

Grit.

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THE WAGES OF SIN.

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"DEFINITE! WONDERFUL! ABUNDANT!"

By HELEN GRAHAM.

Surely the Wednesday prayer meeting is story enough! Surely it is as the "grapes of Eschol to parched lips, the Rose of Sharon to weary eyes, the chariots of Israel to lame feet"—even a connecting link between earth and Heaven. Truly God was good to Sydney when He inspired the hearts of the leaders to undertake such an enterprise in this mammon-enthroned age, so antagonistic and indifferent to things spiritual.

There are no stereotyped phrases heard, as "Cairo" Bradley presents petition after petition so utterly beyond human help. There are no notes of doubting God's power to aid, as the very purgatories of life are laid bare before the Great Healer. Each prayer throbs with hope and confidence born of experience. And each cadence of the gospel songs sung by Mr. Arthur Smith pulsate with intense earnestness and conviction, who, week after week, lead the vast congregation in the strains of the songs of Moses and the Lamb. Thank God for this band of men and women whose hearts God has touched with His very Essence.

A three-fold characteristic of the praise notes of yesterday found expression in the words "definite answers to prayer, wonderful answers to prayer, abundant answers to prayer."

In a remarkably fine address Mr. Swainson, Secretary of the Y.M.C.A., spoke on the incomparable value of a "good name." Instancing many cases that had come under his notice, he told of many who had discarded the old, honored, family name, because through their evil actions it had become tarnished to the point of shame, till they realised their utter unworthiness to bear it. One heard of a business man in the city who for years had adopted an alias but was earnestly striving to make restitution; of a young fellow from New Zealand who had tasted the pleasures of sin for a season, and was living under an assumed name; and of many others who had been ensnared in the meshes of sin, and had thuswise cast aside their heritage of a good name.

In one of the greatest business exchanges in the world are two domes, one of which bears the inscription, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favor rather than silver and gold."

When "the seventy" returned to report to their Master, they said rejoicingly, "Even the devils are subject unto us, through Thy Name!" Jesus made reply, "Rejoice rather that your names are written in Heaven."

The speaker made an earnest appeal for any present who desired to blot out the past and remove the reproach from the dishonored name to realise they had the right to become the sons of God, the right to wear a good name, a new name, a name written in Heaven. Such a realisation should bring with it the searching inquiry, "Am I portraying such a fact to others, am I a co-worker with Christ, am I in full surrender to Him?"

Only by constant prayer can such a relationship be maintained.

The following are a few of the many praise notes recently handed in:

"For two years I have been attending these meetings. During that time I experienced the greatest sorrows of my life, but at these meetings God spoke such direct messages to me, it was almost unbelievable. I do indeed truly thank Him."

"Thank God for answering prayer on behalf of a young girl who was suffering tuberculosis in the hospital. She is sufficiently recovered to return home. Pray that God's Name may be glorified."

"For weeks I have been praying God would send the needed rain in the West where my children work. Last Friday an inch of rain fell in the district. Praise His Holy Name."

"Will you please return thanks to God for my dear mother's recovery after a serious illness, also for the definite and unexpected way in which God so satisfactorily solved a household problem with which we were faced."

"These services are to me 'my fortress, shield and buckler' for the remainder of the day. Thank God for one, who through His Spirit, has been born again into His family, and who would not miss the services. Thank God for all the joy and peace that come through this wonderful means of grace."

"Please pray for Matron — that she may know very definitely what God would have her to do at this time. Also pray for the patients in the home."

"Please praise God for answered prayer. My son who was prayed for is much better. Please pray he may soon be able to return to work."

"Thank God for His wonderful goodness to my little ones and to myself. Truly He is faithful that promised."

"The returned soldier boy who was prayed for at your meeting is much better. Thank God for His goodness."

"Thank God for His help to me. He has helped me climb hills of difficulty, and cross rough seas, and even when the path was roughest His grace was sufficient. Gratefully do I enclose my 'mite.'"

"A grateful mother desires to return thanks for the recovery of a daughter who met with an accident."

"One, saved by grace, wishes to thank God that, though he was a sinner, down and out, he attended the prayer meeting four years

ago and heard Rev. Hammond's message telling of a 'Big Brother' Who cared enough to die for the sinner, and the message was so wonderful he opened his heart to such a Saviour, and the crooked things of his life were straightened and the 'Big Brother' has been his constant companion ever since."

"Thank God for a backslider who has been wonderfully restored. He was only prayed for a fortnight ago."

"Return thanks to God for a brother who was drinking for ten years, but is now reformed."

"Thank God for supplying me with some money, till work comes along."

"Thank God for answered prayer. A young man who had left home a year ago without leaving his address was prayed for ten days ago. He has sent a message telling his whereabouts. His praying sisters now ask for prayers for his conversion."

If you are overburdened, perplexed, sorely troubled in mind, body or estate, and have prayed earnestly, and cannot present your petition in person, send your requests to the Editor, who will see they are wirelessly to the Ear that is never heavy—even to Him Who never slumbers or sleeps.

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THE PRESIDENTIAL RACE.

A STRAIGHT TIP.

SOME STATEMENTS ON PROHIBITION.

By JACK CREAGH.

The political situation in U.S.A. gets more interesting every day. Those in the running for the next Presidential race are warming up, for the day draws near when the various parties will by ballot select the man who is going to represent them in the greatest political race in the world. There is no doubt about the position of the man who becomes the President "by popular vote" of the great United States. It is some big job, and unlike most Presidents, or other kind of ruler, he has a big say in developing the country which thus honors him.

U.S.A. has had some great men at the head of the Government, and there is every likelihood that the next President will be one of the greatest.

THE FAVORITE.

Moving as I do amongst many classes of people, but chiefly the poorer and most numerous class, also reading the various papers, I find that Herbert Hoover is the favorite for the nomination from the Republican side. Al Smith is the favorite for the Democratic nomination. Those two men and those two parties are the ones that will count, or at least it seems to be the general opinion here. And although I am living in the home town of Governor Al Smith, for he was born and reared alongside the sidewalks of New York, I am struck by the great Hoover sentiment.

Of course, there may be many surprises, and I want the purpose of this article to chiefly give some idea how the various candidates stand on the Prohibition question.

THE "WETS" AND "DRYS" ACTIVE.

The "wets" and "drys" are very active, the "wets" especially so, for much depends on the coming election.

If Hoover and Smith are the last out of the bag then it will be a fight to a finish on the Prohibition issue—at least, I think so.

Hoover is a "dry"; Smith is a "wet." The former has just come out plump for Prohibition. Al Smith is a straight goer in most things, but there are so many statements made by him against Prohibition, so many actions of his State office to, in effect, help the "wets," that everyone knows him to be an out-and-out "wet," and expects him to act as one. And most people are not so much afraid of Al Smith as they are afraid of his friends. Then there is the fact that while Governor of New York State he backed and helped throw out the State Act that was helping to give Prohibition a fair deal. Prohibition was wonderfully effective, although quite an infant. It should have been given a fair deal, as most infants get, "but Al Smith, the one man that could have stopped it," helped the "wet" gang in the State House take the very milk away from the infant.

The result was that the infant did not prosper in New York State as in most places. How could it, when the infant's enemies were given practically a free hand, and those enemies wanted, and still want, nothing less than the death of the infant Prohibition?

SENATOR BORAH CALLS THE ROLL.

One man wants a clean and clear issue on the matter of Prohibition. That man is Senator Borah. He is on the job, and that means action.

He has got in his kick early, for every person likely to be in the race has received from him a questionnaire that asks certain pertinent questions, and from it U.S.A. will at least know how it stands.

I will have more to say about that questionnaire later. Just now I will give you a brief statement taken from the replies of seven of the leading candidates for Presidential nomination. All those interested should keep these replies by them for future reference.

HOW CANDIDATES STAND ON PROHIBITION ISSUE.

Secretary Hoover says: I do not favor the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, and I stand for the efficient, vigorous and sincere enforcement of the law enacted thereunder. Prohibition is a great social and economic experiment, noble in motive, and far-reaching in purpose. "It must be worked out constructively."

Governor Alfred E. Smith: I . . . advocate nothing that will infringe upon the provisions of the Eighteenth Amendment. It is nevertheless a fact that the definition of an intoxicating beverage contained in the Volstead Act is not an honest or a common-sense one.

Frank O. Lowden: I stand squarely with the President in what he said in his annual message (that citizens ought to obey the law).

Senator James A. Reed: I do not think the Prohibition question ought to control in the Convention. The question is important (Mr. Reed is an avowed "wet"), but it is largely a moral one.

Senator Charles Curtis: I . . . am heartily in favor of faithfully enforcing all our laws, and I am opposed to the repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment or the Volstead Act.

Governor Albert C. Ritchie: Either the Volstead law must be changed or it must be enforced, and I am convinced it cannot be enforced.

Senator Frank B. Willis: I would put forth every effort to see to it that the Eighteenth Amendment is observed, obeyed and respected and the laws enacted thereunder enforced.

