

# Grit.

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WHY WE DON'T SEE ALL ROUND THE QUESTION.

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## A SPLENDID ENTERPRISE.

### A FIVE-STORY HOTEL WITHOUT A BAR,

Arrangements have been completed for the erection of the Temperance Hotel of the Queensland Prohibition League. A building contract has been let, and work will be begun immediately. The new building will stand on the League's property, unequalled for the purpose, at the corner of Ann and Edward streets, overlooking the Central Railway Station. The present contract will provide a five-story building, which can sooner or later as circumstances determine be increased by five stories. On the ground floor the street frontages are utilised for 13 shops of varying sizes, two facing Edward-street, a corner shop, and ten facing Ann-street. Attached to the corner shop is a semi-ground floor tea room, with ample light and air.

The hotel entrance is in Ann-street. A wide vestibule will lead into a roomy and cheerful lounge hall, containing the hotel office, and giving access to the two lifts and main stair. Opening off the hall are a ladies' room, reading room, telephone room, main dining-room and children's dining-room. The main dining-room, a lofty apartment, lit and ventilated from both sides, will be attractive and comfortable. Beyond are the kitchen and service quarters, all well lighted and ventilated, and including a laundry and cold store. From the kitchen department there is service by lifts and stairs to pantries and service rooms on every floor.

### AN "ISLAND" BUILDING.

A cartway on the southern side, the railway property on the west, and the two streets make an "island" building, of which full advantage has been taken. The surface fall of the site has allowed the provision of a mezzanine floor between ground and first floors, which is mainly used to give liberal and comfortable accommodation for the staff. A few guests' bedrooms are also provided at this level, until the number of floors is increased, when the space will be required for larger public rooms.

The first floor will contain a section to give office accommodation for the Prohibition League, the Rechabite and Good Templar Orders, and a lodge room. Access to this section is from Edward-street, and it is completely separated from the hotel.

### SPACIOUS OPEN LOUNGE.

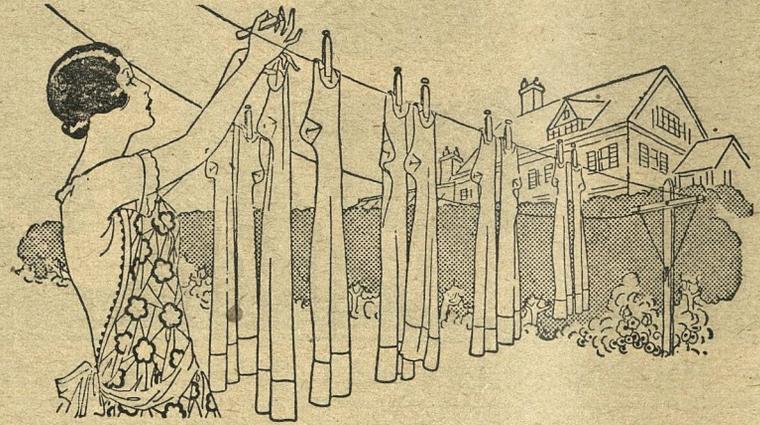
On this level also an important feature is an open lounge, overlooking Ann-street, with an area of nearly 2000 square feet arcaded on the two long sides and roofed. This is expected to be a particularly popular element of the enterprise, both for the guests and for outside functions. The remainder of the floor is divided into bedrooms of varying size, here and throughout the building. Every room has direct external light and air, and there will be no completely enclosed well-like areas. Every bedroom will have a fixed basin and a built-in wardrobe. Bathrooms, plunge and shower, and other toilet accommodation will be well distributed and ample. It will also be possible to set aside

suites of two to five rooms to accommodate family or other parties.

On the second floor, overlooking the Central Station, with a balcony, will be a drawing-room. The balance of this floor and the whole of the remaining floors are used for bedrooms, with the features already mentioned. The total number of bedrooms in the first section is 162, giving a maximum accommodation about 250. A flat roof will be accessible as a resort and will also carry a billiard room and a small laundry for use by guests for light washing. On the upper floors at right angles to Ann-street are balconies which will provide quiet and agreeable lounging space accessible for each floor.

### FIREPROOF STRUCTURE.

The new hotel will be a notably "safe" structure, for it will have a steel and concrete frame, concrete floors, balconies and roof, brick walls and partitions, and metal windows. There will, nevertheless, be four widely distributed stairs. The whole of the exterior will be finished in plaster, simply treated. Internally the public rooms will be attractively decorated. Vacuum cleaning, hot water, and other conveniences will be installed, and it is believed that the new hotel will be from all points a comfortable and agreeable resort for travellers. The building has been designed by Mr. A. E. Brooks, L.R.I.B.A.



## Never a Streak, Spot nor Smudge!

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## GIRLS AT THEIR BEST.

### THE FELLOWSHIP OF THE GOSPEL.

By HELEN GRAHAM.

As the days before Christmas were numbered, and the whirligig of things in general somewhat hectic, and consequently leisure no cypher, one naturally looked for a sparse attendance at the last meeting of the year of the Business Girls' class.

But with a kind of homing instinct strong upon them, and with cinema celerity, the "members" crowded into the lift, eager to keep tryst at that rendezvous of comradely understanding, Toc H. rooms in Hamilton-street.

And soon eyes flashed messages of glad recognition, hands of friendship clasped, happy groupings linked up instinctively, and innocent laughter was wirelessed on the ether.

It was a whole Book of Revelations to be a spectator of that kaleidoscopic scene. What a wonderfully interesting company of girls foregathered there—girls up against life's facts, struggles, siren voices. Girls in the very springtime of young womanhood, with the years vistaed before them, and imperial opportunities for service around them. Girls not white-anted with the jazz microbe, not in bonds to powder puff, or lip sticks. Kindly, true-hearted, natural girls—hand-maids of the King.

In that room is but one common language—that of love; one common atmosphere—that of sympathy; one common purpose—to be equipped to live life royally.

Eating is no fetish there. The evening meal is home-like, ample, digestible, time limited, and provided inexpensively. The great feature of the gathering is the wonderful after-meeting, where petitions are presented, prayers offered, the pulsing melody of praise sung, portions of the Word read, and a helpful address given.

It is easily conceivable the organisation of such a tea demands preparation and planning, and great credit is due to the voluntary band of workers who, in season and out of season, lose the duty in the joy.

Much might be said regarding the "lady of the teapot"—Mrs. Pattison—and her daughter, who are content to fill and refill the cheering cups, with a fidelity which makes that and the action "fine." Mrs. Alkins' part and lot is to superintend the table arrangements, and with rare touches of gracious personality she moves amongst the girl company, radiantly happy for the opportunity of communion thus afforded.

But time would fail to tell of the role filled by Miss Becke, the secretary, who two and a half years ago, with the vision of the Patmos seer, and with indomitable faith and high courage, conceived such a meeting, under such conditions, for the business girls of the city.

And just what such a meeting owes to Mrs. Begbie can never be chronicled in the records of time. To develop the "hidden best" in the heart, to encourage the missionary spirit, to mould and fashion thought to

the highest, is to make history that is as the very soul of the nation.

To have started with an enrolment of forty was surely inspiring, but to have increased to a hundred and eighty, with an average attendance of a hundred and twenty, should surely satisfy the most captious critic.

That the girls foregather there from the four corners of the suburbs, and count it a great privilege to do so, is evidenced by the fact that Cronulla, Watson's Bay, Glenbrook and Hornsby are all represented.

That "Afnes Lizzie," a dark-hued converted Biblewoman in Africa, that land of mystery and promise, is supported by the contributions of this band of workaday girls is surely practical proof of their missionary zeal. And that two members of this wonderful class desire to win others in the foreign fields for Christ is still further evidence of the work being done by the Holy Spirit.

