

Grit.

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Twopence.

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THE
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Every day in every way alcohol gets worse and worse.

To read the sordid story of alcoholic ravages unmoved is our strongest possible condemnation.

Surely there must yet be a real revolt from granting privileges to this our greatest enemy that reinforces every other enemy.

"NOISY BEHAVIOR." DRINK IN THE COMMONS.

London, October 13.—A Labor member of the House of Commons, Mr. Salter, is reported to have told the Good Templars' gathering that he had seen many members drunk in the House. He said that no party was exempt.

When interviewed by the "Daily Express," Mr. Salter said: "Members don't take enough to be drunk, but they do temporarily destroy higher thought control. Noisy behavior after dinner is a perennial occurrence."

WEALTHY BOOTLEGGER FACES DEPORTATION.

Troy (O.), September 11.—(I.N.S.)—A warrant charging him with being an undesirable alien and subject to deportation has been served on George Remus, "millionaire bootlegger," in the Miami county jail.

Remus has been in the toils of the law for several years as a result of his bootleg activities.

MURDER ECHO. WINE SALOON WATCHED. LONG BAY MYSTERY.

An echo of an unsolved murder was heard in the Metropolitan Licensing Court last week.

The murderer of May Anderson in the scrub at Long Bay was never found.

Detective James, a witness in a license transfer case, said he had watched a wine saloon in Elizabeth-street for six weeks, after May 12, 1924, about the time May Anderson met her death.

He had received information about a man, who was said to have frequented the saloon, and was a suspect in the case.

Some time later he watched the saloon again, but the man was never seen. The premises were visited by women of the vagrancy class, reputed and convicted pick-pockets, thieves, and housebreakers.

Detective Watkins said he had arrested one of the worst housebreakers in Sydney in that saloon.

BRITAIN SMILES ALONG MERRY ROAD TO RUIN. WITH DISASTER AHEAD, THE NATION IS OPTIMISTIC, SELF-COMPLACENT.

(By SIR PHILIP GIBBS.)

London, August 25 (by mail).—The sun is shining as I write, and it is Merrie England. We all seem very well pleased with ourselves. The London season has been quite gay for society folk and shopkeepers. The lure of the holiday spirit has put its spell upon us all. There is no lack of money, it seems, no shadow on the soul of the nation. It is Merrie England with a good-tempered people and lots of fun.

Is there anyone who feels the touch of a cold finger in this sunshine? Is there any croaking voice crying "Woe!" above the laughter of the holiday-makers? Is there any melancholy Jacques standing on the sidewalk watching this summer pageant of life and shaking his head at the spectacle

of a great nation going on its laughing way along this merry road to ruin? No!

We are all very pleased with ourselves. We allow nothing to disturb our splendid self-complacency.

It is true that the figures of unemployment creep up week by week, so that now there are over one million six hundred thousand men and women out of work apart from the million miners. But why worry? We can still spend a million pounds a day on drink.

BREWERS FACE SEVERE SLUMP.

London, September 11.—(By Universal Service.)—After a long period of unprecedented prosperity, there are indications that the brewery companies are beginning to see the end of their heyday.

During the war the brewing industry made rapid progress, and it is a remarkable fact that throughout the long period of industrial upheaval which succeeded the 1920 trade slump many brewery companies have earned record profits.

The question now arises: Has the zenith been reached?

At the recent meeting of Bass, Ratchiff and Gretton, the chairman stated that the present depression in general industry, if continued, must eventually react on the brewing business. This view was endorsed at the annual meeting of Arthur Guinness, Son and Company.

The chairman of Watney, Combe, Reid and Company also complained of the effect of the labor troubles, and added that London, which is usually the last place to reflect the influence of general trade adversity, had economised in expenditure on beer.

WOMEN OF ENGLAND BECOMING HEAVY CIGARETTE SMOKERS.

London, September 11.—Heavy smoking by large numbers of London's girls and women, many of whom consume a package or two of cigarettes a day, is held responsible in large measure for the fact that the authorities are being forced to add another story to the huge tobacco warehouse at the London docks. The present building, through which all imports pass, has become far too small.

Dealers about the city confirm the idea that the growing demand for tobacco on the part of the female population is one of the prime reasons why tobacco imports have grown from about 50,000 tons in 1910 to nearly 85,000 last year.

"Look at the number of girls and women who smoke nowadays—and look at the amount they smoke," said the head of one of the largest retail tobacco firms. "Before the war women smoked comparatively little. Now a substantial percentage of our customers are women and girls, many of whom smoke from ten to twenty cigarettes a day."

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CONTRABAND BEER SENDS 75 PER- CENTS TO SICK BEDS.

Reading (Pa.), September 11.—A mysterious illness developed in the north-eastern section of the city to-day. Children were confined to bed; men were unable to go to work, and housewives were prostrated. Doctors attended at least 75 persons, and an investigation quickly developed the cause.

Six hundred barrels of high powered beer, contraband cargo on two freight cars found standing in the yards of the Reading Railroad Company, were confiscated by a detail of State policemen yesterday. The kegs were rolled from the cars and the bungs knocked in by the troopers with pick axes, the beer running away in foaming torrents. A lot of this was swooped up in kettles, dish-pans and other utensils by neighbors and consumed. Their sickness was the result.

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SPECIAL AFTERNOON
TEA

MAKE INQUIRIES ABOUT IT.

OUR RAILWAYS.

ALARMING FIGURES.—RESULTS OF DRUNKENNESS.

Mr. B. B. Allen, chairman of the executive of the Graziers' Association, quoted alarming figures last week with the object of showing that interference with the Railway Commissioners in the direct and responsible management of the railways must result disastrously.

Official figures in the Graziers' Association office, he said, show that from June 1, 1922, to November 30, 1923, 52 men were restored to the railway service by the Railway and Tramway Appeals Board after having been dismissed by the head of the branch for being under the influence of intoxicating liquor.

There were also 79 similar cases in the tramway service.

In all but nine of the total number of cases the departmental representative dissented from the Board's decision.

Mr. W. J. Morris, secretary to the Railway Commissioners, stated at the time that he was directed to say "cases have occurred where employees who have been given another chance by majority decisions of the Appeals Board, after being dismissed for being under the influence of liquor, have failed to rehabilitate themselves, and, as a matter of fact, have in a number of cases, again been dismissed for the same cause."

"Two cases are on record where employees who were dismissed the service for being under the influence of intoxicating liquor, and restored to the service by the Appeals Board, were subsequently killed on the lines whilst under the influence of liquor, and, apart from this aspect, that the leniency of the Appeals Board in cases of this character is a factor which is calculated to impair the efficiency of the service."

MR. ALLEN'S COMMENTS.

"We feel that the less political control we have in the management of our railways," Mr. Allen stated, "the better it will be for the users of the railways and the general taxpayers. Frankly, we are afraid that political control will white-wash the efficiency of our railways, and force them into the same almost desperate predicament into which the Queensland railways have been forced."

"Naturally the primary producers are vitally concerned in the management of the railways, because the service that the railways give, or fail to give, has a very direct bearing on the returns for the primary producers. The more efficient the railway service, the better the chance the producers have to carry on successfully. Rail costs, the adequate supply of railway rolling stock and the handling of primary products on the railways, are matters that come very closely into the profit and loss account of the man on the land."

"Consequently, we view with apprehension any legislative change that may make for an increase of political influence in the running of the railways. We believe that any such increase would be a serious blow to the railway management, and consequently to the men on the land."

"To secure the best railway results, the political factor must be kept as small as possible; the more prominent this factor is made the more unlikely we are to achieve and keep railway economy and efficiency."

That statement of facts, Mr. Allen stated, should be kept in mind by those who are advocating still further interference with the management of the railways by the Railway Commissioners. Safety of the travelling public, as well as the interests of country and city, demand it, that political influence should be minimised, and the Railway Commissioners given full control and responsibility.—"Sydney Morning Herald."

WHY WE ABSTAIN.

The best men and women abstain from alcohol and live longer, happier and more prosperously than those who don't.

"The right course is to abstain from meat or wine, or, indeed, anything that is a stumbling block to your brother."

Romans, ch. 14, verse 21.

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M. 18/9/25.

PROHIBITION WITHOUT COMPENSATION.

To be decided by Referendum, with bare majority, in State and Local Areas, and to operate within two years.

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

SUNSHINE FAIR

SYDNEY TOWN HALL

(BASEMENT)

Thursday, Friday, Saturday

NOVEMBER 4, 5, 6

Under Patronage of Lady de Chair.

Nineteen Stalls arranged by Ladies of various Churches and Temperance Organisations for the

Education Work

OF THE

N.S.W. Prohibition Alliance

To be opened at 2.30 p.m. on November 4 by

SIR ARTHUR COCKS, K.B.E.

Madame Wolfcarius will open the Fair on Friday and Mrs. Sidney Moore on Saturday.

SPECIAL FEATURES:

Friday, 1 p.m.: People's Luncheon, 2/- Address by Rev. R. B. S. Hammond.

Saturday, 5.30 p.m.: Family Tea, 1/6. (Sweets, 6d. extra.)

Address by Miss Preston Stanley, M.L.A.

Attractive Musical Programmes by—Burwood Presbyterian Choir, Thursday evening.

Bourke Street Girls' Glee Club, Friday evening.

St. Clement's Girls and Salvation Army Children of the Fold on Saturday evening.

Miss Hilda Boyle will sing at the opening ceremony.

Poster and Cartoon Display and Lecturettes.

Amusements of various kinds. Bring your friends.

Admission - - Silver Coin.

CONFERENCE PERSONALITIES.

MEN AND WOMEN WHO COUNT.

The continuity of the campaign against the drink evil as well as its widespread nature were emphasised by the personnel of the State Conference of the Prohibition Alliance.

