

Grit.

A JOURNAL OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY AND PROHIBITION

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SYDNEY, JUNE 14, 1923.

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SURVEY OF THE EFFECTS OF PROHIBITION ON FAMILY WELFARE

74 PER CENT AVERAGE DECREASE
IN DRINK CASES COMING TO CHARITY ORGANIZATIONS
comparison:— 1917 (wet) 1922 (dry)

	DECREASE
St. Louis, Missouri	84.5
Chicago, Illinois	69.9
Boston, Massachusetts	72.6
Pawtucket, Rhode Island	82.4
Atlantic City, New Jersey	81.4
Newport, Rhode Island	46.7
Portland, Maine	97.4
Cleveland, Ohio	67.3
New York City	68.8
Washington, D.C.	71.7
Rochester, New York	88.2
Providence, Rhode Island	100.0
Lexington, Kentucky	79.5
Fitchburg, Massachusetts	99.5
Portland, Oregon	60.3



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WILL PROHIBITION AFFECT AUSTRALIAN VINEYARDS ?

(By R. W. BOWEY, for "Grit.")

Mr. Bowey has a personal intimate knowledge of this subject. His conclusions are based upon experience of an expert nature.

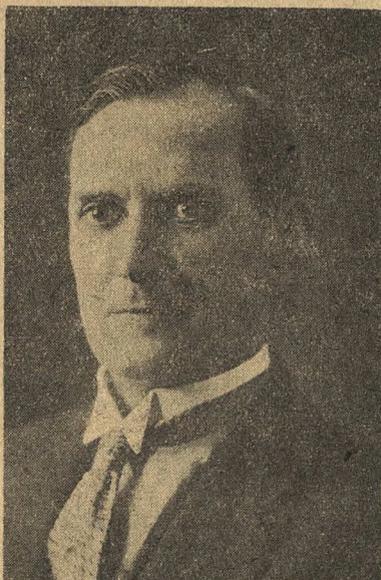
According to the Commonwealth Year Book for 1922, there were 81,165 acres under vines in the Commonwealth in 1921, about half of which was planted with wine grapes and the other half with table and drying varieties. This area has since been increased by from 10,000 to 12,000 acres, the majority of which has been planted with grapes suitable for drying.

The production of wine in Australia has not increased as rapidly as the suitability of soil and climate would appear to warrant. The cause of this is probably twofold, being in the first place due to the fact that the Australians are not a wine-drinking people, and, consequently, do not provide an extensive local market for the product, and, in the second, to the fact that the wines of Australia (even though extensively advertised in England and other countries) find it difficult to establish a footing in the markets of the old world, owing to the competition of well-known brands, produced by nations who are much nearer the market, and can consequently place their wines on the markets of importing countries much cheaper than Australia can. According to Ridley's reports of Southward and Restell's sales during the last twelve months, Spanish Burgundies have been sold as low as £6 a pipe of 115 gallons in bond London, equal to about 1/- a gallon in bond. Supposing a London buyer decides to bottle his own Spanish wine, he can, through a broker or agent, buy five hogsheads or less, and have it landed in his cellar in at most eight or ten days, and if he finds it selling readily he telegraphs for more. Should the sale fall off he drops it. The merchant dealing in Australian wine, however, has to face the fact that he is 12,000 miles from his source of supplies, and has to carry five or six times the stock—bearing interest on cost of wine, cask, freight, and duty—for a very much longer period. Again, casks for Australian wine, which cost, roughly, 1/- per gallon (60/- each) have to be sold in London for 5/- each, as freight and duty are too expensive to return them here. The Spanish casks can be returned with advantage to all concerned.

A point vitally affecting the Australian wine industry is the treaty arranged between Great Britain and Portugal, and known as the Anglo-Portuguese Commercial Treaty

Act 1916, by which Portugal was granted the sole right and use of the word "Port" as applied to wines. This meant the complete extinction of Australian claims to put their port wines and allied types on the markets of the Motherland and her Crown colonies.

We often hear the statement made that the chief industries of Australia are wheat, wool, and wine, and so I was surprised when looking through the Commonwealth Year



MR. R. W. BOWEY.

Book to find that wine is not even mentioned among the chief exports of Australia, because of its smallness when compared to the productions and exports from pastoral, agricultural, dairying and mining. The value of wine exported amounts to only about 1/500 of Australia's exports.

The value of wine exported from the Commonwealth for the year ending June 30, 1922, amounted to only £160,965, which is very unsatisfactory for those interested considering the amount produced. It must be remembered that although high duties have to be paid for the importation of wines and spirits into the Commonwealth, an amount in value almost equal to our exports, is being imported, which is giving those concerned some uneasiness. Only a few weeks ago a deputation waited on the Federal authorities stating that a large amount

of French brandy was being imported into Australia in spite of the fact that there was 31/- a gallon duty on same, and asking that the excise duty of 26/- a gallon should be reduced by 5/- to enable them to compete with the imported article.

Any person who faces the position without bias must realise that the outlook for the Australian wine vineyards are not at all bright, as more vines are coming into production, and our exports of wine are falling off. France, with her 4,000,000 acres of wine vineyards is now producing, together with Spain and Italy, more than enough to supply all the requirements of Europe and England, and other importing countries. Last year France had to divert 15 per cent. of her wine production to industrial alcohol. If France can place her spirits on our local markets (paying freight on 12,000 miles, and high duties) in competition with our own spirits, what hope have we to compete with her 12,000 miles away and near her own place of production?

When in England a few months ago I interviewed the South Australian Trade Commissioner, who informed me that it was almost impossible to sell Australian wine, the price being nearly 100 per cent. higher than the French and Spanish wines, which not being of such high alcoholic content, was preferred by most wine-drinking people, even when obtainable at about the same price. This was also confirmed by an agent for Australian wines whom I met in the train on my way to France.

Prohibition will not seriously affect our vineyards. Whether it is adopted or not, a large portion of our white wine grapes will have to be grafted over to drying purposes in the near future, as the price offered this year was in many cases unprofitable to the growers. The Australian raisins and currants are equal to any, and superior to most, produced in other parts of the world, and with proper and systematic advertising a market could be found for a very large amount. Reports show that recently there has been a fair demand in the English market for Australian dried fruit.

Practically the whole of our dark grapes could be used in the manufacture of unfermented grape juices and syrups in Australia, for which a market could be found. But most of our white wine grapes are Dordillas, which, being a spirit grape, do not even make a good wine, thus being quite unsuitable for either juices or syrups. The dark wine grape makes a better commercial juice than the white wine grape, because, firstly, color has an advantage for selling purposes, and, secondly, the dark grape being tart makes a most palatable drink.

(To be continued.)

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Letters to the Editor.

VIOLETIONS OF LIQUOR ACT.

(To the Editor.)

Sir,—I have just returned from a business trip in the West, and was forced to use the country hotels for accommodation. I will not comment on these places as hotels—the subject is too painful. The beds! The meals! And other things. Yes, many other things. My reason for this letter is to say something of the flagrant breaches of the Liquor Act, which I personally witnessed. Six o'clock closing is at many of these places a real farce. Nobody observes, and at one place the local policeman was in the back parlor having a drink with the rest of the company, and the hour was nearly 10 p.m.

You will say why didn't I complain. But you see I must go back to these places, and if I made a complaint and it became known my life would be made quite unbearable. Cannot the Alliance do something to get the law enforced? In my opinion, Mr. Editor, a royal commission should be appointed to make a full inquiry of the administration of the Liquor Acts of this State. If this were done I make bold to say that the disclosures would shock even the drinkers themselves.

Wishing "Grit" every success.—I am, etc.,
"MAN OF THE ROAD."

(If a clear case of lawbreaking comes to the notice of a man, he should, in our opinion, place the facts before the Chief of the Police.—Ed. "Grit.")

MINISTERS AND FETES.

Sir,—I take exception to the criticism hurled by "Astonished" in your columns of May 31st issue.

Your correspondent seems to think that every minister in the district should be in attendance at each Fete meeting. As a minister I say that it is impossible for us to

do so. There are many other calls upon our time, and as Christians we cannot deny these calls.

May I suggest to "Astonished" that the duty of ministers in connection with the Prohibition Fetes lies, not so much in personal attendance at the meetings, but in seeing that accredited and active delegates from the church attend the Fete meetings.

Some of my brother ministers, have, I realise, allowed the local work connected with their church to blind them to the universal importance of co-operation in the Prohibition campaign, but I believe that if the need were pointed out to them they would concentrate on sending delegates to the Fete meetings.—Yours,

D.E.H.

WILL THE ALLIANCE WAKE UP?

Sir,—Mr. Gambling's letter is helpful, in that it shows very clearly the difficulties which the Alliance must face in its campaign against Liquor lies. Even though the Country Press Association has decreed that all "anti" and "pro" Prohibition matter must be paid for at advertising rates, it is nevertheless a fact that many country papers will still accept and print free letters on the subject from local residents.

I am "doing my bit" in this way, and I hope that many others are doing the same.

Mr. Gambling should not let his tail drop because of the decision of the Association, but should continue to send letters to various papers and persuade his friends to do likewise.

As the Referendum draws nearer, the Alliance will undoubtedly have to spend more money on newspaper Prohibition advertising.

It will be a hard pinch for me, but in the spirit of Mr. Gambling's letter I will add 50 per cent. to any subscription to the Alliance during the next year.

GEORGE STREET.

R. B. S. HAMMOND AT CHATSWOOD.

TOWN HALL CROWDED.

On Thursday night last Mr. R. B. S. Hammond addressed a big meeting in the Chatswood Town Hall. Every seat in the hall was occupied, and a number of people stood throughout at the back.

Mr. Hammond was in tip-top form, and being introduced by the chairman, E. J. Loxton, Esq., K.C., M.L.A., received a flattering reception by the crowd.

The subject was "Adventures in Prohibition," and during the whole time of his talk the speaker had the rapt attention of his audience. Culled from an experience of over twenty years in the fight against booze the story of Prohibition as told by Mr. Hammond roused his audience to a great pitch of genuine enthusiasm, and at the close of the meeting it was generally admitted that few better meetings had ever been held in Chatswood.

