Congregational Ch.
7.15 p.m.: Katoomba Methodist Church.
Rev. Henry Worrall.
11 a.m.: Leura Baptist Church.
7 p.m.: Katoomba Baptist Church.
Mr. C. W. Chandler.
11 a.m.: Leura Methodist Church.
7.15 p.m.: Katoomba Presbyterian Ch.
Mr. H. C. Stitt.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

REV. HENRY WORRALL.

The itinerary of public meetings to be addressed by the Australian Prohibition Council's lecturer during the month of January will be as follows:

Monday, January 5.—Wentworth Falls, School of Arts.
Tuesday, January 6.—Lawson, Literary Institute.
Wednesday, January 7.—Woodford, Methodist School Hall.
Thursday, January 8.—Springwood, Picture Theatre.
Monday, January 12.—Katoomba, Town Hall.
Tuesday, January 13.—Blackheath, Arcadia Picture Theatre.
Wednesday, January 14.—Mount Victoria, Public Hall.
Thursday, January 15.—Leura, St. Alban's Anglican Hall.
SATURDAY, JANUARY 17 — Hazelbrook Methodist School Hall.

All meetings to commence at 8 p.m.

The Sunday services which Mr. Worrall and the Alliance Staff will conduct by the kind arrangement of the ministers on the Blue Mountains appear in our Church Service list above.

ALLIANCE NEWS AND NOTES.

(By H. C. STITT).

As usual the Alliance staff conducted a number of special Prohibition Services in the Churches on Sunday, 14th December. Mr. Wm. Bain was well received at the Redfern Presbyterian Church, Mr. C. E. Still was in the country and conducted the services at Hexham and Morpeth Methodist Churches, and reports a splendid Prohibition feeling in that district. Mr. C. W. Chandler visited Sutherland and Caringbar Methodist Churches, where he addressed very good congregations. The writer had charge of

Bexley Methodist Church, where there was a very warm-hearted and responsive congregation. In the afternoon he addressed the Canterbury Methodist Young Men's Class—a fine body of earnest young fellows, anxious to be equipped for service. In the evening the same preacher spoke at the Balmain Methodist Church to a large assembly. The very fine choir and orchestra added wonderfully to the musical tone of the service.

The appointments of public meetings for the Rev. Henry Worrall appear elsewhere, and our readers are invited to make these as widely known as possible. Mr. Worrall is also conducting a plan of church services during January, and will be assisted on the tour by several members of the Alliance staff.

The Victory Pledge Campaign will launch into full strength in the New Year. Already numerous supporters have asked for the second supply, and with the close approach of the elections renewed interest in the personnel of the candidates will be shown. I have been asked what position would a pledged voter be in should no member of his party coincide with the card? The answer is, that such a one would be released from the Pledge and entirely free to choose between casting the first preference vote for a booze party man or in favor of the candidate of another party, who has sufficient respect for you as to grant you the opportunity of expressing your vote in accordance with your opinion of the grog trade. Another alternative is for those in favor of national sobriety to see that their party does contain a candidate holding such views.

The South Sydney Methodist Mission Circuit has expressed keen disappointment that no provision was made for a Prohibition Referendum on the liquor traffic within the life of the present Parliament. Taking the number of resolutions on our files as a criterion there will be "something doing" next election. The conscience of a deceived and disappointed people is a stubborn force to overcome, and an awkward entity to have about the premises where ballot boxes play such havoc with politicians who fail to square their promises with the perpendicular. The recent American papers to hand show that a vigorous Pledge campaign was in operation in the New York elections. Law enforcement of the Prohibition enactments was the outstanding issue. No doubt the outlaw booze will now soon be crushed. For centuries every nation has been trying to domesticate an outlaw by act of Parliament. It can't be done.

Prohibitionists have been more or less severe on the present Parliament for postponing the promised "immediate referendum." No such postponing accusation can be levelled at the House over the "Gold Pass Grab." Prohibitionists were told that they were not ready for a vote on the issue until

1928, but these same politicians were eagerly ready and obviously willing for their "immediate referendum" on the free ride grab. My blooming oath! However, the Upper House has declined to sanction their "immediate referendum" grabbing extra "perks" for serving their country.

By the evolution of time Christmas receives our welcome once more. The Alliance staff, per medium of page 4, wishes its many friends and supporters a very Happy Xmas and a Prosperous New Year. We appreciate your many kindly encouragements, your friendly calls have been helpful. We have endeavored to make you all welcome when calling at our office. We were the gainers by your visits, and hope to see you again many times next year. Everyone is pleased that Xmas comes at least once a year; and no wonder when we remember the sentiment of peaceful fellowship, the spirit of forgiveness, the homecomings, the family reunions, the social atmosphere, the desire to serve others, the hopeful vision of the future, inspired by listening back to that first Xmas morning when the Heavenly Choir descended to earth and sang with the sweetest voice ever heard, the loveliest hymn ever composed, "On earth, peace; goodwill towards men."

PROHIBITION EDUCATIONAL CAMPAIGN.

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IS PROHIBITION UNCHRISTIAN ?

(By Dr. RADFORD, Bishop of Goulburn.)

Recent argument in more than one diocesan synod and a recent challenge in these columns from a priest of deep spiritual insight and wide pastoral experience have brought to the front the question whether the prohibition of alcoholic drink as a beverage is a Christian method of procedure for the removal of a social evil. The question is fundamental. If there is anything in such prohibition which is inconsistent and incompatible with Christian ideals or religious principles, we cannot become or remain Prohibitionists. The writer of this article owes his belated conversion to the cause of Prohibition to the conviction that the chief motive behind the movement is essentially Christian, and that there is nothing unchristian in the policy itself.

Various considerations have been urged by those who doubt the Christianity of Prohibition. It is desirable to face and examine them in succession. It is urged, for example, that the business efficiency which is one indisputable result of Prohibition in America is not a primary object of Christian effort. That is a truism; a nation may acquire all the wealth in the world, and lose its own soul in the process. But business efficiency is not necessarily a non-religious thing. Science tells us that nature is never wasteful; God's business in the world of nature is marked by efficiency and economy throughout. Religion no less than policy requires that man's share of God's work in the world should be efficient. But business efficiency is not the only thing—behind it lie the decency and the comfort of homes that now get the full benefit of a father's wages, and the liberated blessing of a father's love. When critics of Prohibition describe its effects in America as an economic success but a social disaster, they are allowing the lawlessness of a comparatively small minority to blind them to the re-union and transformation of the homes of the majority of former drinkers.

RIGHT OR WRONG ?

This article is, however, concerned only with the question whether Prohibition is wrong in principle. This is not a question to be settled by quoting an archbishop or a bishop here and there who thinks Prohibition wrong in principle. If persons and personalities are to be considered, weight must be given to such facts as these—that the majority of the Anglican bishops in Australia are by this time on the side of Prohibition—and that two or three years ago the same line was taken unanimously by an Anglican conference in Canada, attended by three archbishops and thirteen bishops, and two clergymen and two laymen from each diocese. But neither numbers nor reputations are proof of a case. The case for and against the Christianity of Prohibition must be considered on its merits by the individual conscience.

It is sometimes argued that Prohibition was contrary to the attitude of our Lord, who used wine and never forbade its use. That argument requires careful examination. It is not always safe to argue from our Lord's silence in this matter, any more than in the matter of slavery. He probably accepted the service of slaves in the house of a rich host; it is certain that the Gospels record no prohibition of slavery. Yet His teaching and the inevitable inferences from His mission ultimately led Christian nations to prohibit slavery. With regard to His use and sanction of wine, there is a difference of opinion among scholars as to whether the wine was fermented or unfermented. Probably it was fermented. But even if it were fermented wine, it is more than doubtful whether we can argue from its use and sanction that He would have opposed Prohibition to-day. With all its evils in those days, strong drink was not then the thing we are confronting to-day. Our Lord was not confronted by a gigantic social evil, by an organisation of vested interests trading on human indulgence and in human degradation. We cannot say what line He would take to-day. We cannot say for certain that He would decide for Prohibition; neither must we quote His example as conclusive against Prohibition.