Archdeacon Boyce, the veteran of many fights and trusted leader, was a reminder of the early days of the campaign and the agitation for Sunday closing and local option, which he began when he was rector of Orange. In his few words to the Conference he mentioned the part which the great statesman, Sir Henry Parkes, played in giving to the people their first instalment of power to control the liquor traffic.

Another link with those early days was supplied in Mr. G. D. Clark, who had fought for the people's rights in this matter in the Legislative Assembly in the eighties, as well as continuously in press and on platform since. His enthusiasm is not dimmed nor is his vigor of speech abated.

The younger generation was represented by the President of the Conference, Rev. H. C. Foreman, M.A., who is also the President of the Prohibition Alliance. Always a fighter against the drink evil, his recent trip to America made him a fervent advocate of Prohibition and an enthusiastic leader of the Prohibition forces. Nothing more effectively stressed the unity of the fight than the first and the latest leader of the Prohibition Alliance—Ven. Archdeacon Boyce and Rev. H. C. Foreman—standing together on the Conference platform.

The country was well represented. Newcastle is not country, and Mr. J. Breckenridge and Rev. J. J. Willings were quite at home in the deliberations. Mr. Redman came from Taree, Rev. J. Thompson from Singleton, Mr. Gentle from Wagga. Mr. C. W. Furner, of Goulburn, represents a type of Prohibitionist who in our country centres has done much to advance the cause. Mayor of his city, President of its Chamber of Commerce, leader of every worth-while movement in civic and church life—these have been his activities, and among them Prohibition was never allowed to take a back place.

From Parkes came Mr. David Kelly, an enthusiast in the fight. Recently back from America he has a deeper conviction and a good story. There is no doubt in his mind concerning the success of Prohibition in U.S.A.

Mr. Jack, leader of the campaign in the North Coast, came with Mr. Oscar Piggott. Both are almost lifelong fighters, with records of work well done.

There were many other stalwarts and worthy representatives of a great movement.

Much of the strength of the Prohibition campaign is in the splendid band of women who earnestly, persistently and with consecrated wisdom carry on. Madame Wolfcarius (of the Representative Women), Miss Andrews (of the Business Women), Mrs. Sidney Moore, Mrs. Strang, Mrs. Courtenay Smith (of the W.C.T.U.) and others represented the associated forces of women workers.

Then there were Dr. Arthur, M.L.A., Mr. W. P. J. Skelton, M.L.A., and Mr. Albert Lane, M.L.A., valiant for righteousness, even at the risk of losing votes; Mr. Hawkins, the wise coadjutor of the President of the Alli-

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Boys of ages 13 to 15—

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2nd Prize 0 10 6

CONDITIONS.

1. Entries to be made in writing, addressed to the Joint Secretaries, Sunshine Fair, Room 302, Macdonell House, 321 Pitt-street, to reach them not later than Wednesday, November 3. Entries to be accompanied by entrance fee of 6d.
2. Competitors to give date of birthday, full name and address and state class enrolled in at school, or, if not at school, occupation.
3. Competitors in Class I. to be at the Town Hall basement at 7 p.m. on Thursday, November 4, for the purpose of being judged. A number of finalists will be chosen then, and these will be required to attend again at 7 p.m. on Saturday, November 6, for the final decision.
4. Competitors in Class II. to be at the Town Hall basement at 7 p.m. on Friday, November 5. Finalists in this class will be required to attend on Saturday at 7 p.m. also.
5. Competitors to be dressed in shirt, belt, knickers.
6. The decision of the Judges will be final.

ance; Mr. Greenstreet, with his long service for Rehabilitation; and other honored friends. It was a goodly company, its calibre and enthusiasm speaking volumes for the future of the Movement here.

PROHIBITION BRINGS SUNSHINE
SYDNEY TOWN HALL

COME TO THE FAIR
NOVEMBER 4, 5, 6.

NEW SOUTH WALES PROHIBITION ALLIANCE

Headquarters: 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.

Our Objective: The Abolition of the Liquor Traffic.

Our Weapons: Education and Legislative Action.

A CALL TO ARMS!

CONFERENCE ON NEXT STATE ELECTIONS.

The significance of the State Prohibition Conference, which was opened by the President of the Alliance (Rev. H. C. Foreman) on Thursday last at the City Temple, Sydney, lay in its influence on the next State elections. It was call to arms. Every allied Church and organisation, as well as representatives of leading country and metropolitan centres, responded to the call.

After prayer had been offered by Rev. A. Illingworth, the President, in concise and forcible terms, outlined the objective the Alliance had in view. He remarked that the time had come to state in clear and unequivocal terms the demands Prohibitionists would make upon political parties. The plan of campaign would be laid down by the Conference, and would be carried out with sincerity and thoroughness. It had to be remembered that in U.S.A. it was in the country districts that the tide of Prohibition opinion had steadily risen until it forced the nation to outlaw liquor.

The first resolution was in the capable hands of Mr. H. W. Hawkins, who moved—
"It is desirable that every effort be made to mobilise our forces for the next State election with a view to

- Securing the return of members pledged to support legislation giving to the electors the right to vote for Prohibition without compensation at the next Prohibition poll.
- Demanding of the Government the impartial enforcement of the liquor laws.
- Obtaining the restoration of the local option provisions which are at present suspended."

Their activities, said Mr. Hawkins, would be summed up in a sentence, "Educate and legislate." The Prohibition forces did not pull anything like their full weight because they were unorganised. No compensation was their definite policy. The Sydney Ferries Co. were not to be paid compensation on the completion of the Harbor Bridge; neither were their employees. The profits of the privileged liquor bar were as a rule so far in excess of the profits of an unprivileged ordinary trader that there could be no ground for compensation.

An amendment, moved by Dr. Arthur, M.L.A., to insert "monetary" before compensation, so as to allow for time compensation if desired, was lost.

PLEDGE FOR CANDIDATES.

It was then resolved, on the motion of Dr. Arthur—

- That a pledge be submitted to candidates at the next election in favor of the above objects.
- That a Prohibition history of candidates, including their replies to requests for their pledge to support a Referendum without Compensation, be communicated to Prohibitionists generally.

A further resolution, submitted by Mr. Macourt—

"That the many provisions in the Liquor Act, obviously in the interests of the Liquor Traffic, seriously handicap any attempt to administer the law in the interests of the public generally, and call for immediate

amendment; it is therefore resolved that the Alliance Executive be invited to appoint a committee to tabulate these provisions and prepare suitable amendments, the report of the committee to be presented to the Executive of the N.S.W. Prohibition Alliance for adoption and actions," was also carried.

LOCAL OPTION.

Mr. E. H. Tebbutt moved—

"That the Conference protests against the continued suspension of the Local Option Provisions of the Liquor Act, and, in view of the creation of new electorates, we request the Executive to wait upon the Government, and to use any other desirable means of inducing Parliament to—

- Remove the "suspension" of Local Option.
- Provide that a simple majority shall suffice to carry no-license in any electorate.
- Provide for compulsory voting at Local Option Polls."

LIQUOR LAWLESSNESS.

It was resolved on the motion of Mr. Albert Lane, M.L.A., who pointed out the Six O'clock Closing was in danger:

"That there is overwhelming evidence of widespread lawlessness in the Liquor Traffic in respect to—

- The Six O'clock Closing of Liquor Bars.
- Sunday Trading.
- Serving intoxicated persons.
- The immoral conditions obtaining in certain wine bars.
- The abuse of the bona-fide lodger and bona-fide traveller provisions.

And that the failure of the authorities to enforce the Liquor Laws constitutes a grave breach of public trust, and is fraught with perilous consequences to the observance of all law, and to the preservation of public order."

At the tea inspiring addresses were given by Dr. Law (President of the Victorian Alliance), by Mr. Skelton, M.L.A., Messrs. Winn, Kelly and Rev. J. Green, C.M.G.

ROYAL COMMISSION DEMANDED.

Rev. R. B. S. Hammond moved—

"That in view of the many breaches of the Liquor Act, the frequent exposure of sordid conditions in association with the Liquor Traffic, the well-known evil effects of alcohol, especially on the young life of the community, on industrial efficiency, and on traffic accidents, as well as the influence of liquor interests in politics, the Government be asked to take immediate steps for the appointment of a Royal Commission to enquire into the whole question."

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

Mr. D. Kelly, of Parkes, moved—

"That this Conference pledges itself to support the educational programme at present being carried out by the Alliance, and affirms the imperative need for more intensive educational work on the moral and economic value of Prohibition. It therefore suggests to the Executive the desirability of further co-operating with other bodies in—

- Securing more efficient teaching of Temperance principles in our public schools.
- Extending the Temperance work of Sunday Schools.
- Enlarging the Temperance educational work of the Churches.
- Requesting business men to encourage the holding of lunch-hour meetings amongst employees.
- Developing the activities of the Flying Squadron."

"PUBLISHED BY ARRANGEMENT."

On the motion of Mr. E. H. Tebbutt it was resolved to protest to the Country Press Association against the practice of inserting paid-for liquor publicity in country newspapers under the above misleading heading. The Conference then adjourned till the following day.

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SALOON IS DEAD IN U.S.A.

BUSINESS MEN DECLARE PROHIBITION TO BE ECONOMIC SUCCESS.

NEW GENERATIONS WILL NOT KNOW DRINK.

By MONTAGUE GROVER, formerly Editor of Sydney "Sun."

San Francisco, August 10.—Whether the United States repeals the Eighteenth Amendment, which instituted Prohibition, or leaves it alone, one thing is certain—there will never be a saloon selling drinks to the public again. Neither the Wets nor the Drys—even the Wets who continue to drink as they did in pre-Volstead days—will consider for a moment the restoration of the bar. The greatest supporter of Prohibition is not the church nor the temperance fanatic. It is the big business man who probably employs a permanent bootlegger to keep him supplied with illegal liquor. But though he himself connives at breaches of the law, he wants that law to remain—the success of his business is largely dependent upon its retention in the statute book.