This year will see elected a man who is going to make history—great history, world history. One man stands out above all others. His life and achievements are not confined to one single part of the world. His character is without blemish. Herbert Hoover is the man for big jobs. He has always been on big jobs. And if I read the American position, also the world problem, rightly, the biggest job ever undertaken by any nation and by any man is right in the offing. It is only right that the man elected should come through the fire of a fierce election, and whether it be in the flood region of the Mississippi, or in Russia, South Africa, Australia, or other parts where Hoover worked, sure there are loving hearts and throbbing brains that remember the kindly, efficient, straight-going Yank. Whether it was on a big engineering job, food control during the war, or relief work amongst disheartened and even starving people, Hoover's smile and grit won through, as indeed I feel sure they will win through right to the very portals of the White House in Washington.

Putting Prohibition on one side—if it can be put there—there also remain problems for the citizens of U.S.A. that need a leader of the Herbert Hoover type.

It is this type that will eventually bring about peace at home and abroad. I have lived with many nationals, and I believe the very large majority of the citizens of U.S.A. are amongst the most progressive for peace I have met. As one friend of mine puts it: "They may make a noise, but the hand reaches out above the noise."

I feel sure the people will get behind Herbert Hoover, and his victory will be one of the greatest of all the Presidents.

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Honesty is about the only thing left which cannot be produced cheaper, by machinery.

Why pay compensation? There is no legal claim or right in equity to compensation. Why pay it? If a thing is a public nuisance it must be stopped, and a fine may be imposed on it; but compensate a public nuisance? That would be a costly and stupid joke. Who would get the compensation? The Poor Brewer. At the last balancing date Tooth and Co. had assets of £5,335,271, and Toohey's assets of £2,151,507, though in each instance valuations were probably on a conservative basis.

The combined capital of Tooth's and Toohey's is £5,034,975. On the basis of the value of the shares a month ago the two concerns were valued at £10,961,382. The two companies have reserves equal to £1,012,594.

Pity the Poor Brewer. They have enjoyed a dividend of at least 20 per cent., since it was declared on watered stock to hide its real proportion.

Pity the Poor Brewer. Compensation is the price we pay for spineless politicians who have been bribed or intimidated by the wealthy monopoly who, in spite of its fabulous wealth and enormous profits, cries, a poor mouth and yells for compensation.

A few weeks ago the following news was cabled:

"London.—Watered beer cases have far outnumbered the watered milk cases in England. Sometimes beer is watered to the extent of four gallons to the barrel, the Government chemists have ascertained, and none of the consumers knew the difference.

"Samples of beer to the number of 6562 were taken by the Customs and Excise officers from the 'pubs.'"

"Surely these philanthropists ought to be compensated—just like any other nuisance.

* * *

PROHIBITION CHANGES THINGS.

In the old days whisky killed the so-called "lower classes," because they drank the worst whisky. Now bootleg whisky kills, quickly or slowly, the so-called "better classes" that can afford 25/- a bottle for poison.

So long as Dad bequeathes his money without bequeathing his brains so long will there be "synthetic gentlemen" who, knowing no law but that of appetite, defy Prohibition—morality and God Himself—in their determination to have a so-called "good time."

In the future, say the chemists,

So much hidden truth we'll win

That we'll make all things synthetic,

Just as well as bootlegging.

There will be synthetic rubber
On the shiny new machines
And the motors will be burning
Cheap synthetic gasolines.
We will have synthetic blowouts
And we'll make synthetic stops
As we hear synthetic whistles
Blown by fat synthetic cops.
We'll transact synthetic business,
We will see synthetic shows,
Where we'll watch the nimble chorus
Go without synthetic clothes.
And of course at last we'll marry
Brides in white synthetic silk,
And we'll raise synthetic babies
On grade A synthetic milk!

* * *

A man is like a match. He can't get lit without losing his head.

* * *

About the only thing a modern daughter is willing to go without is clothes.

* * *

CANBERRA.

The newspapers in their usual ill-balanced way have a cheap jibe at Canberra once in a while. One paper has a photo of a few cases of liquor supposed to be on the Canberra railway station. There are several things about these cases that one ought to be sure of:

First: Did they contain liquor?

Second: Were they on the Canberra station?

Third: How far would that much liquor go among several thousands of Canberraites if it was liquor?

Fourth: Who staged the show? Who notified the press?

Fifth: Is it a common fake, such as we have often had before in U.S.A. and New Zealand?

All that glitters is not gold, and we do well not to believe all the lies told about Canberra.

One last question: If liquor is so easily obtained, and there is so much of it in Canberra, why do the drinkers want a license?

* * *

THE GOVERNOR-GENERAL.

The "Labor Daily" asserts that the Governor-General had a consignment of 20 cases of liquor sent to him at Canberra.

This paper goes on to say: "All the Great Spirits were represented—whisky, rum; also there was champagne (1920 vintage) and claret, together with the ingredients for making cocktails!

"There was no pretence of secrecy about it. Some cases were decorously labelled cheese; but the majority were openly branded their true insignia, and addressed, 'Lord Stonehaven, Yarralumla.'"

This paper not only makes this serious charge against the Governor-General, but also accuses him of the futile stupidity of camouflaging some of the cases.

The paper thus comments: 'Thus is rather humorously illustrated the vast futility of Prohibition in Canberra.

"When a Governor-General openly defies the Statutes, his loyal subjects can hardly be expected to spend a dry week-end."

The "vast futility of Prohibition"; that is a good mouthful for a young reporter.

One might as well argue that because Labor was defeated at the last election this merely "humorously illustrated the vast futility of the 'Labor Daily.'"

Perhaps, and again perhaps. Things have come to a pretty pass when the "Labor Daily" takes sides with Booze and gets behind the rotten Capitalistic Brewery Monopoly, and would help it into our capital city, there to do as it always has done, prey on the home of the worker, enslave him, and depreciate his worth in the labor market.

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FATHER AND SON WELFARE MOVEMENT OF AUSTRALASIA.

Report of Central Council for year ended 31st January, 1928, adopted at the First Annual Meeting of Members and Subscribers at the Education Buildings, 29th March, 1928, at 4 p.m.

In presenting our first Annual Report we desire to express our gratitude to Almighty God for the great opportunity that has been ours of directly reaching thousands of parents and young people, and of indirectly influencing a still greater number.

Towards the end of 1926 a number of men, keenly interested in Youth Welfare, recognising the magnificent contribution that the Australasian White Cross League had made by the distribution of Purity Literature over a period of nearly 40 years, and also the valued services of Mr. P. J. L. Kenny during eight years in assisting lads with problems, met to consider methods for furthering a work which had already meant so much to the Young Manhood and Young Womanhood of this great land.

At this memorable meeting on 8th November, 1926, was started the Father and Son Welfare Movement of Australasia, which immediately won the confidence and sympathy of His Excellency the Governor, Sir Dudley de Chair, who not only readily agreed to become Patron of the Movement, but earnestly commended it to all citizens of the State.

AIMS AND OBJECTS.

The Movement aims at strengthening the ties of the Parent and Child to one another, to the Home, to the Church and the Sunday School. It assists Young People in the solution of their Life Problems, and gives advice along the lines of Social Hygiene, Personal Problems (especially relating to Sex Instruction), Civic Responsibility and Community Service.

It endeavors to accomplish these worthy objects by Personal Interviews with Parents and Young People, by Correspondence, by the wide distribution of suitable Literature, by Broadcast Messages, by Father and Son Services, Father and Son Dinners, Mother's Day Services, Lectures to Women and Girls and to Men and Boys (illustrated by stereopticon slides and cinema films), by Boys' Week and Health Week Celebrations, by Visits to Schools, Colleges, Factories and Warehouses and by the Organising of a Three C's Campaign—Clean Thoughts, Clean Words, Clean Deeds.

LECTURE PROGRAMMES.

Through the foresight of Dr. J. S. Purdy, City Health Officer, the great sex instruction film, "The Gift of Life," arrived from America in time for the opening of our illustrated lecture campaign. The lecturers were Drs. E. S. Morris and Harvey Sutton, Professor Wilkinson, Messrs. Thos. T. Alkin and Wilson Park and the Director. That these lectures were appreciated is shown in a letter from the Secretary of the St. George District Young People's Institute Union stating that over one thousand young people of that district alone benefited thereby.

Whilst several special programmes have been arranged for adults of both sexes the plan generally adopted has been to pay two visits to each suburb for the purpose of giving separate programmes. The film "The Gift of Life" has been shown to all audiences. This remarkable film sketches the biology of reproduction from the simplest form—the amoeba—through plant, fish, bird and animal to human life in so interesting and wholesome a manner that parents are delighted to bring their children to see it. In addition, in conjunction with the Health Department, the ladies' programme has included the film "Social Hygiene for Women," illustrating the female body, and giving advice to girls concerning its various problems, and also treating in a most remarkable manner with the subject of venereal diseases and their effect upon the female, and the film "Well Born," dealing with pre-natal care.