OTHER MEETINGS.

During the next few weeks Mr. Hammond will be holding a series of meetings throughout the suburbs. You must make a big effort to attend the meeting in your district. These gatherings will instil a new life into Prohibitionists, and are the beginning of a campaign which will put the fear of righteousness into the hearts of many politicians.

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FIELD DAY APPOINTMENTS.

SUNDAY, JUNE 17.

11 a.m.: Leichhardt All Souls' Anglican Church.

Rev. R. B. S. HAMMOND.

11 a.m.: Drummoyne Methodist Church;

7 p.m.: Erskineville Methodist Church;
Mr. Francis Wilson.

11 a.m.: Tempe Park Methodist Church;

7 p.m.: Cook's River Methodist Church;
Ex-Senator David Watson.

11 a.m.: Wentworthville Anglican Church;

7 p.m.: Toongabbie Anglican Church;
Mr. W. D. B. Creagh.

7 p.m.: Croydon Congregational Church;
Mr. R. J. C. Butler.

11 a.m.: Camdensville Methodist Church;

7.15 p.m.: Five Dock Congregational Mission;

Mr. C. W. Chandler.

MR. HERBERT CARROLL'S FIXTURES.

Monday, June 18: Balmain Central Mission Hall.

Tuesday, June 19: Gladesville.

Wednesday, June 20: Haberfield Masonic Hall.

Thursday, June 21: Mosman Parish Hall.

CAMPAIGN NOTES.

R. B. S. HAMMOND.

To the metropolitan readers of "Grit."—I wish to draw your attention to the fact that Rev. R. B. S. Hammond is conducting a series of metropolitan week-night public meetings, so as to place before the public a wealth of information picked up during his world tour.

Date of Proposed Meetings Are:

Monday, June 18, 8 p.m.—Kogarah School of Arts.

Monday, July 2, 8 p.m.—Campsie Masonic Hall.

Tuesday, July 10, 8 p.m.—Granville Town Hall.

Monday, July 16, 8 p.m.—Killara Soldiers' Memorial Hall.

Tuesday, July 17, 8 p.m.—Masonic Hall, Lane Cove.

Tuesday, July 24, 8 p.m.—Croydon Park Pictures, Croydon Park.

You must not miss this opportunity of hearing

MR. HAMMOND AT HIS BEST.

Ex-Senator David Watson was in Sydney during the last week-end, and with his characteristically Scotch optimism, brought along, together with his genial presence, gratifying reports of the work carried out satisfactorily in many country centres, despite the sorry conditions pertaining in those districts through adverse climatic and other influences.

Mr. Chas. Still, who is carrying out our Prohibition work in and around the Queen City of the Plains, also brought along reports of ready response and whole-hearted support from the centres of his activity.

Mr. Herbert (Pat) Carroll reports having held successful meetings at Bellingen, Nana Glen, Glenreagh, and Coff's Harbor.

Mr. Carroll is a man with an abundance of repartee and wit, qualities which he is using to advantage in placing before the general public Prohibition propaganda in an entertaining and interesting manner.



MR. D. H. HARDY,

Who has accepted the position of Alliance Field Secretary

R. B. S. HAMMOND

FOR

KOGARAH

ON

MONDAY, JUNE 18, 8 p.m.

AT THE

KOGARAH

SCHOOL OF ARTS.

R. B. S. HAMMOND

will tell his remarkable story:

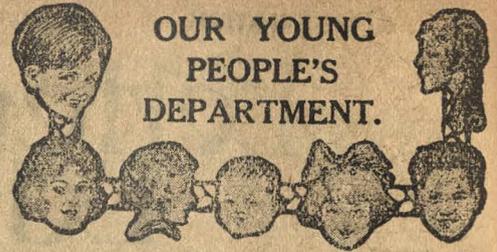
"Adventures in Prohibition."

Come yourself. Bring your friends.

Free. Collection.

PASS "GRIT" ON

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.



THE MARCH OF THE CRUSADE.

BROKEN HILL STEPS INTO LINE.

Some weeks ago came a request for information re the "New Day Crusade" from Broken Hill. Then followed a request for ample supplies and report of the formation of a United Crusade Council, with our enthusiastic friend, Mr. A. T. Hancock, as Secretary. Then, without any flourish of trumpets or any great parade, Broken Hill stepped into the

FRONK RANK OF CRUSADERS.

An active campaign was inaugurated, including the holding of a series of Crusade demonstrations, of which six have already been held. All of these were largely attended, some being crowded to overflowing. A Victory Fair, with competitions, stalls and items, was also part of the

PROGRESSIVE PLAN

which was carried through so successfully. At the time of our own Sydney Rally, Broken Hill sent along a big batch of 324 signatures, followed soon after by another, which brought the total up to 450, with still

MORE CRUSADERS

to come. These signatures came from every polling place in the Barrier City. No wonder that great enthusiasm was displayed at the Town Hall when four

SHIELDS OF HONOR

were presented to Broken Hill Societies and schools. Well did they deserve them! Mr. A. T. Hancock writes most enthusiastically about this B.H. Crusade, and among the incidents narrated are the following:

A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD.

(1) A little girl asked for a pledge card for a man aged 60, who was very badly dressed, in ill-health, and with no worldly possessions. Since then I have been in close touch with him. He has not broken his pledge, but is now well dressed, with a bank account of £95, and looking the picture of health. I saw him on "pay day." He was sitting in the yard, with several children around him, and was handing out an abundance of sweets.

(Continued on next page.)

MONEY-SAVING COUGH AND COLD REMEDY.

The cost of cough mixture amounts to a considerable sum with many folk, but since the discovery of Heenzo, the expense has been reduced to a minimum in thousands of Australian homes. Heenzo, added to sweetened water, produces a family supply of splendid mixture for Coughs, Colds, Influenza, and Sore Throats. A like quantity of ordinary mixture would cost about 12s. HEENZO costs only 2s., and is obtainable from chemists and stores.

Heenzo Cough Diamond Jubes soothe sore throats and sweeten the breath.



PROHIBITION VICTORY FÊTES.

Botany-Mascot Fete.—Botany Town Hall, July 6 and 7. Hon. Secretary, Miss E. Low, "Winscombe," Brussels-street, Mascot.

Hurstville District Fete.—Hurstville Masonic Hall, August 10 and 11. Hon. Secretary, Mr. A. Saunders, 99 Woniara-road, Hurstville.

Hornsby District Fete.—Hornsby School of Arts, August 24 and 25. Hon. Secretary, Mr. W. R. Crittenden, Albert-street, Hornsby. Next meeting, Monday, June 18, at 8 p.m., in Hornsby Methodist School Hall, William-street.

North Shore Fete.—St. Leonards to Wahroonga, Chatswood Town Hall, September 7 and 8. Hon. Secretary, Mr. G. Lean, Anderson-street, Chatswood.

Goulburn Children's Fete, to be held in St. Saviour's Hall, Goulburn, on Tuesday, June 26. To be officially opened by Mrs. Radford.

Dulwich Hill, Hurlstone Park, and Lewisham Fete, to be held in September. Hon. Secretary, Mr. Chas. Miller, Smith Avenue, Dulwich Hill. Next meeting, Dulwich Hill Methodist Church, Tuesday, July 3, at 8 p.m.

Bankstown District Fete.—An encouraging meeting was held last week to make further arrangements for the Fete. Mr. C. Martin,

of Mona-street, Bankstown, was elected Hon. Secretary, and October 25 and 26 were suggested as the dates for the Fete. Next meeting, Tuesday, June 19, at 8 p.m., in Bankstown Baptist Church Hall.

Help the Fetes by sending a parcel of goods or articles for sale at the Fetes, or some bunting or flags for decoration.

Address to Fetes Director, N.S.W. Alliance, 321 Pitt-street, Sydney.

A Still Larger Number of enthusiasts gathered for the second Fete committee meeting at Hornsby, over 36 people being present. Secretary Crittenden has great hopes for a big success. Mr. Fitzsimmons, M.L.A., is to be asked to open the Fete, and nominations are being invited for candidates for the Fete Queen Competition.

Dulwich Hill District Fete enthusiasts at their last meeting completed their panel of office-bearers. Ald. H. Morton is President; Vice-Presidents are Mr. G. White and Mr. T. Downer; Mr. Chas. Miller is Secretary, with Mr. Tregoning and Mr. J. Campey as assistants, while Mr. H. G. Beaumont is Treasurer.

Various churches and other organisations have agreed to take up stalls and activities, and a good Fete should result.

"GRIT" SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Received to 7/6/23, and where not mentioned the amount received is 10s.: Mrs. Melvin, 30/10/23, 2s. 6d.; G. Griffin, 12s. 6d., on account.

The following are paid to 30/12/23: H. Holland (11s. 6d.), People's Palace, Mrs. Sampson, H. M. Hawkins and 10s. educational, Pearson Crawford, C. H. Young, Mrs. W. White, W. A. Proudfoot (11s. 8d.), Mrs. M. Davidson, W. R. Nairn (£1), J. T. Wilson (£1 18s. 6d.), T. Aitken, N.Z. (11s. 6d.), E. Basham, W. J. Rainsford, G. Eddy (£1), G. Dennis, Mrs. H. Beesley (£1), Arnold Thomas (12s. 6d.), Mrs. Tinsley, Mrs. Morris and 2s. educational, H. Charleston, S. J. Pierce, Rev. T. B. Tress (£2 6s.), A. Henderson (£1/2/-).

O. Smiling Eyes! sweet smiling eyes! Their charm survives when beauty dies— One happy glance speeds gloom away Like sunshine on a winter's day. Bright eyes which greet us with a smile Can even hardened hearts beguile. They cheer the anguished to endure Like soothing Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

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Our Young People's Department—

(Continued from Page 4.)

TRUE TO HIS PLEDGE.

