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A JOURNAL OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY AND PROHIBITION

VOL. XVII. No. 49.

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SYDNEY, FEBRUARY 21, 1924.

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THE FAVORITE LOSES. WHY? ASK LEY!

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HALF TRUTH IS WORSE THAN A LIE.

THE STORY OF A LIQUOR SPEECH.

(By GUY HAYLER.)

Replying to a statement made by Mr. Waters Butler, the well-known Birmingham brewer, in reference to his remark that those opposed to "The Trade" did not come "out into the open," I ventured to quote in the columns of "The International Record," Oct. 1923, part of a speech reported to have been delivered by Dr. F. Neumann (Berne) in connection with the founding of the Anti-Prohibition Association.

THE QUOTATION.

This was the quotation I made use of, and which came to me from a reliable correspondent:

"The campaign, if it is to be successful, must be cleverly conducted. All articles sent to the Press defending our interests must be so written as to prevent the public knowing they come from brewery sources."

I suggested in my article replying to Mr. Butler that this was not like fighting in the open, but that it was very typical of the sort of propaganda which is being foisted upon the general public at the present time.

THE DENIAL.

Mr. A. B. J. Norris, the Secretary of the Wine and Spirit Trade Defence Fund, wrote saying that the statement I attributed to Dr. Fred Neumann was without truth, and would I inform the readers of this in my next issue of the "International Record." I readily said I had no desire to do an injustice to any man, and if the Doctor would write me a letter I would publish it. In due time the following letter came from Ligue nationale suisse contre les prohibitions, 7, Seilerstrasse, Berne, Switzerland, dated 3rd November, '23:

"Dear Sir,—My attention has been drawn to a statement concerning myself in the October number of your paper, the 'International Record.'

"I wish to inform you in the most precise manner that I deny using the words which you attribute to me, or any other words of a similar meaning. The statement was invented two years ago by a Berlin Communist journal of low reputation, and it appears to have been sent to London by a correspondent in Berlin.

"Mr. Norris, Secretary of the Wine and Spirit Trade Defence Fund, informs me that he has written to you on the subject, and that you have kindly promised to publish my denial. Thanking you for your courtesy.—I am, yours sincerely,

"DR. FRED NEUMANN."

THE AFTERMATH.

No issue of "The International Record" has ever been allowed to go to press without every care being taken in reference to the statements made.

When attention was drawn, therefore, with such full denial of the information published, it was incumbent upon me, in the strict interests of truth, to probe the matter

further. Further inquiries have seemed to be most useful and certainly enlightening.

My Continental correspondent has written me as follows:

"The speech of Dr. Neumann, from which you quoted, was made on the 14th October, 1921, at a meeting of the German Brewers' Union, held at the Hotel Adlon, Berlin. The report was published by Dr. Drucker, who is not a Communist. His report was printed in many daily and Temperance papers. On December 21st, the Brewers' Union sent a letter to the Press denying the correctness of the report, but Dr. Drucker replied that his witnesses were willing to say under oath that the report was quite correct and challenged the Brewers' Union to take the matter into court. Neither Dr. Neumann nor the Brewers' Union has ever made a complaint to the Judge or accepted Dr. Drucker's challenge. I think that will do!"

One might well ask why this challenge was never accepted. Either the statement referred to can be refuted or it cannot. An editor is not required to decide the accuracy of correspondents who differ. He can only do what I have done—give both sides.

But I contented myself by quoting only a few lines from the speech which the Continental papers reported, and I propose, without comment, to give a free translation from the paper which has recently come into my possession.

Der Abstinente Arbeiter, Nov. 15th, 1921.

Dr. Fred Neumann, General Secretary of the National Society of Swiss Anti-Prohibitionists in Berne:

"For defence and for attack a series of useful means stand at our disposal. First and foremost the great daily Press can render valuable service. Indirect communication with the Press is necessary. We must interest the Press in all problems that are in any way connected with the brewing industry, and, indeed, in such a way as to throw a scientific cloak around it in skilful disguise. To attain this end we need time and money.

"Articles into which can be dexterously woven the utterances of doctors, political economists, lawyers, or other disinterested personalities have more influence than when appearing direct in an undisguised manner. Write special articles or seek to procure from men of scientific repute such articles as deal with our question in our way. What is further necessary is individual treatment with the great daily newspapers. Articles should be specially prepared for these journals and suited to the character of such publications. They should be so colored that the circles of people interested will not be likely to notice their association with the brewing industry.

"At the same time, of course, popular scientific articles should appear in our own

papers; these periodicals and trade publications should be readable for all, and not merely for an interested class. These papers should apply the diplomatic chess-moves, absolutely representing the point of view of the consumer. We already have important defence publications; for instance, the 'Schutz und Trutz' (Defence and Offence) and the Berlin 'Abwehr' (Defence). The publications intended must not have the appearance of a Trade organ, else the masses will not read them.

"Abstainers know much more about the dangers of alcohol than beer drinkers know about its usefulness, prompt instruction in our sense of the word is, therefore, indispensably necessary.

"Newspaper articles should stand for Moderation. We must insist that we advocate not excessive but moderate drinking, if we are to maintain the hard fight against the enemies of alcohol. To-day, it is only the standpoint of moderation that can be maintained, especially in days of popular hygiene as these are. It will be found prudent and tactful to point the finger to the apostles of moderation.

"It will be well to make science serve our purpose. Total abstinence investigators are one-sided. Our own scientific investigation department must be maintained. We must do this in order to exercise an influence on the results.

"In Press articles, leaflets, pamphlets and postcards, the good effects of alcohol must be set forth. Especially must we deal with statistics. The realm of the sporting world must also be worked. We must endeavor to obtain declarations from sportsmen regarding overstrain—that alcohol does not fail to exert a favorable influence in reviving the spirits of the sportsman. The value of alcohol as nourishment must be elucidated in language universally understood; especially must this be done in papers read by housewives. If alcohol is represented as the bearer of healing, it will very powerfully attract people.

"Again, the brewing industry must take an active part in the struggle against dipsomania—then the weapons of the enemies of alcohol will be struck out of their hands without their noticing it.

"Instruction regarding injuries as a result of alcohol must in future be colored in our sense. Especially must we win over school authorities.

"Through questionnaires, so-called, among doctors, artists, and sportsmen we have a wide range for our purpose. It is well known that the general public take a great interest in the results. The value of these questionnaires, however, depends upon how dexterously is fixed the range of questions and how they are drawn up so as to lead to the results desired."

Judge George B. Sears, Salem, Mass., sent a rum-runner to prison for six months and fined him 500 dollars (£100), seized the liquor, 600 gallons, and confiscated the motor boat.

We Know

THAT

PEOPLE ARE COMING FROM EVERY SUBURB TO THE GREAT PICNIC

The tickets have sold like hot cakes. The demands for additional tickets have exceeded our best anticipations.

Saturday, February 23rd

WILL BE KNOWN AS "THE DAY OF THE GREATEST PICNIC."

HAVE YOU BOUGHT YOUR TICKET?
GET IT AT ONCE.

If for any reason you cannot procure a ticket 'phone 8944 City and say you are coming, and a place will be reserved for you.

TICKETS: ADULTS, 1/6; CHILDREN, 9d.

PROGRAMME.

Leave Fort Macquarie 2.15 p.m. (sharp)—

HARBOR CRUISE

LAND FOR TEA

MOONLIGHT TRIP

(Bring your own "eats." Tea, milk and sugar provided free.)

A NECESSARY CHANGE.

At first we had arranged to land at Clark Island for tea. This arrangement is now changed. Clark Island is not big enough for the picnic. We shall land at Killarney, which is reputed the most beautiful spot in the Harbor. We have engaged the exclusive right to the use of the pleasure grounds.

Thousands of happy Prohibitionists will make the Harbor ring with laughter and songs.

YOU MUST COME.

The trip will give you a view of your Harbor, which is usually reserved for visitors. Saturday, February 23rd, will be a milestone in our history—because

During the afternoon Mr. Hammond will declare the policy of the Prohibition Party.