There is also an illustrated lecturette on "Building Healthy Australian Women and Girls," and at the conclusion of the programme, for the benefit of mothers and other ladies having the care of boys, an illustrated talk on "Some of a Boy's Problems."

To men and boys the Director has delivered his illustrated lecture on "An Appeal to Chivalry," making a strong appeal for the right treatment of women and girls, giving much valuable information about a boy's body and the transition stages from youth to manhood, pointing the safe path, thereby avoiding the pitfalls so often experienced by unguarded youth, and warning youth of the serious consequences, physically, mentally and morally, of sexual sin. This lecture, following the screening of "The Gift of Life," and itself followed by the powerful film "Whatever a Man Soweth," has beneficially influenced thousands of men and boys during the year.

Altogether over 100 film lectures were delivered in the thirty suburbs visited up to 31/1/28, whilst 36 successful meetings were also held in the Upper Hunter District.

(Continued on page 10.)

DRINKING AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Under the above caption the "Saturday Evening Post" printed an editorial in its issue of December 31, 1927, and which we are glad to reprint by special permission from the "Saturday Evening Post," copyright, 1927, by the Curtis Publishing Company:

"The bootlegging in this country is bad enough, from every point of view. But when it is put into units of currency and contrasted with the drink bill of Great Britain, it makes a small showing. During 1926 the alcoholic beverages smuggled into this country were estimated by the Department of Commerce to have had a value of forty million dollars. Only a small part of the population constitutes the market. In the same year the expenditures for drink in Great Britain were around a billion and a quarter dollars, which would amount to a drink bill of three billion dollars for our population. Quite a difference!

"The Economist," commenting on the maintenance of brewery prosperity during 1926, despite strikes and unemployment, observes that 'it seems as though many households which were forced to economise in 1926 preferred to maintain their spending on drink and to reduce expenditure in other directions.'

"During 1926 we are supposed to have purchased goods under instalment buying to the extent of some six billion dollars, half unpaid at the end of the year. Our population, of some one hundred and fifteen millions, at the end of the year owed three billion dollars on goods they still had in possession and use. In Great Britain a population of some forty-five millions had spent nearly half that much for drink. To our notion, the comparison is all to our advantage."

I WILL BE SATISFIED IF NEW CLOTHES FOR YOU MEAN OLD CLOTHES FOR ME.

Many a man with a tale to his name has no tail to his shirt.

Many a woman is humiliated by the garments she is compelled by poverty to wear.

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SUCCESS OR FAILURE.

ECONOMIC AND INDUSTRIAL EFFECTS OF PROHIBITION IN AMERICA.

THE "MONITOR"-FELDMAN IMPARTIAL SURVEY.

ARTICLE XIV.—HAS DRUG-ADDICTION INCREASED?

There is no statement by the opponents of Prohibition more widely and persistently circulated than that which asserts that the passing of the Volstead Act has increased drug-addiction in the United States. It has, indeed, been made in so many apparently responsible quarters, that a great many people believe that it is true. Mr. Fabian Franklin, who has been quoted previously in these articles, in his book, "What Prohibition Has Done to America," published in 1922, says:

"I submit that it is at least highly probable that one very great cause of this extraordinary and deplorable state of things is the atmosphere of reprobation which in America has so long surrounded the practice of moderate drinking. Any resort whatever to alcoholic drinks being held by so large a proportion of the persons who are most influential in religious and educational circles to be sinful and incompatible with the best character, it is almost inevitable that, in thousands of cases, desires and needs which would find their natural satisfaction in temperate and social drinking are turned into the secret and infinitely more unwholesome channel of drug-addiction."

At the Senate hearing on National Prohibition in 1926 one of the "wet" witnesses said that "the increased use of narcotics throughout the nation has been appalling;" and a group of barley farmers expressed the view that "the use of dangerous habit-forming drugs is on a startling increase."

NO EVIDENCE OF INCREASE.

Professor Feldman's reply to such allegations as these is brief and emphatic. After exhaustive inquiry, he failed to find "even a pretence of statistical information" to back up such assertions.

Professor Feldman's conclusions are embodied in the two following propositions:

(1) There is no evidence whatever to show that in the nation as a whole there has been an increase in the number of addicts, while almost all the official reports and surveys proclaim a large decrease.

(2) On the more immediate question of the relation of Prohibition to drug-addiction, these authorities see no reason why present conditions should cause any increase.

It is pointed out that the amended Harrison Act of 1914 regarding the distribution and sale of narcotic drugs became effective about the same time as Prohibition. "Some authorities," says Professor Feldman, "maintain that the very rigid enforcement of the narcotic law, as against the lax enforcement of Prohibition, has had the result that some addicts have given up drugs and turned to liquor; but all deny that any evidence exists to indicate that Prohibition has increased the number of drug addicts."

Moreover, many of those who claim that drug-addiction is on the increase are the very ones who also assert that speakeasies are more numerous than the saloons used to be. The suggestion that it is easier to get drugs than it is to get liquor is characterized by Professor Feldman as "absurd."

Whether world-wide Prohibition might lead to a certain amount of drug-addiction is another question about which opinions differ. There may, as Professor Feldman points out, be "certain instabilities of character among some drunkards which conceivably might lead them from one type of indulgence to another."

NARCOTIC DRUG LEGISLATION AND STATISTICS.

Narcotic drugs are principally of two kinds, those manufactured from opium and those manufactured from coca leaves. Until May, 1922, manufactured drugs could be imported into the United States, but since then only the raw material can be imported, and the whole of the raw material required has to be obtained from abroad.

Professor Feldman submits the following figures for opium entered for consumption in the United States for several decades back:

Years.	Average Annual Consumption (Pounds).
1890-1899	513,070
1900-1909	480,009
1910-1919	366,054
1920-1923	144,805

During the period covered by the above table, the population of the United States has increased from 68,000,000 to 106,000,000. It is difficult, therefore, to evade the conclusion that there has been a marked decrease in drug-addiction.

Until 1920 those engaged in the industry were not held to strict accountability, and, in consequence, Professor Feldman found it impossible to obtain export statistics previous to that year. But he gives a table showing the imports of opium and coca leaves for each year from 1911 to 1926, which shows a severe decline in imports:

IMPORTS OF OPIUM AND COCA LEAVES TO THE UNITED STATES, BY FISCAL YEARS, 1911-1926.

Year.	Opium containing 9% and over of morphia (pounds).	Coca leaves (pounds).
1911	629,842 ..	1,226,772
1912	399,837 ..	1,179,540
1913	508,433 ..	1,175,780
1914	455,200 ..	711,564
1915	484,027 ..	1,048,312
1916	146,658 ..	947,537
1917	86,812 ..	634,932

1918	157,834 ..	1,059,484
1919	345,514 ..	*795,074
1920	628,979 ..	*634,356
1921	47,025 ..	387,195
1922	135,093 ..	33,080
1923	99,354 ..	286,933
1924	87,344 ..	208,862
1925	100,478 ..	109,920
1926	107,748 ..	262,671

An examination of these figures shows that the decline since National Prohibition has been very marked indeed. Account must, of course, be taken of smuggled drugs, but who knows how much is smuggled? As Professor Feldman remarks, it takes a lot of smuggling to account for a difference of 1,281,566lbs. a year.

There are no reliable statistics as to the number of addicts. Estimates for the pre-Prohibition era vary up to four millions, whereas a careful study of the subject made for the United States Public Health Service in 1914, and based on the available supply of narcotics, placed the number of addicts at that time at 110,000.

FROM OPIATES TO DRINK.

Dr. Kolb, one of the medical officers responsible for the above report, in a letter to Professor Feldman, says:

"The number of addicts in the United States is certainly decreasing. The decrease has been very rapid during the past ten years, and the total number of addicts at the present time is surely not more than one-half of what it used to be. Prohibition has had no effect whatever on drug-addiction. The taking of opiates by drunkards because of their drunkenness was in the past a fruitful source of drug addiction, but it is now of relatively little importance. The reason for the change is that opiates formerly easily procured are now procured only with great difficulty and danger; also, the social (Continued on page 10.)"

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GRAINS OF GOLD WORTH PICKING UP!

Words are the wings of action.

* * *

The mind that is elevated and insolent with prosperity and cast down with adversity is generally abject and base.

* * *

To read without reflecting is like eating without digesting.

* * *

He who will not reason is a bigot; he who cannot, is a fool; and he who dares not, is a slave.

* * *

When a man has not a good reason for doing a thing, he has one good reason for letting it alone.

* * *

Religion finds the love of happiness and the principle of duty separated in us. Its mission—its masterpiece—is to reunite them.

* * *

A sneer is often the sign of heartless malignity.

* * *

Men who have but little business are generally great talkers.

* * *

The difficult part of good temper consists in forbearance and accommodation to the ill-humor of others.

* * *

As a man thinketh in his heart so he is.

* * *

Heaven in sunshine will requite the kind.

* * *

The first step to knowledge is to know that you are ignorant.

* * *

There are very few indeed to whom nature has been so unkind that they are not capable of shining in some way or other.

* * *

Cultivation is as necessary for the mind as food is for the body.