(2) A boy aged 10 signed the Crusade pledge. He was sent to a butcher's shop, and while waiting in the crowded shop the butcher said, "Here, lad, run over to the hotel. Bring me a bottle of beer. Here is a shilling—keep the change." The boy never replied. Again the butcher asked, but still received no reply. "Say, son," said the butcher, "don't you like going to the pub?" "No, sir!" said the lad. "Well, run to the fruit shop and bring a bottle of kola." "Right," said the boy, as he ran off smiling, knowing that when he came back he could keep both the change and his pledge, for he would not even handle liquor.

ENLISTING HELPERS.

(3) A little cripple girl induced her mother to attend a demonstration, with the result that the mother went away full of vigor and determination, resolved to speak to her friends on the subject. She is now one of the best lady workers, getting many Crusade pledges, and with her faith in God renewed.

ON WITH THE CONFLICT!

Such enthusiasm will always meet with like encouragement. We congratulate our Broken Hill comrades and feel sure that their best reward is in the knowledge of a noble work nobly done.

SHOULD ONE SPEAK TO A STRANGER?

How often one feels that one could really help complete strangers, if only convention had not made it an impertinence to address them.

I was travelling up in the train the other morning. Opposite me sat a young woman, whose dark, long-lashed eyes and pale amber coloring suggest Spanish or South American descent. I watched her covertly, for she interested me.

The upper part of her face was entirely charming, but the lower was ruined by a heavy growth of dark hair at the corners of her mouth. Apart from this dreadful disfigurement her mouth was pretty, with red-curved lips and white teeth. But this only accentuated the horror of the real "moustache" which spoilt her so entirely.

In half an hour I could have transformed that girl into the beauty Nature intended her to be. If only I could have told her to buy a package of powdered pheminal at the next chemist's shop she passed! The action of this drug when mixed with a small quantity of water and applied to superfluous hair is almost miraculous. In a few minutes the latter is bleached and loosened, and comes away absolutely painlessly from the skin, which is left clear and smooth.

I watched the little Spanish girl regretfully as she got out at her station. Will her pretty face remain disfigured for life?

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STATE OR COMMUNITY HOTELS.

AN OBJECT LESSON FOR GRIFFITH.

(By W. D. B. CREAGH.)

Notwithstanding the world-wide movement to curtail or get rid of the liquor traffic altogether, great efforts are being made by the trade, both brewery and distillery, to get fresh avenues opened.

The Licenses Reduction Board closes one, the trade endeavors to open another, and they dearly love to get a license where a dry area exists. The fierce fights put up lately to get a license at Campsie, Marouba and Cremorne prove this, and now a movement is on foot to get a drink shop into that progressive district of Griffith.

A WARNING TO GRIFFITH SETTLERS.

I want in this article to warn the settlers that no matter what kind of license, or the people that control it, the putting down in their midst of a drink shop will mean disaster for some, perhaps very many. You cannot put in corn and pull out corks at the same time. It is not who controls the liquor that counts; it is the liquor that is the trouble.

A PEEP AT GOVERNMENT CONTROL.

I hear that those who are trying for a liquor shop are saying that they only want one under Government control—to be called a community hotel; but that means that all the known brands of liquor, the product of our well-known liquor combines, will be sold, and that is their only concern.

The cry of the need for an accommodation house is bogus, although to get the right to sell liquor they will put up an expensive building. To say you cannot successfully manage an accommodation house without the bar is also bogus, for I have seen some of the best houses in Canada, also United States, in towns similar to Griffith. These countries prove that you cannot run a good safe boarding-house until you get rid of the bar.

GOVERNMENT CONTROLLED HOTELS.

At Griffith the plea for the new license will chiefly centre round the fact that it will be Government controlled. Let us look at the facts about the said hotels. Before doing so I wish to state that every Government licensed place has its measure of drunkenness and waste.

DARWIN AND BARBINDA.

The Northern Territory gave Australia great evidence what can happen when Government servants control hotels with the liquor bar. More scandals have sprung up following on Government control than any other control, but as I stayed at a Queensland Government hotel at Babinda a bit of evidence from that particular hotel may guide the settlers at Griffith.

BABINDA STATE HOTEL.

I stayed at the above hotel in 1920. Babinda is a sugarcane district, with a large mill for crushing. The only difference with Griffith was in the produce grown.

At one period many men came to cut the cane and to work the mill, and I was informed by those who should know that the liquor bar was a hell, a distinct factor in disorder, and that it kept many men from their work.

I sent the following to a newspaper at the time, 1920, and the facts should be of value now:

"I had the pleasure of putting up at Babinda Hotel, paying fifteen shillings for three meals, and bed for one night, the most I had paid in any hotel in Queensland. When I asked if there was any hot water in the bathroom, I was told there was—"on hot days." I looked at the balance sheet and found that the drinkers of this small village had spent just under £10,000 in liquor; the gross profits were over £5000, the net profit £3700. The

revenue from this State-owned hotel is mainly a drink revenue—a pennyworth of bread to an intolerable quantity of sack.

DRUNKENNESS JUST AS BAD.

I questioned many, and the general opinion was that drunkenness was just as bad. Some even said it was worse at Babinda. It is often said that Government managers are not as keen to push liquor sales. The manager's report shows different, for in spite of the fact that there was an increase in the receipts for meals, beds, and billiards, the manager says in his report (page 39): "The result of the business for the year does not show as good a return as that of the previous year."

Surely the above statement proves once again that managers are out for profits, no matter from what source they come, and the fact that nearly £10,000 was spent in liquor in that small community should show those at Griffith what is before them if a liquor bar is put in their midst.

The spending of money in alcoholic liquors always means trouble, sorrow, and even premature death for some.

HOW THE SETTLERS VOTED AT BABINDA.

A Prohibition poll was taken in Queensland in 1920, and there were three questions on the ballot paper—Continuance, Prohibition, and State Management.

Continuance won the day by a very small majority, State Management getting a very small vote. And after they had tested State management **HOW DID BABINDA VOTE?** The following will show:

CONTINUANCE	262
PROHIBITION	200
STATE MANAGEMENT	20

Surely that vote shows the failure of State Management, and should be a guide for the settlers at Griffith, or any other place where the liquor interests—those chiefly concerned—may strive for a further outlet for their wares.

Men and women of Griffith, remember this warning: "If those bound to you in ties of love take to drink, as some undoubtedly will; if you let a liquor shop come to your town, you will curse the day that you were so foolish. Also your growing boys and girls will grow up, safer, and better equipped for life without the taint of liquor near them."

Continue to irrigate your lands with water. Don't let your people irrigate their bodies with alcohol.

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 2752



GOOD-BYE TO JOHN DAWSON.

John Dawson, the General Secretary of the N.Z. Alliance, has returned to his own country. Last Saturday week the Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, Miss Southwell, Mrs. Marion, and many others were down at the wharf to bid him good-bye. Mr. Lindsay Ryan, who has appointed himself a general happiness maker, found time to bring our visitor to the boat in his car. John Dawson is of the bulldog type; he may consider awhile before he takes hold, but when he does he hangs on through good report or ill until his job is done. During his stay in our country he made many friends, and has left with us a memory of a worthwhile friendship.

Among those present to say good-bye was an old gentleman—when I was introduced to him I failed to hear his name—who many years before had been John Dawson's class leader. It was a pleasing experience to see this old man, the stamp of that old-fashioned and godly Methodism unmistakably upon him, there to bid godspeed to one who had been taught of the things of God in his class-meeting.

* * *

SEEN ON THE WAY HOME.

On the way back from the boat we went by tram along George-street to the Railway, and every hundred yards or so we had evidence that Prohibition is urgent. At the tram stop were two young men, both well under thirty, sitting on a doorstep stupidly drunken. One had a fine-moulded face, and it hurt to see manhood thus degraded. Doubtless they ended their day at the Central Police Court. From where we boarded the tram to the Railway we passed many such drunken men and two women. The women lurched out of a wine-shop, and the sign of despair was written upon their features. Somebody's daughters! These sights come as a distinct shock to me, hardened as I am to the results of alcohol.

* * *

DO NOT SPIT. PENALTY, £2.

While thinking of these victims of alcohol my attention was drawn to a notice, "Do not spit. Penalty, £2." I thought: What stupid people

we are in so many ways! We realise the dangers of allowing men to spread disease by spitting and pass a law to make the act unlawful in public places. That is good. We recognise the danger of certain trades and callings, and we compel the employers to fence in engines and do many other, and sometimes expensive, things to safeguard the health of the employees. All of which is very sensible. If a man exposes foodstuffs for sale and the flies and dust fall upon it we take him to court and he is fined. Quite right, too. But we allow people to sell a drink which drives men mad and wrecks beautiful womanhood.

* * *

I AM BECOMING UNORTHODOX.

The more I ponder these things the more I realise what a great concession we make to the Trade by agreeing to let the question of Prohibition be submitted to the people. Why, on the evidence I saw on that one Saturday afternoon the rotten business should be swept out of existence, lock, stock and barrel, within twenty-four hours. Who on earth would suggest submitting the question to the people of whether a mad dog should be shot? We should follow the dictates of commonsense and shoot it. And I am convinced that on the question of Prohibition we have been driven to a position which is illogical and wrong. The Drink Traffic is bad beyond reform. Alcohol is the greatest menace to human life in our midst to-day. Of that there is no question. Therefore when we say to the politician that we agree to a referendum we agree to a big concession, and the politician should not make any mistake on that score. But that we are all case-hardened, the sights at any police court which deals with drunks would cause a cleaning-up revolution.

* * *

LET US BE ANGRY.

Some weeks ago I heard W. F. Finlayson address a big meeting. His text was, "Get Angry." And a good text, too. Too long we have tolerated, and in many cases even ignored, a business which should rouse the righteous anger of all Christian people. If we see some brute of

a man beat a horse our anger is aroused. How much more angry should we be at a traffic which unmercifully drives smiles from children's faces and loads almost unbearable burdens on to the backs of women! Yes, that is a good slogan, "Let us get angry," and in our anger do something worthwhile.

* * *

THE CHIEF'S MEETINGS.