N.B.—Arrangements have been made for the boat to return to wharf after tea to enable any who wish to return before evening cruise to do so.

"GRIT" SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Received to 15/2/24, and where not mentioned the amount paid is 10s.: Rev. J. Tarn, 30/12/23; Mrs. John Grant, 30/1/25; Mrs. Parker, 8/9/24; Miss E. J. Walker, 30/12/23; Mrs. Bradley, 15s. 8d., 30/12/25; St. Peters S.A. Home, 30/12/23; E. W. Bolus, 15/1/25; Miss Richardson, 26/2/25; E. H. Crabb, N.Z., 11s. 6d., 30/12/23; A. J. Hancock, N.Z., £1 (agent).

The following are paid to 30/12/24: Miss F. Spencer, Mrs. McKern, Mrs. Hardy, L. G. Cheyne, Mrs. Hutchin, Miss Reeves, Harry Penn, N.Z. (£1 3s.), Mrs. Tinsley, Mrs. Ploughman, Mrs. Cherry, Mrs. Baldwin, Mrs. R. S. White, Miss J. Morice, N.Z. (£1 3s.), Thos. Phillips.

"PROOF OF THE PUDDING."

A bevy of schoolboys with the usual capacious "take-aways," in the matter of large mouths and perennial appetites, were studying the "sale" notices in Sydney shop windows, and came across one which took their fancy; it ran thus: "Great Reductions in Pastry!"

The legend proved itself when they promptly put it into practice, carrying out the principle of "the more you eat the greater the reduction." Q.E.D.—Mary L. Moppett.

"SOMETHING IN SHOES?"

A wag of a window-dresser, instead of writing up the odd sizes of shoes for sale in the bargain-window as "oddments," wrote "Lonely Shoes, 5/11." Did he mean that the shoes were waiting for you?—Mary L. Moppett.

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*Phones: General Offices, City 157; Organising and Public Meeting Dept. City 8944.

FIELD DAY APPOINTMENTS.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 24.

11 a.m.: Glenfield Anglican Church.

7.15 p.m.: Ingleburn Anglican Church.

Mr. Charles W. Chandler.

11 a.m.: Kempsey Presbyterian Church.

7 p.m.: Country Appointment.

Mr. Chas. E. Still.

11 a.m.: Euroka Methodist Church.

3 p.m.: Dondingalong Methodist Church.

7.15 p.m.: Kempsey Methodist Church.

Ex-Senator David Watson.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 25.

Temperance Hall, Kempsey, at 8 p.m.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 26.

Keena's Hall, Port Macquarie, at 8 p.m.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 27.

School of Arts, Wauchope.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28.

School of Arts, Laurieton.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 29.

School of Arts, Kendall.

Ex-Senator David Watson.

MR. HERBERT CARROLL'S FIXTURES.

Monday, Feb. 25: Methodist School Hall, Lindfield, at 8 p.m.

Tuesday, Feb. 26: Mathieson Hall, Croydon, at 8 p.m.

Wednesday, Feb. 27: Masonic Hall, Cronulla, at 8 p.m.

CAMPAIGN NOTES.

AUSTRALIA'S DRY COMEDIAN.

Mr. Herbert ("Pat") Carroll wishes to thank his many friends for the kindness shown and interest evinced at all his entertainments from time to time.

He leaves at the end of this week to conduct an extensive list of entertainments in Victoria.

We feel sure that our "Fun Factor" will be just as highly appreciated in the Southern State as he has been here, and he leaves with sincere good wishes for a successful time.

EX-SENATOR DAVID WATSON

is at present conducting an extensive tour of the North Coast district, and will be holding many public meetings in his well-known breezy style, which has stamped him indelibly as one of the most acceptable speakers in the public life of this State.

You must hear David Watson when he is in your district.

David's Scotch "burr" will be just as much a happy memory in the North after his visit as the Bathurst burr is known as a pastoralist pest.

Watch for dates!



JAMES COOK LTD.

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Prohibition and the Political Situation

DAVID WATSON

is in the North

And will conduct

Monster Meetings

in the Public Interest on

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 25,

TEMPERANCE HALL,

KEMPSEY, at 8 p.m.

On **TUESDAY, FEB. 26, in**

KEENAS HALL, PORT

MACQUARIE.

On **WEDNESDAY, FEB. 27, in**

SCHOOL OF ARTS,

WAUCHOPE.

On **THURSDAY, FEB. 28, in**

SCHOOL OF ARTS,

LAURIETON.

Every Citizen is expected to voice their emphatic protest at these meetings and elsewhere against continuance of the Liquor Traffic.

Let David tell you of the one single piece of legislation which has added most to the sum total of human happiness.

THE JAUNT OF THE OFFICE-RAT.

"Heigho!" sighed the office rat, as he wiped a bead of perspiration from the end of his nose on the side of the waste-paper basket. "I'd like to find a cooler place than this!" Then, remembering that he had heard something of a harbor picnic on that very Saturday afternoon, he brushed his whiskers and cleaned his toe-nails and, despite the heat, sallied forth in quest of a less humid atmosphere than that of Sydney city.

Not knowing the location of the wharf, he, as a sensible rat would do, "followed his nose," and, incidentally, a big can of ice-cream! "Which," thought he, "must be going somewhere, and that 'somewhere' will be good enough for me!"

So when at last the ice-cream can was dumped down on a launch, "quick was the word and sharp the motion" with that rat, for at the sound of "All aboard!" he sprang nimbly on board too, and lo and behold! he was in the "driest" that could have been found in Sydney by any rat, i.e., a Prohibition picnic party!

Concluding, very wisely, that "his luck was in," he amused himself by studying the shapes, and sizes and degrees of shabbiness of the shoes of the company, and concluded that some of these present had been stinting their shoe purchases, for some were wearing half-soled shoes who, in his opinion, would rather have appeared in footwear of the latest mode.

"Funny creatures, these folk, to go without what they want, so that other people may go without what they want! Bit of a puzzle! Give it up!"

Anyway, he was on the "driest" boat in the Harbor, with a chance of seeing the interstate yacht race and the new speed-boat, the Lady Syd.

The water roughened by a pleasant breeze, and further enlivened by the movement of the white sails as the yachts sped on their way, the closer view of the beauties of the foreshores, the landing at Shark Island, the tea and happy chat, the sheer friendliness of all, make up a delightful memory, even to an office rat who, although not able to comprehend the wise sayings of the speakers at the meeting, held later on the launch, was quite capable of understanding the preliminary notice of another picnic! "Which would be quite as good as this, only more of it! And I'll be there, you bet!" said he to himself.

"More ice-cream?"

"No; all eaten up!"

Then in the gathering twilight the "driest" people in Sydney dispersed to the four winds, and the office rat went back to dream of all the "dry" times ahead.

He remembered all the quiet old times in the "Rats' Hole," in the basement at the corner of Park-street, and contrasted those days with the present bustle and drive of business at headquarters. Then he winked one eye for the benefit of space and concluded that the Temperance crowd were "making good."

MARY L. MOPPETT.

Pages 5 and 6

missing from book.

ALWAYS IN DEMAND:

GRIFFITHS BROS.'**Signal Cocoa****EVIDENCE—OPTIMISTS—A GREAT MAN—DRY VICTORY.****UNSOLICITED GUIDANCE.**

One parrot cry of the Liquor Party is "Prohibition doesn't prohibit." The Prime Minister of South Africa is not foolish enough to cry with the parrots, as this paragraph from the "Sun," 4/2/24, goes to prove:

WINE INDUSTRY HIT. SMUTS'S DRASTIC BILL.

CAPETOWN, February 2. The collapse of the wine industry in South Africa has led the Prime Minister (General Smuts) to frame a bill providing that in districts where 75 per cent. of the farmers are members of a co-operative association, no person shall be entitled, under a penalty of £500, to purchase wine for distilling, except through the association, which must sell to all bona fide distillers, without differentiation of price. Wine must mature for three years before sale.