That the girls are urged to put their own church first, and to help it in every possible way, are also proofs that no disaffection is encouraged.

The final address for the year, given by Mrs. Begbie last Thursday, was based on Moses' prayer in Numbers, 14:19, "As Thou hast forgiven this people even from Egypt until now"; and also on 1 Pet., i., 14, "To an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in Heaven for you, who are kept." The bracketing of the texts was fine. With an appealing note of wooing she told of the wonderful pardon for the past—the Egypt of human nature, with its sad record, its painful details, and sorry history—and also of the other side of the picture, even the glorious promise for the future for those who are journeying on to Immanuel's Land, companioned by Jesus, and guided by the Holy Spirit. Lovingly, yet earnestly and definitely, the girls were urged to make 1927 the best year in their lives for service for others, and loyalty to the Master. A gracious influence was felt throughout the meeting, and the rapt attention of the "class" was arresting and expressive of a response registering itself on the heart and conscience of every listener, till it was not difficult to visualise a rich harvest in the future.

Opportunity was taken by the girls to express their appreciation to Mrs. Begbie and Miss Becke by the gift of some love tokens. Then the Benediction brought to a close this happy gathering of some of the business girls of our city.

One wonders, and hopes, will some mother, relative or friend in the country, or for that matter, in the suburbs, read this article and become seized with the idea that such a meeting under such conditions would be ideal for their loved ones. If so, write Miss Becke, care of Mr. W. Bradley, 160 Castlereagh-street, Sydney, and you will be assured of an interested co-operation in your desire to bring your dear one into such uplifting fellowship, where the currents of thought are



### Improves broths

All broths, all savoury dishes you make should be enriched by Marmite. It has a very particular flavour of its own. Suggestive of celery perhaps . . . savoury, with a pleasant salty tang to it that is entirely delicious.

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Marmite is a pure vegetable extract of high nutrient value. It is very economical. Marmite is a highly concentrated food and therefore should be used sparingly. Try it for sandwiches.

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directed into right channels, where the irritations and frets, the friction and jar of the day magically disappear, where a steadiness is given to purpose and an inspiration to service.

The wonderful opportunity is yours. Will you seize it?

## PROHIBITION WITHOUT COMPENSATION.

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

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

### CAMPAIGN NOTES.

In our last issue it was stated that Mr. Charles Todd, President of the New Zealand Alliance, and a prominent business man of the Dominion, who has been visiting Great Britain and America, would be returning via Australia. Since then a cable message has been received that Mr. Todd will not come this way. New South Wales and Australia will miss hearing one well-equipped to sum up the Prohibition situation.

The latest petition for a publican's license is being taken around North Auburn, another of the new workers' suburbs.

Hon. H. E. Pratten, Minister for Customs, has assured us that the interests of the temperance movement will not be lost sight of when the matter of the wine bounty is being finally dealt with. Just how a bounty for the production of wine is going to help the temperance movement is not quite clear to us. We can only hope that Mr. Pratten sees more than we do.

The Chief Commissioner for Railways assured a deputation of ladies, who recently protested against pictures of gaily-dressed women and girls drinking liquor being displayed on railway premises as advertisements, that anything of this sort which might be regarded as objectionable would be removed. In view of his statement, many passengers by the underground railway may wonder why the only advt. in the passageway from the St. James entrance is a young woman drinking from a glass representing a well-known liquor. Mr. Fraser's advertising manager was apparently not much impressed by what his chief told the deputation.

Appreciation of the work of the Prohibition Alliance may be felt more often than expressed. It was quite encouraging to receive during the past week a letter expressing the thanks of an Anti-License Committee for the help given in connection with the opposition to an application for a publican's license. Such an expression is always cheering.

The holiday season has prevented the carrying out of the usual complete field programme. This will be resumed again, and fixtures have been arranged in metropolis and country for the next couple of months. Included in the programme will be the usual holiday campaign on the mountains. This is being held a little later than usual, and the experiment, as to date, is expected to give some guide as to future plans for the holiday resorts. Growth of population and increase of holiday visitors have caused the authorities to restrict the facilities for open-air gatherings. These have hitherto been the chief feature of our holiday programme.

Plans are being prepared for an effective publicity campaign for this year. To carry it out we need the assistance of friends in many places. Just think over what you can do to help with literature and posters, and tell us. Our plans will be communicated in due course. The preparations for the elections—whether again deferred or not—necessitate a wide broadcasting of knowledge of Prohibition possibilities.

Mrs. Sidney Moore, a member of the Executive of the Prohibition Alliance, left last week on a world tour. She is accompanied by her husband and daughter.

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### PETITIONS FOR LIQUOR LICENSES.

That a careful scrutiny of the petitions for new licenses is necessary goes without saying; probably a severe examination would be justified. One reason for saying this is the varied nature of the reasons for rejecting names.

A striking illustration of the value, or lack of value, of a petition is furnished in one instance, where a supplementary petition had to be obtained. About 10 per cent. of the names on the petition were disallowed after scrutiny by the police. This was for various reasons. Some of the persons whose names had been included were dead, others could not be located; there were duplicates and some under age; a large number were outside the area and many had left the district. Of the names on the first petition, a big batch had to be struck out, as they no longer resided in the area. It could be said that they had left between the time their names were put on the petition and when it was scrutinised by the police, but as there were a number of unauthorised signatures it would not be going too far to suggest that some of the former had been put down at a venture after the names had been found on the electoral roll.

There is the very glaring instance where, it has been stated, some thousands of signatures were disallowed. So great was the shock to the would-be applicant in that instance that the petition was dropped. The police officer who handled that petition did his duty well.

The whole procedure is a sorry business, and the sooner the legislation which provides for it is taken from the statute book the better for the credit of our boasted democracy. It is a monstrous thing that a district should be at the mercy of any brewery company which wishes to put up a dummy petitioner for a publican's license; and then, when a majority of signatures is obtained, for a Licensing Bench to feel constrained to act as if the petition represented the opinion of the residents of the district as to whether or not there should be a liquor bar in their midst is to continue the travesty on democracy.

Public resentment against this sort of thing is growing. This, added to the other crimes of the liquor traffic, is hastening the day of its extinction. Prohibition is coming, as sure as the sun rises in the east, and the chief argument for it is the liquor traffic.

### PROPOSED HOTEL AT EPPING.

Residents of the popular suburb of Epping are up in arms against the attempt to put a liquor bar in their midst. It is safe to say that never before has the district been so stirred.

Immediately upon the first intimation of the applicant's petition being received a meeting was held to arrange the plan of opposition. Then on the Sunday afternoon a public demonstration was held in the Cambria Theatre, presided over by the Mayor of Dundas. A resolution of protest was unanimously carried, and an army of volunteers to canvass the district in opposition to the license was enrolled.

The residents know full well what an hotel bar would mean, and are determined to resist it.

### FIELD DAY APPOINTMENTS.

#### SUNDAY, JANUARY 9.

11 a.m.: Guildford Methodist Church;  
3 p.m.: Holroyd Methodist Church;  
7.15 p.m.: Granville Methodist Church;  
Rev. H. Putland.

11 a.m.: Sutherland Congregational Church;

3 p.m.: Sutherland Congregational Church;

7.15 p.m.: Sutherland Congregational Church;

Mr. A. G. Saunders.

11 a.m.: Sutherland Methodist Church;

3 p.m.: Miranda S.S.;

7.15 p.m.: Caringbah Methodist Church;

Mr. Evan Richards.

7 p.m.: Newtown Methodist Church;

Mr. H. Macourt.

#### SUNDAY, JANUARY 16.

11 a.m.: Armidale Methodist Church;

3 p.m.: Black Mountain Baptist Church;

7.30 p.m.: Armidale Baptist Church;

Rev. H. Putland.