It is five months since I first landed on American territory, and I have deliberately refrained from writing anything about Prohibition and the liquor question until such date as I had had time to study it at first hand. After five months, I think I am qualified to speak.

Almost every Australian who has returned to Australia from America tells us that America is "swimming in liquor." That is the invariable expression, though most of those who give us this information have simply crossed the continent after spending some months in Europe. Their knowledge of America is limited to a few days in New York, a few views from the windows of railroad cars, and a rush to catch the boat to Australia. They know considerably less of this country than the movie fan who watches Tom Mix or Theda Bara from the back seat of a Fitzroy picture show. Yet they speak of America's natatorial prowess in the alcohol pool with more confidence than American public men of judicial minds, who have been studying the question close up ever since Volstead secured the inclusion of the Eighteenth Amendment.

The trouble is that the visiting Australian is almost invariably a man who is well-to-do, if not wealthy, and a man who "likes his glass." The Man who Likes his Glass can get it in America, just as he can get it after hours in Australia. But he has to look for it. I have recollections of a very pious Victorian legislator returning from Paris and telling people that he was shocked by what he saw. I lived some time in Paris, and I am willing to bet—if the pious gentleman is—that he could live for years in Paris without being shocked unless he looked for it. I saw the sights in Paris which shocked the pious legislator; I looked for them. Nobody who didn't look for them would ever see them.

HOW AMERICA "SWIMS."

So it is with liquor in the United States. Since I landed at Honolulu I have mixed with all classes of people. I am not a drinker myself, but nobody who came into contact with me would regard me as puritanical. I am a trifle fat and round-faced, and, in fact, just the sort of person who would be regarded as at least a moderate drinker of alcoholic stimulant. My experience with liquor so far has been this:

At Honolulu a chauffeur told me a story of an English woman he was driving, asking him to get her some "Holy Cow" (the Hawaiian spirit). He added, "So of course I did." This may have been a hint to me that if I wanted any he could get it. But I said nothing and he went no further, though I employed him several times later.

At one of the leading hotels at Honolulu one evening an American acquaintance pro-

duced a flask of "Holy Cow," and asked me if I wanted a drink. I tasted the spirit and found it resembled brandy, but seemingly twice as strong and fiery.

I visited a country club near Los Angeles, and was offered unlimited cocktails. I saw a dozen members swallow four or five each before dinner.

I have seen seven drunken men.

In the private house of an Australian friend in San Francisco I saw wine served during the evening.

That constitutes the whole of my experiences of America swimming in liquor. I have not the slightest doubt that were I a duly qualified dipsomaniac, with the wherewithal to satisfy my wants, I might have by this time died a glorious death from alcoholism. But I would have had to look for it in the first instance.

NEAR-WHISKY EASY.

I know that this evening, if I were to ask any of my San Francisco friends to show me where the liquor flows, I could be quaffing the old near-whisky or near-brandied within an hour. But I also know that if I wanted to get solemnly drunk in Melbourne or Sydney on Sunday, or during other prohibited hours, I could do it just as easily. Also, that if I lusted for a pipe of opium in Melbourne I could be wafted into dream-land without much delay.

There is liquor in America for those who take the trouble to get it; but what strikes me about Prohibition is that the people who take the necessary trouble are only a fraction of those who consumed it in the good old days of personal freedom.

THE PASSING OF THE SALOON.

One fact regarding Prohibition which is utterly misunderstood in Australia is the position of the saloon. Regarding American conditions as similar to those in Australia, the Australian imagines that if the agitation against Prohibition were to succeed, its triumph would mean a return to the old conditions.

Nothing is more erroneous. The saloon is dead; it can never be resuscitated. If the wets should prevail the citizen will be permitted to buy liquor and take it home; but that the saloon should ever again rear its front in the American street is unthinkable to wets and dries alike.

It is dangerous to prophesy; I would not do it were the fact not so overwhelmingly obvious; but if a referendum of the United States were taken on the question of reopening the bar, not 1 per cent. would be recorded in its favor.

I have spoken to almost every American and Australian I have met on the question of Prohibition. Probably 60 per cent. were against Prohibition, but neither at Honolulu nor on the American ship on which I crossed

nor since I landed on the mainland, have I found one man, teetotaler, moderate drinker, or hard drinker, who would regard the restoration of the saloon as other than a fantastic dream of a lunatic. The saloon is dead.

I have heard no new arguments for or against Prohibition. We have had them all in Australia. The dries here make the mistake, I fancy, in stressing the moral rather than the economic side. The remark of Henry Ford that "the automobile industry and Prohibition stand or fall together" has more weight with most of the waverers than all the stories of suffering wives and children. I pulled up several vigorous wets—big business men—by recalling Ford's words. They took time to think before they spoke again. The arguments of the wets we know too—the interference with individual liberty, the demoralisation of the young people, and so on.

I found the average business or professional man dead against Prohibition on the usual grounds. But his objection was academic rather than practical. On reflection, he thought it worked out rather well with regard to the working classes, and many of the bigger business men seemed to think, like Lady Ermytrude in the smoking room story, that liquor was all right for people of rank and position, but it was "too good for the lower orders." After talking all round the subject, the general summing up was that Prohibition was not so bad after all, provided you had a good bootlegger. These conversations have brought back to my mind one very significant fact—

I have not seen a working man drunk since I have been in America.

THE HONEST BOOTLEGGER.

These captains of industry are very simple fellows after all, when they are approached in the right way. Every one of them warned me against drinking any liquor offered by strangers. The following speech was handed out to me many times in Los Angeles, San Diego, Merced, Bakersfield, Yosemite, San Francisco, and Monterey—in almost identical words:

"See here, son; if you want a drink in this place come to me. I've got all I want and I know my man. He gets the real thing straight from Scotland. But if anybody else offers you a drink, beat it for the tall timber. This place is full of poison; it's sudden death to look at it. Seems all right, but it's just a little of the real stuff blended into wood alcohol and potato spirit. Even my friends are swallowing this vile stuff. I've warned them, but it's no use. Don't you take anything unless I tell you. Some of them get it from the same fellows as I do, and they'll be all right, but the rest—cut it!"

When every man in every town gives you a little gem of oratory like that, you begin to get frightened, even if you are a hardened drinker. As far as I could discover, every drinker in the United States firmly believes that he has cornered the only honest bootlegger in the world, and that the rest of his fellow drinkers are all heading straight for the asylum.

NO BRAWLING.

I don't know whether Prohibition is responsible, but all the American cities and towns and resorts I have visited seem strikingly orderly, as compared with ours. At places like the Yosemite and Mariposa and Muir Woods—the last within ten miles of San Francisco—you will find parties of girls hiking every Saturday and Sunday without male escort. People in Australia would hesitate to send their daughters on such excursions, not because they feared for their safety, but because of the possibility of their being witnesses of drunken brawls. There seems to be no brawling here.

(Continued on page 10.)

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Full Name

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(Applications must be in the Post by October 31st.)

THE WILD WEST.

VIOLENCE DIES WITHOUT BOOZE.

By JOE LONGTON.

Then the Prohibitionists grab off another victory. The Kane Brewery in Aurora, Illinois, tires of the harassing the "dry" squads are indulging in all over the country, and it turns its toes up in disgust. Of it the Los Angeles "Times" remarks:

"GOOD BEER FOR SEWERS—'NEAR' KIND FOR SALE.

"Chicago, September 7.—Nobody, not even the Prohibition agents, knew of the store of good beer in Aurora until its owners sacrificed it to the sewers. Now it is no more.

"Here's how: The Kane Manufacturing Company, also known as the Aurora Iced Beverage Company of Aurora, several days ago begged the Prohibition office, it was learned from Capt. R. Q. Merrick, deputy administrator, to destroy 35,000 gallons of 'good beer.' They were going out of business, they said. The 'good beer' had accumulated through the manufacture of near beer.

"And they surrendered their permit and the agents went out Saturday and let the drains guzzle the foamy liquid."

On my annual trip of the United States in 1924 I was surprised to find that the toughest mining camps of yesteryear were now the most law-abiding and observant of the Prohibition laws. In the Black Hills of South Dakota, where "Calamity Jane," the hard-boiled amazon and scout of General Custer—when his cavalry was massacred on the Little Big Horn River by "Sitting Bull" and his band of Blackfeet and Sioux Redskins—hung out, I found Rapid City, Belle Fourche and Spearfish 100 per cent. "dry."

With my friend, John Stanley, editor of the "Daily Call" in Lead City, I went over to Sturgess and interviewed "Deadwood Dick," now 80 years old, a dried-up old Indian fighter and stage driver, waiting for the grim reaper to plant him in the same

graveyard, Mount Moriah, where Calamity Jane lies in the next plot to "Wild Bill." Jane died in poverty; Booze was her nemesis.

Returning to Lead City, where the famous Homestake, Hidden Fortune and Trojan gold mines recently celebrated their 50th anniversary, I noticed where Bill Riddick's barn and bar built in 1846 is now a garage; the Blackhills Home Brewery is a wholesale grocery; the King Brewery is Victor Sarich's wholesale meat market and grocery; Cotton and Andrew's brothel, saloon and gambling house is Cotton's dry goods and grocery store; the Gold Mine Saloon, brothel and gambling joint is Wolf's second-hand furniture store; the Old Buffalo Hump brothel, saloon and faro joint is a garage and auto sales room.