Urban members of Parliament will probably oppose the bill, owing to the element of compulsion, but as the farmers' representatives preponderate, the bill will probably be carried.

Dry America and other factors have caused a glut on the wine market. That is why the Prime Minister of South Africa proposes that the wine-growers should form associations in each district, and sell at a fixed price.

From the cable message it looks as if the scheme is an attempt to keep wine up at a fair price, and save the growers from ruin.

* * *

AN OPTIMIST AT EIGHTY. Here's to all optimists. They are the salt of the earth. I am not now en-

gaging in that delightful practice of blowing my own trumpet. I admit that it being my trumpet I can get a better tune out of it than can anybody else. No, when I call for cheers for the optimists I am afraid I am not of those whom I praise. Optimists are born, not made. The best I can do when things look "blue" is to "crack hardy" and make desperate efforts to catch a glimpse of the silver lining.

To-day an old man with the weight of eighty years on his shoulders came into my office. Eighty years! A long look back, to be sure, when he looks back along the path of his life. He has toiled, indeed slaved is the correct word, for over fifty years in the service of his fellows, and to-day as he stands near the end of his long journey he proclaims his faith in his belief that "Good shall triumph." His visit was good for me.

YOU HAVE TO DO WITHOUT

Something else if you pay big fees for your dental work.

MY FEES ARE VERY FAIR.

DENTIST REANEY

OPP. GRACE BROS.

OPEN FRIDAY NIGHTS.

M1420

A frail little man he is, so frail that I wondered at the remarkable vitality housed in so small a body. The storms of life have marked him with the scars which are the portion of those who press straight on with their faces ever toward the light. Now you able-bodied men and women, you folk who are in the prime of life, listen. This old man came to say: "Find me work in your great movement. I hate to be idle; my joy is in service."

Alas! this job of fighting Booze is not for such as this old man. His workday has closed. This fight is yours and mine. "Quit you like men and be strong."

* * *

WET CHICAGO. Chicago, the city which will forever be associated with meat-canning

factories, is often quoted as one of the examples of how badly Prohibition works. To read some reports, you would think that the dries had no punch at all in Chicago. Now newspapers may print screaming headlines, but in an election it is votes, not shouting, that wins. An election has just been held in Chicago. The two candidates were pronounced in their views on the question of Prohibition. Here is the result of the two elections, as taken from the "International Record":

Chicago.—A most determined effort was made by the wets to defeat William H. Gemmill, but he secured the judgeship of the Superior Court by a good majority. The actual figures were:

William H. Gemmill (Dry), R.... 219,712
Charles A. Williams (Wet), D.... 208,395

Dry majority 11,317

The wets also made a determined stand against Miss Mary M. Bartelme, who stood for the judgeship of the Circuit Court. The result, however, was again favorable to the dries.

Miss Mary M. Bartelme (Dry) R. 206,140
J. J. Normogle (Wet), D. 192,692

Dry majority 13,448

* * *

THE PASSING OF WOODROW WILSON.

Another great figure, in the person of Woodrow Wilson, has passed from the glare of the world's stage. All parties in America have paid tributes to his memory, and from all the world messages of sympathy have been received by Mrs. Wilson. Wilson will be known to history not so much for what he did as for what he attempted. There was a moment—and even at this short distance moment is the correct term—when every nation waited upon his every word. Then, when at the zenith of his power, he was struck down with illness, and the next moment he fell from being the hero of the masses of the world to the most pathetic figure on the world's stage. I believe history will call him great. He was a sincere seeker after the best method to solve the world's problems, and as such his death spells to the world a distinct loss.

PASS "GRIT" ON.

A Personal Chat with my readers

DUMB ANIMALS. To remember the sparrow—unattractive, commercially worthless, without song—is a Godlike thing, since no sparrow falls to the ground unnoticed by God. The Bible is packed with references to animals, God's care of them and our responsibility for them.

A book of twenty chapters has been written about the birds of the Bible alone.

Our Lord so often speaks of animals, and finds even something good to say of the serpent, which is at least wise.

The Royal Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has for the last four years issued a call to the churches to set apart a Sunday on which to emphasise our humane responsibilities to animals.

"A righteous man is kind to his beast" is a scripture that needs to be revived in the public mind.

Humane Sunday this year falls on March 2, and is to be followed by a be-kind-to-animals week, which will be opened by the new Governor in the Sydney Town Hall on March 7. There will be an exhibition of children's pets.

In spite of the good work of the Society, there is still much brutality and unpardonable cruelty to animals.

I often wonder if you consider that a canary, as an innocent prisoner, ought to have something more than "dry bread and water"—for that is all seed and water is. Have you ever taken the trouble to find out what a canary likes, or, indeed, what any pet likes? Cruelty does not hurt less because the person is ignorant of the extent of their cruelty.

The last figures I have show that in 1921 there were 78 convictions for cruelty to animals. In 1922 it rose to 102.

In the city of St. Louis, U.S.A., with a population of about 800,000, in 1917, before Prohibition, there were 135 convictions for cruelty to animals. In 1922 there were only 10.

This encourages us to think that we Prohibitionists promise to make the very largest contribution to the fulfilment of the aims of the Society.

* * *

MY BUSINESS. What is your business? There is a shop-window in Park-street into which I always look with interest. It is bright with gems, and specially with opals, but in addition there are always some choice flowers. The owner for some time had this notice in the window:

"I earn my living as a jeweller; I find my pleasure in growing flowers."

Something to that effect. Now what is your business?

A famous American business man used to say his business was to win men to believe in the Lord Christ, and he packed pork to pay expenses.

Now what is the real business of your life, the thing round which all else revolves, and to which all lesser things give way? Those who have never settled this question are like

THE GREAT PICNIC
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23rd
Get Your Tickets Early.

**The Biggest, Brightest and Best
Picnic Ever Held.**
See Page 3.

a ship without a rudder—they are the creatures of circumstance, and get nowhere.

To love someone more dearly every day,
To help a wandering child to find his way,
To ponder o'er some noble thought and pray,
And smile when evening comes—this is my task.

To follow truth as blind men long for light,
To do my best from dawn of day till night,
To keep my heart fit for His holy sight,
And answer when God calls—this is my task.

* * *

BROTHERHOOD. To hate and to hurt rouses all that is bad even in the best of us; to love and be kind disarms us and places us under obligation to reciprocate.

The hope of the world is that, weary of strife and the failure to accomplish any single good thing, we may turn to the Master Method, set out by the Lord Christ. We can at least make a contribution to world niceness, and the atmosphere in which hate and war languish.

Courtesy, good manners, chivalry—they are counted out-of-date, and their going is due to the disregard of the Wonder Man and His teaching. Clara Codd puts it very well when she says:

"The essence of good manners is love. They spring from an unselfish heart, which has inspired the mind to picture what effect a word or deed will have upon another, and willingly to sacrifice self-gratification or personal assertion which will wound or hinder. The original meaning of the word gentleman is just what it connotes, a gentle man.

Loyalty is the essence of good manners,

GRIT

A JOURNAL OF
NATIONAL EFFICIENCY
AND PROHIBITION

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

Editor—ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.
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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, FEB. 21, 1924.

splendid, unshakable loyalty to principles, or to a friend. That is why the tradition of good manners forbids the discussion of those of whose hospitality we have partaken."

Manners are the happy ways of doing things; each one a stroke of genius or of love, now repeated or hardened into usage.

The Editor

GOOD COUGH MIXTURE RECIPE.

A family supply of wonderfully good mixture for colds, bronchitis, asthma, whooping cough and sore throats may be made in a few moments by adding Heenzo to sweetened hot water, in accordance with directions printed on the label. The quantity of mixture so made would, if bought in the ordinary way in a lot of little bottles, cost anything from 12/- to £1 or more, according to quality. Heenzo costs only 2/-, and money cannot buy anything better. Try it.

Heenzo Cough Diamonds are for those who do not require a family supply of mixture.—0.