CHARACTER.

It is said again that Prohibition does not build up Christian character. Its advocates make no such claim. They do claim that it has cleared the ground and paved the way in thousands of homes and lives for the building up of Christian character. It is preventive of evil and so far preparatory for good. It provides the conditions and environment in which the grace of God can find a more willing reception and a more fruitful response.

It is said again that Prohibition still leaves men essentially intemperate—that is, undisciplined, unrestrained in character—and that this indiscipline breaks out in other directions. Saved against his will from one form of self-indulgence, the man gives way to another. Is this as true as it sounds? For example, is it likely, does it really happen, that a man who has been made sober in spite of himself will therefore seek satisfaction in impurity, or even in gambling or in gluttony? What this argument does remind us is that when the devil of drunkenness or toying has been driven out of a man's life, his desires must be found employment and satisfaction in healthier and happier directions, or seven devils may return. But that is not an argument against the spiritual character of Prohibition—it is merely a reminder of what no Prohibitionist would deny, viz., that we must build up as well as cast out.

Prohibitionists are often told that drink is

not the only sin to be faced and fought—that uncharitableness and other sins are far worse. We do not deny or ignore these things. Our Lord's most scathing denunciations were directed against spiritual sins such as pride, insincerity, prejudice, selfishness. But these sins are subtle and internal in their working, and can only be counteracted by spiritual influences. Drink is an overt act with external results, and dependent largely on external circumstances. With these we can deal partly by measures of social reform.

THE CHRISTIAN IDEAL.

There are other arguments against the Christianity of Prohibition which go nearer to the root of the matter. We are told that the Christian ideal is personal self-control, and that there is nothing moral or spiritual in being made sober by legislation. That is quite true. That is the ideal. The highest type of sobriety is the sobriety attained by the human will under the influence of divine grace. But is it too much to say that the grace of God is not getting a fair chance under present circumstances? Are we to leave men grievously handicapped at every turn for the sake of insisting on an ideal which for them is humanly speaking unattainable under present conditions? It is true that our Lord said that "offences (stumbling-blocks) must indeed come," but He also said in the same breath, "Woe unto him through whom the offence cometh." Is it too much to say that our Lord's condemnation of those responsible for the stumbling-block has a bearing not only on the liquor trade but also on the community which tolerates such an evil? In any case, "there is nothing unchristian in removing a stumbling-block; and there is nothing particularly Christian in insisting that the stumbling-block should remain in order to give men a chance of exercising the virtue of self-control."

The same argument is sometimes put in another way. We are told that the Christian ideal is to bring to bear upon a man spiritual influences, not legal compulsion. True, again, all round. Then why do our idealist critics of Prohibition suggest that we might rightly legislate against shouting? If the Christian ideal is violated by preventing one man from getting any drink at all, surely it is also violated in principle by preventing three men from giving each other a drink in turn. But there is a positive answer to this argument on behalf of the Christian ideal of moral suasion and spiritual influence. It is this. We believe in that ideal. The Church is pledged to work on those lines. But the Church is not thereby precluded from approving or even stimulating the action of the State in legislating against being drunk and disorderly, against betting in certain places, against stealing, against any other crime. These acts of legislation register and enforce the judgment of the public conscience. They safeguard for social purposes the results of

(Continued on page 10.)

THEORY VERSUS FACTS.

WHY MELBOURNE IS OVERRUN WITH CRIMINALS.

GOVERNMENT RESPONSIBLE FOR THE FARCE OF SIX O'CLOCK CLOSING.

SIR JOHN SULMAN THEORISES.

Sir John Sulman, it may be explained, is President of the Town Planning Association of New South Wales. Sir John Sulman has been abroad. Last week he returned from his travels, and, of course, the newspapers interviewed him and also published lengthy reports of a speech he made at a banquet given in his honor by the members of the Association of which he is the august President. Interviewing returned travellers is a rather unnecessary survival of a by-gone age when travelling was an undertaking and information about the world beyond our shores not easy to obtain. To-day it merely exists as a more or less subtle form of journalistic flattery, carrying with it, not infrequently, the drawback of making the returned traveller look ridiculous in the eyes of the public, many of whom know as much, if not more, about the places he has visited than he does himself. It does not always follow that a man can say anything worth while about a place because he has been there—that depends upon qualities of mind which are not necessarily present in every globe-trotter. Sir John Sulman theorised in his speech about liquor control, which, he said, "I commend to our temperance friends as a better solution than Prohibition, which in the United States is producing much evil." So there you are—the last word is said. Sir John Sulman has said it. But consider his logic a little closer.

SIR JOHN SULMAN'S FACTS.

Liquor control, says Sir John Sulman, is superior to Prohibition, but in spite of this Prohibition in the United States will be maintained. He says so definitely, and gives his reasons: "While there," he declares, "I respected the law, but I could have obtained any amount of liquor by paying for it. Prohibition will, however, in my opinion, be maintained, because it has shut up the saloons, which in the poorer quarters of ANY city were the hotbeds of corruption; because there is now no Monday off and manufacturers have less trouble with the very mixed working population; and, lastly, because it takes a great effort to alter the constitution." It does not seem to have occurred to this very sapient traveller that it took quite as great an effort to alter the constitution in favor of Prohibition and that before this was done all the alternatives to Prohibition, including the "control" system which he likes because he found it in operation around Carlisle in England, had been thoroughly canvassed. The American nation deliberately preferred Prohibition but what is the opinion of a nation compared with that of Sir John Sulman? Sir John's facts are much more convincing than his theories, and his facts confute his theories entirely.

BOOTLEGGERS AND THEIR PRICES.

As we have often remarked, the fact that some people break the laws is no proof that the laws ought not to be on the Statute Book. It is proof that they are required. Yet the burden of the argument of the liquor party is that Prohibition is a failure because it has produced bootleggers. By a parity of reasoning, we might retort that the licensing system must be a failure because there are sly-grog sellers abroad. All such reasoning is absurd. Boot-

leggers exist because of the financial inducements which their nefarious trade holds out. One of our daily newspapers publishes what it is pleased to describe as a list of reasonable prices charged by bootlegging firms for strong drink in New York. Here it is:

	£	s.	d.
Scotch, all kinds	8	0	0
Rye, all kinds	14	0	0
Champagne	14	0	0
Brandy, three-star	9	0	0
Gin, Burnett	7	0	0
Gin, High and Dry	5	0	0
Gin, Gordon	3	12	0
Gin, Geneves	7	0	0
Bicardi Rum	7	0	0
Benedictine	14	0	0
Vermouth, French	9	0	0
Vermouth, Italian	9	0	0
Kimmel	12	0	0
Peach Brandy	18	0	0
Canadian Club	14	0	0
Light Wines, per gal.	1	12	0

The prices above are for single case lots sold usually to cabarets. Of course he who

JUST DRUNKS.

Central Police Court, Sydney.

Four weeks to Dec. 10, 1924.

Men	Women
435	113

Total, 548.

127 took the pledge.

takes his liquor at roof garden cafes to the gyrations of Follies girls dressed like movie advertisements has to pay the piper.

THE LAW AND THE BOOTLEGGERS.