In Central City I found the Central City Bar and roulette house a soft-drink parlor. In the famous city Deadwood, the Mansion brothel, saloon and gambling house is now the Mansion Apartment House, a three-story structure. The Topic (Jane's old brothel and gambling house) is a beauty parlor upstairs and a garage underneath. The Bulkhead brothel, gambling house and saloon is an Italian grocery store.

"Patsy" Carr's notorious Green Front brothel, gambling den and saloon is torn down and a bank stands in its place; Patsy is in the oil game in Casper, Wyoming. The Green Front was the world's most notorious murder mill. The Savage family (father and son) sold a claim to Randolph Hearst, owner of the Homesite mine, for £10,000; that night they gave Patsy £2000 for the joint for one night only. In the morning there wasn't a drink left in the place; they treated Deadwood to a drunk. Both died in the poor house.

An essay on the Green Front, written by a little girl at the request of her school teacher, drew the attention of John Stanley and South Dakota to the infamous conditions existing, and fired the first shot that cleaned up the State and caused it to ratify the 18th Amendment.

In this day's travel I saw where the Salinas Brewery is a creamery, ice plant and fruit juice industry. The San Jose Brewery is a fruit packing house and cold storage. The Santa Clara Brewery is a fruit packing house. The Valbrick Winery is a pickle and vinegar works. Other wineries in the Santa Clara Valley are bonded warehouses. In Santa Cruz the brewery is a mushroom plant, the Hotel La Dora bar is Anson's real estate office; Flannery's egg and butter store was once a "rat hole."

In San Jose Wilson's candy store and malted milk parlor is where Wilson formerly sold rum; his bartender, Mr. Jensen, shakes a mean malted milk in lieu of cocktails. While near the West San Jose station I met one "Paddy" MacMahon, an old-time bare knuckle fighter—whose nose is like a figure S—coming out of the "Jungle," where he'd been demolishing a can of canned heat (a mixture of wood alcohol and paraffin for cooking purposes). The "Jungle" is a lot nearby where under the trees the canned heaters—hobos—hang out; in it there must have been a thousand empty cans.

These canned heaters are the scum of the tramp world that are slowly being poisoned; people must have canned heat for culinary purposes. The cans bear a skull and crossbones and a poison label, but that will not stop the "bums" from eating it. A police officer with me said, "It should be more deadly; then we'd get rid of these incorrigibles that, if they cannot get it, drink gasoline." I asked MacMahon, who had been scraping the old cans out for leavings—he was a typical Jungle buzzard—what was his hardest battle. He replied, "I'm having it now. Gimme a dime to get a can of heat."

(Continued on page 12.)

A Personal Chat with my readers

ORGANISING WOMEN'S INFLUENCE.

When women were first given a vote it was a common thing for the wag at the dinner to propose the health of the ladies, "once our superiors, now our equals." The sting of this remark, of course, was the measure of truth it contained. In the days to come the more serious and discerning members of the community will toast the ladies as "The heaven that leavens the whole political lump," "The salt that protects us from utter political corruption." Just as the unseen mother's hand protected the spineless back of the baby, so the hand of the woman in the ballot box may be expected to stiffen the spineless politician and make for uprightness and integrity in public life. There are two facts retarding this possible development. First, women burdened with domestic life, happy in glorious motherhood and restrained by centuries of man traditions, can only expect to slowly and by many sacrifices reap the full fruits of their political opportunities. The second retarding factor is that the economic freedom of young girls is naturally making possible to them a "good time" that almost entirely shuts out their serious obligations.

The girl snaps her fingers at civic obligations just as she snaps them at the stupid, old-fashioned ideas of her mother. She is more of a problem to-day than the boy was 25 years ago, for she is neither subject to punishment or organisation as he was, nor can she so readily find a wholesome outlet for her physical energies as he did.

Fourteen years ago West Australia, where the pioneer spirit is more evident than in the Eastern States, a Women's Service Guild was formed. It is a non-party political organisation, and contains all shades of political opinion among its officers. It has its own paper, "The Dawn," and has a fine record of endeavor to its credit.

Mrs. Rischbieth, the President of the Australian Federation of Equal Citizenship, is at present in Sydney, returning to the West after a world tour. She has been a very active member of the Women's Service Guild, and is profoundly convinced that the most imperative thing for Australia is a League of Women Voters with an Australian outlook. Mrs. Rischbieth attended a conference in Paris last June, attended by representatives from the women's organisations in 40 nations.

The time is ripe for an All-Australian Women's Conference and the launching of a comprehensive plan to educate and associate all women, that they may give our politics the spring cleaning they need.

HAVE YOU ANYTHING TO JETTISON?

We hamper ourselves with all sorts of useless lumber and go groaning on our way because we have neither the sense nor the courage to drop the useless and to sacrifice the non-essential. Edgar A. Guest, whose homely verses so often contain a sermon, writes:

"Oh, we had a precious cargo," said an old seafaring man

Who sailed the rolling ocean in the schooner Mary Ann.

"We'd a costly load of lumber, but the wind began to blow,
And we sprung a leak off Boynton, and we had to let it go!

"We manned the pumps at midnight, but her seams had opened wide;
We couldn't keep the water down, however hard we tried.

So I gave the word to jettison as quickly as could be,

And we took that costly cargo, and we pitched it in the sea!

"Now, cargoes are important things when you are on the land,

And cargoes bring the money to the man that's in command.

But when your ship's in trouble, and you want to get to shore,

However rich your cargo is, your lives you'll value more."

The more I think about him and his good ship Mary Ann,

The more I think his tale applies to every living man.

We load ourselves with cargoes rich, but when there comes a blow,

When death or danger strikes at us, we'll gladly let them go.

We think our goods important, and we boast what we possess;

We lord it over smaller ships, who sail life's sea with less;

But when the wind begins to blow, and high the water rolls,

We'll jettison our shams and pride, to save our precious souls.

* * *

CLIMBING ON THE GIRLS' SHOULDERS.

It is pitiable to see the way some of our papers are imitating the lowest American ones

and building up their circulation by exploiting girls, and climbing to financial heights on the shoulders of the girl.

Her hair or her ankles, her body or her face are all in turn exploited, quite regardless of the effect on her. Her vanity is cultivated, her indulgences are fostered, and then she is left to fend for herself—a squeezed orange with her future lost in her spoilt girlhood. An American paper says:

"Three girls who were allotted unusual space in the headlines during the past year for high jinks in stage nudity are now in almost complete obscurity. One was found in a cheap burlesque hall, another hunting

GRIT

A JOURNAL OF
NATIONAL EFFICIENCY
AND PROHIBITION.

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

Editor—ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.
Address: Box 390F, G.P.O., Sydney.
Office: N.S.W. Prohibition Alliance, Macdonell House, 321 Pitt-street, Sydney.

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vainly for a job, and the third tried to end it all with poison."

What's the odds? Be a sport—that is, the sport of men. There is always an easier "get-away" for men than for women, and all the teaching on birth evasion does not alter this. Many a girl who thought she could mend a man's morals after she married him has found to her sorrow that they were not worth a darn. Many a girl has run away to get married, and later walked back alone. Some have married in haste, and have repented over the wash-tub.

A girl has more to give than a man, more to risk than he has. She would do well to remember that she cannot put her price too high; real man love wears on the face of it unmistakable willingness to sacrifice.

* * *

London "Opinion" prints the following suggestive "family tree":

The father of Success is Work.
The mother of Success is Ambition.
The oldest son is Common Sense.
Some of the other boys are: Perseverance, Honesty, Thoroughness, Foresight, Enthusiasm, Co-operation.

The oldest daughter is Character.
Some of the other girls are: Patience, Modesty, Courtesy, Care, Economy, Sincerity, Harmony.

The baby is Opportunity.
Get acquainted with the "old man," and you will be able to get along with the rest of the family.

The Editor

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THE CANVAS CATHEDRAL.

MESSAGES WITH THE FORCE OF A CYCLONE.

By Rev. W. CLEUGH BLACK, Baptist Minister, Auburn.

The Nicholson campaign at the Canvas Cathedral is creating a contrariety of opinion in the public mind of Auburn, being regarded by some as a benediction, and by others as a malediction. To the devil's devotees it is anathema, for the challenging messages come with the force of a cyclone, devastating the devil's territories and upsetting the jerry-built structures thereon. To God's saints the campaign is like a beneficent breeze from the hills, a mighty rushing sound from heaven, full of Pentecostal grace. The huge tent is itself a visible symbol of the mystical things the mission represents. It is strategically positioned in the pivotal centre of the district, and defies every squally wind that blows, fit emblem of the centrality and security of the Gospel. The tent is spacious and commodious, seating over a thousand, with room for more, typical of the all-enfolding, wide-embracing gospel of grace that challenges and converts the sinners and charms and comforts the saints who nightly crowd within.

Its interior attractiveness and hospitality make it like the banqueting tent in Canticles, a rendezvous for the righteous and a refuge for the ungodly, for there is an Inner Room, a Holy of Holies, where the contrite sinner can find sanctuary, a blood sprinkled mercy seat, where this week alone over one hundred penitents have found redemption and come forth with the flow of the Shekinah glory on their faces.

Behold how beautiful it is for brethren to dwell together in unity. The mission demonstrates the essential unity of the Christian Church, and is a fine expression of Protestant solidarity and interdenominational fraternity; ministers and members of churches throughout the district are in apostolic intercession and in line with Pentecostal experience, being all with one accord in one place, God's undershepherds guiding their flocks into the green pastures of one fold and leading them beside the still waters of one great Evangelistic Brotherhood. This alone is well worth the splendid organisation of the Headquarters Committee and the District Ministers' Fraternal.