Notice the list of meetings published in this issue of a series of meetings Mr. Hammond will conduct in the metropolitan district. You should attend the meeting in your district. Those competent to judge say that the leader of our movement is in better platform shape than ever, and that is saying very much. Make a note of the dates and come right along.

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A PROHIBITION HOLIDAY.

ITALY AND RUINS.

(By THE WANDERING EDITOR.)

A brief stay at Milan—having passed through a 17-mile tunnel on my way—gave me a chance to see the world-famous cathedral, and it was very well worth seeing. Then Rome.

As I looked out and saw the walls of this city there came in stately procession through my mind a wonderful company of martyrs, heroes, emperors, scholars, statesmen, and human monsters. Some I recognised at once, some I felt I ought to know, others I knew to be the unknown, unremembered, unrewarded and yet undoubted makers of history, many of whom in their day were the salt of the earth, of whom the world of their day was not worthy.

It is a great thing to have some imagination and to enjoy the privilege of standing in places that provide in abundance the material with which to live again in the great dead days beyond recall.

Looking down on the Foro Romano I tried to people it again with vast crowds, to see maybe some Christian man challenging them with his testimony and earning not only contempt but disaster and martyrdom.

Then as I walked round the Colosseo, slowly trod the way the martyrs had trod, came out into the vast arena, the "circo massimo" and the "ultimo preghiero" came vividly before me, and I just knew how soft and selfish, how indulgent and unworthy we modern Christians were. What were the feelings of these people who, kneeling in prayer, just knew by every murmur of the crowd that the stealthy pad, pad of great feet meant the drawing near of the hungry monarch of the forest.

The awful roar as the great beast flung himself on one of their number, the deep growls, the hideous crunching, and the piteous moans of the first victim; the savage yells of delight from the vastly cruel spectators.

Have you ever thought what it meant to be the last of the Christians? Surrounded by animals snarling and gorged. Around them all that was left of their nearest and dearest friends, now quivering mangled flesh. I shuddered and turned away more sure than ever that "God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." To these martyrs was given a wonderful fortifying grace, and to us mercifully is given protection from circumstances which we are not fit to face. All that is now left of the Palazzo dei Cesari are a few mighty pillars, but they are eloquent of the glory of the past, as also of the limit set to all material things.

The vast Aquedotto di Claudio impresses one with the fact that the ancients had little to learn from us moderns in very many ways, and that much they knew we have not yet learned. The Piazza Venezia col Monumento Vittorio Emanuele II. is magnificent—a great man greatly remembered.

The Arco di Costantino is very impressive, and stands out from the many great things to be seen in this city.

THE CHURCHES.

There are 374 churches in this city of Rome.

Three of them will be forever impressed on me.

One insignificant, neglected-looking place I would not have thought of entering but for my guide. This place contains the skulls and most of the bones of over 4000 monks. Some of the bodies have been embalmed and are quite whole, some with beards. The visitors who have scribbled their initials on some of the skulls and those who have removed some of the bones are a very grave reflection on the country they are from and the education they have received.

The Church of St. Paul, outside the city, is on the supposed site of his martyrdom.

It is deeply interesting, containing some of the very oldest inscriptions and other relics of value.

Supremely great is the Basilica di S. Pietro in Vaticano La Facciala. No picture can do it justice. No words can convey its grandeur.

It is noble.

Then we enter the vast cathedral.

It is so vast that unless your guide gives you some hints you will not realise that there is 300 feet of space under the dome.

As you see the monuments to the former Popes, as long forgotten incidents come crowding into one's mind, as one tries to realise the influence radiating out from this centre, one has a sense of awe and bewilderment. I came away with at least a sense of my own littleness, and gratitude that I had been permitted to see another of the great places in the world's history.

NAPLES.

All the way from Lausanne I found the scene absorbingly interesting. Vast mountains, wonderful romance suggesting castles on rocky and inaccessible heights, vineyards in places where one would not expect even weeds to grow, and the lakes that called one with their beauty and promise of quiet from all the strife and crookedness of cities.

Then Naples. "Vedi Napoli e poi mori!" "See Naples and die" sums up in an Italian proverb the enthusiastic belief of the Italians that nowhere in the world is there another place of such beauty and deserving fame.

The man whose enthusiasm gave utterance to these words had never seen Sydney.

I was fortunate in the selection of a hotel. The Bartolini Hotel is quite unique. It is reached by entering a carpeted, well-lighted tunnel corridor 200 feet long. You are then taken up 300 feet in a lift, and perched on this great rock, nearly all the rooms opening on to a fine balcony, you have a truly great view. Away to the left is Mount

Vesuvius, at this time snow covered and belching forth great volumes of steam. Beyond it and partly hidden from view are the ruins of Pompeii, which, with Herculaneum, was destroyed in the terrible eruption of 79 A.D. Then Sorrento, the Blue Grotto of Capri, the Island of Ischia, and Pozzuoli and Bala, the favorite summer resorts of the Patriarchs of ancient Rome, all invest the place with interest as well as beauty.

I looked long and with feeling on Pozzuoli, where St. Paul landed and remained seven days in 62 A.D. Then I wandered over Solfatara, a semi-extinct volcano, that reminded me of Rotorua. Then on to Cumae, the first Hellenic settlement in Italy. Here are the fragments of the Greek acropolis.

But it is impossible to tell all I saw, and it would only weary you if I tried.

THE BURIED CITY.

However, I must refer to Pompeii. No place I saw in Italy impressed itself on me as did Pompeii. Three-fourths of the city is now rescued from the 25 feet of ashes that buried it. Years after the calamity the people came back and took all of the buildings above the 25 feet of ashes and used them to build another town. The ruins are therefore without roof or the higher stories, but all else is almost perfect and deeply interesting. The paintings on the walls, the stone streets worn by the chariot wheels, the rooms and the baths, the bakery, all help to reconstruct the life of the people of 1900 years ago.

Pompeii covered an area of about 60 acres, and contained a population of about 24,000, and some 5000 are estimated to have perished—about 4000 bodies having been unearthed so far.

The inscription in the Basilica fixes the date of it at B.C. 164, and the portico was earlier still.

One reads again Lytton's great book, "The Last Days of Pompeii," with new interest, and the house of C. C. Rufus, whose portrait in white marble may be seen, gives a vivid help to those who would reconstruct the past.

Many tear bottles are happily preserved, and they recall that people were ostentatious in their mourning then as now.

The well-to-do to-day have many mourning coaches; in those days they had paid mourners, who, to prove their worth, produced real tears and carefully caught each one in a wee bottle about three to four inches high.

These bottles are mentioned in the book of Psalms, and were prized by the relatives and proudly displayed as an evidence and measure of their grief.

Sunday, January 14, dawns bright and lovely. About noon the Ormonde comes to anchor, and at 3 o'clock I am on board, deeply glad to be so surely on my way back, but the gladness is tempered with the remembrance that one's comfort is solely at the mercy of the sea, and that many days of dreary monotony have yet to be endured before one takes up the burden of life and faces the multifarious duties I have imposed upon myself.

DRIVING THE DRINKERS INTO SAHARA.

By JACK O'DONNELL, for "Collier's," the National Weekly.

Jack O'Donnell is a wet. But first of all he is an honest reporter. Last fall he visited thirty-six States and found what he had not believed to be true—an overwhelming sentiment in favor of Prohibition. He now reports another swing in sentiment, this time among those who have openly violated the Volstead Act. He shows in this article that the crooked bootlegger, like his predecessor, the vicious saloon keeper, is rapidly making enforcement a reality. Public opinion is the only force that can solve the booze problem. Mr. O'Donnell's article is another instance of that free trade in ideas by which public opinion is formed.

One morning, about three years ago, when this nation awakened to find that it was technically dry, an amazed and highly indignant army of dive keepers turned to an equally indignant but less surprised group of law-abiding saloon keepers and asked: "How in the name of th' Constitutooshan did they do it?"

And, looking the dive keepers straight in the eye, the saloon keepers answered: "They didn't do it at all; you did it yourselves by keeping joints where you sold rotten booze, harbored crooks, ignored the rights of others, sold drinks to minors, and violated the law seven ways from the middle!"

A few years hence, when, I believe, this nation will awaken to find that 90 per cent. of it is actually dry, the unscrupulous bootleggers will turn to their fair-dealing brothers and ask "How in the name of Personal Liberty did they do it?" And the "honest" bootleggers will look the crooked bootleggers in the eye and answer: "They didn't do it at all; you did it yourselves by selling rotten, adulterated, death-dealing booze in falsely-labelled bottles, murdering one another, cheating the drinking public, and violating every rule of the game seventeen ways from the middle!"

NO MORE LAYING AND QUACKING.

It is the old story of the goose and the golden egg. In this case the goose is the chap who likes his liquor straight and often; who goes regularly to the polls and votes a straight wet ticket; who believes that the Eighteenth Amendment is unfair, unjust, unconstitutional, and uncalled-for. There are millions of him in the United States, and up to the time that the bad bootlegger began selling him bad booze he was a good goose. He quacked loud and long whenever the Volstead Act was mentioned in his presence. He cheerfully laid his golden eggs for the bootlegger, and gleefully quacked jibes at the Enforcement Act up to the time that the bad bootlegger slipped him the double-cross once too often. Then he quit laying and quacking.

I met one of them the other day. He is

one of the best artists in New York. He showed me a letter from the Board of Governors of his favorite club. After charging him with having struck the steward, the letter curtly informed him that he had been expelled for conduct unbecoming a gentleman.

Then he told me why he had ceased laying golden eggs for bootleggers. "I had a bootlegger," he said, "who had been highly recommended by a friend of mine. I got several cases of good stuff from this fellow and found only one or two bottles that had been adulterated or 'cut.' A few weeks ago this bandit came to me with a 'special case of excellent Scotch.' He charged me a little more than usual, but I didn't complain, figuring I was getting some real stuff. Well, I drank some of it after dinner, took a flask to the club and drank some more there—not very much, but some. The next thing I knew I was fighting two friends who were trying to drag me from a taxicab out at my apartment. A few days later this letter came. It flabbergasted me. I had never hit anybody in my life, except in the trenches. Inquiry showed that the letter told the truth—I had socked the steward without provocation. Now, for the first time in my life, I've sworn off—am on the water wagon for a long ride. I'm through with bootleggers and bootleg booze. If we can't get the real stuff back, I'm for enforcement of the Volstead Act without further delay."