The first thought that will occur to the intelligent reader is that the number of people who can afford to drink strong waters at those prices is strictly limited and, therefore, that this bootlegging business must be exceptional and not the rule. In point of fact, the total amount of liquor entering the United States under Prohibition is less than 1 per cent. of what went in before Prohibition. Moreover, the activities of the bootleggers are being gradually overcome by the forces of law set in motion against them. According to a cable message from Washington, dated December 5, the United States Government has placed 12 destroyers along the Atlantic seaboard in the campaign against the "rum fleet." Eight more will be added, and 250 speed-boats, which will be operated by coast-guards, are almost ready. The entire force, provided through an appropriation of 20,000,000 dollars by Congress, will be mobilised by Christmas. Destroyers now frequently capsize rum craft by rushing ahead at full steam and stopping with a short sweep sideways, thus shooting a tremendous wave. An official report states that 197 boats have been captured during the year and 2799 automobiles seized. The Attorney-General's report lays the chief blame on bootleggers catering for "society" trade, and says that "the courts are stag-

gering under the load imposed by Prohibition." The report advocates sentences to jail for violation of the law.

MELBOURNE POLICE SCANDALS.

Reference has been made more than once in previous issues of "Grit" to the extraordinary evidence produced to the Royal Commission appointed by the late Prendergast Government to inquire into the Victorian police strike. This evidence is of so damaging a nature that the present Government has adopted the usual course of stifling further revelations by curtailing the work of the Commission. This led to a debate on the adjournment in the Victorian Parliament last week, in the course of which Mr. Tunnecliffe, who was Chief Secretary when the Commission was appointed, declared that among the special constables appointed during the strike were to be found criminals of the lowest class who had the lives and liberties of respectable citizens at their mercy. No wonder that there has been such an orgy of crime in Melbourne of late. The southern city, under such circumstances, necessarily became the happy hunting ground of all the criminal riff-raff of the Commonwealth. It appears that these "specials" committed vile and unspeakable crimes and should have been in jail, instead of which they, of course, served as shields to the large class of criminals who were not "specials." The evidence adduced by Mr. Tunnecliffe was, indeed, of so startling a nature as to be well-nigh incredible.

SAMPLE SPECIAL CONSTABLES.

Here are some samples of the sort of men considered good enough to be sworn in as special constables: One was an associate of thieves, another a chronic drunk a third had done eighteen months for indecent assault. A fourth got a girl of fourteen into trouble and had to marry her; a fifth had robbed his employer of £150, and a sixth had been in jail for larceny. Another had been fined for assaulting the police, and yet another had been convicted for assaulting his wife. One was an embezzler, another was discharged from the force because he was in jail; many were maimed in various ways. The records of these men were known, but despite that they were passed from the special into the permanent police force of Victoria! Such is part of the story disclosed by Mr. Tunnecliffe. It is so amazing that its parallel could not be found in the most corrupt countries of the world. Yet, in the face of such revelations the Victorian Government can find nothing better to do than to stifle further investigation. In the meantime, the citizens of Melbourne are at the mercy of the most desperate set of crooks masquerading as policemen ever let loose upon a community. It would seem that Melbourne is a good place to keep away from just now.

(Continued on page 15.)

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"THE ISSUE AND THE TRIBUNAL."

By G. B. WILSON, B.A.

Some years ago the "Brewers' Gazette," in a striking article, said:

"The nation is the final arbiter in an affray which we have done nothing to provoke. We believe, and that most conscientiously, that the trade serves a useful purpose in the body politic, and until we receive our 'conge' from the English people, we shall stand by our own."—"B.G.," August 31, 1911.

No one can complain of this statement of the Issue in dispute, or of the Tribunal selected by the Trade for its determination. The Trade claims that it "serves a useful purpose in the body politic"; Temperance reformers claim, on the other side, that its presence in our midst is the cause of a "gigantic evil" and a "national degradation." Upon these rival claims issue is joined before the High Court of Public Opinion.

We look in vain to the Trade and its defenders for any facts which substantiate its claim. If they argue that the Trade provides much revenue, we reply that the total cost—direct and indirect—of collecting that revenue far outweighs the financial gain. If they contend that it provides much employment, we reply that, so far as manufacture is concerned, "there is one feature that is particularly striking, and this is the fact that, from a directly financial point of view, brewery labor is usually quite insignificant compared with many other manufacturers" ("Country Brewers' Gazette," July, 1895).

And the official report of the brewing industry, in 1919, says:

"Labor is a much smaller factor in the brewing than in most other industries. In coal mining, for example, wages form 70 per cent. of the total cost of production; in brewing, the largest items in the cost of production are material and plant—wages are not more than 10 per cent. of the whole" ("Brewery Trade Review," March, 1919).

So far, also, as distribution is concerned, it is, for the younger men and women who enter it, almost entirely a "blind alley" occupation, which peculiarly unfits the workers for any other employment when, at a very early age, they are cast adrift by their Trade employers. Even among licensees themselves, the employers, the "Brewers' Journal" for June last says editorially that the 100,000 licenses "change hands approximately once in every four years. This means that 25,000 individuals are appointed to take charge each year. The majority of these have, of course, held licenses before (though the present writer's investigations do not confirm this); but still, a very large number are either entirely new to the business or have served their apprenticeship as barmen, cellarmen, or managers." But even granting a far greater permanence of employment than actually exists, the number of employees required to sell liquor is far less in proportion to turnover than that required to sell other goods having an equally large sale. But we reply, further, that both manufacture and distribution are attended with appalling moral and physical risks to these servants. The House of Commons, on June 20, devoted an afternoon to discussing the dangers of white lead poisoning, and it was officially stated that 300 deaths had occurred between 1910 and 1923; but the comparative mortality figures for 1910-11-12, recently published, show the following mortality rates:

	Total Rate.	Lead Poisoning.	Alcoholism.	Cirrhosis of Liver.
Painters and Decorators	865	21	4	13
Plumbers, Glaziers, Gasfitters	783	13	2	8
Brewers	1023	—	10	39
Hotelkeepers, Publicans	1265	—	39	117
Barmen	1724	—	53	59

The actual deaths from lead poisoning in the two former trades were 172 in 830,751 years of risk, as against 188 from alcoholism in the liquor trade in 626,841 years of risk; and, putting lead poisoning, alcoholism and cirrhosis together in the two groups, the trades incurring lead risks showed 321 deaths from the three causes in 830,751 years of risk, whereas the drink groups showed 871 deaths in only 626,841 years; and even lead poisoning is accelerated by alcoholic excess.

If, on the other hand, it be claimed that its products are valuable to the community, we answer that to transform immense quantities of valuable foodstuffs (900,000 tons of cereals in 1923) into liquors which are only poisons in a greater or lesser degree of solution, is not to increase the true wealth of the community, and, as I showed in a recent article in this paper, all labor spent thereon is waste labor.

If it is contended that alcoholic liquors have a medicinal value, we reply that alcohol, as a drug, is fast falling into disuse among the medical profession, and that its administration in hospital practice is infinitesimal compared with its use half a century ago.

If it is argued that it is beneficial as a beverage, we reply that a beverage which is certified as slaying, in England and Wales in 1922, at least 2377 persons, and probably not less than five times that number, besides bringing 84,257 cases of drunkenness before our courts, can make no such claim.

When its own advocates, the Fellowship of Freedom and Reform, admit the existence, in 1922, of 11,300 drunkards; when one of its most strenuous defenders, Sir James Crichton-Browne, M.D., writes in an article, published in a Trade publication in 1921, that: "The misdeeds of alcohol are conspicuous enough. It is obviously responsible alone, or in combination with other malign agencies, for much poverty, misery, and sorrow, for matrimonial wreckage and the neglect, starvation, and ill-usage of children, for dirt and disease of body and mind, for crime and disorder for self-contempt and suicide," how is it possible to say that there is a single department in human life in which this Trade serves a useful purpose, or a single one which would not be immensely the gainer by the entire cessation of the manufacture and sale of drink?