11 a.m.: Sutherland Anglican Church;

7 p.m.: Miranda Anglican Church;

Mr. A. G. Saunders.

7 p.m.: Northbridge Anglican Church;

Mr. C. E. Still.

7 p.m.: Mascot Congregational Church;

Mr. H. Macourt.

7 p.m.: Sunnyside Congregational Church;

Mr. Evan Richards.

#### MONDAY, JANUARY 17.

8 p.m.: Methodist Hall, Armidale;

Rev. H. Putland.

### DAFFODILS.

One of our friends will donate £5 worth of daffodil bulbs to the Alliance funds. Therefore, will anyone desiring some get in touch with us, and let us know any special ones they require. The bulbs will not be ready until early in the New Year, but it will help to have the orders as soon as possible. Particulars and prices are as follows. Those who have had similar bulbs previously speak very highly of them:

	Each.	Doz.	Per 100.
Ardrigh .....	3d.	2/-	10/-
Barri Conspicuous ..	5d.	4/-	28/-
Emperor .....	4d.	3/-	20/-
Empress .....	4d.	3/-	20/-
Figaro .....	2d.	1/-	7/-
Golden Spur .....	3d.	2/6	15/-
Hoboken (new) ....	1/6	15/-	—
King Alfred .....	1/6	15/-	90/-
Mme. de Graaff .....	6d.	5/-	—
Princeps .....	3d.	2/-	10/-
Sir Watkin .....	4d.	3/-	20/-
Vanilla (new) .....	1/6	15/-	—
Alsace .....	3d.	2/6	—
Elvira .....	4d.	3/6	—
Autocrat .....	3d.	2/6	—
Albatross .....	6d.	5/-	—
Cardinal .....	4d.	3/6	—
Diadem .....	4d.	3/6	—
Glitter .....	3d.	2/6	—
The Star .....	4d.	3/6	—
White Queen .....	6d.	5/-	—

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## NEW SOUTH WALES PROHIBITION ALLIANCE

Headquarters: 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.  
 Our Objective: The Abolition of the Liquor Traffic.  
 Our Weapons: Education and Legislative Action.

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

### THE SCANDAL OF LOCAL OPTION SUSPENSION.

No blacker page in the history of New South Wales legislation has been written than that which covers the suspension of the Local Option laws. Granted originally by Sir Henry Parkes, these laws were available to the electors till 1913, when the last poll was taken.

Because of the Six O'clock Referendum in 1916, and pending the taking of the Prohibition poll in 1920, the Act was "suspended." The failure of the Storey Government to carry out the law and take the Prohibition poll on the date fixed by Statute led to the further "suspension" of Local Option. The failure of the Parliament elected in 1922 to fulfil the pledges of a majority of its members for an immediate referendum on Prohibition resulted in the continuation of the "suspension" of Local Option till 1928. As Local Option polls can only be taken at a general election, and providing there is no extension of the period of "suspension" the time between the last Local Option poll and the next will be no less than 18 years.

In the meantime the power of granting and transferring licenses is delegated to the Licensing Court, which by the irony of circumstances is also, in personnel, the Licensing Reduction Board. This Court apparently takes no notice whatever of the verdict of the electors at the 1913 Local Option poll, when a number of electorates carried Reduction.

#### BLEEDING THE PUBLIC.

Taking every advantage of the law which they were mainly instrumental in passing, the liquor interests are pushing their claims for new licenses in every possible direction. Never was there so prolific a crop of applications for liquor bars. The outrageous compensation provisions, made conditional on the passing of Prohibition, are a direct encouragement to lavish expenditure by the liquor interests on new hotels, and on additions to old structures. The amount expended in this direction by the brewers matters nothing at all to these concerns, since as the Act at present stands they will be handsomely recouped at the public expense for all their capital outlay.

The whole law is a direct incentive to an extravagant hotel building programme, for in the greater number of suburban hotels the rooms provided for accommodation are neither needed nor used. In many cases these rooms are not even furnished, excepting for blinds at the windows. Meals are not served in most of these places—the whole edifice being but a camouflaged pot-house. Brewers are vying with each other in putting up more and more elaborate buildings, and they can afford to do so, seeing that they are fully covered under the compensation provisions attached to Prohibition polls.

#### THE INVASION OF RESIDENTIAL CENTRES.

Widespread concern is being manifested by citizens everywhere at the invasion of what have been purely residential centres by the liquor interests. The granting of licenses in Lakemba and Campsie should awaken the residents of similar places to a

realisation that the calamity which has overtaken Lakemba may shortly engulf them.

No "dry" area is safe. Every increase in residential population of dry suburbs appears to present to the Licensing Bench an additional reason for granting liquor licenses where none have contaminated the residents before. Indeed it is hardly too much to say that the Bench—no doubt quite legally, for the law was drawn up by the liquor interests—appear to regard liquor bars as much public necessities as electric trams, trains or post offices.

#### NO COMPENSATION FOR THE HOUSEHOLDER.

The Bench overlooks this important fact: that whereas the provision of trams, trains, post offices, etc., enhance the values of residential and business properties, the granting of liquor licenses seriously depreciates the value of such properties. The brewery which secures another tied house gains enormously, but it is at the cost of the public, who were there long before the publican, and who receive not a penny compensation for the monetary loss inflicted upon them. The liquor wolf waits until the sheep have gathered in sufficient numbers before he makes his raid.

The case for the public was powerfully expressed recently by a brewer, Alderman Salvidge, who is also Chairman of the Liverpool Conservative Party. Alderman Salvidge, commenting upon the new workingmen's housing areas set aside by the Liverpool Corporation, said:

"It would be wrong, in his opinion, for the Council to sell any of the land for public-house purposes. This is in reference to the Liverpool Housing Area. And why should the brewers be given an advantage denied to others? He did not say that a public house was necessarily objectionable. No, but if a man invested his money with a public body, that body had no moral right to erect something which would damage his property."

This sound condemnation by a brewer of a practice which finds favor with a large number of N.S.W. legislators cannot well be ignored. Indeed the case against the liquor bar in suburbs like Lakemba, Campsie, Epping, etc., is stronger than it is in the case of Liverpool, for in the Sydney areas the homes have been erected out of the hard-won earnings of the individual owners.

It is little short of an outrage that the mortgage value, and the sale value of the home, should be reduced by the intrusion of a liquor bar into a residential quarter, into which many a home-seeker has sunk his savings, largely because when he made his purchase there was no liquor bar in the vicinity. If it be true that the liquor interests, which hold only a yearly license, are nevertheless entitled to compensation if their expectations of the license being continued for ever are nipped in the bud should not the new liquor bar pay compensation to the peaceful householder whose expectations that no liquor bar would be allowed is abrogated by the Licensing Bench? Why compensation for the publican and none for the public?

#### RESTORE THE AUSTRALIAN BALLOT.

We are pleading for the immediate restoration of Democracy, as well as for the removal of the suspension of Local Option. The present methods of obtaining the opinion of the residents of a locality concerning a new license are the antithesis of Democracy. A petition is hawked around the district as a rule by canvassers hired by the petitioner, who almost invariably is a mere agent for the brewer. Some of these hired canvassers resort to questionable means of securing signatures. An alleged returned soldier pleads with a householder to sign in order to help a man who was wounded for his country to secure the promised payment per signature. Some electors are misled by being informed that they are signing in favor of the erection of a place of amusement. Some residents are so bewildered that they sign for and against the new license.

The police are expected to check the signatures, but no scrutineers are allowed on either side to check up with the police, and see that there is no mistake regarding the bona fides of the signatures. And all the time the recognised method of the ballot remains in abeyance.