It was an echo of the cry of revolt against bootleg booze that is going up in the forty-eight States of the Union—the cry I heard in North Dakota, South Carolina, Tennessee, Virginia, and thirty-two other States I visited in the last few months endeavoring to find out for "Collier's" if public sentiment is swinging toward the Enforcement Act, and, if so, why.

In wet New York City one hears these cries of revolt with increasing frequency. I have heard them often from club fellows, neighbors, taxicab drivers, yea, even from the charwoman in our building!

"STEP UP AND BE POISONED."

Just the other night one of the most charming drinking companions I ever had came to my studio. He is a cosmopolite. He knows the capitals of the world. He has seen the peoples of many lands when the drinking mood was on them. He has drunk with many of them. He loves life and gaiety and John Barleycorn. The night before he called on me he had been to a costume ball at one of the most famous restaurants in America.

"Over the bar in one of the rooms set aside for the thirsty," he said, "there was a sign reading: 'The Mirage. Step up and be poisoned.' That invitation didn't exactly intrigue me, but I did step out and buy a bottle of alleged Scotch at a near-by cafe. I took this back and shared it with those in our party—men and women. Within half an

hour the women became so ill we had to take them home. The men, more strongly constituted, stood up under the poison, but lost all interest in the party, although it was hardly midnight. I went home and spent the night in agony. I'm through, and from now on I'm going to do my little bit toward driving murderous bootleggers out of business!"

Another revolutionist I know is one of the foremost writers of the day. He resides at a hotel known on two continents for its Old World atmosphere, its cuisine, and its hospitality. He's one of those deep-chested chaps who, because of his capacity, is the envy of drinking men wherever he goes. I've never seen a man who got more enjoyment out of a carousal. Here's the shock he handed me:

"Look at me, guy! See these eyes? See these arms and legs. Hear me talk? Well, if I didn't have more luck than the guy that discovered the Klondyke, these eyes would be blind, these arms and legs would be stiff, and this voice would not be bellowing for the blood of bootleggers. The other night I had a rendezvous with death, but I didn't keep it, old top. I didn't keep it!"

"How, come?" I asked.

"Well, feeling the need of a little night-cap," he explained, "I bought a bottle of 'good stuff' from the clerk at my hotel. I took it to my room, pulled the cork, and was about to let a good stiff jolt of the stuff trickle down to my toes when something prompted me to investigate its purity. I took it to a friend of mine—a chap who knows all about chemistry. Well, he became suspicious at once, so he went and had it analysed. Result: it registered wood alcohol!

"From now on, old-timer, I'm going to stand on my hind legs and yell: 'Down with boot-

(Continued on next page.)

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leg whisky!' and by 'down' I mean down the sewer."

Now he has joined the thousands of other drinkers of the old school who are opposed to Prohibition, but who see in the Volstead Act the only efficient and effective weapon with which to fight the traffic in life-destroying liquids conducted by unscrupulous bootleggers.

Those who have brushed elbows with Death in their dealings with the pseudo-John Barleycorn of to-day, or who have seen their friends go blind—or West—from wood alcohol poisoning, are not the only formidable foes lining up against the bandits of bootlegger.

There is, for instance, a friend of mine who runs a newspaper down in Virginia. For years and years it was his habit on Monday morning to 'phone the foreman of his composing room to inquire how many men had shown up for work.

"We used to be lucky if we had half a force," he told me. "If you've never run a newspaper, you don't know what that means. Since Prohibition I haven't had to worry. I know that the gang is on the job every Monday morning. Of course the boys yelled their heads off when Prohibition became effective, but I don't believe they'd vote to repeal or even modify the Volstead Act now."

THEY TALK WET BUT VOTE DRY.

At that stage of my investigation I was far from being convinced that sentiment in this country favored enforcement. I took my friend's remarks with a grain of salt. Going into the composing room I talked with the printers themselves. One old chap, whose face bears the scars of many battles with John Barleycorn, told me of the change that had come over the men in the print shops.

"You're an old newspaper man yourself," he said, "so you know how well the old-time printer liked his liquor—almost as well as you white-collar guys in the editorial rooms. After six days at the stone, or at the case, he figured he was entitled to a bust-down at the corner saloon. We used to look forward to Saturday night as the time when we'd be freed from all our troubles. With one foot on the brass rail we ceased worrying about dead lines, proofs, and editorial bunk. We were improvident cusses—lucky to have a double set of socks or shirts. But we were happy. With a few jolts under our belts we could tell the world what was wrong with the paper, the country, and all that.

"But, gosh, how things have changed!"

The old fellow looked around the busy composing room, then turning to me said in an awed voice: "Do you know, some of these printers own their own homes! Actually own them themselves. Printers owning their own homes! Just think of that, will you!"

I thought of that old fellow a few weeks later, out in Michigan. I was talking to the secretary of a Labor Union. He was telling me about the financial condition of working men to-day, comparing it with that of the artisan of the pre-Volsteadian period.

"Come with me," he invited. "I'll show

you something that will be more convincing than anything I could say."

We got into his automobile and went to the hall where the Union meetings are held. About thirty machines of various makes were parked at the curb alongside the building.

"See those cars?" he asked. "Those belong to the fellows in our Union! The money they formerly shot across the bar is now being spent on automobiles and homes. Do you think those fellows would ever vote for a return of the old conditions? Not on your life! Three years ago they were talking about 'no beer, no work.' They cussed Volstead both ways from the middle. To-day they're still kicking about the Volstead Act, but they've got their cars, haven't they? And if it came to a show-down they'd vote to keep the cars instead of voting in favor of the saloon keepers having 'em."

One thing I noticed about the working men in my many talks with them: They like to appear wet, like to "cuss out" the Prohibitionists, but pin them down and nine out of ten will admit they are pretty well satisfied without the saloon and wouldn't vote for its return.

Their women are frankly elated. The fearsome Saturday nights are no more. They, with their votes, are the real barriers between booze and their husbands. They are bringing up their children to respect the dry laws and to regard the ancient saloon as a remnant of barbarism.

Here is a case in point. I hesitate to relate it because it smacks too much of something one might expect to find in the story of Mabel, the Beautiful Cloak Model. But it is a fact, and that justifies its presence in this article:

One night, in Des Moines, Iowa, I was the guest of a former drinking companion of the old days. Since I last saw him, six years ago, he has married and is now the father of a beautiful four-year-old girl. Sitting at his cosy fireside, he and his wife and I were discussing Prohibition. The child was preparing her doll for bed.

I gathered from what my host and hostess said that the first few years of their married life were filled with storm clouds, want, and anguish. They then lived in St. Louis. When the baby came they moved to Des Moines, which was technically dry. Here my friend dallied for a time with bootleggers, but one day he got some bad stuff that sent him to a hospital. Then he swore off.

"We've been here three years now," said my hostess, "and in another year this home

will be paid for. That's one thing Prohibition has done for Bill and me. Of course I'm for a bone-dry country just as the wives of all drinking men are for it. They may not openly admit it, but once they get into the voting booth you can bet your life they vote against easing up on Prohibition even if they don't make another mark on the ballot."

When this woman took her child into the bedroom, just off the living room, Bill winked mysteriously at me. In a few minutes we heard a childish voice lifted in prayer. Bill signalled me to come and listen. We tiptoed to the half-closed door. After saying a conventional little prayer, the child ended with: "And God bless mamma and papa and Mr. Volstead. Amen!"

I looked at Bill and Bill looked at me. He looked a little sheepish, but I knew he was happy.

That little child and her mother, and millions of other little children and millions of other mothers are in Mr. Volstead's corner, and I can't help believing that their dry voices—and their prayers—are drowning out the cries for personal liberty that we wets are directing at official Washington.

1000 RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH.

I talked with many people in many places on my trip through thirty-six States, and everywhere I found many reasons advanced why the country is lining up behind the Volstead Act. But nearly all included reference to the demoralising influence of the cheap, raw, poisonous bootleg stuff with which the country is flooded. Why?

The bad bootleggers of the country killed off over one thousand American citizens during 1922, according to newspaper statements.

These murders were not premeditated or committed with malice aforethought, perhaps, but they were murders nevertheless. Unscrupulous bootleggers sold the wood alcohol that caused the deaths—sold it in bottles labelled Scotch, or Rye, or Gin.

In the early days of Prohibition the real drinkers, and many new drinkers who were opposed to Prohibition, embraced the bootlegger as a life-saver. In those days thousands of gallons of good stuff were on the market. That consumed, the unscrupulous bootlegger—and this brand seems to be in the majority—brought to market the stuff that he had made in his cellar or attic. He made it out of wood alcohol if grain alcohol was not available. Men drank it and lost their eyesight or die in agony.

(Continued on page 15.)

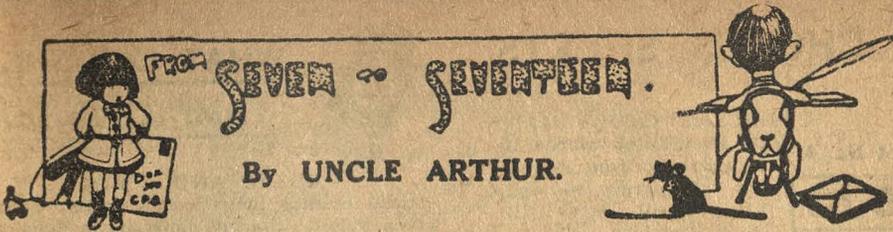
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By **UNCLE ARTHUR.**

WHO IS UNCLE A ?



He is the leader of a large family of children, aged 7 to 17, who write to this page. There is no fee to pay. Write on one side of the paper in ink. Send your age and date of birthday.