* * *

A restless mind, like a rolling stone, gathers nothing but dirt and mire. It is sure to leave peace and quietness behind it.

* * *

Misfortune is never mournful to the soul that accepts it, for such souls see an angel's face in each cloud.

* * *

When bad news comes too late to be serviceable to your neighbor, keep it to yourself.

* * *

Doubts, and traitors often make you lose the fight you would win by making you afraid to attempt.

To Forgive is to be Great.

The brave only know how to forgive—it is the most refined and generous pitch of virtue human nature can arrive at. Cowards have done good and kind actions; they have fought and sometimes conquered; but a coward never forgives—it is not in his nature. The power of forgiving flows from the strength and greatness of a soul above all the little temptations of resenting every attempt to interrupt its happiness.

"HELP SOME DUFFER ON HIS WAY."

When you're feeling fine and bright
'Cos the world is going right,
That's the time to look about
For a chap that's down and out.
Stretch a hand to him to-day,
Help some duffer on his way!

When your head is fit to crack
And the sky looks awful black,
Don't forget there's others, too,
Trying hard to worry through.
If you want to feel more gay,
Help some duffer on his way!

When you quit this world and wait
Outside Peter's golden gate,
And he asks you rather sharp,
What's your claim to take a harp,
You'll be very glad to say,
"I've helped a duffer on his way."
—Mary Dana in "Federal Independent."

Nature Intends You to be Cheerful.

Be cheerful no matter what reverses obstruct your pathway or what plagues follow your trail to annoy you. Ask yourself what is to be gained by looking or feeling sad when troubles throng around you, or how your condition is to be alleviated by abandoning yourself to despondency. Nature intended you to be the fountain-spring of cheerfulness and social life, and not the travelling monument of despair and melancholy.

* * *

Truth is the ground of science, the centre wherein all things repose, and is the type of eternity.

Grateful acknowledgments are given to "Forbes," "The Silent Partner," "Unity," "Christian Business," "Science of Thought Review," and "Trotty Veck Messenger."

A man of integrity will never listen to any reason against conscience.

* * *

Hours are golden links—God's tokens reaching heaven.

* * *

A generous mind is the best kind of nobility.

* * *

Govern your passions; otherwise they will govern you.

* * *

Discretion in speech is more than eloquence.

* * *

Those men who destroy a healthful constitution by intemperance do as manifestly kill themselves as those who hang, or poison, or drown themselves.

* * *

There is no substitute for thorough-going, ardent and sincere earnestness.

* * *

Beware of little expenses; a small leak will sink a great ship.

* * *

Employment is nature's physician, and is essential to human happiness.

* * *

Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the triumph of enthusiasm.

* * *

Fear is more painful to cowardice than death to true courage.

* * *

By their patience and perseverance God's children are truly known from hypocrites and dissemblers.

* * *

Perfection is attained by slow degrees. It requires the hand of time.

* * *

Pity those whom nature abuses; but never those who abuse nature.

* * *

Put this restriction on your pleasures: be careful that they hurt no creature that has life.

* * *

Praise has different effect according to the mind it meets with. It makes a wise man modest and a fool more arrogant, turning his weak brain giddy.

* * *

Let prayer be the key of the morning and the bolt of the evening.

* * *

Where there is pretension much has been borrowed; for nature never pretends.

The Editor will be glad to hear from readers as to what they think of this page, and will also be glad to publish "Grains of Gold" sent in from time to time.

A Personal Chat with my readers

THE SHADOW OF THE CROSS.

Last week the whole world was invited to do homage to the Man Christ Jesus. We commemorated His death and His resurrection—at least a few devout people did. Many Christians who are very punctilious in their observation of Anzac Day, and are very generous to themselves and their friends on Christmas Day, quite ignore Good Friday. This would be more easily understood if they set some other day apart on which to commemorate the wonder of that love which on the Cross spoke hope to all mankind.

The Easter season sees thousands who consider a shilling quite a respectable contribution to the maintenance of their faith, spending many pounds to convert the Holy Day into a holiday. The great religious occasion challenges us, and the whole world is discouraged by our failure to do worthily.

If there is nothing more than a holiday in Easter then the world is justified in ignoring, even despising, the call of the Church.

To many the Christian faith is merely a duty from which they may excuse themselves on any flimsy pretext; to the truly Christian it is a programme of life with which they are in love.

To the many its great festivals are an excuse for self-indulgence to the true disciple; the festival is a happy opportunity for thank offerings and service.

* * *

In a favored home an only little girl of four was to the happy father and mother a veritable ray of sunshine. Mother just rejoiced all the time in the affection and love of the wee girl. Father was prepared to be late at the office and to leave early just in the sheer delight of playing with this wonder child.

Laughter, games and gifts were the order of each day.

After she had listened to her favorite bedtime story, said her prayers and been captured by "the dustman," the happy parents would talk over her future, and assure each other that they would not spoil her for all the world.

She must not become as other girls.

It seemed to them unreasonable to deny her innocent pleasures or to cross her childish will; the kitten period of life was surely the time for play. When she was older they would reason with her and explain things to her, and she would, of course,

yield obedience and submit to control. Those were wonderful days—father had never been more sure of his wife's love than he was of the love and devotion of his little wonder girl. The big hugs, the little secrets, the lovely daily surprises all combined to make him a proud and happy father. They had never had a tiff; she had never failed him.

One day mother quietly ordered her to eat some vegetables which she disliked. She looked at father for help—he was absorbed in his own plate. A quiet settled on the little group. After tea father failed to provoke the usual spirit of play and so ordered her to gather up the playthings. She was still angry with him for failing her and refused obedience.

This was a crisis. Father reasoned quietly and said it must be done.

The little wilful Miss, who was never to be spoilt, showed a great firmness. Father announced if he was not loved and obeyed he would just have, most sadly, to leave his little girl, mother and home. This was met with a stony silence. He got his coat and hat, kissed mother good-bye, and slowly with drooping shoulders and dragging feet, walked to the door. As he stood for a moment at the door hoping for a rush of little feet and the hug of a repentant idol, she turned to her mother and said: "Let him go, we can get married again, can't we, mother?" Then he knew that girls are born spoilt, and their education must begin the day they are born. Those who wait until they can be reasoned with have waited until it is too late; the horse has the bit in its teeth, and the way is down hill and the end is not in doubt.

* * *

Mat Charlton has retired from the leadership of the Federal Labor Party. He is a tired, health-broken man. The futility of Parliament, the treachery of some friends, the intrigue of party politics, the humiliation of compromise, the constant irritation of the self-seekers, the base ingratitude of those served have nearly wrecked a man, strong in every sense of the word. Mat Charlton deserves well at the hands of all people.

Billy Hughes strangely has a reputation quite out of keeping with his record. His outstanding characteristics are his resemblance to the Vicar of Bray, and his appetite for limelight at any cost. He has just flung a monkey wrench into the political machinery of the National Party. He is evidently so

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AND PROHIBITION.

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Editor—ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.

Office: Room 712, 160 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

Phone: MA 1355.

Postal Address: Box 390F, G.P.O., Sydney.

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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1928.

deaf he cannot hear himself, and on this account he denies having called the Italians "Dagoes." His "outburst" got him limelight that his ability failed to get him. I expect he was like the small boy who went to the circus when he was told not to. On the way home he confided in a mate that he was due for a daddy of a hiding, but it was worth it.

Politics has the devilish power of breaking the few and spoiling the many. That there are notable exceptions who remain unbroken and untarnished is something we have reason to thank God for.

The Editor

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THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW.

YOUTH LAUGHS AT ADVICE.

HE BEGAN ON SODA WATER AND ENDED ON BOOZE.

By JOE LONGTON, for "Grit."

By the mail just to hand I received a letter from one whom I term "The Gem of My Memory." I refer to him as "The Squire of Canowindra," because he is "a country gentleman."

I first looked up into his cheerful, kind face one day when I was told to dismount from a mare named "Mary Teck" after winning a race on her in Canowindra. He followed me to the scales. I weighed in. He followed me towards the jockeys' dressing room, and when about half-way there he said: "Boy, you're rather young to wander along the track that this race-track leads to. This track is nearly round, and there is a straight in it, as you know. You just brought this mare 'Mary Teck' along it. The track that this race-track leads to is the straight and narrow. There's a lot of curved tributaries that lead both into and off the straight and narrow, and if you take my advice, little fellow, you will go back home to your mother and wait a little while before you finally decide to follow the track that this race-track leads to.

"There have been many splendid men associated with this race-track. Those men are the men who followed the straight and narrow into which it leads. Again, there have been many men that are full of regrets. They are the men who drifted off the straight and narrow into one of the many tributary tracks that are full of curves. These men left their footprints on the 'sands of time.' Some of these footprints were emblematic of strong, sturdy character; some were weak.