#### NO SUBSTITUTE FOR PROHIBITION.

We do not ask for Local Option as a substitute for Prohibition. We simply demand that pending the Prohibition poll the Local Option provisions of the Liquor Act shall be put into operation, and the citizens of residential areas be given an opportunity of stemming this surging tide of liquor applications which threatens their security and the peacefulness of the neighborhood. Every liquor bar on the average is responsible for 12 convictions for drunkenness in the Police Courts. As not one in ten drunken persons are arrested it can safely be said, allowing for repeaters, that each liquor bar in N.S.W. is responsible for 120 drunkards per annum. Imagine the scandal and disgrace of turning 120 drunkards loose in the peaceful streets of Lakemba or Epping!

Imagine the injustice of setting new traps for the feet of the youth of Lakemba or Epping, and turning this magnificent raw product of Australian youth into the finished product that is in evidence any day in the Central Police Court!

No star chamber has any moral right to register another drink factory in this State. If the electors determine by ballot that they want more drink factories, we say at once: Let Democracy prevail; it takes the consequences of its own acts.

#### PROHIBITIONISTS!

#### TAKE NO RISKS REGARDING THE STATE ELECTIONS.

See that the right candidate is **SELECTED** for your constituency.

Then give him the fullest support so that in the new Parliament the right of the people to a vote on the liquor evil may be provided without the handicap of compensation.

# VOTE PROHIBITION BEFORE PARTY

## THE WEIGHT OF EVIDENCE.

### THE PROFESSOR, THE EDITOR, AND THE STATESMAN.

(From the "Cambridge Tribune," Massachusetts.)

An interview with Dr. Alfred Worcester, Professor of Hygiene at Harvard, printed in the "Harvard Crimson," speaks a convincing word for Prohibition. Dr. Worcester says: "No doctor who has gone out and worked among the poorer classes could ever vote for the modification of a law against intoxicating liquors. No member of the medical profession, unless he is a specialist who has not come in contact with the life of ordinary people, could be opposed to a law like the Volstead Act which prohibits the manufacture and sale of alcoholic drinks." In comparing conditions in his home town under local Prohibition and otherwise, he continues: "A number of years ago my own town of Waltham used to vote 'Yes' one year and 'No' the next on the dry question. The general degradation of the people was so much less in the dry years that no one could fail to observe it. And it seems only logical to suppose that if Prohibition were a decidedly good influence in Waltham, it would also be throughout Massachusetts and the whole of the United States."

(Hon. Herbert Hoover, Secretary of Trade and Commerce, as quoted in the "Pioneer," Brampton, Ontario, Canada.)

There can be no doubt of the economic benefits of Prohibition. Viewing the temperance question only from this angle, Prohibition has proved its case. I think increased temperance over the land is responsible for a good share of the enormously increased efficiency in production, which statistics gathered by the Department of Commerce show to have followed passage of the Prohibition law. Exhaustive study from many angles of production over average periods, ten years apart before and since the war, would indicate that while our productivity should have increased about 15 per cent., due to the increase in population, yet the actual increase has been from 25 to 30 per cent., indicating an increase of efficiency of somewhere from 10 to 15 per cent. There is no question, in my opinion, that Prohibition is making America more productive. There can be no doubt that Prohibition is putting money into the American family pocket-book. The dry law has proved its worth in dollars and cents.

(From the "Boston Globe," Massachusetts.)

"People often complain that Prohibition is a discrimination against the poor in favor of the rich," said Prof. J. N. Carver of Harvard in a lecture before the Y.M.C.A. "It is argued that the rich can afford to pay bootleggers' prices and the poor cannot. But the question is: Whom is the discrimination against? If you think liquor is good for people, then it is against the working man. If not, whom is it against?" Professor Carver's argument was, "Prohibition is worth enforcing." All laws worth enforcing, he said, are difficult to enforce. "If a law does not combat some bad tendency in human nature, why pass the law?" he asked. Then he began to ask more questions. "How is it that millions of dollars, paid by workingmen, have been put into investments?" "How is it that savings deposits have increased?" "How is it that people of all sorts can buy radios, automobiles?" This is true in no other country in the world, he declared. True, real wages, the average money received in proportion to the purchasing power of the dollar, have increased from twenty-eight to forty per cent. since 1914, but that is not the whole story, he said. He argued that two billion dollars annually used to be spent on drink. This money has not evaporated, he said. A lot

of it has gone into workingmen's savings, Labor banks, automobiles, radios. We live, he continued, in an "interdependent civilization." Everyone depends on everyone else, in some way or other. In the old days, when people were scattered, if a man got drunk it was his own business. To-day, a business executive, a locomotive engineer, a foreman in a plant, a workman at dangerous machinery, who is under the influence of liquor, endangers other lives than his own.

(From an Editorial in the "Los Angeles Times," California.)

Wet majorities doubtless exist in some of our big cities, particularly New York and Chicago, but there is every indication that the sentiment in nearly all the smaller cities and towns in this country is overwhelmingly in favor of Prohibition, and that their citizens do not desire any modification of the law that has established what they consider an acceptable state of affairs, despite all efforts on the part of unthinking people to nullify or modify that law. Strong proof of this fact is seen in the registered expression of the country editors. Most of them favor the Volstead Act as it stands, and will stand for no tinkering with it. The National Editorial Association, composed chiefly of editors and publishers of journals printed and circulated in places of small population, voted on the question of Prohibition recently in this city. More than three to one were for the strict enforcement of the Volstead Act.

This remarkable preponderance of sentiment for unmodified Prohibition should prove to those sincere and sober city people who have come to regard the defiance of the law in their communities as representative of the views of the people of the country at large, that there is no such general sentiment, but that the general feeling really is the antithesis of this and there is likely to be no change in it whatever. What makes this overwhelming dry vote of the editors the more important and significant is that those of them who hail from small cities and towns, as they do for the most part, are not only moulders of public opinion in this, as in other respects, but they truly reflect their community sentiment, as editors generally feel bound to do if they are to make a successful newspaper. . . .

It is good to know that the country editors present such a solid front to the enemies of Prohibition, that they are not only supplementing the efforts of those sober people of their communities who are working in support of the law and to prevent its nullification or modification, but that they are encouraging them in their labors, writing quotable articles for them to use in their campaigns against the wets, and assisting in making it impossible for a reactionary movement to gain headway against those who honestly believe that, as has been shown in the case of America, a dry nation is a prosperous nation.

(From an Article by Chester Rowell in the "Star-News," Pasadena, California.)

Why was Prohibition put into the Constitution, anyway, instead of into the ordinary statutes, where it could have been changed if found unsatisfactory? This is a common question. Two reasons: First: If it was to be national at all it had to go into the Constitution, at least as an enabling Act, since Congress, unlike the State Legislatures, did not have the right to pass a Prohibition law until that right was expressly conferred by the Constitution. And, second: It was put

into the Constitution nationally for the same reason that it was put into the constitutions, rather than into the statutes, of most of the States which went dry. Prohibition is an undertaking which takes time. It has to be accepted as a fixed fact in law before it can be established as a fixed fact in reality. If it is an open question, to be agitated at every election, the constant theoretical agitation prevents practical progress. When a thing is put into the Constitution, it is finished. There is nothing more to agitate about. That leaves the field clear for the slower development of enforcement and acceptance.

This new agitation, based on the fiction that there is something to agitate, has temporarily nullified all this. That, indeed, is its only intelligible purpose. Those behind the agitation must know, and doubtless do know, that none of the things they pretend to agitate for can be done. But if they can fool the people into thinking it is an open question, on which Congress, if it would, could act, they can obstruct enforcement almost as effectively as if this really were the case. Under pretence of an agitation to change the law, which they know cannot be done, it is really an effort to undermine and nullify the law, which would be much worse even than changing it.

(Viscount Astor, as quoted in "Great Thoughts," London, England.)