Peering within the tent one sees in the pulpit a remarkable revivalist, a heaven-sent evangelist, who preaches like the ancient prophets with passion, pathos and power, the truth being none the less real, but the more vivid because it is mediated through the idiosyncrasies of a unique personality. One could easily visualise the early days of this son of Erin when as a blithe Irish laddie he was beloved of the boys and colleens of Ould Bangor. Despite his fierce phillipics and fiery denunciations, he has the heart of a child, and if by some he is called Boanerges, the son of Thunder, by the majority he will be known as Barnabas, the son of Consolation.

Notwithstanding the animadversion of the hostile press that caricatures him as a theological bogeyman, he is in reality a tender-hearted man, who deliberately adopts methods that appear to be meretricious, but which turn out to be means of grace after all.

Socrates, the Athenian gadfly, had to violently sting his fellow-citizens to stir them from their lethargy, and Nicholson's methods are equally sensational and certainly more successful. All such unconventional teachers and leaders are misunderstood and maligned.

If the archives of the Jerusalem Journalistic Association could be discovered by archaeologists and the papyrus deciphered

it would probably be found to be full of invectives against that rough-tongued travelling evangelist Peter, who spoke to the people at Pentecost in the common language. How the "Jerusalem Guardianopolis" or the "Hebrew Sunset" or the "Zion Daily" would have declaimed against the converted seafaring man with his provincial dialect and rugged mannerisms preaching to the cultured highbrows in this city of religious conservatism! But whilst inveighing against any acerbities of spirit, or asperities of speech, on the part of the preacher or the indecorous jubilation of one of his converts who actually leaped like an acrobat in the sacred porch of the Temple, the Jerusalem press would probably have been discreetly silent about the moral and spiritual earthquake that struck the city, and would ignore the fact that thousands were led into the kingdom of God by this travelling evangelist, whose patois betrayed his identity but whose passion changed the world.

Vehement preaching such as Nicholson's is both centripetal and centrifugal in its effects: it repels or attracts.

The literary purist, the verbal prude, the theological ultra modernist, the dilettante sermon-taster, the crank errorist, the sartorial fashion plate, the pompous pharisee, the languid Laodicean, the religious sneak, and others of that ilk, feel that the furniture of the tent needs upholstering as they stir restlessly in their creaking seats and look furtively or move fugitively to the entrance, but the true child of God, who holds the faith of his forefathers, and still believes in the supremacy of the Infallible Word, the Sovereignty of the Saviour, the need of Sanctification, and the luxury of Sacrificial Service, he sits contentedly and listens eagerly to the magnetic messages of the man, who only makes his auditors realise that the heavenly treasure is contained in earthen vessels, when he becomes brusquely colloquial or unduly bizarre.

Though a master of assemblies—a mastery begotten not alone of world-wide experience, but mostly because communion with the Unseen—he is not a pulpit poseur; he does not believe in purple patches or pulpit pyrotechnics; his waggons of thought are not often hitched to the roving stars of rhetoric, but very frequently they are harnessed to the rough draught horses of colloquialism. Still, with clattering hoofs, they get there, and the goods are delivered, which is the main thing.

Not that he is infelicitous of speech. In impassioned moods he is truly eloquent; his rich vocabulary gleams like treasure-trove and becomes a temptation to the literary pirate who seeks to gather the spoils just as the preacher descends to the commonplace, and lo! the glory has departed—but not the message. That is ever there reverberating through the corridors of the heart, piercing into the dim recesses of the conscience, moving in the regions of the intellect and penetrating into the mystic places of the spirit till at last the whole personality feels the urge of the higher life. Saints are thus quickened and sinners converted.

The methods of the man are dynamic and explosive enough to record disturbing results on the seismograph of hell, especially when crowds get converted. There is also consternation amid the ranks of the Redeemed as he flagellates the Saints for their disloyalties. Like a typical Irishman, he wields his shillalah and scotches the sins of his fellow Presbyterians; then lest other denominations should be unduly delighted he

gives them their portion in due season. Baptists who are immersed in a sense of their self-sufficiency get into hot water. Laodicean Low Churchmen are raised high on the yardarm of his criticism. Salvation Army soldiers are court-martialled, but not cashiered, for forgetting their knee drill. Methodists are methodically dealt with for losing their fervor, whilst there is a fall in the stocks of the Plymouth Brethren, as he pillories them till their limbs are as narrow as their doctrine. But very few object to his strictures, because behind the breezy banter is a beautiful brotherly nature, and the lilt of laughter, the blithesome bonhomie and the sanctified persiflage that bubbles from his lips comes as Balm of Gilead to the faithful wounds of a friend. He is a good physician, and prescribes as an allopathist large doses for the sinners, and as a homeopathist small and frequent doses for the saints, and Auburn is cram full of convalescents as a result.

Of course, he has his pet prejudices against the peccadilloes of the saints, a lengthy list of little sins that do not always end in smoke though sometimes it does, especially when he passes from a phillipic against the deeds of the Nicolaitanes—those progenitors of False Ecclesiasticism mentioned in the Book of Revelation—to a diatribe against the deeds of the Nicotiniens—whom he hates. He is at war with tobacco, and hates the pipe as he does the Pope. He won't smoke the pipe of peace with the devotees of "My Lady Nicotine," not even to narcotise the devil. He is as puritanical and as old-fashioned as the Apostles, and that is why he is drawing and blessing the crowds, for the old gospel makes its haunting appeal whenever it is preached in the demonstration of the spirit and of power. He does not seek to lead along the labyrinthine paths of learning, though he could, if he would—his presentation of truth is soully sound, and scripturally satisfying, and is profoundly orthodox. How he hates theological latitudinarianism, and trounces the ultra modernists, those circling gulls and stormy petrels who skim over the ocean of biblical truth and screech as though they had captured Jonah's whale; whereas they have only chased a herring or two. They are anathema to him, and to them he is an obscurantist, a traditionalist, an antiquated fundamentalist; but he glories in their criticism, for he gets actually what they speculate about—"assured results."

And because of these blessed results our hearts are rejoicing, and we thank God for guiding the committee in sending him to Auburn—loveliest village of the plain; at least that is what it may become if the converted accept his teaching and move from Calvary to Pentecost.

And all the people said Amen!

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PASS "GRIT" ON

Saloon is Dead in U.S.A.—

(Continued from page 6.)

When it comes to big crime, the American cities leave us in the background, but in minor disorder and minor crime, they have the advantage. Nobody bothers to look for the newsboy; they pick a paper from his heap, throw down a dollar, take the change from the heap of money that is lying there, and go their way. The boy is never cheated; everybody plays square with him. Outside apartment houses you may see a pile of parcels; the grocer has left them on the doorstep, and they stay there till the owner takes them in. Nobody thinks of stealing them. On the flat tops of the street letter boxes, people leave postal parcels, and nobody ever takes them except the postman.

You begin to think that every American is an honest man. Then along comes the armored car in which the banks move their bullion, its machine gun sweeping the streets as it travels—a threat to the malefactor. The fact is, that the American doesn't bother about crime unless it is worth while.

Dries say that Prohibition has wiped out minor thefts and disorder and brawls; wets say that Prohibition has spurred up major crime. The successful criminal, like the successful anything, must be a sober man—and these big crimes of to-day are worked out as a general works out a battle. They are masterpieces of organisation; they are brilliant in their execution.

My conclusion is that Prohibition is a failure, just as all law is a failure. We have liquor laws in Australia, but anybody in Melbourne or Sydney who knows his city will tell you that, every night of the week, hotels of the very highest rating are violating the law without interference. Clubs are given immunity from raids, conditional on their giving their word of honor that they will observe the law. I was present, after hours, in one club where the bar was going like the Flemington bar on Cup Day.

The liquor laws in America, like those in Australia, are a failure, inasmuch as they all fail to achieve perfection. The laws against homicide are similarly a failure. But, regarding that failure of Prohibition, and the success of the liquor interests in securing it, they might well say, "Another such victory and we are undone."

THE FUTURE OF PROHIBITION.

The Hearst papers are conducting a vigorous campaign for the repeal of Prohibition, and a recent issue of the "Examiner" printed from New York, a propaganda article, in which the failure of Prohibition was held proved because every man, woman and child in America had consumed last year alcohol valued at twenty-eight cents, or fourteen pence. When I recall that the drink bill of Australia—a sober country, as wet countries go—is something like £5/3/6 a head, I wondered whether the failure of Prohibition has not had an excellent sobering effect on the United States.

Whether William Randolph Hearst will succeed in securing the amendment is in the air. The "straw vote" he conducted is not regarded seriously, even by those who support him; its variation from the voting at the ballot box was far too great. The wet organisers overdid it.

Further, Mr. Hearst has not succeeded in everything. America did not stay out of the war; neither did Mr. Hearst himself reach the White House. While the average business man of whom I spoke tells me that it won't be long before the Volstead business is wiped out, the men who have studied the subject—not Prohibition leaders or organisers—for I have not met one since I landed—are firmly of opinion that Prohibition has come to stay and that the next generation will know not liquor. The drinker of to-day is being slowly but certainly killed by the class of liquor he obtains; the moderate

drinker will survive as he has survived in the past. But that class of man is not going to let his children drink, whatever he does himself. The belief of the most thoughtful men is that Prohibition will win.

Then there is another school—a hard-bitten class of men who are fighters by instinct and who are fighting for Prohibition to-day, not particularly because they believe in it as a principle, but because they love their country and think that the failure to enforce its laws is damaging its prestige at home and abroad. Such a man is General Smedley Butler, who has been looming large in the public eye of late. When I asked Butler the chances of the repeal, he smiled. "All bunk," he replied. "You've only got to look at the figures of the House of Representatives. There we have to throw wholesale somersaults to do anything. Those men have been elected on the ticket, whatever some may say. The moment they vote against Prohibition, they're out of public life. A lot of people forget that before Volstead moved, thirty-one out of the forty-eight States were dry. They're still dry under State law whatever may be done at Washington. The whole agitation is bunk." Butler, by the way, was not a teetotaler before Prohibition.