THE BEEHIVE NOVELTY STORES

YOU CAN SAVE MONEY ON
XYLO WARE, BRUSHWARE, FANCY
GOODS, NOVELTIES AND TOYS,
DIP TOYS, STREAMERS, BALLOONS,
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THE PASSING OF THE BOOZING PRESSMAN.

A STUDY IN SOCIAL DYNAMICS.

(By ONE OF THEM, for "Grit.")

The boozing pressman is fast becoming a thing of the past. In a few more years the hard-drinking journalist will survive merely as an object of antiquarian interest—one of the indices of a state of civilisation from which the community will have emerged definitely and finally.

There are still boozing pressmen—mostly men in middle age, who formed their habits in the days when hard-drinking was still endured with much good-natured tolerance. But where formerly the practice of Bacchic rites was so common as to be well-nigh universal in the world of journalism, and, indeed, in the wider world of letters and art generally, to-day it is, comparatively speaking, so rare as to excite notice and adverse comment if it be at all pronounced.

Do not misunderstand me. I am not asserting that the majority of present-day journalists are teetotallers. I should say that the contrary is the case. The great majority of writers take alcoholic liquor, but they do so in moderation; they believe, rightly or wrongly, that an occasional whisky or a glass of wine acts as a stimulant and does them good, and in so far as auto-suggestion can affect the matter, no doubt it does do them good. But hard-drinking as a regular practice is unknown to them. It is possible that some of the younger and more ebullient spirits amongst them may have an occasional "booze-up," but such an occurrence is very rare, and it never nowadays extends beyond the evening. Of drinking bouts they know, thank God, nothing.

Furthermore, I am inclined to think that an increasing number of pressmen, though not teetotallers, are Prohibitionists. That is to say, given the choice, they would vote in favor of Prohibition, because education, rectitude, and a sense of responsibility convince them that the liquor traffic is a social curse productive of nothing that is good.

One thing is certain. Whatever may have been the case in the past, the boozing pressman to-day has no chance whatever in his profession; once he has earned the reputation of being a hard drinker, he will be unable to secure permanent employment on the staff of any serious newspaper. He sinks to the level of a tout, earning a precarious livelihood by free-lancing. In the eyes of his brethren, he has "gone to the pack"—he is a "has-been."

"THE GOOD OLD DAYS."

The reasons for this remarkable change will be considered presently, but the fact that it has taken place seems to give the lie, in every respect, at any rate, to the common assertion that the British press has deteriorated. I hope to convince the reader, before concluding this review, that it has become nothing of the sort.

Meanwhile, consider the contrast between the conditions I have described and those which obtained in "the good old days." When I entered journalism, nearly a quarter of a century ago, the first indications of the coming change were beginning to be perceptible, but were still so indefinite as to be only clearly discernible in the light of subsequent events.

The all-night pubs for pressmen in Fleet-street were crowded. If you were a sub-editor on a morning daily and too busy to go out for supper, a "devil" would take your can to the pub and bring you back your supper beer. I wonder how many "subs" in Sydney send out for their supper beer nowadays, and how long they would last at their jobs if they did? When you had finished your work, you would as a matter of course go to the night pub for a drink, and there,

THE GREAT PICNIC SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23rd

Get Your Tickets Early.

The Biggest, Brightest and Best
Picnic Ever Held.

See Page 3.

meeting others upon a similar quest bent, would surrender to the spirit of conviviality. You were a good fellow, don't you know, and the cult of the Elusinian mysteries was an orthodox rite which proclaimed you such.

Everybody drank. The principal leader-writer on one of the most important of London's morning newspapers—a member of Parliament, a clever statesman whose name is familiar to everybody—used, in those days, to have a bottle of whisky at his elbow as he wrote his article, and there was nobody in Fleet-street in those days who could write a better leader than he. When he had finished his article, he would roll onto a heap of newspapers under a table in his room and sleep off the fumes of his liquor. That man was, in every sense of the word, a brilliant journalist. Later he ran a weekly newspaper of his own which was eagerly read by tens of thousands of people. But if any leader-writer to-day needed a sleep on a heap of newspapers after completing his article, it is doubtful whether the article would see print, and it is certain that its author would quickly cease to be a leader-writer.

When I was a young reporter on a Conservative morning paper in New Zealand, our chief-of-staff—he was called "Chief Reporter" in those simpler days—used to get drunk three times a day, at 12.30, at 5.30, and

at 11 p.m. But he always managed to turn in his work; he never missed anything, and he was one of the best all-round journalists I ever knew. Nevertheless, such a man would to-day have no chance whatever of employment on an important newspaper. He had held down his job for thirty-five years, and died some years ago of apoplexy.

Peace be to his ashes!

Take, by way of contrast, another case. Some five or six years ago, after leaving the army, I was employed on the staff of a very great London newspaper. One of my colleagues, whose name was known all over the British Empire as one of the most brilliant writers of the day, used to have a periodical very heavy drinking bout which would last three or four days. To-day his name is forgotten. I, alas, dropped out of London journalism for the same reason; a few years ago I was making well over £1000 a year; to-day I am scratching for a living.

WHAT IS THE REASON?

It would be easy to go on piling up reminiscences and multiplying examples, but it is unnecessary and distasteful to do so. I have said enough to illustrate the conditions which used to prevail, and to establish the contrast to which I have drawn attention. The boozing pressman of old was in no sense a bad fellow. He was usually a man of outstanding ability, of catholic tastes, of wide reading, of mature experience and a sound knowledge of the world; a man generous, kindly, and impulsive—of those qualities which often lead us into temptation, for, let me be frank with you, oh reader, the man who falls not into temptation is not always as fine or as lovable a character as the one who does. Many good folk are good simply because they lack the imagination or the courage to be anything else.

(Continued on page 15).

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FROM ALL THE WORLD COMES ITEMS OF INTEREST.

(AS REPORTED BY THE "INTERNATIONAL RECORD.")

ITALY.

Below will be found an extract from the text of the Royal Decree which modifies the rules appertaining to the public sale of alcoholic liquors in Italy. Art. 1: The relation between the number of licenses and the number of inhabitants (formerly 1 to 500) is now one per thousand inhabitants. 2: Licenses to be distinctly personal and non-transferable. 3: Temporary licenses to be prohibited. 4: Hours of opening by dealers selling for consumption alcoholic beverages (exclusive) are fixed at 10 and 11 on ordinary days and festivals (holidays) respectively. Closing hours are fixed at 11 p.m. from May 15 to October 31, and 10 p.m. from November 1 to May 14. The sale of all alcoholic beverages (including wine and beer) is, moreover, prohibited out of such hours in every cafe, bar, restaurant, inn, etc. The Decree is interesting as showing that this question of alcoholism is receiving serious attention, the whole tendency of legislation being towards the elimination of this traffic from the commerce of nations.

The innkeepers and others of Tivoli, members of the Federation of Fascistes Syndicates of Latium, have decided to close their places of business at three o'clock every Sunday. The President of the Council, M. Mussolini, has telegraphed to the Secretary of the Federation as follows: "I read your decision, and approve in every way of it. You have done a good thing. The abuse of wine and of spirits must not corrupt and provoke the degeneracy of the race. I assure you of my sympathy and declare that my Government will take note of your initiative."

LATVIA.

Prior to the war there were in Latvia over 25 temperance societies, and a newspaper inquiry solicited the information that there would be about 8000 total abstainers. The war stopped the machinery of all these organisations, and it is only now that they can be said to be again really energetic and vital factors in the social organism of the country. In the autumn of 1922 a very successful Temperance Congress was organised which was attended by delegates from both Esthonia and Finland. In 1923 another Temperance Congress was held which proved most helpful, and was largely attended. It is proposed to issue a Temperance Journal so as to more widely spread news of the work and principles of the Temperance Movement. There is every sign of good progress being made, especially remembering that there is closer co-operation with Lithuania and Esthonia in all this enterprise.

LITHUANIA.