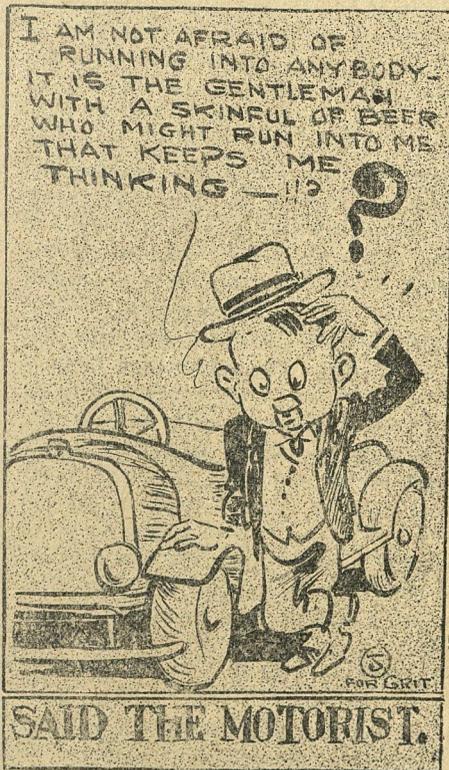
"If I were you, little fellow, I'd go back home. You look out of place here. You have a greater future ahead of you than the racing game has to give. It is true that there is plenty of gold associated with horse-racing, and it is true that many people have fallen over the precipice into oblivion reaching for it. Were you older—were you with a guardian—I would not interest myself in you as I do; but you seem to me to have a brighter future ahead of you than is possible to obtain around here. I have never before given any advice to followers of the game, but you appear to be too young to become associated with the vortex that a jockey's saddle will carry you into, and I have come out of my way to tell you to go home to your mother after this race meeting.

"Now, remember, Aubrey Robinson is your friend, and when you grow up to be a man you will some day think of the advice I am giving you. If you want any money to pay your way home—if I can help you in any way—tell me. Youngster, your snowy head, your intelligent face, your courage tell me that you're above the average, and if given a chance you'll turn out a useful man. Go home to your mother, boy. Go home be-

fore it is too late and your journey from home becomes too distant."

Said I: "I haven't got any home, mister, and I ain't got no mother. Now whatteryah got to say for yourself?" And walked off, leaving my dear old pal struggling for a reply. Aubrey Robinson had a look on his face that I'll never forget. It was a look of real sympathy, and I felt peeved to think that I—a jockey!—had to be approached by a fellow that did not realise my importance.

Here was Joe Longton, the jockey, mind you. Born at Hawkins' Hill on the Tambaroora Creek. I had been to Bathurst. I



had a Stetson hat, a tailor-made suit, a pair of pointed shoes, and the clobber a "Xmas Jock" needed to make the girls sigh and roll their saucer eyes in ecstasy at the bazaar on race night. "First crack out of the box," just as I was "four-flushing" my way to prominence! Here was a man who wasn't falling for any of my "bluff." He wasn't very much older than I, but he surely seemed to know more about me than I expected him to know, and I wished he hadn't spoken to me at all. He was a nice fellow, though, and he spoke in such a way that, although it humbled me, it did not offend. I knew his advice was good, and I knew that I wasn't going to "pull any wool over his eyes," so I sidestepped him as well as I could for the rest of the day. But wherever I went I saw Aubrey, and I knew that Aubrey saw me. The sympathetic look in his eyes—

since I told him that I had no home and no mother—seemed to bear the message: "Go home! Go home!"

Everybody in Australia has heard of Aubrey Robinson, of Canowindra, New South Wales. He was recently introduced to a great man by another great man as "The Grandest Fellow I Know—one of our grandest Australians." I have recently described this good sport—always on hand with a good horse, always amongst the first delegation to reach a Royal Show, and the winner of a Botany and a Carrington Handicap—"as a man who could run, but ran away from no man." I got to know Aubrey Robinson very well in later years. I took a great liking to "Aub.," as I called him; in fact I usually made it my business to sidle up near him while around the race-tracks. I did not "go home!" I did not take his advice. I became a habitue of the race-tracks.

Aubrey could not avert that. His sympathetic demeanor seemed to disappear and I felt sorry; I missed it. But Aubrey Robinson did not lose interest in me. He gave me all the good advice a man could give a boy, and I did not take it. I knew more than Aubrey Robinson—at least I thought I did.

It is nearly thirty-five years since I first met Aubrey Robinson, and thirty years since I last saw him. As years passed—and as I tasted the bitter sweets of my gleaning—the thought of Aubrey Robinson's advice, "Go home! Go home!" became a habit with me; and as my journey through life became more rapid, and as I migrated to and journeyed through foreign lands, I often longed for the opportunity to live the past all over again.

I often think how much happier I might be in the beautiful clear air of glorious old Australia amongst my own countrymen, friends I know, and a country and customs to which

(Continued on page 12.)

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Father and Son Welfare Movement—

(Continued from page 5.)

Through the courtesy of Mr. J. J. Rouse, Managing Director of Kodaks Ltd., an invitation screening was given to the donors of our cinema in his firm's projecting room. To teachers and clergymen a screening was given at the Astor Theatre, kindly placed at our disposal by Mr. McCulla. At the B.M.A. Building we have on three occasions screened programmes for the benefit of the members of the British Medical Association, whilst in the same building 75 nurses of the Baby Health Centres attended one evening to see the films. In conjunction with an address by Dr. E. S. Morris to the Head Mistresses' Association "The Gift of Life" was screened, whilst for the clerical staff of St. Margaret's Hospital a special screening was also arranged. At Mr. Lawrence Campbell's concert at King's Hill "The Gift of Life" was shown. The Council invites requests from schools, colleges, business houses, etc., for special screenings, and will be pleased to make special concessions.

FINANCE.

Reference to the receipts and disbursements account will show that many friends assisted the Movement in its initial stages, and we believe that not only will the work continue to have their whole-hearted co-operation, but that the number of annual subscribers will increase each year.

Whilst appreciating most highly the assistance received from this source, we feel that we must specially express our thanks to our Honorary Treasurer (Mr. W. E. Wilson) for the manner in which he has stood to the Movement by personally advancing the sum of £134 on loan; also our thanks are due to the Walter and Eliza Hall Trust for two special sums of £20 each towards our funds, and to our Director for foregoing a considerable amount of his salary in the interests of the work. The Council feels that special efforts should be made early this year to discharge the loan to the Hon. Treasurer and to pay the Director the balance of his allowance. As many of the renewal subscriptions are due in February, March and April we look forward to being able to arrange this if every one interested will do their little bit. We estimate that in order to carry on a forward movement we ought to have an income of at least £1000 a year, apart from any income from the net proceeds of the lectures. We ought to raise double that sum, and thereby do **more than double** the work we did last year. To raise £500 from one hundred friends and with five hundred subscribers of £1/1/- each should not be a difficult task, and so the burden of finance would be relieved from the shoulders of the Executive Committee. Numerous companies are formed for payment of good yearly dividends, but our Association can let each member share in the **best of all dividends**, viz., the welfare, present and future, of thousands of our young people of this splendid land of ours. The satisfaction to their parents of seeing their young folks saved from untold misery and wretchedness caused by **ignorance of sex questions** should make every right-thinking parent wish to help this Movement. We will guarantee to return the subscription to anyone we cannot satisfy that our work is one of the finest and most important that Australia requires. What is your son, daughter, grandchild or other near relative **worth** to you? What would you **give to save** such a dear relative from **bodily and mental destruction** if you knew of his or her danger? We can tell you the risk young folks run **through sheer neglect** on the part of their parents. We are out to help them to see the nobility of a pure life. Will you help us with money if you cannot give help personally? It is a national appeal we make to every right-thinking man to respond to.

LOOKING AHEAD. WHAT OF THE FUTURE?

For what has been accomplished we are grateful. The results for the first year have exceeded our expectations. The field to be covered, however, is so expansive, and the opportunity so great, that we realise that we must have reinforcements, both in our honorary force and on our employed staff. The lecture work is important, but of even greater importance is the personal touch with the lad who needs advice and help.

The Movement has now reached the stage when the services of a progressive Outdoor Organiser are a vital necessity. Whoever will provide the first year's salary of this additional man will make an investment that will yield handsome dividends.

Our plan for the year comprises covering the whole of the city and suburbia, besides several country centres.

To effectively carry out this work a motor car is necessary. At present much valuable time is lost by travelling in public conveyances, waiting for trains, etc., whilst the removal of the cinema and other weighty equipment is a tax upon both time and personal exertion. Who will make this additional investment?

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Success or Failure—

(Continued from page 6.)

and legal penalties for taking narcotics have increased many-fold during the past ten years so that addicts now often go from opiates to drink."

Colonel L. G. Nutt, Deputy Commissioner of Prohibition in charge of the administration and enforcement of the narcotic drug laws, has repeatedly and vigorously asserted that in recent years drug addiction has decreased.

Colonel Nutt further states that he has seen no transference from drinking to addiction. The average age of drug addicts, according to him, has advanced. Whereas five or six years ago their ages ranged from 18 to 25, to-day they are over 30.