NO BETTING ON RACES.

Australians who laugh at America's failure to enforce the Prohibition laws may possibly be surprised to learn that America, or rather California, has succeeded in enforcing its anti-gambling laws in relation to horse racing. Australian laws regarding gambling on races are broken as frequently as American laws against Prohibition, and few Australians would be optimistic enough to imagine that such laws could really be enforced. But California has achieved the impossible.

People generally talk about the abolition of horse racing here; but, legally, it is not abolished. You can run a race meeting anywhere in California to-morrow; the only proviso is that there must be no betting.

"That's easy," I can hear some of the wisest of the Bourke-street heads saying. "You run the meeting with wreaths of laurel for prizes and leave it to us." That is precisely what happened in California; a bunch of horse enthusiasts, men who had never had a bet in their lives, started a racecourse to encourage the breed of horses and had a largely advertised opening meeting. But the attendance was pitiful; the annual picnic of the Pentacostal Brethren (colored) the following week outnumbered the racegoers by ten to one. The racecourse is still there awaiting the enterprise of the realtor.

The Bourke-street heads would evidently have a very poor regard for the intelligence of their counterparts in California, but they could have done no better themselves. Gambling had not behind it the same forces as liquor; it stood up to the law for a brief moment. Then it went out for good as far as horse racing is concerned. Of course, you can still go into the corner cigar store and throw dice with the salesman for cigars. But that's not gambling.

NO WOWERISM.

If I might venture to make a suggestion to our Australian Prohibitionists, I would advise them to divest their propaganda of everything extraneous. Prohibition was won and holds its position to-day by reason that it is not a "wowsers" movement. If it had been America would still be wet.—"The Herald," Melbourne.

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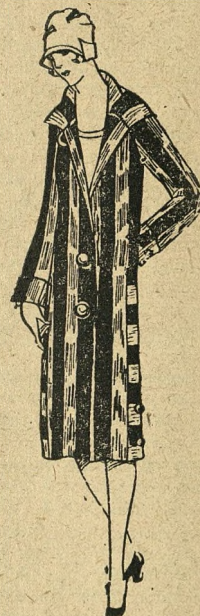
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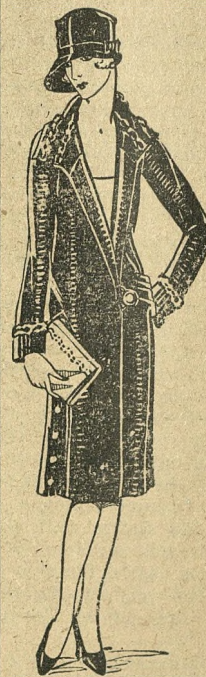
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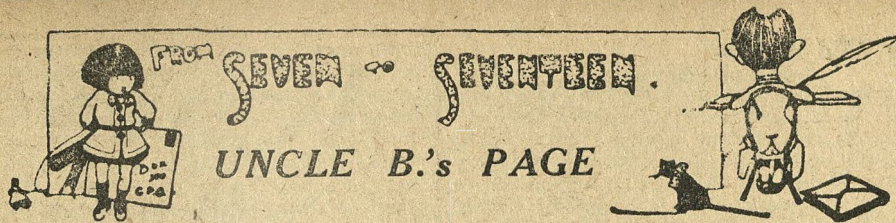
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UNCLE B.'s PAGE

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 the date of your birthday. There is no fee to pay. If you do not write for three months you are a "scallywag."

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

THE STORY OF A MAN AND A MOTOR CAR.

There was once a working man, whom we will temporarily call Smith.

He had started work as a boy in a railway shop. He wiped engines for 2/6 a day.

He wiped them well, I may say, and he studied them as he wiped them.

He climbed up to be a first-class mechanic and a foreman.

He married. His wife was a true help-mate. They had two children. They saved money. When Smith was 30 years old, he had £140 in the bank.

Then the Great Event of his life happened.

He went to a motor show. He saw scores of fascinating motor cars.

He saw One especially—one gorgeous white car all upholstered in red leather.

This car enthralled him. It was the most wonderful thing in the world to him.

He asked the price. He was told £1000.

"Very well," said Smith, "I'll take it."

He had several wealthy friends who respected his skill and his character.

He went to them and borrowed £860.

Then he took his £140 out of the bank.

He bought the glorious red and white car.

He went in—whole hog—for staff training, and this car was to be his teacher.

He drove the car to his little cottage home, and then the storm broke. He had to face his wife and explain why he had spent all their savings, and all they could save in the next ten years, on this gaudy and expensive toy.

She had the better of the argument. And all the neighbors agreed with her.

But Smith shut his ears against reproaches and arguments. He proceeded to take the car to pieces.

In the next three years he pulled that car to pieces 40 times.

That car trained him. He became a great motor expert.

He left the railway and went to work for the General Motors Company.

He climbed from job to job. In 1920 he became the President of the Buick Company.

He reorganised the Willys-Overland Company.

He is to-day the head of the Maxwell-Chalmers Company.

He now has a car of his own, named after him.

He is one of the ablest motor manufacturers and designers in the world.

Yes. His name isn't Smith. It is Walter P. Chrysler—the man who bet all he owned and all he could borrow on himself.

* * * *

OUR LETTER BAG.

SPORTS.

Edna Richards, 65 Brunner-road, Hamilton West, writes: I am afraid that I have not written for a long time. We have a new school teacher at our school. The Newcastle school sports were held in the sports ground at Cook's Hill. I went and I enjoyed myself. There were jumping races, and three-legged races. Most of the schools in the Newcastle district were represented there. Our Methodist Church fair was opened yesterday afternoon. I made up some dips for it.

(Dear Edna,—I never see boys and girls' sports but my mind goes back to my own school days, and then I wished that I had taken a little more trouble to win the things I went in for. In sport the first thing to do is to try, then try your very best, then be modest if you win and cheerful if you lose. —Uncle B.)

* * * *

A KINDLY VISIT.

Phyllis Richard, 65 Brunner-road, Hamilton West, writes: I hope you will excuse me for not writing sooner. And I also hope that you will cross my name off that awful scallywag list. I will try and do better this time. Mother took the Adamstown Methodist Junior Christian Endeavorers to the Benevolent Home a few weeks ago, and we took with us some nice cakes, fruit and lollies for their tea, and we gave them a little programme and some of Gipsy Smith's choruses that we learnt at the children's meetings. Our church bazaar was opened yesterday. I presented one of the bouquets. My mother is going to Melbourne with the Christian Endeavorers to convention, and she is taking Reg. my little brother, with her. It is my birthday on Saturday; I will be eight years old. I must close now, with love to all "Grit" cousins and yourself.

(Dear Phyllis,—That visit to the Benevolent Home was very, very nice, and I am glad you told us about it. Perhaps some of your "cousins" in other parts will follow your example. I hope you had a very happy birthday.—Uncle B.)

OUR FARMER BOY.

Jim Knapp, Black Forest, via Nowra, writes: I suppose I am very near a scallywag, am I? This time I am going to tell you about our farm. We milk seventeen cows now and get a good lot of milk. Daddy cuts up cow feed and puts oats out in the paddocks. We are going to plant corn soon.

I have a garden and I will tell you some things in it; there are parsnips, cabbage, beetroot, strawberries, carrots, lettuce, and two peach trees.

(Dear Jim,—You are off the black list. Your letter is most interesting. If I ever have a garden I will grow celery, tomatoes and radishes. That is, if they will grow.—Uncle B.)

WHAT A NEW NI LOVES.

Doris MacDonald, "Clydesville," Manilla, writes: I am only new, and I hope you will let me join your happy family. I live on a farm at Manilla, and go to the Manilla Rural School. I have a pony, and I simply love riding. I love my pony, Uncle, and I'm sure she likes me. The other day I discovered a lot of wild maiden hair fern, and some wild may and boronia. I love flowers. Do you, Uncle? We had a week's holiday lately, and on Monday Laurie Hartley and Kathleen Veness came out from the town and we went shrimping. I was the only one who caught anything, and then it was only a tadpole. I read a lot, Uncle, and I like Dickens and R. L. Stevenson best. Just now I am trying to procure a book of L. M. Montgomery's called "Chronicles of Avonlea." Do you like reading, Uncle? I have a brother older than me, and a sister younger. We thought some of the wheat would die, but we had some rain lately. There is a mountain near our house, and some days Donald, Mina and I go for a climb and take our dinner.

(Dear Doris,—I am glad to have you as a Ni, and most interested to know the things you love. Your pony, your flowers, your books—they are all good things to love. I hope you will grow up to love doing kind things for others.—Uncle B.)

A NEW NE.

George Olliver, "Argyle," 5 Wellington-street, Croydon, writes: I was 13 years of age on April 5, and was told about "Grit" by Cousin Elsie, and I would like to join your family. Of course I don't want to be a scallywag, so I must write to you regularly. I go to Fort-street Boys' High School, which will re-open to-morrow. We have had a nice holiday. In the holidays I went to Coogee on Tuesday. Friday week we had a chum of mine to tea. One of my sisters and I went for a little time to the gardens on Wednesday. Then on Friday some other chums and I went with our teacher to Narrabeen. Then lastly we all went to Abbotsford baths (to-day), so on the whole I think I had an exciting holiday. My two sisters and I are eagerly awaiting the results of the Methodist Sunday school exam., which we sat for on August 18. Our Sunday school anniversary will be in three weeks' time. As I have a little preparation for school to-morrow I must close now and get my school books ready. Wishing "Grit" greater success.

(Dear George,—You are very welcome and are now a Ne. Please don't become a "black one." I met a lovely little boy at church yesterday; he wondered if I knew him, so I just whispered "Scallywag" and he knew that I knew then.—Uncle B.)