The success of a democracy depends very largely upon the quality of the average voter and upon the average legislator, and any force which tends to lower this average is bad; and drink certainly tends to lower this average. I find it extremely difficult to understand exactly what we mean by some of the great terms associated with religion, such as "infinite" and "almighty," and yet it is very desirable we should. I suggest we are not helping ourselves to get a correct apprehension of the meaning of these terms if we indulge in something which just takes off the razor edge of our higher faculties. All Christian denominations agree that there is a conflict between the Spirit and the flesh; between spiritual man and carnal man; between man's higher nature and his lower nature. The effect of alcohol is entirely an appeal to the emotions associated with man's lower nature; it is an appeal to the carnal man, to the flesh.

(From a Speech by Senator Borah, as quoted in the "Christian Century," Chicago, Illinois.)

I am one of those who believe that the Constitution of the United States is of sufficient value, if it is necessary, to trace our way through blood and fire in order to maintain it as it is. . . . What I arose to say at this time is that whether Prohibition stays or goes, rises or falls, the Constitution should be maintained and supported as it is written by all law-abiding people, until it is changed in the manner pointed out in the Constitution. Obedience to the law is the rock foundation upon which our whole structure rests. To disregard it is to strike at the life of the nation. And while disrespect for law applies to all laws, statutes, and re-enacted laws, there is a more sacred import to that rule of conduct when the Constitution itself is involved. It is the law of the land, the charter of our government, approved by the people, defining and guaranteeing the rights of the citizens, prescribing the duties, functions, and limitations of government; and to disregard it is to spell the end of order and representative government.

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Day by day the papers record unremoved the horrors of alcohol. One railway accident a year stirs the press to demand a Royal Commission and someone's scalp, but a daily list of killed and damaged by drink only provokes a leader setting out that we are better than some places, and by ignoring many facts the declaration that we are better than we used to be. The liquor business has the press bulldozed, and they are as insensible to the outrage of liquor as the filthy are to the loathsomeness of dirt or the skunk is to its offensive odor.

**VICTIM OF BRAWL.  
SEVERE KNIFE WOUNDS.**

Melbourne, December 27.—Stabbed in the face, head, and chest, and suffering also from two black eyes, Deva Ilimpio, 27, laborer, was admitted to hospital this afternoon.

He was brought in from Lang Lang, 45 miles from Melbourne, where he had become involved in a drunken brawl. He is in a serious condition.

**WINE—THEN MURDER.  
XMAS TRAGEDY IN THE WEST—  
ITALIAN SHOT DEAD.**

Perth, December 27.—Four Italians who had been clearing bush twenty miles from Trayning got in a stock of wine for their Christmas celebrations. They commenced drinking among themselves at midnight on Christmas Eve, and a drunken brawl developed.

Tempers rose and one of the men, Angelo Bellenzzi, was shot dead. He received the full charge of a shot gun alleged to have been used by one of his companions, Sabatino Sappore.

Sappore later told the police that Bellenzzi assaulted him and beat him with a stick. Sappore said that he picked up the gun to defend himself, and it went off accidentally.

A charge of murder has been laid against Sappore.

**"SO TIRED."  
SUICIDE IN FLAT.**

"I am tired of everything. I am no good to myself or anyone else. I am so tired. I cannot have the things now that I have been used to."

That statement was made by Edith Stevens aged 31, known as Ethel or Denny Miller, after she had made a futile attempt to end her life. She again endeavored to commit suicide in a flat in Eaton-avenue, Darlington. This time, on December 4, she succeeded by lying in front of a stove with the gas turned on.

The City Coroner was told that Edith Stevens lived alone. She had been employed as saleswoman in various frock shops. She was depressed at times, and drank to excess.

The Coroner found that the woman committed suicide while suffering from some temporary mental aberration.

**RUM DID IT.  
SAILOR ANNOYED, SO STARTED A FIRE.  
GERMAN NAVAL SENSATION.**

London, Wednesday 29.—The story of a lone-hand German naval operation that failed is told by "The Times" Berlin correspondent.

Petty-officer Kohler, after smuggling two bottles of rum aboard the battleship Schleswig-Holstein, drank them, with his shipmates' help. Then he sallied to the quarter-deck, "half-seas over," saluted, with a hiccup, and demanded shore leave, which was refused.

Apparently determining that "der tag" had really arrived, Kohler decided that an effective retort would be to blow up the entire ship.

He entered the ammunition store and ignited two fenders, hoping that the flames would reach the explosives, and then dived overboard. An officer and a seaman rescued him and extinguished the fire, which was never serious.

**DRANK STOLEN FIZZ.  
THEN FELL FROM ROOF.**

Police from Clarence-street station made the easiest capture of their career this week, when a man, who was subsequently charged with breaking and entering, was found unconscious on the footpath in Sussex-street.

He was taken away in the ambulance, and sent to the police station after treatment at Sydney Hospital.

Champagne and a 12-foot fall were responsible for his condition.

A message to the station about 8 p.m. told the police that two men had climbed a telegraph pole and reached the iron roof of the verandah of B. Seppelt and Co., wine merchants, in Sussex-street. There they took off

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YOU HAVE A SPARE PAIR OF PANTS AND, MAYBE, HALF A DOZEN SHIRTS.

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their boots, and, breaking a window, entered the store.

Later investigations showed that they had freely sampled the champagne stored there, and when they left, the two men, who had had some drink before starting the escapade, were very unsteady as they walked across the iron roof again.

**ELECTRIC CABLE DAMAGED.**

One negotiated the descent safely, but the second grasped the insulated electric cable, which broke with his weight, and he fell 12 feet to the pavement.

In his pockets were four bottles of wine, which broke, cutting the fallen reveller about the face. His eye was blackened and the fall knocked him out.

His mate had run away, with his boots under his arm, as soon as he reached the ground.

The less fortunate one was found on the pavement.

He was charged with breaking and entering the premises and stealing six bottles of wine. Two were found on the verandah roof.

Considerable danger was caused by the breaking of the electric cable, but this was afterwards repaired.

**DRUNKEN DRIVERS.  
THREE MEN CONVICTED.**

At the Central Police Court, December 28, Thomas Davidson (27), taxi-driver, was fined £10 on a charge of having driven a taxi-cab in Elizabeth-street while under the influence of liquor.

In addition, Mr. Gates, C.S.M., ordered the suspension of his license for the remainder of its term.

Walter Weblin (74), cab driver, was fined £5 on a charge of having driven a horse cab in George-street West while under the influence of liquor.

William Thompson (45), laborer, was fined £4 for having driven a spring cart in Wattle-street while under the influence of liquor. He knocked a block-boy down.

# A Personal Chat with my readers

## "AFTER THEY HAD LEFT."

Christmas is a time of song and angels and gifts and worship. Like many another boy I wanted to know what happened afterwards. I had heard the story and wanted "some more." Unfortunately I was never told. In Matthew it says "after they had left," and I only read this long after I ceased to be a boy, I pricked up my ears at once and looked with interest to see what followed the song, the angels and the worship.

I was not surprised to find what followed, because it is typical. The other side of the mountain there are more mountains, and don't forget the valley and the long climb to the next mountain top and its glorious views. The fruit trees look glorious, smothered with flowers and fragrant with perfume, but the flowers fall, the perfume fades. This is disappointing only to the superficial, for the wee green knob, so sour and so poisonous, is after all not only the promise, but the guarantee of the fruit, luscious, delicately flavored and splendidly nutritious.

After the harvest the land is bare and ugly, but the distant table is laden and beautiful.

After the harvest comes the toil, the ploughing, the long waiting. All these commonplace facts prepare us for what followed the glow and glory of Christmas.