All who do not write for three months are "scallywags." After 17 you become an "Hon." Ne or Ni, and write either at Christmas or your birthday. Grand Uncle B.'s birthday is celebrated by a picnic for all Ne's and Ni's. Address letters to Uncle A., 321 Pitt-street, Sydney.

Dear Ne's and Ni's.

We have some very generous friends who have sent along a splendid lot of stamps. I do not know how many of my Ne's and Ni's are stamp collectors, but those who have started collecting stamps have become very interested in this splendid hobby. Here is a good chance to make a start. Select your packets from the list printed on next page, and you will have a nice lot of stamps for the beginning of a good collection.

Remember also that in buying these books you are helping Temperance work amongst Australian boys and girls. Every penny spent on these stamp packets is a direct donation to the young people's work, for there is no cost attached to the stamps, excepting merely the printing of the envelopes, so you are helping to win Prohibition by collecting these stamps.

One Society has purchased a quantity of these packets, and is now organising a stamp-collecting contest amongst its members. Why not try this in your own Society or school, or Lodge?

If any of you have friends who can donate stamps to be made up into packets, send them along. This also will help our Temperance work by enabling us to prepare many new packets for sale. Cheerio.

UNCLE A.



HAVE YOU WRITTEN TO UNCLE A ?

OUR HONOR LETTER.

Each week we give pride of place to one letter. It may be the shortest or the longest the best written or the funniest, the most interesting, or most newsy. Write what you wish in the best way you can. Try for this honor and become a good letter-writer.

UNCLE A.

HONOR LETTER ON THE RADIO CRAZE.

Jack Robinson, Anderson-street, Chatswood, writes:—

Dear Uncle A.,—Are you interested in wireless, Uncle? I have got the craze, and now I can talk of nothing else. We have a Radio Club at our school, and I am a member. Next Saturday my grandmother and grandfather are going to Singapore by the Marella. My grandfather was at Singapore 54 years ago, and he expects it to be the same now—queer idea—not saying much for Singapore. When they arrive there I am in hopes of getting some bundles of Eastern stamps. How do you like the weather, Uncle? Isn't it fine? Why, on Sunday we were sitting in front of a fire and an electric radiator. My idea of the electric radiator is that one could sit on it without knowing it. Last Friday our school attended a musical lecture by the pupils of the Conservatorium of Music at the North Sydney Girls' High School.

(Dear Jack,—Yes, I am very interested, as an amateur, in radio. Tell us more about it. Have you a sending set?—Uncle A.)

* * *

A BUSH BROTHERHOOD BAZAAR.

Una Pickard, Bowral, writes:—

My Dear Uncle A.,—I expect I am on the scallywag list by now, but I hope you will cross my name out. I have been working hard for the exams., which began last week. I am also going up for a music exam. A lady came to our school (Church of England Girls' Grammar School) and was telling us about the Ladies' Home Mission Union, and she asked us to send her a-sack of clothes. We gave her a hat-box full of things which we had left over from our bazaar. The bazaar was in aid of the Bush Brotherhood of the Good Shepherd. Each class had charge of a stall. We made £47, and many donations were received. On Thursday the public school held a bazaar in the Empire Hall in aid of the new high school they are going to build. They had ten stalls, which were very prettily decorated, and made £208. On Anzac Day the returned soldiers marched from the Band Hall to the monument. The "Last Post" was sounded and the lowering of the flag and the raising of it were performed at the memorial monument. Then everyone went to the Empire Hall and a service was held and some medals presented to some of the soldiers. Then we went back to the monument and a man placed a wreath on it in the form of an "A." The monument looked lovely. It had a big laurel wreath at the top and many other white wreaths were below. We did not get home till something after five, and it began at 2.30 p.m.

(Dear Una,—What an interesting letter

yours is! Have you ever thought of a bazaar for Prohibition? Try one. The stamps have been sent.—Uncle A.)

A YOUNG CRICKETER.

Faith Tillyard, Bridge-street, Nelson, N.Z., writes:—

Dear Uncle A.,—Please, will you cross me off the scallywag list, as I am certain I must be on it now? My sister Hope would like to join the "Grit" family; she is in the 3rd Standard at school. Please, will you only send one copy of "Grit" to us both, as we can share it. We have got up a cricket club at school now, and we have lovely fun playing cricket in the dinner hour. We have been having exams. just lately, and I think I have done fairly well.

(Dear Faith,—At last I can cross your name off that horrid list. Write soon and keep off it. I am glad you have done well at school.—Uncle A.)

AN EARLY START.

Hope Tillyard, Bridge-street, Nelson, N.Z., writes:—

Dear Uncle A.,—I am going to join the "Grit" family. I am seven years old. You need not send two copies of "Grit," for we can both have the same copy. I do not know if all my spelling is right, for I am only in Standard III. My birthday is on the 31st of October. We have a big black opossum; he comes down and hangs by his tail. We also have seven big lizards; they live in burrows. Uncle B. came to stay with us. I must leave off now.

(Dear Hope,—Welcome. I think you are our youngest Ni. Keep on writing, but beware of the scallywag list.—Uncle A.)

GETTING BETTER.

Jim Brown, "Midlands," Grenfell, writes:—

Dear Uncle A.,—Will you please accept me as one of your many Ne's? I am eleven, and my birthday is on December 23. I have two brothers and two sisters, all younger than myself. We drive three miles to school. I am in 6th class. About three weeks ago, as we were driving to school, we had an accident. My two younger brothers were thrown out of the sulky. The wheel ran over my younger brother's head, inflicting a serious scalp wound. A kind neighbor hurried him to the doctor, who put 14 stitches in it. He has been ten days in hospital since, but is feeling fit for school now. We have had but very little rain up here, not enough for the crops. It is very cold up here, and we have had one heavy frost. There will be a big

(Continued on next page.)

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Jack Robinson, Anderson-st., Chatswood.
Heather Begg, Railway Parade, Hurstville.
Geof. Stokes, Abbotsholme College, Killara.
Una Pickard, Shepherd-st., Bowral.

Irene Bruce, Victoria-st., E. Maitland.
Ern Bond, 16 Duke-st., Kensington, N.S.W.
Joyce Stevenson, 23 Alma-street, Ashfield.
Ronald Boyd, "Rosebank," Terrara.

Annie Rumble, "Woodburn," Crookwell.
Maurice Clark, "Steinbrook," Centerfield.
This list will be printed each month, with the addition of any others who apply.

THANKS.

The stamps have been received from Grand-Uncle B., Messrs. H. G. Harward, L. D. Gilmour, A. E. Oldfield, W. Hill, T. E. Rowe, and J. McLean. We appreciate this liberality, which is a material assistance in our work amongst young people. Stamps of any country will be welcome, and will enable us to prepare many more packets.

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Owing to the liberality of our friends we are now able to supply packets of greater value and variety as follows:

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These can be obtained from Mr. Fisher, and at the Alliance Office, or by post. If to be posted enclose 1½d. extra for which 6d. worth ordered. We have the right to substitute any packets of equal value if those ordered are sold out. All proceeds for these packets are devoted to work among young people.

BEGIN AND COLLECT NOW.

The above packets afford splendid opportunity for young people to commence collecting stamps, and we recommend them for this purpose. If you wish to start collecting let us know how much you are prepared to spend for stamps and we will prepare a good world-wide set for beginners.

united picnic to-morrow; all the schools of the district are uniting. The children are going to form a procession and march through the town to the show ground, where the sports are to be held.

(Dear Jim,—Welcome! Tell your brothers and sisters to write also. I am very glad your brother is almost better. How thankful you should be that no more were hurt. The Seal has been sent you.—Uncle A.)

BY FLOODS.

Mary Cundy, Wattle Dale, Glenreagh, writes:—

Dear Uncle A.,—I am writing these few lines to ask you will you please accept me as one of your N's. I will be eleven on October 23, and I am in fifth class. Well, Uncle, it is getting very cold down this way of a morning. I am just getting over the cold. We are milking 14 cows, and we feed two calves. We had a terrible big flood down here. I have only been to school one day since Easter holidays. I have been in bed with the cold.

(Dear Mary,—Welcome! What fun you must have milking cows. Do you know that one pint of milk contains more nourishment than ten pints of ale?—Uncle A.)

MIND THE DINGOES.

Frank Playford, Merrylands, Glenreagh, writes:—

Dear Uncle A.,—I am very nearly on the scallywag list. On Empire Day we had a picnic at Nana Glen. We had races, and had two cases of apples and one of pears, and a tin of lollies; we had a nice time altogether. We have a very nice crop of oranges. The parrots are very destructive on the corn. The dingoes are very bad here and have been taking calves, and hurt one of the neighbor's dogs. We have had three frosts, and it is very cold to-day.

(Dear Frank,—Be sure to write oftener and keep off that horrid list. What fun you must have had on Empire Day.—Uncle A.)

UMBRELLAS FOR BED.

Isabelle Brown, "Broughton Park," Moss Vale, writes:—

Dear Uncle A.,—Please excuse me not

writing beforehand. I don't know why I didn't. It has been raining here pretty heavily. Have you had much rain up at Sydney? On Friday night it poured. I didn't go to Church this morning, for it was too damp. At the Berrima District A.H. and I. Society Show I got two firsts and a second for scones in different classes. Our Persian kitten is getting quite big now; it caught an opossum this morning, also one the other morning. I don't like to see animals getting killed, but they are pests. They eat all Mum's roses. We have neighbors who have fourteen cats to feed. Dad is repairing our house now. He took off the roof and it rained, of course. All the bedrooms are together, and the rooms where the roof is off are between the kitchen and bedrooms. It's funny running through rain to bed. Down in Lockhart they had to buy water to drink and wash in. I hope they got the rain. I am sending a few riddles in. I wish there were more of the children who took a fancy to riddles. There are plenty of mushrooms about now. Do you wish you could get some? I went to Sunday school this afternoon and had a nice time. There are five in my class; hardly any children attend. It is going to be held in the morning after this, which will be much nicer. We have a lovely big fire here; too lovely to leave.