(Continued on next page.)

Seven to Seventeen—

ANY STAMPS?

Hervan Barrett, Wallerawang, writes: I was pleased to see my letter in "Grit." Thank you very much for the stamps, Uncle. I did not have any the same. I am just up out of bed and cannot go to school. I have been in bed sick for a week with scarletina. The weather here is perfect. The flowers are in bloom, both bush and garden flowers. The green grass has been growing and the paddocks now look like a large green lawn. The rabbits are so destructive here, Uncle, they bark the fruit trees and eat anything growing in the ground. We set traps to try and catch them, but there are so many young ones now we only seem to be able to catch the little ones. As a result of the recent rain the creeks and rivers have risen. Owing to me being sick and not able to attend Sunday school or Scripture Union, Mr. Hughes kindly posted me two copies of "Grit" with my letter in them. I always send a copy of "Grit" to my grandmother at Perthville. She enjoys reading them very much. This is all the news this time, Uncle. Wishing "Grit" every success in its wonderful work. With love to all "Grit" cousins and yourself.

(Dear Hervan,—I am so pleased the stamps were good—oh. I hope someone else will now send and swap a few with you. I hope you are quite well again. I wish there were a hundred of Mr. Hugheses. I would soon have more readers for "Grit" then.

The Wild West—

(Continued from page 7.)

(A Jungle buzzard is the lowest in the tramp world; he is a scavenger that picks up and eats what the tramps leave. Tramps hate them, kill them, and even destroy left-over food in order that they will not get it.) With all the work, all the prosperity, there are men that just will not depart from abandon; that's the type of person "wet" propaganda draws your attention to in Australia. We will have a lot more of these obstacles to contend with until the Catholics in America join the Protestants in the great Economic Reform and lend their assistance to law enforcement. The absolute clean-up is coming fast, regardless of the fact that the Catholics are obdurate. Still, what can you expect when 98½ per cent. of the convicts imprisoned in Rome—in a country, Italy, where the most violators come from—are Roman Catholics, and 83 per cent. cannot read or write their own name? America has her hands full with them; 60 per cent.

of the inmates of the penal institutions in America are Roman Catholics. This is the element that dote on Al Smith, who has more confidence in himself than the nation has in him.

Prohibitionists! The hour of dawn has arrived in Australia. Your faithful civilised efforts to drag the liquor cancer out of our fair land by the roots are bearing fruit. You've got the legalised poisoners conniving and scheming and devising nefarious means of heading you off, and preventing such facts as these from becoming embedded in the minds of Australians. The battle is on. Stick to your guns. Hold that line! The economic pressure is too strong for John Barleycorn; it is sapping his strength. The whole world will adopt Prohibition inside of twenty years. Your real fight is before you. You are recruiting an army of thinking men that wish to advance in life and see their country expand. We have a galaxy of brilliant minds in Australia that know as well

(Continued on page 16)

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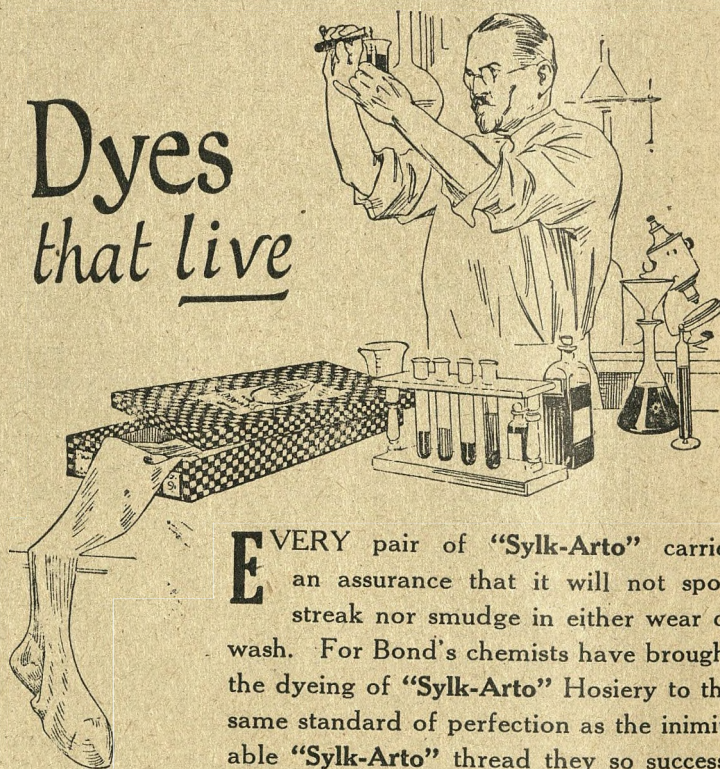
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"The boss offered me an interest in the business to-day."

"He did!"

"Yes; he said that if I didn't take an interest pretty soon he'd fire me."

* * *

A man who was lecturing on the importance of women's work, said: "Take women out of society, and what would follow?"

"I would," said a man in the audience.

* * *

Lady (to salesman who has unrolled all the linoleum): "Thank you so much; my little boy has enjoyed it. I'll bring him in to-morrow to see the carpets."

* * *

Willie: "Pa, teacher says we are here to help others."

Pa: "Yes, that is so."

Willie: "Well, what are the others here for?"

* * *

"Haven't I made you what you are?" asked the young wife, proudly.

"Well, my dear," answered the husband, "have I ever reproached you for it?"

* * *

SHOULD THINK NOT.

A private was shaving himself in the open air when his sergeant came along.

Sergeant: "Do you always shave outside?"

"Of course," answered the private. "Did you think I was fur-lined?"

* * *

FAST ASLEEP.

Two Scottish farmers visited a town during a big cattle sale, and as the hotel where they stayed the night was crowded they were put in the same room. They tossed and turned for some time, but at last both began to doze.

Suddenly Sandy raised his head.

"Are you sleepin', Jock?" he asked.

"Nae," replied Jock.

"Will ye len' me five poun' tae buy a coo?" coaxed Sandy.

"A'm sleepin' noo," said Jock.

Any man who to-day can hide behind a woman's skirt must be a magician.

* * *

You can't make a fool of some people—it's too late.

* * *

Canadian exchanges are growing facetious about the marriage of a Miss Boot to a Mr. Barefoot.

* * *

EXTREMELY HOMEY.

Exceptional, large well furnished room and private bath with cultured adult family; home atmosphere.

* * *

Irate Customer: "I bought a 'Matchless' Motor Bike of you three weeks ago, and you said if anything went wrong you'd supply the broken parts."

Mr. Henderson: "Yes, certainly."

Irate Customer: "I'd like to get a nose, a thumb, two fingers and a big toe."

* * *

AGREED.

"I must see the doctor myself to-day—I don't like the look of my wife."

"I'll come with you, old man. I can't bear the sight of mine either."

* * *

DOUBTFUL.

"Well, John," the doctor said one morning on his arrival, "what is your master's temperature this morning?"

"Indeed, sir," replied the servant, "I should not like to say, sir. He died during the night."

* * *

AN EMERGENCY.

The pastor of a colored congregation in the South so pestered his bishop with requests for help that finally the bishop wrote him and told him in the future such appeals would be useless. Not long afterward another letter came from the old colored preacher. The bishop opened it and read: "Dear Bishop,—This here ain't no appeal. It's a report. I has no pants."

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The Women and the "Wets."

One of the most encouraging features of the Prohibition situation is the splendid unanimity with which the hosts of our American women's organisations are loyally coming to the front in support of the dry laws. The women know, from the tragic experience of the past, what a baleful influence the liquor traffic has exercised in our nation, and they can discern the danger that awaits the homes of America if that traffic should ever again be permitted to lift its menacing front.

That the women's clubs throughout our land are solid for the extirpation of the drink evil is shown by the unanimity with which the organisations, now in the midst of their summer campaign, have issued their pronouncements. At Atlantic City, a few days ago, the General Federation of Women's Clubs, representing organisations in all the States, pledged its uncompromising support to the Eighteenth Amendment without a single dissenting voice.

Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania sounded the warning when, in an address at Atlantic City, he said the supporters of the dry law should not wait for the wets to begin the war. "We should carry it to them," he urged, "never forgetting for one moment that the cry for light wines and beer is a dishonest cry, and that what is really behind the movement is an effort of the organised liquor interests to bring back in this country both hard liquor and the saloon." This, too, is the interpretation of the women, who regard the proposed modification of the Volstead Law as a cunning subterfuge.—"The Christian Herald."

In ratification of the Prohibition Amendment the total vote of the U.S. State senators was 1287 for to 213 against, or 86 per cent. dry. The total vote of the State Houses was 3742 for to 931 against, 80 per cent. dry.

German Drys Submit New "Saloon Bill."

A new "saloon bill" which would give local authorities drastic powers, is being submitted to the Reichstag by German drys, according to a dispatch from Berlin to the San Francisco "Chronicle." The bill is said to authorise the Federal States to refuse licenses to inns and saloons in certain districts over a period of three years—a period which would be extended by an additional three years in special cases, but in case of refusal of such extension, would allow no appeals; to empower local authorities to forbid to saloons already licensed the sale of spirits on certain days (pay days, holidays and week-days), and to deprive the saloon keeper of his license if there is reason to believe he takes advantage of his license to promote excessive drinking; and to prohibit sales of drinks to all persons under eighteen.

Caliente Jail Sold.

PURCHASER PAYS FIVE DOLLARS AND AGREES TO MOVE IT.

BAKERSFIELD, June 29.

Caliente's City Jail sold for five dollars today. Last week citizens of Caliente petitioned the Board of Supervisors to sell their jail.

Droughty.

WEE DRAPPIE NAE WANTIT.

("Sun" Special.)

LONDON, September 28.