The Trade will get its conge when it dares to submit this issue to the free vote of the people; but that submission, despite its talk, is the one thing that it seeks to prevent. When the Trade desires to get a foothold in any district, it urges upon the Licensing Authority the need for complying with the wishes of the local inhabitants—or even a minority of them. Once entrenched, it uses every effort to prevent these same inhabitants from getting rid of what has proved itself to be an incubus. And the curious fact is that on the tribunal will be a majority of its own customers! Can it be that its best customers are its worst friends?

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A Personal Chat with my readers

CHRISTMAS DAY.

This issue bears the date of Christmas Day, and I recall that only a handful of people saw anything significant in the Babe in the manger—the vast multitude was busy with its own long since forgotten affairs. It must have seemed a strange thing to even the most thoughtful when men—wise men—made costly gifts to a Babe in a manger. The wise men were right, their spiritual perception did not fail them. This Christmas only a handful will come to worship Him, Who is the same yesterday, to-day and forever. To the vast multitude it is just a holiday, a time of indulgence, a mad rush to get away. But the handful will be right now, as it was on that first Christmas day.

When God gave to the world a Babe He enriched all the ages.

We will fail utterly in our commemoration of the day unless we in gratitude enrich someone else, and, above all, enrich those who can in no way expect to repay it. Our art galleries, our libraries, our laws, our homes, our hearts, all bear the unmistakable evidence of the First Great Christmas Gift.

The wise men only find a place in history because they gave—because they perceived in a despised and crowded-out Baby the One worthy of their gifts.

You probably do not remember Eric Liddell. His example may well inspire us to act fearlessly on Christmas Day.

He refused to compete in the Olympic events that were run on Sunday. You may not believe there was any harm in running international contests on the Sabbath day, but you must admit that Liddell thought so because he was a Christian, and that he had the courage of his convictions.

Let us take off our hats to him and dare to have, like he had, some real religion that was worth a sacrifice and that inspires courage.

WHAT ARE YOU WORTH?

The people to whom the world owes most were never paid a living wage.

Leaving out of the question our Lord, just consider Savanarola, Luther, Wesley, Booth, John Bunyan. Think of the inventors who died broken and poor.

Think of the pioneers who slogged their way through the trackless forests, and we now glide over the track in motor cars without any thought of their hardships, privations, courage, indomitable will, and they never were paid. Cook, Sturt, Eyre and a host of others blazed the way for a thought-

less crowd who live in luxury, while the pioneers died in poverty.

Discussing the earnings of professional men and women the "Literary Digest" says that "the great body of the professional men and women of America may be visualised as a mass with million-a-year lawyers and 'movie stars' at the top, and men of science and preachers at the bottom." According to a recent investigator, the worst paying profession in the world is science. At the other end of the scale Rockefeller and Ford have been estimated to make between 40,000,000 and 60,000,000 dollars a year from oil and autos, Ford probably leading. The quickest road to wealth is to invent some simple thing that everybody wants.

Those who make a million or more a year by strictly professional activities can be counted on the fingers of one hand, and they are all lawyers or actors. Charlie Chaplin, Douglas Fairbanks and his wife, Mary, are in the million-a-year class (dollars, of course). Motion-picture stars have no secrets. Litigation and publicity leave nothing confidential between them and the income-tax collector. It is not quite so easy to get reliable estimates of earnings in other pursuits. The law is the highest paid of the professions, but, economically, according to the "Digest," the next best profession is prize-fighting. Jack Dempsey was credited with making 500,000 dollars last year, and he wants half a million for his next fight. Law as a profession however, has this advantage over its nearest rivals—the lawyer ordinarily earns more as he grows old, but the actor and fighter lose their earning capacity.

"I cannot get interested in temperance work," exclaimed a young lady.

"No, dear," said her aunt, "you can hardly expect to. It is just like getting interest in a bank; you have to put in a little something first. And the more you put in—time, or money, or prayer—the more the interest grows."

You must earn interest—perhaps that is why you have not any.

A good cause is worth all you can put into it.

Susan Coolidge says very truly: The day is long, and the day is hard. We are tired of the march and of keeping guard; Tired of the sense of a fight to be won, Of days to live through and of work to be done; Tired of ourselves and of being alone; Yet all the while, did we only see, We walk in the Lord's own company.

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, DEC. 25, 1924.

We fight, but 'tis He who nerves our arm; He turns the arrows that else might harm; And out of the storm He brings a calm; And the work that we count so hard to do, He makes it easy, for He works, too; And the days that seem long to live are His

A bit of His bright eternities: And close to our need, His helping is.

GOOD FOR TO-DAY ONLY.

We have seen this on railway tickets, and there is always a reason for it. "The Silent

Partner" says:

The entire human race (endowed with intelligence) has always looked forward to the intangible thing we call—To-morrow.

And to the last tick of time, people will try to look over into the never-to-come day we call—To-morrow.

When is To-morrow? It never has been, nor will it ever be. To-morrow is ten thousand million years from to-day, and more.

It is not a question of time, it is a trick with words.

To-morrow is not created. When the thing you call "To-morrow" actually arrives, it will be the thing we call "To-day."

How silly it is to try to capture a thing that never existed nor ever will exist.

To-day! This is the only day you have, and by the same reasoning, the only day you will ever have. It is the time to be happy—the season out of which you can build your success. The only hour in human history that you can now claim as your own. What are you doing with it?

Stop! Look! Listen! Or the locomotive will hit you. Heed this warning or you will get run over.

Mentally measure what you are doing right now, and this measurement will tell what may be expected of you when you reach that hopeful day you call—"To-morrow."

If you are banking on the elusive, uncapturable "To-morrow" you are wasting your Now for a Never.

You are anxious to know what will happen To-morrow. You are eager to find out what To-morrow will bring for you, but in your eagerness and anxiety you are simply wishing, not fishing—you are hoping, not trying. You are delaying your possibilities and stalling your probabilities.

Which leads the reader right up to this thought: Our wishes, like shadows, always lengthen as our air castles rise in a dream of To-morrow.

The unsuccessful man is forever telling what he is going to do To-morrow, and forever forgetting that his example of To-day is of much more importance than the estimate that he entertains of To-morrow.

The Editor

THE SINGING MAN.

Many requests come for material that can be dramatised or recited. The poem by Josephine Preston Peabody, called "The Singing Man," in a volume of the same name, is the finest thing that has come to our attention. It may be given as a recitation, or as a series of tableaux accompanied by recitation.

The reader explains:

It was long ago, when tilling the soil was the chief work of man:

He sang above the vineyards of the world
And after him the vines with woven hands
Clambered and clung, and everywhere unfurled

Triumphing green above the barren lands;
Till high as gardens grow, he climbed, he stood,

Sun-crowned with life and strength, and singing toil,
And looked upon his work; and it was good:

He sang not for abundance.—Over-lords
Took of his tith. Yet was there still to reap,
The portion of his labor; dear rewards
Of sunlit day, and bread, and human sleep.
He sang for strength; for glory of the light.

Truly, the light is sweet,
Yea, and a pleasant thing
It is to see the Sun.

And that a man should eat
His bread that he hath won—
(So is it sung and said),
That he should take and keep,
After his laboring,

The portion of his labor in his bread,
His bread that he hath won;
Yea, and in quiet sleep,
When all is done.

Ages passed, and mechanical industry came
To enrich the world; to provide creature comforts
For you and me. But as for the laborer:

He sang. No more he sings now, anywhere.
The light was enough, before he was undone.
They know it well, who took away the air—
Who took away the sun;

Who took, to serve their soul-devouring
greed,
Himself, his breath, his bread—the goad of
toil—

It is to-day.

Seek him now, that singing Man.

Look for him,

Look for him,

In the mills,

In the mines;

Where the very daylight pines—

Who, who once did walk the hills!