Another source of information tapped by Professor Feldman is the Foreign Policy Association which, as the result of an exhaustive survey by its committee on opium, expresses the view that "Prohibition has had no effect whatever on drug-addiction in the United States," and this view is endorsed by Dr. Hugh S. Cumming, Surgeon-General of the United States Public Health Service, and by police and prison officials in New York, Boston, Chicago, Detroit, San Francisco, and elsewhere.

The chief non-official source of information on this question is the Bureau of Social Hygiene, a national research agency with headquarters in New York, whose reply is non-committal:

"The committee on drug-addictions has been occupied for the past six years with a study of the scientific, sociologic and certain other aspects of the opium problem. The literature has been rather carefully reviewed and practically every promising source of information has been consulted. As far as I know, however, there are no data available upon which to base a determination as to the increase or decrease of opium addiction or of cocaine use since the passage of the Volstead Act, or for that matter, for almost any other given period during the past fifteen years.

"To determine the trend of opium addiction or that of the habitual use of cocaine, it would be necessary to determine either the amounts of these drugs smuggled annually into this country, or to obtain a census of all users of these drugs. As far as I know, no one is in possession of these facts. Their very nature is such as to preclude their possession."

Finally, Professor Feldman quotes the opinion of the Scientific Temperance Association, which, as the result of a survey in 26 States in all regional divisions of the country, came to the conclusion that there are absolutely no statistics and no experience to afford any ground for the claim that Prohibition has increased drug-addiction, whilst its spread in non-Prohibition countries suggests that it must be referred to other causes.

(To be continued.)



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 G.P.O., Sydney.

**THE MAN WHO MADE THE
DICIONARY.**

Mr. Milner, headmaster of the Waitaki Boys' High School, Oamaru, N.Z., sends this interesting statement to me:

"Sir James Murray, the editor of the famous Oxford Dictionary, referring to his continuous work for two decades as editor-in-chief of this great English dictionary, the most exact work of monumental scholarship that the world has ever seen, said that it had necessitated close mental application every day of the week, month in and year out, for from fourteen to sixteen hours a day. Over one hundred readers have acted as a subsidiary staff in gathering literary quotations illustrating the multitudinous phases of meanings attached to words. Millions of these quotations had been received necessitating many years of assiduous mental labor in classification and collection. The great dictionary contained over 1,800,000 of these quotations illustrating the uses of over 400,000 words defined. Sir James Murray ascribed his mental clarity and general physical ability to cope with this continuous strain to his total abstinence from alcohol, which he characterised as an insidious brain poison, a narcotic and a depressant. In the course of a speech at Oxford University he advocated abstinence from alcohol as a sound health policy, and urged students to make a stand against the prevalent social habits of alcoholic indulgence. His own experience of working for years at an apparently endless task demanding unremitting application and the keenest intellectual tension had proved that total abstinence was absolutely necessary to ensure the best mental results. Experimental investigations in modern scientific laboratories had definitely routed the loose generalisations of the past, and had definitely established the fact that alcohol, even in moderation, was detrimental to intellectual efficiency."

OUR LETTER BAG.

AN HON. NE.

Phillip Gray, "The Plain," Bonalbo, writes: I have received a letter from Don Weaver, appointed by Mr. Joe Longton as his field representative of the "Go Getters" Club, asking me to write you my opinion on the

matter. I have no suggestion on the matter, but I fall in with the following operations suggested to me: The "Go Getters" Club, I understand, is to be a correspondence between "Grit" cousins, and Uncle Joe Longton is going to ask for a page in "Grit" for the use of the club, which I think will be a splendid idea. Oh! Uncle B., it would do you good to be up here for a few days in the refreshing air among the ridges on the western slopes of the Richmond Range. It would be nice for you to be with us for a while, for the country looks beautiful and green. You could hold some meetings and address the Sunday school. We are very busy at present; milked 80 cows, fed 40 calves and nearly eighty pigs, and travelled four miles to teach Sunday school at 11 a.m.; so there is no time to spare. I like reading your two new pages (6-7), they are most interesting.

(Dear Phillip,—It is always a special pleasure to hear from an Hon. Ne or Ni. I am glad you like the Go Getter idea. You must try and get Peter Kyne's book, "The Go Getter"; it is most wonderful.—Uncle B.)

A SPORTS NI.

Sheila Parker, Box 114, Blenheim, N.Z., writes: Mr. Longton sent me a card a while ago of a man standing on top of a big rock and looking at a view in the distance. I wrote to him to say how pleased I was to receive it. The little church up here in Springlands had their Harvest Festival last Sunday. The choir sang the cantata "Rolling Seasons." I am going to join the Christian Union at our College this year. I went to a meeting this afternoon. The teacher in charge read us a piece out of a book called "The Story of the Other Wise Man." Next Saturday the members of the Union are going for a picnic to Picton. Yesterday we held our College sports. It was just the right kind of day for sports, and a large crowd attended. I entered for the 100 yards and 75 yards, the 440 walk, the slow bicycle race, the book race, the form relay and the squad relay. I came fifth in the 440 walk, third in 100 yards, fifth in 75 yards, first in slow bicycle race (last I mean), and second in book race. I don't know where our form came in the relay, but our team won the squad relay. Our squad color was gold. This morning I was so stiff I could hardly move.

(Dear Sheila,—All letters are welcome, but one from N.Z. is doubly welcome. I hope you will tell us something of the Christian Union and its meetings. You did not spare yourself in the sports; no wonder you were stiff. I hope to come to N.Z. this year, but lots of my hopes come to nothing.—Uncle B.)

AN EYE FOR BEAUTY.

Ken Fisher-Webster, "The Manse," Copeland, Gloucester, writes: Have you ever been to Forster? I have just come from there. It is situated on the banks of Wallamba River. Forster is on one side and Tuncurry on the other. Wallis Lake is one and a half miles away, and the sea is half a mile. The river is navigable in most parts, dotted here and there with pretty little islands. There is also plenty of fish in its waters. Copeland is a very pretty place. The other day I went up the brush with a gentleman from Sydney who was looking for a particular species of orchid which has a very pretty flower and which grows on wild moss-covered cherry trees. It was beautiful and cool there. On the rocks close by were some big bird's nest ferns, which they call the Four Sisters. There is moss growing round them, which makes them look very pretty. Copeland is the remains of a gold-mining town, but citrus fruit is being grown here now. Gardens also thrive around the hills.

(Dear Ken,—You are very welcome to my family. You have an eye for beauty. I wonder if you have found out that there are many nice smelling things in the bush as there are nice things to look at? Few of us practise smelling and miss such a lot. Leaves, bark, earth and moss have odors oftentimes nicer than flowers. Go on a smelling expedition some day; it is quite as good as a sight-seeing one.—Uncle B.)

(Continued on page 15.)

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WHY IS THE "ENQUIRER" NOW DISTURBED?

A Cincinnati doctor says that between 1920 and 1927 there were 65,000 deaths in this country caused by liquor, and the "Enquirer" of that city is horrified, and, of course, lays the blame on Prohibition. Perhaps the Cincinnati doctor is right, and perhaps he is merely guessing. However, a number of years ago when the population of the country was far less than to-day and when saloons flourished, a noted insurance actuary placed the number of deaths annually due to liquor, directly and indirectly, at 60,000. Had that rate been maintained from 1920 to 1927, the number of deaths would have been 420,000 instead of 60,000, and this, too, without taking into account the increase in population. The "Enquirer" was not horrified at the greater number of deaths under the saloon regime.

The Straight and Narrow— (Continued from page 9.)

Australian birth has accustomed me and bred love for Australia into my bone and marrow. I miss the native endowments that only an Aussie in Australia enjoys. I am an exile—a foreigner in foreign lands. I have always been so since I left the smell of boronia, the view of a waratah, the warble of our birds, the hospitality of Aussie mothers, the clatter of the hoofs as they enter the straight, the "racket" at the "soiree" as the fans yell, "In the kitchen, Micko!—downstairs—use your left!" and the laugh of the kookaburra (everybody laughs in Australia, even the birds). I have for three decades been a foreigner; I am still a foreigner.

In the in-between when I last saw Aubrey Robinson and now I attended the school in which there are no free scholarships—the school of experience. Every day since the Master has been giving me my daily tasks I usually think pleasantly of someone I know. Oftentimes my memory wanders back to the day under the big trees along the Lachlan when and where the kindly disposition of my dear friend told me in the infancy of a strenuous career to "Go home! Go home!" But, Aubrey, as you, too, with thousands of others enjoy the fruits of your sound advice, and read this communication made possible by God between men. The old "home" succumbed entirely to the ravages of time, just as we must, and just as the mother at the "home" to where you directed me has; and the great continent of Australia—not the humble stringy-bark hut called "home"—is the "home" of my future, and I am returning to that "home" to deliver the "Message about Prohibition" that some Australian must.

The curse of alcohol makes it imperative. The curse of alcohol made it possible. The curse of alcohol kept me earlier in my life from following your advice. The curse of alcohol made me a foreigner. The curse of alcohol removed all traces of the home to which you directed me. The curse of alcohol caused the mother to whom you advised me to go to be long forgotten and neglected as she lay in the tomb long before you gave me your kindly advice. Her sepulchre and no home created the situation that enabled you to tender to me your advice and rendered me unable to accept it. Had it been possible I would not have been about to

wander forth with me to mourn the miseries of man, as Robert Burns wrote, had I had a home and mother.