Danger looms ugly. In the night Joseph is awakened, and in the early dawn the little mother, not yet fit to travel, is compelled to cling to the saddle and endure the strain, to hold the wee babe and tenaciously defy the ache of arm and back.

Cruel and powerful is the enemy, and so danger dogs their steps.

They are alone. The worshippers have gone. Friends have not been told. The angels have vanished. The songs have ceased. Only the gifts remain, solid tokens of what must have seemed "just a dream." Privation is their lot, for they travel across the desert. Food and water are scarce, shelter is precarious.

Now they are among strangers. Joseph seeks work, the little mother sits alone. How heart hungry she must have been for the sight of a familiar face, the sound of some well-known friendly voices. Then the oft-repeated question: "When can we go back?" With always the same answer, "We must wait." The long time of anxious waiting must have been such a strain on both faith and patience. The one compensating, splendid certainty is their safety. God will not fail them. What does anything else

matter? They are safe. The child grows. The man is true. Each day brings them nearer the wonder of bigger things. Each morning finds them not only safe, but nearer the top of yet another mighty mountain and glorious view, and the promise that all progress gives to those who will continue. These things are written for our example.

Times of great experience and high spiritual tension are always followed by danger and difficulty. The disciples came from the Mount of Transfiguration to face a perplexed father, a demented boy and a sceptical crowd.

The followers of the Risen Lord leave the Upper Room to face hostility, prison, banishment, and death.

What happens after the great experience is the great test. Anyone can clap their hands on the mountain top; only the few can return to the valley and use their hands helpfully.

Many can sing the songs of the angels on Christmas Day, but few escape the danger of Herod-laziness, Herod-relaxation, Herod-indulgences in the days that follow.

Those who follow Christ will find the way difficult and lonely, but while He has not promised us a calm passage He has promised us a safe landing. In the afterwards of Christmas one thing is sure, the trusting soul is safe as was the baby, even though He was pursued by the great Herod.

\* \* \*

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MESSAGES.** Miss Preston Stanley, M.L.A., has been inspiring the readers of the "Daily Telegraph" every day for many months with a daily message.

There has been an originality, a crispness, a shrewdness of understanding, that has challenged a very wide attention.

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Their very titles intrigue us. We have used them ourselves so often or heard them almost daily. I would love to quote some of them, but to quote them would be to spoil them. You can't divide a violet. Each is complete with masterful brevity. Whole books have said less than you may find in a single one of these messages which seldom exceed two pages. The clouds are very commonplace and uninteresting when merely a dull grey, but when the sun breaks through and they are transformed to a riot of gold and crimson even the most casual gaze and wonder. Miss Stanley's brilliant imagination, astounding vocabulary, shrewd discernment and unusual experience enable her to turn the grey, drab,

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Editor—ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.  
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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, JAN. 6, 1927.

depressing, commonplace perplexities of life into attractive possibilities.

There is in these messages a light upon our daily difficulties that makes us think of the moonlight on the sullen waters. There is no preaching. It is all so human, so sane, so buoyant that your friends will be the richer for a copy, and you will be further endeared to them by such a gift. Angus and Robertson are the publishers.

\* \* \*

## LET US BEAT PEACE.

We humans seem to have a genius for quarrelling, and so make our lives burdensome and unhappy. As I grow older this capacity for nastiness distresses me more and more, the desire to be friendly daily increases. Pride, prejudice, stubbornness and cussedness all promote estrangement, and these are qualities of which we may well be ashamed. My New Year hope is for a more friendly year. I do not want by the logic of my rightness to shut folk out, but by the magic of love to welcome them in.

Be friends before it is too late.

If thou wert lying cold and still and white  
In death's embrace, O mine enemy!  
I think that if I came and looked on thee  
I should forgive; that something in the sight  
Of thy still face would conquer me, by right  
Of death's sad impotence, and I should see  
How pitiful a thing it is to be  
At feud with aught that's mortal.

So to night

My soul unfurling her white flag of peace,  
Forestalling that dread hour when we may meet—

The dead face and the living—fain would cry

Across the years, "O let our warfare cease!  
Life is so short, and hatred is not sweet;  
Let there be peace between us ere we die."

The Editor

## THE MAN WHO MADE GOOD.

### OIL, ROADS AND COLONEL SANDS.

By JOE LONGTON, Special Representative in America for the Sydney "Sportsman," for "Grit."

About twenty-five years ago a good-natured magistrate at the Water Police Station told me that if I could get my things packed up ("My things! It is to laugh: I was "schooner-rigged" those days) and my mind made up to get out of Sydney inside of seven days he'd suspend sentence upon me.

It is needless to mention that I "got" while the going was good. As I think that I have been away from home, and exiled, long enough, I'm coming back soon. And just to show those who doubt my veracity about my not making good and keeping good my promise to "his nobship" that I'd be good, during my absence, and that I'd come back through the front door, I'll be sorely disappointed if the Salvation Army band doesn't welcome me at the boat upon my arrival in Sydney.

I'm very proud of the fact that I am a product of Sydney's gutters, and that my scholastic education was as brief as the beef on a 1926 dog bone.

I'm equally proud of the fact that I got what grey matter development there might be between my ears in the school where there are no free scholarships, i.e., in the school of experience. With that brief introduction to this article I am about to say that the 69th American Congress has adjourned. All but the "dripping wet Senator Reed," who became busier than a dog full of fleas when he bought an "all-day sucker" at 2 p.m. and began giving Prohibition another dusting with blue vitriol. The raving, ranting, chronic, howling nuisance from Missouri's underworld constituency, composed of boot-legging and dope dives and brothels, took over an investigation into the Illinois and Pennsylvania primaries, which makes a good old-fashioned Berkshire pig's nest as fragrant to the olfactory organs as Ed Pin-aud's perfume factory. In the midst of the muckraking we find him "up to the gills" and perfectly at home. There's much truth in the old adage, "If you want dirty work done you must get dirty men to do it."

I read with pleasure Prime Minister Bruce's defiance to the American oil monopoly and the following excerpt from the Los Angeles "Times":

"Mr. Bruce said the press is flooded with advertisements agitating against the taxes, and the money unquestionably came from the oil importing companies."

And I'm wondering if Mr. Bruce has "just fallen out of bed" and found that Australia has a number of newspapers that are eager and traitorous enough to turn over—into the claws of the "unseen oil spectre"—what there is of Australia that they haven't helped John Barleycorn's talons into. Yes! Australia has newspaper men that will sell Australia for a bellyful of beer or a canful of petrol, with a "spud" stuck on the spout to keep it from leaking out. (The John D. Rockefeller coat of arms is an oil can with a spud stuck on the spout.) Now that money madness has infected portions of Australia's press, other forms of pestilence will be a pink tea party. I wonder what the early pioneers would say if they could come back and see those items of Australian literature which (these days) advertise the sale of alcohol that progressive Prohibition America prohibits (after America has shown the world what a wonderful blessing Prohibition is), and on the same sheet advertises measures that would throw Australia's great oil wealth into the bulging pockets of progressive Prohibition American oil magnates.

Australians! Keep your oil fields Australian, and if possible make them a posses-

sion of the Government, of which we all are a unit. If the great oil pools are Government-owned and controlled, they will reduce your taxation and wipe out the burdensome debts that the past has incurred and the future will incur. Oil and Roman Catholicism have Mexico with one foot in the grave and the other on a gob of axle grease. From Mexico's dilemma, handle your oil situation while it is young, and while you are doing that kill two birds with the one "gooler" by hanging out the "nothing doing" sign to those spaghetti-gurgling Catholics from the Mediterranean.