You shall find him, if you scan

Shapes all unbefitting Man,

Bodies warped, and faces dim.

In the mines; in the mills

Where the ceaseless thunder fills

Spaces of the human brain

And all thought is turned to pain.

Where the skirl of wheel on wheel,

Binding him who is their tool,

Makes the shattered senses reel

From the numbness of the fool.

He dashed thought, and halting tongue—

Once it spoke—once it sung!

He to hunger, dead to song.

His heart-beats loud with wrong

Hammer on—How long?

How long?—How long?

Search for him;

Search for him;

Where the crazy atoms swim

From the fiery furnace blast.

Thought is not for such as he;

Thought but strength, and misery;

Peace, for just the bite and sup,
The must needs be swallowed up.

Only, reeling up the sky,
Hurling flames that hurry by
Gasp and flare, with Why—Why,
... Why? ...

Why the human mind of him
Shrinks and falters and is dim
When he tries to make it out;

What the torture is about—
Why he breathes, a fugitive
Whom the World forbids to live.

Why he earned for his abode,
Habitation of the toad!

Why his fevered day by day
Will not serve to drive away

Horror that must always haunt—

... Want ... Want!

Nightmare shot with waking pangs—

Tightening coil, and certain fangs,
Close and closer, always nigh. ...

... Why? ... Why?

Why he labors under ban

That denies him for a man.

Why his utmost drop of blood
Buys for him no human good;

Why his utmost urge of strength—
Only lets Them starve at length—

Will not let him starve alone;

He must watch, and see his own
Fade and fail, and starve, and die.

... Why? ... Why? ...

The laborer has all the fine instincts of the
singing man. But as Industry crushes him
and all that he holds dear, he seeks forget-
fulness in drink, in drugs, in vice, in crime:

Seek him yet. Search for him!

You shall find him, spent and grim;

In the prisons, where we pen
These unsightly shards of men.

Sheltered fast;

Housed at length;

Clothed and fed, no matter how!

Where the householders, aghast,
Measure in his broken strength

Nought but power for evil, now.

Must it be?—Must we then

Render back to God again

This His broken work, this thing,

For His man that once did sing?

Can it be?—Must we then

Render back to Thee again

Million, million wasted men?

Men, of flickering human breath,
Only made for life and death?

Oh, in the wakening thunders of the heart—

The small lost Eden, troubled through the
night,

Sounds there not now—foreboded and apart,
Some voice and sword of light?

Some voice and portent of a dawn to
break?—

It sounds!—And may the anguish of that
birth

Seize on the world; and may all shelters fail,
Till we behold new Heaven and new Earth

Through the rent Temple-vail!

When the high-tides that threaten near and
far

To sweep away our guilt before the sky—
Flooding the waste of this dishonored Star,
Cleanse, and o'erwhelm, and cry!—

Cry, from the deep of world-accusing waves,
With longing more than all since Light be-
gan,

Above the nations—underneath the graves—
"Give back the Singing Man!"

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TO PARENTS.

For some time 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 man-
ner. 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
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Report for 1923/24 and eight more booklets
to help parents, boys, girls, youths and
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PASS "GRIT" ON.

Is Prohibition Unchristian?—

(Continued from page 5.)

spiritual influences. They are not felt to be in any way inconsistent with the ideal of spiritual education. The fact is that the moral education of the community is being achieved by two methods—social enforcement, spiritual influence. The latter is the ideal, and ultimately will be the only method. But no Christian conscience thinks it unchristian to meet the needs of the present stage of human development by using the law as well as the gospel.

A QUESTION OF CONSCIENCE.

Here at last we come to the real difficulty felt by honest and well-meaning opponents of Prohibition. They say that Prohibition violates their conscience. There are many persons who may have to examine their consciences more searchingly. Conscience sometimes is a thin disguise for inclination or prejudice. But we who believe in Prohibition are bound to respect the conscience of good men who do not. They tell us that Prohibition tends to undermine respect for law, because it makes a crime out of a glass of beer, which is in no sense a breach of the moral law. They say that it is unjust to legislate against a thing which is not in itself wrong. They do not seek to justify the bootlegger or the sly drinker. But they doubt the wisdom of a legal Prohibition which rouses the spirit of rebellion, and they deny the justice of prohibiting equally the single glass at meals and the succession of glasses between meals. Here we reach the ultimate issue, the real crux of the problem. What is the real aim, the true significance of the Prohibition movement? It is often misrepresented as an attempt on the part of one section of a community to enforce its views upon another section of the community—just a fight for a majority to coerce a minority into going without something which the majority wants to abolish. Here let me say, incidentally, that my view of Prohibition would not be satisfied with a bare majority—my view requires something like an overwhelming majority that would virtually represent the mind of a nation as a whole. It seems, however, on the other hand, to be an entire misconception of the Prohibition movement to describe it as the attitude of teetotallers who "are not content with cutting off their own hand, but want to cut off their brother's, too." There are indeed among the increasing ranks of Prohibitionists some persons whose hatred of alcoholic drink may appear to bring them under S. Paul's condemnation of the teaching which forbade marriage and commanded abstinence from certain kinds of food, though it is perilous to apply to Christian extremists language which was clearly directed against anti-Christian teachers whose moral judgment was seared and perverted. My own experience of the fierce Prohibitionist whose creed on this point is strictly speaking Manichæan is that he is Manichæan at heart—it is not alcoholic

drink in itself that he hates, but the havoc that it has worked and is working in the lives of confirmed or incipient drinkers. His error lies rather in an unjustifiable but pardonable impatience with those who seem to him unpardonably blind to the warning of S. Paul, "Take heed lest by any means this liberty of yours become a stumbling block to them that are weak."

HOW IT WON.

The Prohibition movement has won my support because it appears to me to be an appeal to the conscience of a community to make a corporate sacrifice for the extermination of a tremendous social evil. The social evil does not lie merely in the fact that a large number of individuals are in the habit of getting drunk and a still larger number are always drinking; though never drunk they are never completely sober in brain and will. It lies also in the fact that there is a tremendously large industry with huge vested interests trading in a thing which was once believed to be a food and a medicine, but which the last word of the best science now declares to be neither necessary nor beneficial. Alcohol is being banished from our hospitals. It is reduced almost to apologising for its existence. This industry has been described by statesmen as a peril to the State. Its wealth is built up not by the supposedly innocent occasional drink, but by the habitual drinking which is destroying the efficiency of a nation's thought and work and the happiness of its homes. The interests of this trade are defended and protected by a conscienceless expenditure on behalf of menaced licenses. What is the community going to do? The grip which the trade has got upon the political life of the community might to some extent be abolished by the transfer of its control to the State. It is by no means certain that State control would remove the menace to the domestic and social life of the people. Meanwhile there are thousands upon thousands of lives suffering from the drinking habits of those upon whom the peace and happiness of home depends. These lives, robbed of almost everything that makes life at home worth living, are crying visibly, if silently, for remedy and relief.

SUFFERING HUMANITY.