The letter to which I refer in the opening of this article is only one of the many that "The Squire of Canowindra" writes to me since I began the renewal of our acquaintance the day I walked over to the wall upon which the famous saddle of Danny Maher's hung, and I began dusting off the old relic preparatory to shipping it to "The Best Man I Know" the day I concluded that the saddle girthed to Spearmint, Cicero, Rocksand, Upset and the winners of the principal classics in England, America and France would be a nice legacy to leave a loving living man while the recipient—and the giver—were better able to enjoy the "kick" that comes to those remaining in the perpendicular.

Mr. Aubrey Robinson wrote to tell me all the news he could gather pertaining to the beloved horse, and as I in my day-dreams commune—these cold afternoons—with the genie in the flames, my memory, as I rest with his letter at my side, repeats the kindly words of the kindly young man whose faithful parental tuition taught him to advise his less fortunate brother to "Go home! Go home!"

Little do I realise that Father Time has furrowed his brow just as he has furrowed mine. Little do I realise that the Old Man with the Scythe has shortened his fleet footsteps just as he has shortened mine. I visualise our now withering selves just as

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W. E. WILSON, Hon. Secretary.

opportunity and youth found us that day when, as I was about to become "grist to the mills of John Barleycorn," my dear friend Aubrey Robinson said to me, "Go home! Go home!"

As a jockey I won my first race at Orange, N.S.W., for a Blayney man named Bob Stinson, on a horse named Sodawater, and I lost my last race on the Bowery, New York, on a nag belonging to John Barleycorn named Booze. We will now strike up that old familiar ballad, "He began on Sodawater and he ended up on Booze."

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"King of Kings"—Filmed

10.—The Marvel of Lazarus!

By REV. SYDNEY HERBERT COX.

YES!—we held our breath off and on, for an hour. We said automatically, "this is fine, excellent, just artistic, etc." It is a great film—so far, but—will Mr. De Mille skip the "Resurrection of Lazarus?" It is the *Big Thing* prior to the Cross. How can it be pictured successfully? What blunder can this genius of the screen avoid?

When the callous critics saw the screening here and abroad not accustomed to critiques that dealt in empty tombs, they had the nerve to go away and write—*"Mr. De Mille leaves nothing to the imagination!"* It was a silly statement.

Not a single critic mentioned any question as to *what* *was* the power by which a supposedly dead man buried more than three days *comes out of his own coffin!* Did the critics think that De Mille also was a conjurer? and not a very good one?

Why did the critics forget—that De Mille is *only* *not* *ringing* a famous scene reported nearly twenty centuries ago!

It cannot be our business in this note to argue as to what really happened to the body of Lazarus. But there is no argument about this fact—viz.: the incident of the reported raising of Lazarus *two* *and* *half* *Christ's* *moments* to their last crisis and settled the date of His arrest. It also gave His disciples "hope," when He Himself was buried in "Joseph's Tomb."

So—go down with De Mille into that weird large "cellar," treading gently behind Mary and Martha as they weep, and behind those timorous wondering disciples—and keep on eye on those few lantern-jawed, piercing-eyed skulkers at the rear, whom you feel must be "spies"—and *watch the Defeat of Death!*

Every movement is slow but grand. The shadows melt with dignity. *The Master of Men is in control.* The Hero of Heaven has won.

Lazarus has his two sisters in his arms. *The world's* *grave* *is* *awakened* *with* *light!*

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N.B.—Original, not selections. When not original authors' names are always given.

SUNDAY.

"I have seen all that Laban doeth unto Thee."—Gen., 31, 12.

Jacob was far from a perfect character, even after he had taken God as his Guide and promised to serve Him. He was the son of his mother, and she had trained him in the school of deceit. Although held up as one of the examples of good women in Scripture, we fail to see where the goodness lies, except it be in being willing to accept a good husband without delay. But Jacob had an unwavering trust in God, no doubt instilled by his father, and God always honors that trust. He had His eye on Jacob. He saw his affliction and came to his deliverance. He ever takes the side of the oppressed. Jacob had deceived his father, and been deceived by Laban in his turn. Sin always repeats itself. None can wrong another or defraud another without himself being wronged or defrauded at some time or other. Yet although God will not prevent the consequences of sin, He ever comes to the help of those who desire to please Him. Jacob never forgot God, and God never forgot him. He saw that the time had come for him to leave Laban, who dealt so unkindly with him, and bade him make a move. Sometimes it is right to put up with annoyances that cannot be remedied; but sometimes they are an indication that we are to be on the move. We are too apt to settle down when things go too smoothly, and God may have work for us elsewhere. Is there some Laban in your life? God sees and knows all you have to put up with. He will deliver you if you follow His guidance. That Laban may be a call to you from God to move on.

MONDAY.

"Unto you therefore which believe He is precious."—1 Pet., 2, 7.

Christ is precious—oh, how precious human words cannot express,
For that heart which died to bless us, lives with us His love to bless.
We would ponder o'er the story of our Saviour's boundless love,
For we know though now in glory still His heart towards us doth move.

Christ is precious to the weary, sickened with the sights of earth,
To whom life is very dreary, and its pleasures little worth.
Yearning for some ease from sadness, longing for a place of rest,
Where can such a one find gladness save on Jesu's loving breast?

Christ is precious to the lonely; treading all alone life's track,
Wishing, sighing, longing only to recall the lost ones back.
Oh, how precious then is Jesus, as He draws them to His side,
Whispering words of love so precious—"I am living who hath died."

Christ is precious to the friendless and the sad forgotten one,
With His weight of mercy endless such as these He doth not shun.
Then how precious to remember there is One who cares for me.
Who with all His love so tender all my needs can feel and see.

Christ is precious, oh, how precious none save those who love can tell.
With that love, O Lord, impress us, and for ever in us dwell.

Then shall we, this earth life over, see Thee,
Saviour, face to face,
And the depth of love discover as we all its wonders trace.

TUESDAY.

"He leadeth me beside the still waters."—Ps., 23, 2.

They are always still waters by which Jesus leads. We sometimes sing:

"Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul He leadeth,
And where the verdant pastures grow
With food celestial feedeth."

There He makes us to lie down in quietness. Perhaps on a sick bed, perhaps on a quiet holiday. But these resting places He finds for all His sheep on their journey heavenward.

The enemy of souls leads his followers by the troubled waters of strife and unrest. "The wicked are like the troubled sea which cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt." Ever tossing to and fro, seeking rest and finding none, the worldling, seized with restlessness, flies from one excitement to another, to still the restless cravings of his soul. No sooner is he settled in one place, than he finds some cause of annoyance, and speeds on, thinking to find satisfaction elsewhere. As St. Augustine says after tasting all the poisoned springs of life: "The heart is restless till it rests in Thee." So Byron sighed after indulging in every form of what the world calls "pleasure"—"The worm, the canker and the grief are mine alone." Another worldling writes: "Theres not a joy the world can give, like that it takes away." "He leadeth me beside the still waters." He lays His hand upon the restless, storm-tossed soul and whispers, "Peace be still." When He walks the troubled sea of life with us there is a great calm.

WEDNESDAY.

"He loved them to the end."—John, 13, 1.
They all forsook Him in His hour of trial;
Of agony and shame;

He loved them still in spite of their denial,
And yet He did not blame.

Alas! how oft have we too failed in trusting
When waves of sorrow rolled;
How often, too, for earthly pleasure lusting,
We would have left His fold.

How many times have we not slept and slumbered,
And failed to watch with Him.
Alas! our failures have been quite unnumbered,
Our light burned all too dim.

And yet His friendship has been unabating,
Through all the changing days,
And patiently for love's return been waiting,
Grieved by our faithless ways.

THURSDAY.

"Who went about doing good."—Acts, 10, 38.

This was His one purpose in life: to do good to others. Not a day passed in selfish ease, not a moment in mere pleasure. It was His meat and drink to do His Father's will. His recreation was found on the mountain top all night in prayer. His days were spent in trudging the dusty lanes and seeking the lost and straying ones: His life in giving Himself to the common people. Self was ever His last consideration. His Apostles in their

small measure, followed in His steps. Healing and helping the sick, pointing the wanderer the way home, bearing others' burdens, sharing others' sorrows. This world's gain was entirely lost sight of, caring not for the comforts of life, seeking others' welfare only. People sometimes wonder why the Church has lost the gifts bequeathed to the early Apostles. Contrast the lives, and we need not go far to find the reason.

FRIDAY.

"Ask what I shall give thee."—I. Kings, 3, 5.

Thou hast given so much, O Master,
So many good gifts from above,
With Thyself Thou hast given me all things,
Each day brings some tokens of love.

There are jewels I know of Thy giving,
Which have never been brought to the light.

And garments of priceless value,
Unworn and hidden from sight.