I am pleased to hear that Australia is to have a wonderful system of cement highways. I have this day returned from a 400-mile trip in 24 hours over the famous Ridge route into the San Joaquin Valley, where the temperature registered 115 in the shade. The route called for a climb to a 5000ft. altitude, where in winter it becomes very cold, and in summer very hot. I mention this in order that it may save a future controversy when, after the roads are in, they crack through contraction and expansion brought about by the seasons. That cracking will bring the "Anvil Chorus" to the front, just as it did in America.

(A Government that will give a country good cement roads should be protected.)

When cracks appear don't worry. What is called the "Maricopa joint" will appear to Australians. All cracks, including the original "Maricopa joint," is filled with pitch, that allows for the seasonal expansion and contraction. Concrete to be any good must crack where climatic changes reach the extreme; so don't lose any sleep and condemn cement highways, which are the only highways, as each series of cracks, even cobweb cracks, will become useful "Maricopa joints."

I mention this in reciprocal fairness to my Australian Government which desires to give Australia good roads, even if it does legalise the employment of cold-blooded murderers that cancerously prey upon the nation through the sale and manufacture of alcoholic beverages.

A progressive Australian in the person of Sir Joseph Carruthers is here in Los Angeles studying the irrigation system. It is to be hoped that he will go to Illinois and observe how the Joliet River has been made to flow backwards—uphill—and serve the purposes of an irrigation, power, ship and sewerage channel that prevents the pollution of Lake Michigan from Chicago's waste.

This great scheme, if utilised in preventing the waste of Australia's rainfall, will—one hundred years hence—see the great Australian deserts well watered land, pregnant with fertility when those of Australia's great waterways are made to flow inland.

The "thinking apparatus" behind an Australian's eyes has no superior anywhere, and I expect to see the gradual expansion of Australia reach stupendous proportions now that Australian ideas and inventive genius are encouraged instead of being ridiculed. This is the competitive age in which inventive genius is not burned at the stake for witchcraft, which was a name given to the farsighted. Of such persons, for instance, Mother Shipton. Since this section of North America became the United States, and beyond the reach of Europe that destroyed—for witchcraft—inventive genius, we got the 19th and 20th centuries in which such men as Edison, the Wright Brothers, Bell, Whitney, De Forest, Simon Lake, Luther, Burbank, et al. that gave America such a good steer, have

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been permitted to work out their ideas without fear of the hot pitch boot, eye gouging and stake burning that befel persons in lower standing—socially—than the village squire, when one of the common herd blew in with a better idea than t' squire's.

I can remember the time in Australia when progressive persons that gave a manifestation of their ideas of what should be "got rotten-egg'd." Those days have gone the way of the high wheel bicycle, the Irish golf club (the hod), the old-fashioned razor, the other half of woman's skirts and hair, the elastic-side boots, the carpet bag, the strait-jacket corset, and the lively virgin beards and walrus moustachios that beat the bearers of yesteryear around the corner.

Those days when our beards were black, and a tiepin was a useless present for feminine pulchritude—dressed in a half-brewery, half-caterpillar production of hoops and silk which formed the other five-tenths of a well-stuffed crinoline—to give me of the hirsute facial adornment, are "the days that wuz."

While in the San Joaquin Valley I passed through Bakersfield, the metropolis of Northern California's oil industry, situated in the centre of the Kern, Lost Hills, Maricopa, McKittrick, Fellowes, Wheeler's Ridge, Rattlesnake and Devil's Den oil fields, and I noticed where the bar of the new Walter's Hotel is Myer's shoe store and the P. and P. Grocery Co. The bar of the Kosel is a tyre shop. The stage depot is on the site of an old "rat hole." The huge Pioneer liquor store, that used up one-fourth of a city block, is a wonderful furniture store.

(Continued on next page.)

**Man Who Made Good—**

Occidental Bar is the Bakersfield Feed and Seed Co. The Bull Wheel Bar is a pork butchery specialising in the vulgar "sossage" and Melton Mowbray pies; the whole plant can be seen from the windows; pork cutters cut up the hogs, and feminine sausage stuffers make the inhabitants so comfy in their tight-fitting garments as they fill them from a machine that looks like a man's-size trombone, and link them up arm in arm for the pilgrimage down the long, long trail to the frying pan. Note.—That's steer meat, not bull.

"What Germany needs is Prohibition," says a New York surgeon. Don't let her have ours. It is the only thing that we got out of the war.

Two niggers had robbed a fowlhouse and were driving Irish tandem (one leg before the other) across some ploughed ground when one of them said to the other as he saw a farmer running and carrying a shotgun behind them, "What's all dem flies doin' following us, bruth'?"

Said brother, "Them's ain't flies. Them's am buckshot!"

If you folk out home in Australia, observe that new brewery or distillery palaces are being erected by individuals with a strong nasal dialect, you'll realise eventually that some of America's left-over publicans kicked out of "Murderers' Row" are the refugee that were spreading the news here that Australia is a good country and wide open. There has been an exodus of ex-Yankee saloon-keepers to both Africa and Australia. If you see anything about them resembling flies, "Them's not flies; them's buckshot!" The liquor interests or "Battalioin of Death" are shot to pieces.

The greatest, largest and most authentic newspaper in the world, the Los Angeles "Times," during the month of October had the following to say, which should be of great interest to patriotic Australians unable to get anything but a wet view of this great economic reform, Prohibition, through the wet gutter press of Australia and the canyons of its degeneracy:

"After touring the world and visiting so many foreign countries, it is really amazing to see the prosperity and wealth of America. You are the richest nation in the world—no doubt. Everyone envies you. And Los Angeles may well be called the style centre of everything."

"Take that from no less a personage than Col. R. S. Sands, M.B.E., V.D., of Sydney, N.S.W., Australia.

"Col. Sands is chairman of the board and president of John Sands Ltd., of Sydney, the largest manufacturing stationers and printers in the Antipodes. He is also head of fourteen other companies and business enterprises in that country. During the first two years of the war he had charge of all German prisoners in Australia and the Far East, and during the remainder of the war served in the British Secret Service. For his services he was made a Chevalier in the Legion of Honor, a distinguished organisation founded by Napoleon Bonaparte in 1802 as a reward for extraordinary civil and military service."—October 3, 1926.

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(Writer of "Daily Inspiration.")

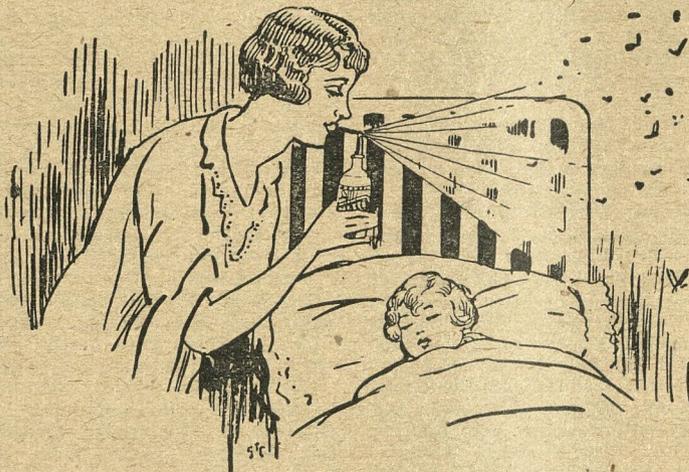
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**UNCLE B.'s PAGE**

All boys and girls between the age of seven and seventeen are invited to join the family of Uncle B. Write only on one side of the paper. Send the date of your birthday. There is no fee to pay. If you do not write for three months you are a "scallywag."

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

**THE BUSY LITTLE FLY.**

We none of us like the fly, but he is a busy little fellow and sets us a fine example in some things.

Taking the dates of the English fly, this is what happens:

April 15: The fly lays 120 eggs.

May 1: 120 adults issue, of which 60 are females.

May 10: 60 females each lay 120 eggs.

May 28: 7200 adults issue, of which 3600 are females.