On June 3, 1922, the Lithuanian Parliament passed a Local Option Bill, but it is

claimed that the people do not make use of their powers in this direction. Notwithstanding this, the number of drinking places has been reduced under this law. In 1921 there were 1044 places for sale of intoxicating liquors, but in 1923 this had dropped to 848. The Catholic Temperance Society, founded in 1907, has about 120 branches (one of them with 3000 members) for adults, and about 250 branches for children. The Lutherans, Methodists, Greek-Orthodox Church, the Poles, Russians, and White Russians are also busily engaged in temperance work, and a closer co-operation is planned among all Christian churches in the Republic.

MEXICO.

Mr. Virgil Hinshaw and Mr. Charles H. Randell, representing the World Prohibition Federation, have been touring Mexico in the interests of the Prohibition Movement. At Guadalajara, the second largest city in Mexico, they addressed the local Congress, and later went on to see the Governor, who stated that he had been opposed to alcohol all his life. He agreed to act as Chairman of the Prohibition forces of the State. When they reached Mexico City, the Secretary of State received them officially, and invited them to attend the Independent Day Reception given by the President in the Grand Palace. It was only by virtue of the President's tag upon their motor car that they were able to make their way through the densest mob they had witnessed since Chicago Day at the World's Fair, in 1893. President Obregon consented to become Hon. President of the Prohibition Associates. In their official report Messrs. Hinshaw and Randall state that "Mexico is on the 'water waggon.' One large State voted dry three months ago, and in three years it will be bone-dry. Another State lacked one vote in the Legislature for going dry, but it is expected that it will go bone-dry within a year. In another State license has been made so high that the saloon has been driven out from every town, with one exception. The Mexican Government, whether headed by General Calles or General de la Huerta, will favor Prohibition."

NORWAY.

The Norwegian Storting has made a new Prescription Law, which is reported to the "International Record" as follows:

Owing to the prescription scandal in Norway, some doctors have issued as many as 30,000 prescriptions for liquor in a year. A new law has, therefore, been proposed by the Social Minister, Herr Klingenberg, who has had the support of the Storting for his measure. The chief clause in the statute is that which concerns all persons of more than 25 years, who will be permitted to get, without prescription, half a bottle of Braunvin

(whisky) per quarter, to be used as a medicine. It is considered by the temperance people that though this law is far from being good, nevertheless it is better than the present law, which leaves such a wide margin for violations.

PORTO RICO.

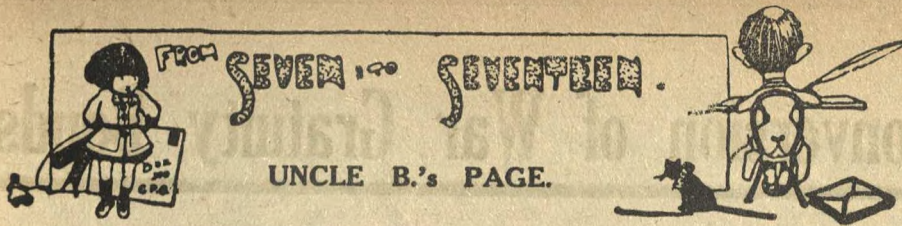
In 1917 Prohibition was adopted in Porto Rico by a popular vote, when 102,423 votes were cast for Prohibition, and 64,227 against. Mr. Gardener L. Harding, writing from San Juan, in an article in the "Christian Science Monitor"—the article is an interview with one of the Cabinet Ministers of Porto Rico—says: "There is a good deal of liquor still in Porto Rico and quite a consistent home consumption of it. But no strong element in any party wants to abrogate Prohibition or amend it—at least they do not care to go on record in favor of such a preference—and the politicians who best know Porto Rican sentiment are all for it. Yes, it would win again if it came up, but I doubt if it ever will come up again. It is settled here. It is settled because the Porto Ricans have a hard enough economic future ahead of them without once more adding alcohol to their troubles. The cantinas (saloons) have vanished so completely that a visitor to-day would hardly know they had ever existed. In their place are "gran fuentes de soda," and all the American soft drinks. In the country an occasional still operates, but they are very few, and their extinction is not considered a serious problem. I do not see on the streets, in the parks, at the ball game, here or anywhere else in Porto Rico, a single person even remotely under the influence of liquor. Prohibition is a great success, and the future of the Porto Rico State is the brightest in tropical America."

ROUMANIA.

There is no doubt that a strong movement against the liquor traffic is on foot in Roumania. M. Ventilla Bratiann, Minister of Finance, speaking in the Senate on November 21, 1923, heartily supported a proposal made by the Archbishop of the Orthodox Church in favor of legislative action to radically curtail the traffic in intoxicating liquors. The Minister stated that the Government is becoming alarmed at the great increased consumption of alcoholic liquors, and the evil flowing therefrom.

The Archbishop's bill proposes to limit the number of liquor saloons and to considerably increase the taxes on spirits and wines. It seeks to divert the use of raw produce (chiefly prunes) from being made into spirits and to financially aid the prune-growers of the State so that they may be able to use their product for purposes other than alcoholic. It is declared by some people that the Government intends to legislate even to the point of Prohibition if it thinks it is in the best interests of the country.

"More men are drowned in the bowl than in the sea."—German proverb.



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 390 G.P.O., Sydney.

GRUMPY.

We all get grumpy sometimes. Mother says we got out of our bed the wrong side.

Father says a dose of castor oil would cure us.

What do you think?

Grumpiness is the evidence that our life has become a stagnant pool. It has grown ugly and dangerous because it is all shut in with selfishness.

The remedy is to make an outlet. The nicest water is that which runs quickest over the hard, rocky bed. Now, you have had, rocky things to do—run over them quickly.

Be a river, don't be a pool.

Do something for somebody, quick. Grumpiness simply can't stand against a little service, a little sacrifice, that will be the channel through which the ugly mood will run away.

If you're feeling sort of fretful. If you're feelin sort o' blue,

If you're apt to be forgetful of the blessin's owned by you,

Then it's time you went to doct'r'in'. For each little burn an' smart;

Give yourself a close inspection in the region of your heart.

If you find that organ coated with a coverin' of hate,

Then the pain can all be routed by a means not intricate;

Take some love and pity, mix 'em thoroughly, with gentle art;

For the blues, one dose'll fix 'em, an' 'twill regulate your heart.

UNCLE B.

OUR LETTER BAG.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Helen Murray, "The Parsonage," 127 Auburn Road, Auburn, writes: May I join your happy family of ne's and ni's? I enjoy reading "Uncle B.'s Page" very much. It is always so interesting, and I often see the letters that some of my friends write. I am 13, and my birthday is on the 3rd of April. I just escaped "April Fool's" Day luckily. I go to Parramatta High School, and I will be in 2nd year when we go back to school. We have one more week. Father is a Methodist minister, and we came to Auburn last April 12 months. We love it here, and the people are so very nice. We have just shifted into a new house, and have had the electric light put on. It is

a lovely parsonage with beautiful grounds, and a very large and lovely house. We have only got to go round the corner to the church, so it is very convenient. One of the rooms is 30 by 27 feet, so we can have lovely evenings and meetings in it. I have a twin brother, and we have been learning music for a little over one quarter, and we like it very much. Have you ever been to Coogee? If you have been, I'm sure you would like it. We went the other day, and the result was that I returned home very sunburnt, as is usually the case when one goes to the seaside. We have two darling little kittens about three months old, and they are very playful and love us to nurse them. I'm sure you must have quite a whole post office practically when your letters come in. I wish I could have a lot from the postman; but one day I got seven, and at first I thought he must have been mistaken, and brought them to the wrong place. There are a great number of young people here, and 300 boys and girls in the Sunday School. There are 38 people in the choir altogether, and 30 go every Sunday night on an average. They have given about five cantatas, which have been very successful. That is a very nice poem, "Wonderful Mother," and the facts are very true.

(Dear Helen,—So you had a narrow escape. Well, a miss is as good as a mile. Your letter is fine. I love hearing about nice, bright, happy churches. Some day I hope to preach in your church.—Uncle B.)

A FISHERMAN.