I ask for the faith to now take them,
And wear them that Thou mayest see
The gifts of Thy love are so valued,
That no longer they hidden shall be.

SATURDAY.

Did God cause the war?

Many people talk as though God sent the war. They speak of a "Mysterious Providence" in the things which man himself has brought about, and God never had a hand in. Will God stop two boys fighting, and cause a miracle to be worked that they shall not hurt one another? If one kills the other, is it God's doing? Does God cause murder? No. Man has a free will, and whether a nation or individual fights, God is not accountable. "God is love." Does love cause war? His will is man's happiness. But He is not going to rob man of his free will. If he mismanages the world which God has entrusted to him, he need not blame God for the result of his mismanagement. It is surprising how even some good Christians blind their eyes to this fact. Let us not charge God foolishly.

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From Seven to Seventeen—

(Continued from page 11.)

A JOY NOTE FROM U.S.A.

I received a wonderful Christmas and New Year card to-day "From the Babies in St. Margaret's Hospital," and it has made my wife and me very happy. I never thought, Uncle B., when living the drunken life I led around the racecourses of England and the gambling Casino of Monte Carlo, that some day I would be a changed man, and a good enough man to have the little darlings in St. Margaret's say:

"Christmas comes and Christmas goes, New Year trips in on its toes.

Here's a wish while they're together,

May good luck be yours forever

is the sincere wish of the Babies in St. Margaret's Hospital to whom you brought happiness in 1927. Thank you for your help given."

Dear Babies: I just cannot answer you. You reduce me from a big man in stature to an infinite mite in value as I read your sweet innocent wishes to me—a healthy man—and I visualise you in your suffering and misfortune. Some day I may be able to earn an iota of the great honor you confer upon me, dear little Babies. I did not expect this. I do not deserve it. But I will say this: "The man so fortunate to get such sentiments from little pain-racked darlings as those you send me is the richest man in the whole world."

Uncle B., these little optimists have a great lesson in their little lives for us who have the temerity to grumble with life. They have brought a kind of tear to my eyes and joy to my heart hitherto unknown, and I crumple up into a heap as I review the past with an untold number of rapid thoughts about what I should have done; and the hope eternal in my breast reaches out into the future for just one more chance to do what I want to do.

Thank you, little Babies.—I am, Big Brother Joe Longton.

VICE-SECRETARY.

Amy Williams, Forge Creek, via Bairnsdale, Victoria, writes: A few weeks ago I received a letter from Don Weaver, the organiser of the Go-Getters' Club, also one from Bob Butler, the president. So I have answered them. Did you know Uncle Joe

PADLOCKS.

City That Beer Made Famous Sends Carload to Gotham.

Milwaukee, Wis., Feb. 20.

Sixteen tons of padlocks, manufactured in the Pabst Brewery building, were shipped to the nation's greatest metropolis.

The consignment of 147,600 padlocks was sealed in a freight car by a huge three-foot padlock. Mayor Daniel Webster Hogan, who proclaimed Milwaukee the most nearly crimeless city of its size in America, despatched the key of this great lock to Mayor James Walker, of New York, by airmail.

had appointed me vice-secretary of the club, which I feel is an honor. Last week we had an accident. I was driving and we ran into a tree and broke the jinker. Two of us went home and took our other jinker, while the other two went to school. As we were driving along with the second jinker my brother (Willie) poked the horse, which bolted, rushing into the scrub and bending the step of the jinker. When we took the horse out of the jinker we went home. After we had dinner my sister and I went and picked the children up and came home. The new page in "Grit" is very nice. We all like it.

(Dear Amy,—I am glad you are a part of the Go-Getters' outfit; they are going to do fine work. I wonder why Miss McDonald sent that address. Will you find out for me? You had an exciting time with your

runaway horse, and were very fortunate that none of you were hurt.—Uncle B.)

MORE STAMPS.

Ethel Norman, Bruceedale, via Wagga, writes: Dad went to Victoria this week for his holiday. We have a new school teacher at Bruceedale now. Last Friday we had a terrific thunderstorm; we had nearly four inches in one hour; the road past our place for about three miles was like a raging torrent. Although it has rained a lot, it is still very hot and steamy. I am gradually getting more stamps to my collection.

(Dear Ethel,—I am sending you some stamps. I hope they will add to your collection; there may be some good ones to swap among them. You have steamy weather, I have no doubt, but you have not got all there is of it. I feel as if I was in a Turkish bath.—Uncle B.)

A DOUBLE 'WAG.

Geo. D. Furnell, "Aldersyde," Coolamon, writes: It is a very long time since I wrote to you. I suppose I am on the scallywag list a couple of times. Last Thursday fortnight our Grandfather and Grandmother celebrated their golden wedding. They live in Manly, but came here for the wedding. At about 6 o'clock it started to rain, and by 11 o'clock we had had 310 points. We had the wedding breakfast on the verandah, which was enclosed by blinds. It was just as well for us that it was. We had the verandah lit up with electric lights. We all had a good time. We bought another small farm lately. It has an orchard on it, but we are pulling the trees out. There are two pomegranate trees in it. We have a Norwegian working for us now; he gave me 23 Norwegian stamps. I got a postcard from Joe Longton. It shows a view from Artist's Point, Yosemite Valley, California. I am still in the Scouts and am a second now.

(Dear George,—You are forgiven, but, say, you did put a strain on me when you took such a long time to write. So you were at a golden wedding! It must have been fine. I have never been at one.—Uncle B.)

WHAT HENRY FORD SAYS.

Henry Ford is quoted by the "United Presbyterian," January, 1927, as saying that Prohibition has reduced drinking among his workmen to a point where it can be easily handled. Before Prohibition each group of 5000 contained 100 who gave trouble because of drinking. Now there are not as many as ten in each group who give trouble on account of drinking.

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The following are paid to 30/12/28: R. Barlow, Mrs. Cherry, A. E. Gerard (9s.), Geo. Gray (12s. 6d.), W. A. Clarke, Robt. Evans, E. Trevaskis, Mrs. Cover.

FEWER DRUNKS IN NEW YORK.

Public intoxication throughout the State of New York has been reduced to one-fourth of what it was thirty years ago, according to figures from the Prisons Department, collected by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union and made public in October, 1927. The figures represent convictions for public drunkenness. New York State's population has nearly doubled since 1890, but the rate per 10,000 population for convictions for public drunkenness has declined conspicuously. In 1890 it was 57 per 10,000; in 1915 it was 27 per 10,000; in 1920 it was 5 per 10,000; in 1925 it was 14 per 10,000.

FEWER NEW RECRUITS TO THE DRINKING CLASS.

New recruits to the class of drinkers are rapidly diminishing under Prohibition.

Data of the finger-print bureau, New York City Magistrate's Court, show a steady and pronounced decrease in the number of single-time offenders for drunkenness, from 20 per 10,000 population for the year 1914 to only 4 per 10,000 for the year 1925.—From the official Court records quoted by Irving Fisher in his book, "Prohibition at Its Worst."

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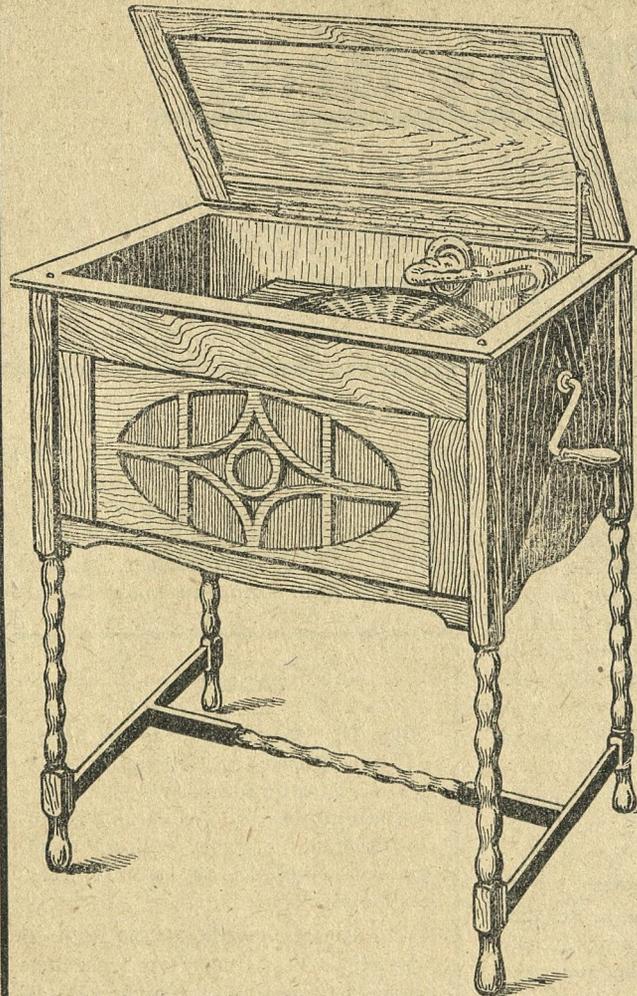
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