The Prohibition movement has its strongest basis in this cry of suffering humanity. It is finding support from various quarters—from men and women who doubted its wisdom or necessity but are now convinced of both, from men and women who have come to see that the nation needs a sober brain for a clear judgment—from men and women who foresee disaster for a nation that is spending its food resources and its hard-earned wealth on a thing which may be harmless to hundreds of people, but to thousands of others is a plague and a peril. But the deepest inspiration, the driving power of the movement, lies in the men and women who are moved themselves by simple Christian desire and determination to work for the removal of a blight and a burden from ruined lives and homes. Thousands of them have made their own sacrifice al-

ready for the sake of setting an example or removing a temptation. Now they are appealing to the whole community to face the question of a corporate act of self-denial. They are asking their fellow citizens to take their part in a national self-denying ordinance. They are asking for a surrender of a personal liberty that is in danger of becoming a stumbling-block to them that are weak. They are asking that this abstinence shall be made the law of a nation's life. They believe that a nation has a life of its own as a whole—a body that can grow or decay, a soul that can rise or degenerate, a will that has the right to claim obedience from its members for the good of each and all. They recognise that the moral decision of a truly democratic will, if it is to be effective, must involve legal compulsion for the small minority that will not hear and obey the call to sacrifice. But they are convinced that children yet unborn will thank God for the decision that saved them in spite of their parents. They have weighed in the balance the cry of ruined homes on the one hand, and the cry of selfish appetites on the other hand, and they have come to the conclusion that the homes which are the foundation of a nation's life must be saved. They see clearly that the minority of habitual drinkers will resist the proposal of Prohibition and defy its enforcement as far and as long as they can. They see clearly that the deciding voice will be the large number of citizens who are in the strictest sense temperate drinkers. They appeal to this section of the community to ask themselves whether they are going to insist on retaining their own liberty, which their own training and environment enable them to exercise without danger to themselves, or are going to sacrifice that liberty for the sake of the many who are beset by a constant and ubiquitous temptation which has virtually destroyed their self-control. They appeal to the temperate drinker to face the question whether the pleasure and satisfaction they derive from their innocent little indulgence can be set in the scale against the misery and degradation which the grip of strong drink is bringing on thousands of homes and lives. They appeal to the strict idealist to consider whether loyalty to the highest ideal justifies our refusing to adopt methods which are not in themselves ideal but are in our present circumstances the only way to clear the ground for higher things. This is the real significance of the appeal of the Prohibitionists. They are prompted by a Christian motive; they appeal to a Christian motive. And they believe that in the long run that appeal will commend itself to an overwhelming majority of their fellow-citizens and fellow-Christians, and this nation will recognise that the call to sobriety in the service of God and man justifies the call for the surrender of a liberty which is a stumbling-block in the way of the people.

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

GO TO THE ANT.

There is a verse in the sixth chapter of Proverbs which tells lazy and imprudent people to go to the ant and learn from her how to work and make provision for the future. The ant is indeed a wonderful insect. Recently a book was published telling of wonderful things done by ants. In Rhodesia there are ants which migrate in armies. They march twelve or fourteen abreast, guarded on each side by "a line of grenadier-sized guards, each facing outwards with great uplifted mandibles, or patrolling about on the flanks."

In Brazil the natives use ants to close up wounds in much the same way as our doctors insert stitches. They catch some soldier ants, and then, holding the edges of the wound together, they induce an ant to close his jaws in them. The head of the ant is then cut off, and the jaws remain firmly locked in the wound. Other ants are used in a similar way, until the whole is "stitched." The stitches hold until the wound is healed. Of course, you know that the ants keep cows and have slaves. Their cows are the aphids, which we find so troublesome in our gardens. The aphid insects suck fluid from the plants, which the ants, by gently stroking them with their antennae, force them to give up. There are ants which keep aphid farms to provide them with "milk."

Then there are big ants which keep slaves. They raid the nests of working ants and carry off the larvae and pupae. These are reared to do the work for the big ants, who, in turn, protect and look after them. The workers seem perfectly happy, possibly because they have been brought up as slaves and know no other life.

Many more stories could be told about the intelligence of ants, how, for instance, they will cling to one another and make a bridge for others to pass over, or how they store grain in granaries to provide for the future. To preserve the seed they keep it dry, but, if they want to use the starch of the seed, they allow it to become damp and germinate, because then the starch becomes changed to sugar. Truly, ants are a wonderful people, and even if we do not approve of their slave-keeping habits, we can at least learn from them what the Book of Proverbs says we should learn, to think ahead and make provision for the future. But we should go further than the ant. It makes provision only for this life; we must make provision for

the life to come after this life has ended. When you make your New Year resolutions, plan to be better than an ant.

UNCLE B.

OUR LETTER BAG.

AMONG THE FRUIT.

Donald Thorne, North Dandalup, Western Australia, writes: I hope I am not a scallywag. If I am a scallywag please cross my name off the black list again. We have some fruit trees, but they are only young. I will tell you some of the names: Quinces, plums, prunes, peaches, apples, loquats, apricots, oranges, lemons, figs, nectarines. It has been rather wet until yesterday, but all last night a land wind or an east, and today it is like summer again.

(Dear Donald,—When I was a boy my mother used to say the two-legged birds without wings or feathers were the ones that did most damage in the fruit garden. I am still that kind of bird; so it is just as well you live so far away.—Uncle B.)

ABOUT FROGS—ALMOST.

Bob Butler, Perth, W.A., writes: I am sorry I nearly became a scallywag, but I hope this letter saves me. It is very hot in W.A. now because the summer is here. I went to Crawley on Saturday for the first dip of the season. I can now swim sixty yards overarm, and at the end of the season I am going for my life-saving certificate, and I hope I get it. I am getting used to W.A. now, and I like it. Do you know that when the people of W.A. lost a coin they had to grope so much that they were nicknamed "gropers"? (I've been groping once or twice.) Dad is out at a meeting George has just finished his homework, and Dougie is trying to do his. We are all very well, and I hope you are quite well. I am sorry I did not see more of you while you were in W.A. I want to tell you this little piece I read the other day: A young Norwegian wrote the following essay about the frog: "What a wonderful bird the frog are! When he stand he sit almost. When he hot he fly, almost. He ain't got no sense hardly. He ain't no tail hardly either. When he sit he sit on what he ain't got almost." With love to you and all the "Grit" cousins.

(Dear Bob,—Your letter is fine. We will all look forward to another frog yarn from you. There is a good one in a book called "The Virginian," and Mark Twain had one about a jumping frog. Hope you can manage 100 yards before the summer is over.—Uncle B.)

LADIES—

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PUZZLING THE SPARROWS.

Nancye Bundack, Branksome, writes: I wish to become a Ni of yours. My birthday is on October 7. I was eight years old last birthday. I go to boarding school at Branksome, and it is a very nice school. Our teachers are very nice. I have a grandma up in Leura. She has some fowls and chickens. To-day, when grandma was unfolding the blind on the verandah there was a nest in it, and two little baby sparrows in it, and before it had been unfolded it was right up at the top. There was a broken bit of wood which they were using to get in by, and after it had been rolled down there wasn't a broken bit to get in by, and they couldn't understand how to get in at the end.

(Dear Nancye,—Glad you have joined my family. So you puzzled the poor sparrows. Do you know there are no sparrows in Perth? Do you think sparrows are any good?—Uncle B.)

OUR QUEEN.

Ella McAnally, Moleton, via Coramba, writes: I think it is about time I wrote to you. We have had a nice drop of rain here, and it has made everything look nice and green. We have three pups and they are very pretty. We have had them three weeks. I hope you do well with your stall, and you have a lot of things to sell. I would like our queen to win.

(Dear Ella,—Well, our queen did not win, but she did splendidly, and as she is only a wee girlie, she may easily win some other time.—Uncle B.)

A NEW NI.

Daisy Penny, Public School, Pleasant Hills, writes: I hope you will enrol me with your big family. I am eleven years old. My birthday is in January. I will be twelve years old this coming January. We have been taking "Grit" for a long time, and I take great interest in reading it. I am in sixth class. We have eight little red chickens, nine black ones and one white one. The wheat growers are going to have a wonderful harvest this year. At present I am collecting for the Ryde Home for Incurables. We are looking forward to our six weeks' holidays at Christmas. I am sending a photo which dad arranged and our school assistant took.

(Dear Daisy,—You are very welcome to my family. I am proud of them all—even the scallywags are good and lovable ones. I am glad you are helping the Home for Incurables—it is one of the best in the world.—Uncle B.)