(Dear Isabelle,—I should just love to have some of your scones and mushrooms. Yes, we've had plenty of rain here.—Uncle A.)

FAIRIES AT WORK.

John Cleland, First Avenue, Campsie, writes:—

Dear Uncle A.,—I am sending with this letter the pledge which I have signed. I went to the Campsie Prohibition meeting in the Masonic Hall, and I was pleased to see that the children knew their part. We are building a new stone Presbyterian Church, for the present one is too small to hold the congregation. At school we are learning to sing songs for Empire Day.

(Dear John,—I also enjoyed the "fairies at work." I wonder if I saw you at Campsie?—Uncle A.)



Why is a crying baby in church like a good resolution? The answer, according to the cynic, is that both ought to be carried out.

*** * *
WOULDN'T KNOW.**

Mrs. Smith: "John, whatever made you put that bad half-crown in the plate?"

Mr. Smith: "Oh, that was all right, my dear. The collection was for the heathen, and you don't think those chaps are going to tell the difference between that and a good one, do you?"

*** * *
PERMISSION.**

"Willie, did you put your penny in the contribution box in Sunday school to-day?"

"No, mamma. I ast Eddie Lake, the preacher's son, if I could keep it an' spend it fer candy, an' he gave me permission."

*** * *
LOGIC OF WOMAN.**

"What do you want with me?" asked the indignant motorist when she was ordered to stop.

"You were travelling at forty miles an hour," answered the police officer.

"Forty miles an hour? Why, I haven't been out an hour!" said the woman.

"Go ahead," said the officer. "That's a new one on me."

*** * *
HENUCATION.**

Little Bessie's father was speaking to the next-door neighbor about the trouble he had in keeping the chickens away from the garden.

"Why don't you educate them?" said the neighbor, jokingly. "You want to put them wise as to where they should go and where they shouldn't go."

"Educate them!" exclaimed the father. "You can't teach a hen anything. You can teach a cat, or a dog, but never a hen!"

"Say, father," indignantly put in little Bessie, who was standing by, "I think a hen knows just as much as a rooster!"

"There's the lightweight champion of our village," remarked the talkative native to a newcomer.

"Pugilist, eh?"
"Nope—the village butcher."

*** * *
ECONOMY.**

Melville: "What is economy, father?"

Father: "Economy, my son, is a way of spending money without getting any fun out of it."

A man read the following sign painted on a barber's shop without any punctuation: "What do you think I'll shave you for nothing and give you a drink."

He went in and had a shave and then demanded the drink. The barber said, "You have not read my sign right. It says, 'What! Do you think I'll shave you for nothing and give you a drink?'"

*** * *
AT LAST!**

A well-known clergyman, called to other duties, says a writer in the "Western Christian Advocate," preached his last sermon before the installation of his successor. The local weekly paper, in announcing the order of services, gave it as follows:

"Sermon by the Reverend Blank; solo and quartet, 'Hushed at Length.'"

*** * *
FRICTION.**

The insurance adjuster who had been investigating the fire turned to go.

"I came down here to find out the cause of this fire, and I have done so," he remarked.

"That's what I want to know. What caused it?" demanded the house owner.

"It's a plain case of friction."
"What-ya-mean—friction?"

"The fire was undoubtedly caused by rubbing a three-thousand-dollar insurance policy on a two-thousand-dollar house."

SAVE THE CHILD.

If we save the child, we shall save the man.
If we save the men, we shall save the women and children and the nation.

If this strikes YOU, then send along to
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The Coconut Oil blend is the secret of Sunlight cleansing

LEVER

Mistress—
Mary, your kitchen is a picture!
However do you get everything so spotlessly clean & bright?



Yes, ma'am, it do look nice but it's very little trouble when you use PEARSON'S SAND SOAP

PASS "GRIT" ON

DAILY INSPIRATION.

(Conducted by FAIRELIE THORNTON.)

SUNDAY.

VICTORY OUT OF DEFEAT.

"And I will give her her vineyards from thence, and the valley of Achor for a door of hope."—Hos., 2, 15.

The valley of Achor stands for defeat. . . . Is there a single life without its valley of Achor? Is there one of us who has not gone up against a temptation which in the distance looked quite insignificant, but has proved to be more than a match for all our resolutions with which we had braced ourselves to meet it? And has not the sense of our inability been borne in upon by bitter experiences which have cast us down on our faces to the ground? Can good come out of such evil, and sweetness from such bitter disaster?

The book of Joshua tells how that defeat wrought good. . . . It led to humiliation, self-examination, prayer and faith, and so at last to victory.

May we not say as much of our defeats? Certainly it would have been better had they never cast their shadow over our past, but as they have occurred they have not been without their lessons of priceless value. . . . We have been taught our own weakness, and led to magnify the grace which is made perfect in weakness. . . . God wants to give a new revelation of His love, to attract you into closer fellowship and friendship, to make a fence around you which will prevent you following your old paths, to lift you into the life of victory and satisfaction. And when these things come to pass (and they may begin to-day as you return to Him) you will find that He has put a new song in your mouth.—Rev. F. B. Meyer.

MONDAY.

"Fight the good fight of faith."—1 Tim., 6, 12.

I came and saw, but did not conquer,
The foes were fierce, their weapons strong.
I came, I saw, but yet I did not conquer,
For me the fight was sore and long.
They said the war was brief and easy,
A word, a look, would crush the throng.
To some it may have been a moment's conflict,
To me it has been sore and long.

They said the threats were coward bluster,
To brave men they could work no wrong;
So some may boast of swift and easy battle,
To me it has been fierce and long.
And yet I know that I shall conquer,
Though sore and hard the fight may be.
I know, I know I shall be more than victor,
Through Him who won the fight for me.

—H. Bonar, D.D.

TUESDAY.

"Lest I should be exalted above measure through the abundance of the revelations there was given to me a thorn in the flesh, the messenger of Satan to buffet me, lest I should be exalted above measure."—2 Cor., 12, 7-9.

I have no doubt at all but it cost St. Paul an effort to write these words. You can see it was a sore subject about which he was to tell. Not often, I daresay, even to his nearest friends, would the great apostle speak of his heavy burden, of that sore infirmity, so humiliating in its nature, and so sure to last as long as he lasted, which he names as his "thorn in the flesh." . . . And I believe that to many an earnest-minded man the thorn in the flesh never comes in a form so painful as in the form in which it came to St. Paul; in the form

of something which diminishes or destroys his usefulness, that keeps him from serving as he would wish his generation and his Saviour. . . . And the apostle tells us what the thorn came for, and tells us that he needed it all. It must have been a hard thing for him to say, but here it is. He needed it all to keep down a strong tendency to self-conceit. The great apostle gives us just one reason why the thorn was sent it was sent to take him down. . . . "Lest he should be exalted above measure." . . . Though the messenger of Satan, it was yet given by God. . . .

What we are to do in this; each of us to try to understand the lesson which God is addressing to his own self by the thorns and trials that come; and to leave our neighbors to interpret their own thorns and trials. When trial comes to us let us humbly seek to find out the lesson God is teaching us by it; but let us not presume to say wherefore the trial has come to any other man; little we know of his special temptations, cares, and fears. You may have known men supposed to be very ambitious and self-confident by those to whom they were almost strangers, who wished for nothing more in life than to slip unnoticed by. . . . And you will find those who get positively angry with anyone who is weak and ill, as if it were all his own fault. The thorn in the flesh may do us good also, by giving us a deeper and larger sympathy with others in their trials and sorrows.—From "A Country Parson."

WEDNESDAY.

"Judge not that ye be not judged."
Judge not; the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, won from some well-won field
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.
The fall thou darest to despise
Maybe the slackening angel's hand
Has suffered it, that he may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand,
Or trusting less to earthly things
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

THURSDAY.

"The chariots of God are twenty thousand."—Ps., 68, 17.

God's chariots are invisible. . . . They do not look like chariots, they look like enemies, sufferings, trials, defeats, misunderstandings, disappointments, unkindnesses, like Juggernaut cars waiting to crush us into the earth. But they really are chariots of triumph in which we may ride to those very heights of victory for which our souls have been longing and praying. . . . Everything becomes a chariot of salvation when God rides upon it. . . . God is often obliged to destroy all our own chariots before He can bring us to the point of mounting into His.

We lean too much upon a friend to help us in the spiritual life, and the Lord is obliged to separate us from that friend. A chariot of God is to be found in the very deprivations over which we mourn. . . . If we want to ride with God upon the heavens, we have to be brought to an end of all riding upon the earth.

Get into your chariot then. Take each thing that is wrong in your lives as God's chariot for you. No matter who the builders of the wrong may be, whether men or devils, by the time it reaches your side it is God's chariot for you, and is meant to carry you to a heavenly place of triumph. Shut out all

second causes, and find the Lord in it. Say, "Lord, open my eyes that I may see, not the enemy, but Thy unseen chariots of deliverance."

That misunderstanding, that mortification, that unkindness, that disappointment, that loss, that defeat, ALL—are chariots waiting to carry you to the very heights of victory you have so longed to reach.—Hannah Whitall Smith.

FRIDAY.

"In returning and rest shall ye be saved, in quietness and confidence shall be your strength."

Lord, if I heard, and in despite
Of warning, chase the fair false light,
If heedless, I Thy Spirit grieved,
And slighted as an idle tale
Love such as no man hath conceived—
What late repentance can avail?
How shall I dare to lift my face
Once more within Thy Holy place?

I know not verily, and yet
With doubts perplexed and fears beset,
And the sad heart unsatisfied,
Lord, I remember what sweet rest
I did discover at Thy side;
With yearnings not to be expressed,
I long to walk once more with Thee.
"Lord, hast Thou any room for me?"

—Mary E. Brady.

"He will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry, when He shall hear it, He will answer thee."—Isa., 30, 19.

SATURDAY.

"My grace is sufficient for Thee, for my strength is made perfect in weakness."

There is no sin in praying for the removal of a cross; but let us not be importunate for its removal before it has accomplished the purpose for which it is sent.