Frank Playford, Merrylands, Glenreagh, writes: I had a very nice Christmas. I got a cricket bat, a tie, and a whistle. On New Year's Day we went up the mountain, and had some fun. The school holidays are nearly gone, and my word I had some fun in them. I have been fishing a lot lately. One day I got some small ones, and a fair-sized one, and next time I got a fair-sized cod.

(Dear Frank,—So you are a fisherman. I hope when you grow up you will be a fisher of men. That is the greatest job on earth.—Uncle B.)

WHAT TO DO WITH THE DRINK BILL.

Wilga Wallace, 31 May-street, Newtown, writes: This is the first letter I have written since you came back. I wrote once or twice to Uncle A., and got the "Honor Letter." I never found out who Uncle A. was, but I think he is very nice. I would have written before, but I have been busy at the Q.C., which I passed. How do you deal with scallywags under such circumstances? Our holidays are over. There was one thing wrong with them—they were too short. I think it ought to be the other way round—

one month school and eleven months holiday, and I think many of my "Grit" cousins agree with me. But still it is not too bad. I will be having a fortnight next month. Mum and I are going to Taree. We intended going on the 23rd, but we want to go to the picnic, so we are going on the Monday. You asked us a few weeks ago what we would do with the drink bill of N.S.W. for one year? I don't know what I would do, but if I felt the same as I do now I would give you a big lump towards Prohibition, some to Mum, some to Dad, some to my sister and brother, some to my widow auntie, some to the poor, and the rest I keep. I have a lot to be thankful for, Uncle, for not one penny of this great big sum comes from my home. Mum liked the harbor picnic last Saturday, and says there was about 200 people, and it was only just a few met to arrange the picnic next month, as there will be thousands there. She would have taken me to the last one, but she did not think there would be any children there. I hear there was heaps of ice cream, and you were eating it all the time, except when you were talking. I'll help you next time. I wonder how that little girl (who didn't know whether to be sick or eat more ice cream) got on. I suppose she's in bed with a pain. I would chance it.

(Dear Wilga,—Hope to see you at the big picnic. Your letter is fine. I was most interested to read what you would do with the Drink Bill, if that vast amount was yours. It would equal about £3000 an hour for 12 hours each day.—Uncle B.)

CAN I?

Faith Tillyard, "Maitai Lodge," Nelson, N.Z., writes: Will you please cross me off the scallywag list, as I'm sure I must be on it by now? We are staying at Tahuna now, and generally go for two bathes a day. We were going to have the butcher's horse today, only it lost its shoe, so we can't have it till Monday. We brought our Persian cat, Tiki, down to Tahuna with us. He was put in a fruit case and tied to the side of the car, and "meowed" all the way down. I want to know if I can send some jokes for the joke page, because I've got some rather good ones.

(Dear Faith,—In answer to your question, I say certainly you can. I am always glad to get a good joke. You know I do not think your father was very nice to come all the way to Sydney and never come near me. It was not at all nice of him, was it?—Uncle B.)

SO ARE ALL CATS.

Miles Maginnity, Golf Road, Tahunui Nelson, N.Z., writes: I am going to join your family. My birthday is on the 28th of Oct. I am now ten years old. We have a black cat called Darcy. The Tillyards call it Sneak Cat, because it is sneaky.

(Dear Miles.—I am glad to have you join my family, but you are not a cat, so you can't sneak out of the family now you have joined it, so go on writing.—Uncle B.)

(Continued on next page.)

WHERE'S THAT LETTER?

Raymond Mowbray, Kirkconnel, Sunny Corner, writes: I wrote to you a long while ago, but, as I have not seen my letter in "Grit," I expect you did not get it. We had our Sunday School picnic on the 19th of this month. I got a tennis racquet and a pen; my brother, Brian, got a book and a pen; the book is called "The Lighthouse," by Ballantyne. We helped father bring in the hay the other day. One of the horses would not pull, and so the other one jumped forward and broke the traces twice. I went away to Meadow Flat for a week during the holidays, and when I came back I brought a boy home to stay here for another week. I hope you will accept me as one of your nephews. I will be nine years old on February 5.

(Dear Raymond.—You are a brick to write again. I think we must blame the P.O., as I can find no trace of your letter.—Uncle B.)

* * *

SUNDAY SCHOOL HOLIDAYS.

Eden Hubbard, "Hintonholme," Mary Vale, writes: Well, Uncle, I suppose it is time I wrote to you and all "Grit" cousins once more, or I will be on that scallywag list. We have only just now come to our usual family again, as our last Christmas visitor left us the other day, so you can understand why I have not written before now. Well, we have had some rain at last, but we had very little, only 16 points fell at Mary Vale, so we must have been on the edge of it. On Saturday we had our annual swimming carnival at Wellington, at the "Shallows," on the Macquarie River. We had a lovely day, but it was rather cold for the swimming, and they made a big fire out of a big dead tree that had been felled a long time ago, and as soon as they came out of the water they would put their coats on and sit around the fire. They had at the last a 220-yard race, and there were about ten of the men started, and as they went along they kept dropping out until there were only three left to finish the race. I do not know the man's name who won, but they were very tired when they got to the winning post. We had visitors from Bathurst, Orange, Sydney, and from all the Wellington districts, and everybody had a very nice day. Well, Uncle, I am going up for my Sunday School examination on April 15 next. We have had four weeks' holiday from Sunday School because it has been so hot; we only started again Sunday week. Well, I must bring this letter to a close, hoping we win Prohibition.

(Dear Eden.—Yours is a very interesting letter. I am glad to hear of your Sunday School holiday. In America that is the usual plan in many parts. The teachers need the holiday, even if the scholars don't, and I'm sure it works alright.—Uncle B.)

* * *

ALL WELL AFTER HOLIDAYS.

Tiny Hubbard, Hinton Holme, Mary Vale, writes: Just a few lines to let you know we are all here. We started school again today after our long holiday. I enjoyed my Christmas holidays very much, and I did not

Conversion of War Gratuity Bonds

The rate of interest offered is most attractive, and the repayment of the Loan is backed by the resources of all Australia. A better security is not available.

The Government relies for a successful flotation on the merits of the Loan. The terms speak for themselves. Nevertheless, sentiment cannot be entirely overlooked. The War Gratuity was a free gift by the Commonwealth in recognition of honorable services and sacrifice.

The Loan now offered, therefore, has a double appeal—the terms are attractive and the purpose is good.

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The money may be put into the Loan immediately at the Commonwealth Bank and will also be receivable at all Banks, Savings Banks and post Offices.

The Deposit may be 5 per cent. or any greater percentage of the total subscription, and interest at 6 per cent. per annum will be paid on the deposit as from the date it is lodged. The balance of the subscription may be lodged at any time up to 30th May next, and interest thereon will likewise be payable as from date of lodgment.

The interest is free of State income tax.

Commonwealth Treasury,
Melbourne.
February, 1924.

EARLE PAGE,
Commonwealth Treasurer.

like starting again, but now we have started it is all right. Santa Claus did not forget to come to me this Christmas. We have had four weeks holiday from Sunday School, but we started again last Sunday week. When it is very hot we go to the river to have a swim when the sun is gone down. Well, Uncle, I must close now before the post closes.

(Dear Tiny.—It is nice to hear that you had a lovely holiday, and are now at work again and finding it alright. Holidays ought always to make us glad to work again. That is their chief value.—Uncle B.)

* * *

Hope Tillyard, Maitde Lodge, Nelson, writes: You can cross me off the "scallywag list" now. I am staying down at Tahuna, and am having a stunner time. It's stunners in your family. I like reading "Grit," especially pages 11 and 12.

(Dear Hope.—"Stunner" sounds good to me; hope that now you find even there one can have a "stunner" time.—Uncle B.)

TO PARENTS.

Have you realised the importance of instructing your children in matters of sex which every child has a right to know in a clean, wholesome manner? If you want help write to us for some of our penny booklets, and send one shilling in postal note or stamps, with your full address. We can supply booklets for Parents, Boys, Girls, Youths and Maidens. You will never miss a shilling so spent, and your children in years to come will thank you heartily. Rev. R. B. S. Hammond has been using them for past 24 years.