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AN EXCEPTION.

"Tommy, stop eating with your fingers."
"But, mamma, weren't fingers made before forks?"
"Not yours, Tommy."

SAFE AT LAST.

"I'm very sorry to hear your wife is so ill, Benjamin. Not dangerous, I hope."
"Thank'ee, Miss, but she be too weak now to be dangerous."

"GRIT" SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Received to 18/12/24, and where not mentioned the amount received is 10s.: Wm. Barrett, 30/6/25; S. McHarg, 11s. 6d., 7/11/25; H. Templeton, 30/12/26; D. Donaldson, £1 14s. 6d., 30/12/26; E. H. Cropley, 30/5/25; E. N. Miller, £1, 20/11/25; James McMahon, 5s., 30/6/25.

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Auntie: "Whatever is the matter, darling?"
Peggy (from the city): "I—I put a p-penny in the slot for some honey, and I—I got a bee instead."

PRECISELY.

"How would you classify a telephone girl? Is hers a business or a profession?"

"Neither. It's a calling."

*** * *
TOO RISKY.**

The girl's lips quivered and her breath came in labored gasps, but she did not speak.

"Do you not love me?" pleaded the young man.

"I—I don't know," was the answer.

Gently he insinuated his arm around her.

"Darling, would you like me to ask your mother first?"

With a sudden cry of terror, she grasped his arm.

"No, no, no!" she shrieked convulsively.

"She is a widow; I want you myself!"

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DAILY INSPIRATION.

By FAIRELIE THORNTON.

SUNDAY.

"We spend our years as a tale that is told."—Ps., 90, 9.

Another year is fading
Into the shadowy past,
And each year passing from us
Brings nigh to us the last.
Another year is passing,
And we are passing too;
Passing from earth and earthy scenes
To those earth never knew.

We leave the year with Jesus,
To sprinkle with His blood—
Jesus, the loving One, who once
As our Sin-Bearer stood.
We leave the year with Jesus,
And thus the weight is gone;
We trust the future all to Him,
Who all its weight hath borne.

MONDAY.

"One generation passeth away, another generation cometh."—Eccles., 1, 4.

Where are the vast numbers that have gone before us? They were born, they married, they died—three chapters of an ordinary person's history, with the varied incidents between. Like us, they saw the old year out and the new year in. Like us, they wished each other "a happy new year," and found the new year, like themselves, no sooner began to live, than it began to die. Have you ever gone through an old churchyard, and like Hervey and Gray, meditated among the tombs? Did not a pensive melancholy steal over you as you read those inscriptions of the young, the middle-aged, and the veteran of fourscore or more? And as you tried to picture what their lives had been, and saw the same old sun pouring down his rays on the same old fields and lanes that they had trodden, you wondered at the meaning of it all. There is an old inscription at the entrance of one of the churchyards of North London on one of the graves:

"Reader, stop, ere you pass this by.
As you are now, so once was I,
As I am now, you soon will be,
Prepare yourself to follow me."

"Memento Mori" is a motto few care to take, but had we more faith to believe that the unseen is not the unknowable, we should welcome the end of our present imperfect existence as an entrance from a dark tunnel of uncertainties into the full blaze of verities; "for the things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."

TUESDAY.

"What is your life? It is even a vapor that appeareth for a little while, and then vanisheth away."—Jam., 4, 14.

Life is like a vapor,
Vanishing in mist;
Or the dew on roses,
By the morning kiss'd;
Yet life's mist will melt away
Into everlasting day.

Life is like a tunnel
From which we emerge
Into home and sunshine
Or to funeral dirge;
But the station we attain
Is the one we booked to gain.

Life is what we make it;
Foretaste of the bliss
Of the full life yonder,
Or the end we miss,
Life God places in each hand
Subject to our own command.

WEDNESDAY.

"So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."—Ps., 90, 12.

Few thoughtful persons come to the close of the year without pausing to reflect ere passing another milestone on life's journey. Without reflection man is no better than the brutes. We look back and see the days that have passed. What have they brought us? Sunshine and shadow; there have been days of weariness and days of vigor; days of darkness when the sun refused to show his face, and the rain drenched our buds and blossoms which seemed as if they would never open again, days when the wind storms swept over the bowers where we had laid our nests of treasured hopes, and scattered them to the four winds of heaven. Days, too, when the sun again shone across our path, and the flowers sprang up for us everywhere, when friends thronged around us, and we felt it good to be alive, and scarcely hoped for a better world than this. Then again the sun was shrouded in mist, and days came when we followed those friends to the entrance to the unseen world, and laid their outward forms to rest. But whatever the days have brought, we see two angels who have followed us all the way down the long, long years, even when they were invisible by reason of the earthly mists through which we had to pass—Goodness and Mercy were their names, and He who is all goodness, and whose "mercy endureth for ever," sent them to bring us safely on our way so that we can each say, "By the help of God I continue unto this day."

THURSDAY.

"Goodness and mercy shall follow Me all the days of My life."—Ps., 23, 5.

I set out on a sunny day,
When life was bright, with flowers gay,
When peaceful looked my morning sky,
To tread the path to realms on high.

Ere long the rain began to fall,
And shadows dark encompassed all
The path I trod; I sank dismayed
Of nameless terrors sore afraid.

Yet on I struggled through the dark,
And not a footstep could I mark,
When suddenly there shone a light,
Illumining my darksome night,

And by that light I saw that two
My every footstep did pursue—
Two angels I had failed to see,
Goodness and Mercy followed me.

And so I dread no darksome path,
Nor question what the future hath,
Nothing but good I know can be,
Goodness and Mercy following me.

FRIDAY.

"To every seed his own body. . . . So also is the resurrection of the dead."—1 Cor., 43.

"To every seed his own body." St. Paul was speaking of the resurrect when he uttered these words. This proves the identity of each body which will rise again—the

same person it was here. Just as the child is the same person when grown to manhood, yet how different a stranger would hardly recognise the resemblance, but the mother knows. "We know not what we shall be," but we know we shall be ourselves still. Our spirits in death are clothed upon with "our house which is from heaven"—a temporary habitation, no doubt, resembling its former covering, but lasting only until these bodies collected from the elements into which they have been dissolved shall be revived—how we know not. "Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was, but the spirit shall return to God who gave it," was spoken of death; but He who made these bodies from the minute atoms residing in dust can re-make them from the same. Dust is instinct with life, and He who created man in His own image, and breathed into him the breath of life when man became a living soul, is able to reanimate this clay, and clothe this mortal with immortality, this corruption with incorruption. Then shall be brought to pass that saying, "Death is swallowed up in victory. O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?" Until then we must be content to wait for "the adoption, to wit, the redemption of our body," knowing that "He who raised up Jesus from the dead is able also to quicken our mortal bodies by His Spirit which dwelleth in us."

SATURDAY.

"I know that my Redeemer liveth."

I know full well that my Redeemer lives
As surely as I know that I now live.
I know that He ETERNAL life doth give
As freely as all good things that He gives

I know that in my flesh I shall see God,
Shall with these eyes behold His face one day,

Although this earthly part of me decay,
And crumble into dust beneath the sod.

I know that He who made man from the dust

And breathed the breath of life, can make again

From this same dust, all freed from sin and pain,

I can with Him this soul and body trust,
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Theory versus Fact—

(Continued from page 6.)

THE SIX O'CLOCK FARCE.

Evidence of the farcical character of six o'clock closing as the law has recently been interpreted by our Judges continues to accumulate. In a case heard the other day at the Darlinghurst Sessions, counsel called for the register of guests alleged to have been residing at the Club House Hotel, Abercrombie-street. Some of the names were read out in Court. Here they are:

- Dally Messenger.
- Warren Bardsley.
- Macartney.
- Alan Kippax.
- David Hall.
- Joseph Bung.