A number of Scottish distilleries are closing down owing to the excessive amount of stocks in bond, and the drop in the consumption of spirits in the home and overseas markets.

Orchestra Prospers Since Volstead Law.

BOSTON, June 30.

Attendance and appreciation at the "Pops," Boston's famous popular symphony concerts have increased since Prohibition is the opinion of Conductor Aguid Jacchia. The orchestra will conclude its forty-first season this week. A large part of the audiences at the "Pops" sit at tables, where refreshments are served. In recent years, according to Jacchia, appreciation and understanding of the classics have increased, while there has been less response to the jazz numbers he has occasionally inserted in his programmes. Between 12,000 and 15,000 persons now attend the "Pops" each week, Jacchia said.

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"A MONUMENT TO THE DEVIL."

The irrigation settlement of Renmark, situated on the River Murray, 180 miles north-east of Adelaide, was one of the pioneer No-License areas of Australia. The population of the town and district stands at about 4800. Renmark was founded by the Chaffey brothers, the big-hearted irrigationists, who, with their wide American experience, were strong anti-liquor men. Slygrog, however, which received encouragement from river steamers holding packet licenses, was used by the lawless liquor interests as a reason for undermining this little Prohibition experiment.

A PUBLIC-TRUST HOTEL.

Leading residents then decided to open a public-trust hotel, on the Gothenburg system. The hotel is run on the same lines as other hotels except that no person has direct personal interest in the profits. A committee of five chosen by the electors on the roll manages the business. There is no other hotel within a distance of twelve miles. The property is valued to-day at about £34,000.

Instructions are given to barmen not to serve intoxicating liquor to customers already intoxicated. No inducement is given to either the manager or the barmen to push sales of liquor. But when is a man intoxicated? After-hour and Sunday trading is certainly not common. And yet a fearful amount of drinking goes on in Renmark. In addition to the hotel a well patronised club supplies the call of the "wets."

THE BIGGEST BAR IN AUSTRALIA.

Renmark boasts of having the biggest bar in the Commonwealth. Its dimensions are 75 feet by 36 feet; it cost £4800, it employs eight barmen, and it has accommodation for 285 persons at one time.

RECORD CONVICTIONS.

The balance sheets reveal that Renmark believes as little in "dry" living as it does in "dry" farming. That community control of hotels does not lessen drunkenness is made plain by the records of the Court. For the year ending June, 1923, there were 212 convictions; for 1924, 191; for 1925, 133. These convictions are the largest for any centre out of Adelaide. The next largest is Port Pirie, with 125 convictions for the year. But Port Pirie has a population of 10,000 as against Renmark's 4800. Port Pirie had 16 police officers while Renmark has four. So that a lot of drunkenness escapes arrest in Renmark that would be before the Court in Pirie.

"ROTTENBURG" SYSTEM.

Some little while ago Colonel Sharp, of the Salvation Army, said in the local paper: "I have heard that the hotel in Renmark is conducted on Gothenburg lines. I think," he said, "it would be nearer the mark if it were called the 'Rottenburg' system. In the whole of my life I have never seen such a shambles as I witnessed on Saturday afternoon. Our members began an open-air meeting just before six o'clock when the bars began to empty themselves, but the spectacle was more like that of a lunatic asylum being emptied. There were dozens and dozens of young men and old men carting away bottles in their pockets and in bags, and it was a shocking sight. The house stands as a monument to the very devil himself. It is quite time that the electors of the district took a hand and put down the drunkenness that is going on. If it is allowed to continue as at present the town will not be fit for a blackfellow to live in. I was in Renmark 13 or 14 years ago and things were quite bad enough then, but the liquor habit

has grown to such a terrible extent since then that if something is not done shortly to cope with it the future does not hold out much for the town. The carrying away of bottles upon bottles of liquor to the homes cannot help but have a most disastrous effect on the wives and families of the men concerned. It seems to me a positive disgrace that the electors of the town should allow this sort of thing to continue."

"TIME IT WAS STOPPED."

"The Renmark Police Court presented a sorry sight on Thursday, when no less than a dozen men, their ages varying between 30 and 70 years, stood before Justices Ogilby and Dridan, and were fined for drunkenness," writes a Renmark newspaper man. "I cannot bear to booze alone," said one. "I have spent about £60 on the stuff," said another. "Give us a chance, and I will go away from it," said an old man. So the sorry stream of humanity passed in and out of the Court doors. "Time it was stopped," said the magistrate."

The fact of the hotel being under disinterested ownership and management does not in the slightest degree reduce drinking or the evil effects of drinking. A recent visitor summed up the situation in Renmark in this way:

"The more beer a man drinks the better citizen he is. As he puts away each drink he can placate his conscience by the thought that he is adding another square foot of lawn to the town garden. Then when he has had several and reached the generous mood, he can take home a bottle of whisky and pay the municipal gardener's wages for the day."

120 PER CENT. FOR THE PUBLICAN.

The balance sheet for 1926 shows the following profit and loss account (abridged):

To beer	£8385
Wines and spirits	5227
Cordials	653
Bar wages	2226
Hotel wages	3408
Depreciation	1114
Tobacco	411
Other expenses	10,486
Net profit	8098
	£40,008

By Bar receipts	£32,570
Hotel receipts	7184
Other receipts	244
	£40,008

This shows that liquor which cost £14,238 at wholesale rates was sold over the bar for £32,570, less, say, £800 for tobacco. This shows a retail addition of 121 per cent., which allows a 20 per cent. profit after paying all charges and depreciation. As Renmark Hotel prices are the same as those of other S.A. hotels, it is clear that 100 per cent. is a modest retail addition to wholesale liquor costs. This is important to remember when computing liquor costs, which are set down at £30,000,000 a year for Australia at wholesale rates.

Another significant fact is that it costs Renmark far more per acre to irrigate its people than to irrigate its land.

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The Wild West—

(Continued from page 12.)

as I do the amazing and far-reaching advantages of Prohibition. Keep the ball rolling, and when the line held by the Battalion of Death cracks, you'll realise that you have a tremendous army to take over your wineries, breweries, distilleries and pubs and turn them into profitable, legitimate, clean enterprise that will give every man and woman employment, and permit the mother with the babe at her breast to give the little codger a well-filled breast to start it off on life's journey. The days when the Battalion of Death can inflame Australian minds and send men to their homes to batter to the floor the faithful mothers of our future assets are numbered. Prohibition is the panacea.

Read what the chairman of the United States Steel Corporation said in "The Saturday Evening Post," founded by Benjamin Franklin in 1728. This corporation directly and indirectly employs more than one million workers:

JUDGE GARY.

"Since steel is the barometer of American business, it follows that whatever Elbert H. Gary, chairman of the United States Steel Corporation, has to say on the state of our economic well-being has nation-wide significance. Moreover, our prosperity is literally steel reinforced, and this is because the genius of American industry finds one of its largest and most dominant expressions in the manufacture of the commodity that is not only the skeleton of the skyscraper but literally the very base of the whole productive structure.

"Has Prohibition been an economic factor?" I now asked Mr. Gary. His reply was:

"There may be, and there probably has been, a difference of opinion on this subject, but I am convinced by study and by business practice that Prohibition is an important factor in economic success.

"As a premise I will say that if I had been called upon to express an opinion in regard to the adoption of the original law, I might have decided in favor of permitting the manufacture and sale of beer and wine with alcoholic contents small enough to make them safe in the opinion of the best medical authorities. If I should express the opinion of a layman—which, it must be admitted, is not valuable—I should say not more than 4 per cent. of alcoholic content. However, as the law was passed in its present form, I think it would be a mistake to amend it in favor of light wines and beer."

AUTOS INSTEAD OF SALOONS.

"Of course there are always some persons who will object to the passage or enforcement of any penal or prohibitory law, and as a rule they are the men who do the most talking on the subject. I have no hesitation in stating with emphasis that the Volstead Act and the various State laws for prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors have been very beneficial to the industry of this country and to the workmen connected with it and to their families.

"Though there have been violations of these laws, particularly in the larger cities, and though there has been more or less bootlegging, the net result of the prohibitory laws is a large decrease in the use of liquor, at least in the vicinity of our various plants throughout the country, and certainly in the rural districts.

"There has been a noteworthy decrease in the number of inmates of jails, asylums and hospitals. There has been an increase, and a large increase, in the bank balances of saving deposits. The health of the people has improved.

"The families of workmen are better clothed and better treated. The attendance of the workmen and their families at church,

of the children in schools, and of all of them at clean, legitimate, healthful resorts and places of amusement, has materially increased.

"The sale and use of automobiles have been largely increased by the fact that a large majority of the workmen now prefer to take excursions with their families by automobile, instead of spending their time at the saloons or other places and wasting their money in practices that are physically injurious instead of beneficial.

"I do not speak for the entire steel industry of this country, nor am I now officially talking for the United States Steel Corporation, but I am personally of the opinion that it is only a question of time when Prohibition will be adopted and applied by all the leading nations as a means of securing the largest degree of economic progress and prosperity. The women of the world and the rising generation of men will bring this about. I have no disposition to assail or even to advise any man who entertains opinions different from mine. I am giving my convictions as a business man, speaking, as I believe, for the best interests of the whole people. If the majority of the people of the United States, in a legal and formal way, should express themselves differently, I would, of course, cheerfully submit, but I could never change my views in regard to the economic results of temperance."

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Once more, Prohibitionists! Heed not the scribe that attempts to create literature out of illiteracy, and yells when the liquor octopus snaps its tentacles, "Fanatics," "Reformers," "Booze healers," etc., and accept it as good Prohibition publicity. Without the slimy eels that scavenge the mires, mud and filth of literature's underworld, reform would be unnecessary. Without ignorance, debasement, perversion and degeneracy it would be difficult to understand how we stood.

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