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W. E. WILSON, Hon. Secretary.

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(Writer of "Daily Inspiration.")

"THE OTHER SIDE." "SOUL REST."
"LOVE." "LOVE DIVINE."

Post free, 1/7 each.

If your Bookseller won't get it for you, the Manager of "Grit" will.

William E. Denver, the Mayor of Chicago, has put the whole of the police force of the city, 6,000 officers and men, to enforce Prohibition, and states that Chicago is the largest city in the world thoroughly dry.

PASS "GRIT" ON.



Traffic Cop: "Hey, you! Didn't you hear me yelling for you to stop?"

Auto Fiend: "Oh! Was that you yelling? I thought that was just somebody I had run over."

* * *

A kindly but somewhat patronising landlady inquired of the professor's young bride how she and her husband planned to spend the summer vacation. "Our plans thus far," replied the bride a little distantly, "are only tentative." "How delightful!" the landlady exclaimed. "I'm sure you will enjoy camping out more than anything else you could do."

* * *

A prisoner who had been convicted a dozen times was placed at the bar. "Your worship," he said, "I should like to have my case postponed for a week. My lawyer is ill." "But you were captured with your hand in this gentleman's pocket. What can your counsel say in your defence?" "Precisely so, your Honor. That is what I am curious to know."

* * *

The teacher was trying to give her pupils an illustration of the word "perseverance." "What is it," she asked, "that carries a man along rough roads and smooth roads, up hills, and down through jungles and swamps and raging torrents?" There was a silence, and then Tommy, whose father was a motor-dealer, spoke up. "Please, miss," he said, "there ain't no such car."

* * *

"I've decided on a name for the baby," said the young mother. "I shall call her Euphrosyne." Her husband did not care for the suggestion, but being a tactful fellow he was far too wise to say so. "Splendid," he said, cheerfully. "The first girl I ever loved was called Euphrosyne, and the name will revive pleasant memories." There was a brief silence. Then: "We will call her Elizabeth, after my mother," said the young wife firmly.

THE EASY SEX.

"I wonder why it is a girl can't catch a ball like a man?"

"Oh, a man is so much bigger and easier to catch."

TRUE CHIVALRY.

The genius of a certain Arkansas editor showed itself recently when he printed the following news item in the local columns of his paper:

"Miss Beulah Blank, a Batesville belle of twenty summers, is visiting her twin brother, age thirty-two."

GOING DOWN.

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Gadgett, proudly, "we can trace our ancestors back to—to—well, I don't know exactly who, but we've been descending for centuries."

* * *

PAINT AD.

The Modern Girl's Motto: Save the surface and you save all.

* * *

WHERE SILENCE WAS BEST.

Well-meaning Stranger:—"Perhaps I can help you—there are one or two things I can tell you about your make of car."

Motorist: "Well, keep them to yourself, there are ladies present."

* * *

WAITING FOR INFORMATION.

Tourist: "To what do you attribute your great age?"

Oldest Inhabitant: "I can't say yet, sir. There be several o' them patent medicine companies bargaining wi' me."

* * *

INS AND OUTS.

A taxi-driver recently got the worst of a wordy bout.

An old man with a wheelbarrow wouldn't get out of the way, and the taxi-man shouted: "You ought to be wheeling a pram!"

"And you ought to be in it," replied the old man.

* * *

IMPROVING HIS CHANCES.

Cashier: "I don't believe, dear, that your father will consent to our marriage."

Banker's Daughter: "Oh, yes, he will, after he has examined your books. He will want to keep the money in the family."

* * *

OLDER AND WISER.

"When I was a young man, I worked twelve hours a day."

Son: "I admire your youthful energy, dad, but I admire still more the mature wisdom which led you to stop it."

"THE DAWNING OF THAT DAY."

Everybody should read "The Dawning of That Day"—an inspiring and arresting book, dealing with the world's fast approaching and most stupendous crisis. Send 1/7 to your bookseller for a copy, or to the author, Rev. H. G. J. Howe, Rectory, Gladesville, N.S.W.

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DAILY INSPIRATION.

By FAIRELIE THORNTON.

SUNDAY.

"Have not I sent thee?"—Judges, 6, 14.

If God has told you to do a certain work for Him, you must do it. You may be fully aware of your unfitness, and long for another to do it better, but you have nothing to do with that. God has sent you to do it, and no one else. He will give you all the strength you need to enable you to do it rightly. "My God shall supply all your needs." Do not let self creep in. It is only self that makes you think about it at all, and say you cannot do it. You can do it perfectly well if He tells you to do it, and it is not self-thought. Even if it be spiritual work, and you fear the souls of others may suffer through you, you need not fear. He has called you and He will help you. Only trust to Him, and remember it is not you who do it, but He who works through you. Keep very quiet and calm, and rest in God, then He will not let you feel overwhelmed.—H. Monsell.

MONDAY.

"The Government shall be upon His shoulder."—Isa., 9, 6.

You cannot make the heart restful by stopping its beating. Belladonna will do that, but that is not rest. Let the breath of life come—God's life and strength—and there will be sweet rest. Home ties and family affection will not bring it. Many a heart tried has said: "If this great trouble was only gone, I should have rest." But as soon as one goes another comes. The poor, wounded deer on the mountain side thinks if he could only bathe in the old mountain stream he would have rest. But the arrow is in its flesh, and there is no rest for it till the wound is healed. It is as sore in the mountain lake as on the plain. We shall never have God's rest and peace in the heart till we have given everything up to Christ—even our work—and believe He has taken it all, and we have only to keep still and trust. It is necessary to walk in holy obedience and let Him have the government on His shoulder. Paul said this, "This one thing I do." There is one narrow path for us all—Christ's will and work for us.

TUESDAY.

A short time before Spurgeon's death he received a blackmailing letter, hinting at some exposure about to be made. Spurgeon replied: "Paint it on the sky. I have nothing to conceal." After receiving a thorough training in citizenship do not expect that no one will find fault with you because there is no fault in you. It will hate you the more the less hateful you are. Citizens with shady political tricks cannot bear to see a man succeed by clean, righteous methods. Train yourself to the place where you can say: "Paint it on the sky, I have nothing to conceal." Then do your best and leave results with God.

"And so I say, if I have tried
To do my best, I need not fear.
When that dark veil is turned aside,
If I have lived up to the right
As I could see, it, all is well;
Although on earth I lost the fight."

WEDNESDAY.

"Be careful for nothing; but in everything by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God."—Phil., 6, 6.

Commit means to hand over, to trust wholly to another. So, if we give our trials to Him He will carry them. If we walk in righteousness He will carry us through.

"Humble yourselves, therefore, under the mighty hand of God that He may exalt you in due time." There are two hands there—God's hand pressing us down, humbling us, and then God's hand lifting us up. Cast all your care on Him, then His hand will lift you up, exalt you in due time. There are two cares in this verse—your care and His care. They are different in the original. One means anxious care, the other means Almighty care. Cast your anxious care on Him and take His Almighty care instead. Make no account of trouble any more, but believe He is able to sustain you through it. The government is on His shoulder. Believe that, if you trust and obey Him, and meet His will, He will look after your interests. Simply exchange burdens. Take His yoke upon you and let Him care for you.

THURSDAY.

Happy is that people whose God is the Lord.—Ps., 144, 15.

There is no man so happy as the Christian. When he looks up unto Heaven, he thinks, "This is my home; the God that made it and owns it is my Father; the angels, more glorious in nature than myself, are my attendants; mine enemies are my vassals." Yea, those things which are the terriblest of all to the wicked are most pleasant to him. When he hears God thunder above his head, he thinks, "This is the voice of my Father." When he remembereth the tribunal of the best judgment, he thinks, "It is my Saviour that sits in it." When death, he esteems it but as the angel set before Paradise, which, with one blow, admits him to eternal joy. And (which is most of all) nothing in earth or hell can make him miserable. There is nothing in the world worth envying, but a Christian.—Bishop Hall.

FRIDAY.