A "sporty" lot, you will admit, with the exception of the last—"Bung" is no sport; in that role he is only an impostor. However, as counsel remarked, these may only have been impersonations. No doubt. The licensee, who referred to them as "gents," declared they were "bona fide travellers." So bona fide, you note, that false names were used. Nearly the whole Australian XI figured in the book. Apparently the law is powerless to take cognisance of this sort of thing. Hooray for after-hours trading! It is quite clear that its votaries consider it disreputable or they would scarcely seek to disguise their identity.

GOVERNMENT'S DISGRACEFUL RECORD.

The sort of thing described above goes on, without a doubt, all over the city. And why should it not? It is legal. The Courts have said so in effect. And it goes on with the tacit consent of the Fuller Government, which itself is in the liquor-selling business, and even employs the State Governor to open new hotels. Ever since the ruling of the Supreme Court in the Carlton and Australia Hotel cases, six o'clock closing has been nothing more than a formality lacking all substance in fact. The ruling was given some months ago, and it has been within the power of the Government during that time to bring down legislation to remedy a defect in the law which mainly sets at defiance the ascertained will of the people. No attempt, of course, has been made to do so. From this may be deduced the bona fides of the Government. In the light of such inaction, the pledge-breaking record of some Ministers and Government supporters wears a more sinister aspect than ever. It is perfectly clear to us that this administration never had the slightest intention of giving effect to the public will with regard to the rigorous control and ultimate extinction of the liquor traffic. Here was a case in which the law might have been rectified so as to make it comply, as it was supposed to do, with public opinion, and the Government has done nothing. "Liquor prohibition" is its policy.

DRUNKEN MOTORISTS FINED.

What, as we have often asked in this page, is the use of fining them? They don't care a rap of the fingers about the fines, and the public are in no way protected against the danger to life and limb involved in the scandalous frequency with which drunken motorists career about our roads. The English newspapers continue to report cases in which the magistrates send these social pests to jail without the option of a fine, but our "beaks" just continue to collect revenue and leave the matter at that. It is about time they awoke to the fact that they are not officials of the Inland Revenue Department. The matter was brought up in the House the other day by Dr. Arthur, M.L.A., who directed the attention of the Minister for

Justice to the statement of Judge Rolin and a Victorian Judge that drivers of motors convicted of drunkenness should not be given a license. Dr. Arthur asked that legislation should be introduced to widen the powers of the magistrates in such cases, but Mr. Ley merely declared that he thought magistrates had the requisite powers, and he added that they had been imposing heavier fines of late. What fatuity! It is not so long ago that a judge decided that magistrates have no power to cancel licenses. Mr. Ley simply sidesteps the issue when he speaks of increased fines. Drunken motorists should be sent to "the cooler" here as they are in England.

STOLE A CAB AND GOT DRUNK.

In the title to this note, the cart goes before the horse. In other words, it seems that the culprit got drunk first and stole the cab afterwards. That is something novel, anyway. Usually it is a motor car that is stolen. This time it was a cab, which seems rather an old-fashioned thing to do when you come to think of it. Anyway, the spruce cost Edward Ryan, 28 years of age, a "fiver." Mr. Jennings, S.M., said it was either that or one month in "quod." Besides which, Ryan had to pay another 20/-, or seven days, for driving the cab when drunk. It appears that Ryan was found driving the cab along Bridge-road, Pyrmont, a most in-artistic locality, at about 2 o'clock in the morning on November 30. He explained to the police that he had been to an "evening" but did not think he was driving the horse at a gallop, though he admitted he was drunk and also that he had not asked the permission of the owner when he borrowed the cab. He fell off the cab and was arrested. All of which seems a silly way of enjoying yourself, doesn't it?

BUNG GETS DONE IN.

Theft from a publican is, we suppose, as morally reprehensible as theft from anybody else. Still, Bung can better afford than some other people to lose some of his ill-gotten gains. It isn't everybody who makes 600 per cent. profit on what he sells, and that is the average gross profit on a mug—the word is applicable in both senses. Last week a daring thief snatched £70 from a table in the Bank of New South Wales, William-street branch, and got clean away with it. It appears that the licensee of a neighboring hotel was arranging a deposit and was seated at the table in question with a pile of notes in front of him. The thief leaned across the table, snatched a handful of the notes and bolted into Bourke-street, with the outraged booze-vendor in hot pursuit. But beer is not good for the wind, and the chase was an unequal one. The thief disappeared into the crowd, and all the liquor man could do was to tell the story of his loss to the police. They took particulars of the man and promised to investigate, but it is not reported that Bung has got his money back again. Up goes the price of beer again, what?

SUNDAY DANCING IN CAFES.

In Parliament the other day the Chief Secretary (Mr. Oakes), replying to a question put to him by Mr. Arkins, M.L.A., said that his attention had not been directed to the fact that at a certain cafe in the city jazz dancing takes place on a Sunday evening, but he would have inquiries made. Mr. Oakes will find that the information is correct so far as it goes, and that it would be more correct still if it included many other resorts besides the one referred to. What used to be called "the Continental Sunday" is fast becoming "the British Sunday"—much more so in London than, as yet, in Sydney. But we are getting on. We do not propose here to go into the specious arguments which are

increasingly used to justify the determined attempt which is being made to destroy the character of the old-fashioned Sunday, nor are we concerned to blame or abuse Continental peoples because their ideas and habits do not coincide with our own. We do not suppose that our own Sunday jazzers would go to church if they could not jazz, because people of that sort are spiritually dead. But we do assert that the most admirable traits of the British character have been built upon the observance of certain principles, amongst which the sacred character of the Lord's Day is the most important, and we do not hesitate to say that if British people depart from that point of view, the result will in time be disastrous to their moral stamina. Moral standards differ in different communities, but history shows that whatever these standards may be, the loosening of them has a destroying effect upon ALL communities.

WETS v. DRYS IN QUEENSLAND.

The news which comes to hand from Queensland goes to show that the Prohibition Party is in much better heart than the Liquor coterie in relation to the local option polls which are to be taken in the Northern State next May, and the indications are that considerable victories for the principle of "dry" areas will be recorded. Just at present, with the Christmas holidays coming on, the campaigning activities of both sides are slackening off, but after the holidays there is to be an intensive campaign in every area in which it has been decided to submit the issue, and it is already evident that quite an exceptional amount of public interest is being aroused in connection with the polls. The Ipswich area, it is stated, is one of those likely to fall to the Prohibitionists. In several important areas round about Brisbane, the Liquor Party will be faced with the fight of its life. The contests of "wets" and "drys" are likely to overshadow all else in public interest in Queensland next May.

DRUNKEN BUTCHER FINED.

One of our magistrates has had the sense to be more severe than usual with a drunken driver of a motor lorry. The magistrate in question is Mr. Laidlaw, S.M., who, at the Paddington Court the other day, fined Edwin Whittaker, a butcher, £10 for this offence, and further suspended his license and declared him ineligible for a renewal until March, 1926. It appears that early in the morning of December 5, in Ocean Avenue, Woollahra, the attention of the police was directed to Whittaker, and they came to the conclusion that he was too far gone in liquor to control his lorry. He admitted with perfect good nature that he was inclined to agree with the police, and even volunteered the information that he was looking for a substitute driver when the police began to take an interest in him. We congratulate Mr. Laidlaw upon acting more vigorously than some of his brother magistrates. This man, at any rate, will not be in a position to endanger lives for the next fifteen months. Nevertheless, we still think that imprisonment without the option is the only remedy which will cure the widespread evil complained of. The absolute lack of any sense of responsibility which characterises too many motorists, especially during the weekends, is nothing short of amazing.

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