The Lord may answer you as He did Paul: "My grace is sufficient for thee." To receive an answer from the Lord, it behoves us to make our request, not only to ask, but to watch and wait, and often we may experience our petitions taking another form as the Holy Spirit unfolds the will of the Lord concerning us; "for we know not what we should pray for as we ought, but the Spirit itself maketh intercession for us."

Through years of intense neuralgia I never received power to pray for healing, though I could pray for others, and receive answers of blessing. When I strove for my own deliverance from pain, the words seemed chained, and my thought fell powerless. But a day came when I was able to make my request known unto God. Relief did not, as a rule, however, immediately follow; but it was usually obtained by the use of means which brought me in contact with souls and gave the opportunity of testimony and blessing.

Nevertheless there have been seasons of instantaneous alleviation without any visible resource, where strength and clearness of mind were given in accordance with my petition.—Anna Shipton.

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THE TAXI-CAR DRIVER HASN'T EYES IN THE BACK OF HIS HEAD.

By NAT D JACOBY

President, the Black and White Taxi-cab Company of New York City.

The company has a fleet of 500 taxis, carries 60,000 passengers a week, and travels 160,000 miles.

"I must tell you about one other thing we have discovered in conducting one of the biggest taxi-cab services in the country. While I have left this matter until the last it is far from being the least important. We believe that the safety of the public in the streets of our large cities has greatly increased AS A RESULT OF PROHIBITION.

"Under Prohibition we have paid in damages for personal injury only about one-third (37.8 per cent.) of what we paid for the same cause BEFORE Prohibition. I have concluded that the only way to account for the difference is the sobriety of people in the streets; and I have to admit that our drivers are part of the public, and that since Prohibition the standard of sobriety among them is almost absolute."

—"The American Magazine," March, 1923.

WORLD'S PROHIBITION FEDERATION.

FUSION OF FORCES.

The World Prohibition Federation (founded in London in 1909) is making very remarkable progress. A number of important Committees are at work in European and other countries. The European Committee, under the able leadership of Dr. Maurice Le-grain (Paris), Mr. Van der Menlen (Holland), and Mr. Larsen Ledet (Denmark), is particularly active in its propaganda against the dangers of alcoholism.

The Seventh International Prohibition Conference is to be held in Copenhagen, Denmark, on August 22 next. Mr. Guy Hayler, the World President, will preside, and reports will be presented by Dr. Chas. Scanlon (World Treasurer) and Mr. E. Page Gaston, F.R.G.S. (World Secretary). Representatives are coming from all parts of the world.

A joint meeting of the American Committee of the World Prohibition Federation, the International Reform Bureau, and the Prohibition Foundation, was held recently at Washington, D.C., when it was unanimously agreed to unite these three great organisations under the title of the World Prohibition and Reform Federation. The American headquarters will be at Washington, D.C. (opposite the Congressional Library), which is undoubtedly splendidly situated for international work. The American leaders are the Rev. Robert Watson, D.D., Boston, Mass. (President), and Prof. George S. Duncan, Washington, D.C. (Secretary). The Superintendent will be Mr. Virgil G. Hinshaw, of Chicago, Illinois, who was for many years the chairman of the Prohibition National Committee, head of the Prohibition Foundation, and a member of the Executive of the World Prohibition Federation. Mr. Hinshaw is the ideal man and a worthy successor to Dr. Wilbur F. Crafts, the founder of the International Reform Bureau.

LIQUOR AND LABOR.

(By CHARLES M. SHELDON.)

"Mr. Gompers, speaking, we presume, as an individual and not as a voice expressing the views of all workingmen, has publicly gone on record as opposed to the Volstead Act, and favoring light wine and beer, on the ground of 'personal liberty' for the workingman.

"With all due respect for the great service Mr. Gompers has rendered to the Federated Labor world, we must confess it seems rather strange that after the world history of the immense damage done to labor by liquor, he should so forcibly demand that liquor again be put easily within labor's reach.

"Overwhelmingly during the war the most efficient work was done all along the line by labor where it worked in dry surroundings. Mr. Gompers is too well informed not to know that, since national Prohibition, workingmen have tremendously benefited by increased savings bank deposits, and better home and school conditions.

"Large numbers of workingmen are repudiating Mr. Gompers's views. As a matter of fact, we believe, to the honor of the workingmen, the great majority of them do not want the wine and beer Mr. Gompers so loudly declares they ought to have. They are better off without it, and are not as thirsty as he says they are."

LADIES—

The Beautifully Illustrated

"KING" TEA

Catalogue of Free Gifts is Now Obtainable.

Ask your Grocer or Storekeeper.



JAMES COOK LTD.

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Tel.: Pad. 111.

Driving the Drinkers into Sahara—

(Continued from Page 10.)

Despite all these things, the drinking public smiled on the bootlegger and his business. Bootleggers became a sort of semi-distinguished class. Men and women spoke of "my bootlegger" as they spoke of "my doctor" or "my lawyer." Social barriers were lowered, and the bootlegger glimpsed the parlors of some of our best homes. He became a necessary concomitant to a real "live" party. He permeated our national life. He was known and welcomed everywhere, from the lowliest dwelling on New York's lower East Side to the zenith of America—the Capitol at Washington.

He piled up a fortune, bought palatial homes in which he installed mechanical pianos—and Rembrandts—laughed at laws, paid for his protection, and voted the Prohibition ticket.

For two and a half years a great many American citizens looked upon the bootlegger as their saviour from tyranny. He was a necessary, and welcome evil. Then the bad bootlegger, the fellow who sold the poisonous, adulterated stuff, ran amuck. He got the "honest" bootlegger in bad, just as the vicious saloon keeper of the old days got the legitimate saloon keeper in bad.

CHANGING DRINKERS INTO DRYS.

Then, quite suddenly, the real drinkers of the land had a change of heart. They realised that respect for a law which they considered an invasion of their personal rights was one thing, and that respect and support for a fellow who puts false labels on adulterated, poisonous, death-dealing liquids was quite another. They might be unalterably opposed to Prohibition, as millions of us are and always will be, but they couldn't and wouldn't lend moral support to common murderers.

About that time men and women who still sought to get liquor began substituting "a bootlegger" for "my bootlegger." Now "my bootlegger" is almost obsolete. The best drinkers have dropped it from their vocabularies.

At this turning point on the Highway of Booze men and women began banding together for the purpose of encouraging respect for the Eighteenth Amendment. Mothers' Clubs, Parent-Teachers' Associations, college organisations, bar associations, civic clubs, and educational organisations drew up resolutions pledging support of the Volstead Act. These people—the Vigilantes of 1923—are looking forward to the day when they will have a central organisation representing 75,000,000 people.

That day would be long delayed—probably would never arrive—if the real drinkers of the land stood pat. But the vicious bootlegger, like his predecessor, the vicious saloon keeper, is driving the real drinkers into the ranks of the dries. It was the real drinkers who became disgusted with the dives and brothels who made Prohibition technically possible. And now it is going to be drinkers who are getting more and more disgusted with the bad bootlegger who, in turn, are going to make Prohibition an actuality.

THE WORLD OUTLOOK.

LATEST INFORMATION.

(From Special Correspondents.)

The Netherlands.

Utrecht, March 5, 1923.

The Local Option Bill has again been introduced into Parliament with every prospect of being passed into law. The Bill is the same as that rejected by the Senate by a majority of one prior to the last election.

Ireland.

Belfast, February 17, 1923.

In opening the Northern Parliament the King's Speech, read by the Duke of Abercorn, stated that the principal Bills of the new session would deal with education and temperance reform, which is understood to mean Local Option over all liquor licenses.

Mexico.

Mexico City, February 21, 1923.

The Mexican Government announce that they have decided to establish a dry zone of 50 miles wide on their side of the boundary with a view of suppressing the drink evil in the border towns, and the smuggling of liquor into the United States.

United States.

Washington, D.C., February 22, 1923.

Mr. Charles Hughes, Secretary of State, rules that both under the revised statutes and international law diplomatists enjoy freedom to import liquor for their use at their own Embassies.

Finland.

Helsingfors, January 2, 1923.

It having been reported that intoxicating liquors were being used in Finnish Legations abroad, the National Assembly has resolved that the Prohibition law of Finland must be enforced in all its Foreign Embassies.

Finland.

Helsingfors, January 3, 1923.

The National Assembly has rejected by an overwhelming majority a proposal to take a referendum on the question, shall Prohibition be continued or not?

Turkey.

Constantinople, February 1, 1923.

A decree has been published in Constantinople and throughout Turkey prohibiting the manufacture, sale, or consumption of alcoholic liquors. The people have taken the decree very quietly and appear to approve the new law.

Scilly Isles.

St. Martins, February 6, 1923.

The public-houses of Bryher and St. Agnes were closed during the war at the request of the inhabitants and have never been reopened. As the result of a recent police-court case, the license of the only public-house in St. Martins has been withdrawn, and the three Scilly Isles are all dry.

Peru.

Lima, January 3, 1923.

The Peruvian Congress has adopted a law that the fines for the infringement of the anti-alcoholic law in the Department of Lima and the Province of Callas shall be devoted entirely to the Ladies' Anti-Tuberculosis League.

Canada.

Vancouver, B.C., January 20, 1923.

Business men finding that the Government liquor monopoly is diverting large sums of money from the necessary channels of trade and impoverishing the homes of the people, recommend the immediate re-enactment of Prohibition.

Norway.

Christiania, March 5, 1923.

The proposal of the Government to enter

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NOTE.—The readers of "Grit" are asked to support its supporters.

into a commercial treaty with Portugal under which 187,000 gallons of wine, containing over 14 per cent. alcohol, were to be imported annually, has been rejected in the Parliament by a vote of 119 to 28.

South Africa.

Cape Town, February 15, 1923.

The Local Option Bill has been introduced into the House of Assembly by Mr. Malan in a fine speech. The debate was adjourned to enable the opponents to produce, if possible, rebutting evidence to the serious charges laid at the doors of the liquor traffic. The result of lobbying shows that there is a prospect of the measure getting a small majority in its favor.

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