Horace Bushell said, "There is no greater mistake than to suppose that Christians can impress the world by agreeing with it." "If you will go," says one, "to the banks of a little stream and watch the flies that come to bathe in it, you will notice that, while they plunge their bodies in the water, they keep their wings high out of the water, and, after swimming about a little while, they fly away with their wings unwet, through the sunny air."

If we would move the world upward we must keep the soul's wings "high out" of worldliness, unclogged with shady occupations, unfettered by questionable amusements, and unhindered by the noxious gases Satan is sure to breathe upon them.

SATURDAY.

(Jesus) . . . looked up to heaven.—Mark 6, 41.

In working for God, first look to heaven. It is a grand plan. Over and over again, our Lord Jesus Christ looked to heaven and said, "Father." Let us imitate Him. Although standing on the earth, let us have our conversation in heaven. Before you go out, if you would feed the world, if you would be a blessing in the midst of spiritual dearth and famine, lift up your head to heaven. Then your very face will shine, your very garments will smell of myrrh and aloes and cassia out of the ivory palaces where you have been with your God and Saviour. There will be stamped upon you the dignity and power of the service of the Most High God.—McNeill.

PROHIBITION USHERED IN NEW AND BETTER DAY.

SAYS LABOR JOURNAL.

"When the Federation of Labor claims to speak for the American Labor Movement and make decisions which are repugnant to the highest ideals of important Labor organizations outside of the Federation, we are under a moral obligation to express our disapproval lest by our silence we lend consent," says the "Locomotive Engineers' Journal."

"We refer specifically to the acts of the Portland Convention in putting Labor's stamp of approval upon the booze business and in condemning the one independent, reliable Labor news service in the United States because it was not controlled by the present executives of the A.F. of L."

"By a divided viva voce vote the Convention adopted the recommendation of the Executive Council calling for the manufacture and sale of 'wholesome' beer and light wines, condemning 'inhumane efforts' to suppress the liquor traffic, and ridiculing Prohibition enforcement officers."

"We believe that Prohibition has ushered in a new day for the workers of America; that it is enabling them and their families to enjoy comforts that they never could afford when a part of the pay envelope went for booze; that Labor must choose between putting its money over the saloon bar or putting it into Labor co-operative banks; and that the 'wholesome' wines and beer recommended by the A.F.L. Convention constitute the precise reason why millions of workers in Europe have never been able to secure as high a standard of living as have American workers—their brains are so pickled in alcohol that they cannot think straight. No man ever yet improved his lot by taking poison into his system."

LIQUOR INTERESTS IN LEAGUE WITH EXPLOITERS OF LABOR.

"We further charge that the liquor interests of this country have always been in league with the most ruthless exploiters of labor and the worst corrupters of our political life. As a prominent Denver Labor leader, quoted in a recent issue of the 'New Republic,' states: 'In Denver we had 108 Unions meeting in twenty-eight different places, mostly above saloons. We could not get together because the liquor interests didn't want to see us bunched. But when the State went dry, we were able to put it over, and now we have a splendid Labor temple, owned and controlled by the local Unions.' Count up for yourself the Labor temples that have been erected since the coming of Prohibition. As the late John Mitchell, beloved leader of the United Mine Workers, declared: 'Tear down a saloon and in its place build a factory.'"

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The Passing of the Boozing Pressman—

(Continued from page 9.)

What, then, are the reasons for the disappearance of the boozing pressman? He was, in several respects, a more estimable person than his more sober brother, and yet we will nowadays have none of him. Why?

The reasons are not far to seek. Modern journalism, with its intense competition, is a much more hectic business than was the journalism of a quarter of a century ago. It calls for a greater expenditure and a greater reserve of nerve force, and heavy drinking destroys that reserve. The drinking journalist cannot nowadays stand the pace. He is unreliable. Whatever the brilliance of his capacities, they are of little value if he be missing when he is most required. In the old days, every journalist was a thoroughly trained all-round man, who could take up any job and act as substitute

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See Page 3.

for any colleagues at a moment's notice. To-day pressmen, in an ever-increasing degree, are becoming specialists, and where Tom is required for a given job, Dick will not do just as well. So Tom must be absolutely reliable. If he is not, he will not hold down any job in a newspaper office.

These are the proximate reasons for the change here noted, but there are others even more important from a sociological point of view. The press world, in common with all other sections of the community, is becoming more civilised, and, in so doing, is coming more and more to a realisation of the essential necessity for moderation and sobriety in all things. That is one of the results, which will become more and more apparent as time proceeds, of the spread of education to the masses. Intemperance was at one time looked upon with good-humored tolerance; the host who allowed his men guests to leave the table with steady legs was guilty of a breach of hospitality. To-day, intemperance is looked upon with contempt, and leads to social ostracism. All thoughtful pressmen with anything like a sense of responsibility see very clearly that excessive drinking is one of the greatest drags upon the progress and uplifting of the community, and they know that in the long run it means deterioration of the higher intellectual and moral faculties. Such being the case, they are becoming more and more opponents of a traffic which is harmful to the mass of the people. And this brings us



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back to the assertion that the press has deteriorated. The assertion is untenable. But whereas a generation or two ago the masses were largely illiterate, and the papers appealed to a small intellectual clientele almost exclusively confined to the upper classes, to-day they derive their support from an educated democracy, and they have had to change their style and their methods accordingly. Fifty years ago the news in a great newspaper consisted of high politics,

naval and military intelligence, Court and fashionable news, and a survey of the money market; the interests of the mass of the people were ignored. To-day, the newspapers are full of news affecting every phase of popular life and activities, and they contain more news, and are more accurately informed than they ever were. They may lack the fine classic periods of former days, but I have yet to learn that classic periods constitute good journalism.

GOMPERS REBUFFED.

The Oregon State Federation of Labor refuses to allow Sam Gompers into the beer camp. The American Federation of Labor again declared for the modification of the Eighteenth Amendment through legalising the manufacture and sale of beer. The Oregon State Federation at its convention passed a resolution without opposition declaring for the strict enforcement of the national Prohibition law. The resolution was introduced at the request of the State Federation of Women's Clubs. The President of the State Federation of Labor and other officials, as well as the rank and file of the membership, are outspokenly for dry enforcement.

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See Page 3.

LAW ENFORCEMENT WINS.

Porter H. Dale, former Congressman for the Second Vermont District, was elected United States Senator for Vermont in the November elections over Park H. Pollard, winning by more than two to one. Dale ran on a dry law enforcement platform. His opponent had gone on record in favor of modification of the Volstead act to permit the use of light wines and beer.

ALCOHOLIC POISONING.

A score of physicians interviewed by the "Christian Science Monitor" attack the statement of Dr. S. Dana Hubbard, Director of Public Health in New York, that Prohibition is wrong, that it has many social and hygienic sins to answer for, and that it has caused numerous increases in the numbers of deaths from alcohol poisoning.

According to these physicians, Dr. Hubbard's article, written for a medical publication and so freely seized upon by a wet press, is merely another instance of a widespread effort to break down Prohibition.

A national campaign for another national referendum on the question of Prohibition is being organised in Sweden.

At the New York Federal Court, on December 5, 1923, Emanuel Kessler, a wealthy man, called the "King of the Bootleggers," with five other members of the liquor gang, were each sent to prison for various offences against the Prohibition Law.

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A record sentence for violating the Prohibition Law in the United States was passed upon a hotelkeeper in Carthers (Cal.), who has been sent to prison for four years and forty days.

John Dunville, an Irish whisky distiller, while in America admitted to a press reporter that owing to Prohibition the consumption of his product has fallen off 75 per cent. since 1919. Who said Prohibition doesn't prohibit?

The "American Clipseet" states: "There is hardly anything blacker in the history of international relations than the accomplished bullying of Norway and other Scandinavian countries by the producers of wine."

At the annual meeting of the National Grange, the great farmers' organisation of America, the National Master, Sherman J. Lowell, speaking in support of Prohibition, said: "As for the Grange, we say: Here is the law, enforce it."