June 8: 3600 females each lay 120 eggs.

June 20: 432,000 adults issue, of which 216,000 are females.

June 30: 216,000 females each lay 120 eggs.

The deadly table runs on up to, say, the tenth of September, the great fly month in England, and by that time the progeny of a single fly has reached the appalling total of five and a half million million adults—to be exact, 5,598,720,000,000. Now that is an astonishing and alarming chain of statistics; and the Australian fly is, no doubt, as prolific, and as dangerous, as its British cousin. The fly is God's whip on filth in the home; and so strict and tireless cleanliness in the home is the best, if not the only, defence against the "armies whole" of tiny, swift-winged plagues.

Every fly keeps saying: "Be clean, be clean; if you won't I will poison you; the punishment for dirt is death."

When somebody ought to tidy up, wash up, clean up, why not be Mr., Mrs. or Miss Somebody?

UNCLE B.

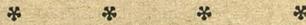


**OUR LETTER BAG.**

**GOING TO TRY**

Fred. Rochester, Irondale, via Piper's Flat, writes: I have not written to you for a long time, but I don't want to be a scallywag. We have a room now, Uncle, at Piper's Flat. We have service monthly. Mr. Hughes has given two services already. They were both very nice. About twenty-eight people attended. We will soon have our Xmas holidays. Then I will be in fifth class after the holidays. I like to get a rise, Uncle; I am tired of being in fourth class. I am going to try for sixth class by the end of next year. It has been very cold this last week. I like it better than the heat. Dad has a lovely crop of onions this year.

(Dear Fred,—I love to hear a boy say "I am going to try." While every try is not successful, there is no success without trying. Be one of those who will always try. You will surely succeed sometime if you try and go on trying.—Uncle B.)



**THE MISSING STAMPS.**

Cliff Cooke, 26 Park-street, Newtown, Geelong, writes: It is quite a long time since I wrote to you. The stamps which you sent me did not arrive I had my first musical examination a little while ago and passed. I also passed in my school exam. I went to Winchelsea for a few days and had a lovely time. We have just had our Sunday school anniversary and it went off all right. On Saturday we went to Torquay and had a swim. It is a lovely place for a picnic. Our Band of Hope meetings are still good, and I like attending. I also belong to the 2nd Barwon Cubs, so I am pretty busy.

(Dear Cliff,—I am sorry the stamps I sent you never arrived. I am posting you some more to-day. Let me know if they are new to you; I hope they are. I hope you had a happy Christmas.—Uncle B.)



**A HAPPY TIME.**

Andrew Alcorn, "Corn Brae," Knockrow, via Bangalow, writes: I hope you are well. The country around here is very dry and rain is needed. My brother and I passed the Sunday school exam. On the 14th of last month we all received Sunday school prizes, and on the Monday we had a concert; I gave a recitation. On Saturday we had a picnic. In Bangalow the people held a bazaar to raise money for the church. They got over £200. We have a pet lamb, which is great for eating the weeds and following us about. Well, I wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year.

(Dear Andrew,—I read with interest that you won a prize, gave a recitation, and had a picnic; that is a fine trio. It is raining to-day and I hope you also are having plenty of it; it is really beautiful, and I do so wish that men would recognise that it is God's gracious gift.—Uncle B.)

**HARD OR KIND?**

Hervan Barrett, Wallerawang, writes: I have been sick nearly all the time since I last wrote and have only gone to school four weeks. Last Thursday I went to Sydney and visited a doctor, who said I had dilation of the heart, and I have to stop playing games like tennis, cricket and football, also not to ride a bicycle or to swim. Don't you think the doctor is a bit hard on me, because I like playing football and cricket? The weather up here is very hot and the grass is drying off. Now if I take a walk I have to spend hours picking the grass seeds out of my

clothes. We have about four acres of potatoes in, and I think some will be ready for Christmas. There are hundreds of men camped just out of town making a new road. It will be the Great Western-road. You ought to see the hotels on a Saturday; there are scores of men drunk. I would like some of your Ne's who collect stamps to write to me. By the look of the weather there is going to be some rain soon. I hope it does rain and make the creeks run again.

(Dear Hervan,—You ask if I think the doctor is hard on you. Well, I do not think so; he really is very kind. He dares to keep you from little things you like that he might preserve to you your life and give your heart a chance to become normal. You ought never to mind giving up little things for a much better big thing. That is all the doctor asks you to do.—Uncle B.)



**BEFORE THE HOLIDAYS.**

Sylvia Waters, Holly-road, Burradoo, writes: I am going away for my holidays on Monday, so I thought I had better write before I go. There was great rejoicing in Bowral a few weeks ago because we had a "Back to Bowral Week." We had a lovely time going out to the functions. Last Friday father took me out with him to Sutton Forest in the sulky, and I enjoyed it very much, and on Saturday father took my sister and me for a walk along the Bong Bong River. It is lovely to look back on the big stretch of land one has crossed. We were very tired when we reached home. It is awfully dry up here, and the bush fires are making it much drier. I suppose it is very dry down there too. Everybody is wishing it would rain.

(Dear Sylvia,—I am glad you wrote before you plunged into all the dissipation of holidays. I hope you write and tell me about the nicest part of your holiday.—Uncle B.)



**A GREAT CONCERT.**

Owen Waters, Holly-road, Burradoo, writes: "Back to Bowral Week" has passed and has brought plenty of money for the hospital and for Bowral town also. There have been bush fires all around Berrima district. On Thursday a grass fire started out near Robertson, and the smoke was a dark brown, and at Burrawang there was a bush fire too, and over the other side of a big hill, which is called Oxley's Hill, because Mr. Oxley owns nearly all of it. We need rain very badly up here at Burradoo, and I suppose you need it badly down there. Fifth class had their examination last week, and I got 475 marks out of 600. On November 26 there was a school concert, which turned out a very great success, and the amount of money we got was £54.

(Dear Owen,—That must have been a great concert to make £54. Why, if I make £20 out of a concert I think I am doing well. You do not say if you took part in the concert. I hope you have a perfectly lovely holiday.—Uncle B.)

(Continued on next page.)

**Seven to Seventeen—**

**A NEW NE.**

Eric Robinson, 18 Parkview-street, Waratah, writes: This is my first letter to you, though my sister is one of your scallywags. I was ten years old last August, and I am in fifth class at school. I was very pleased to hear that I came top in our half-yearly exam, and hope to be in sixth class next year. My brother Alan, who is younger, also came top in his class. We are sending you a few books which I hope you will be able to give away for Christmas. They are not new ones, but we have tried to take care of them. Alan and I belong to the Rechabite Lodge. I am very fond of cricket, and we play every Friday.

(Dear Eric,—Welcome to my family. A boy who comes top in his class is the kind I love to have in my big family. I hope you will write and tell me what you liked best in your holidays.—Uncle B.)

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**New South Wales Alliance—  
DRINK MORE MILK.**

By CRAWFORD VAUGHAN.

Dr. Arthur has again done good public service by calling attention in the press to our inadequate milk consumption. While America with its teeming millions consumes 54 gallons of milk per head, Australia, which is often described as "the cow country," consumes only 21 gallons per capita for its small population. This Lilliputian consumption of one of life's—especially infant life's—primary needs, compared with the Gulliver per capita consumption in U.S.A., is in itself a grave challenge to our boasted regard for child welfare. We are apparently straining every financial nerve to provide motherhood and child endowment, but what is the use of giving more money to the home if it be spent, not merely wastefully, but often injuriously? The truth is, as Dr. Arthur would suggest, we have followed too closely England's deplorable example in adopting the beer habit instead of the milk habit. The slogan most needed in the cause of child welfare in Australia is, "Drink more milk and no beer."

**THE MILK HABIT v. THE BEER HABIT.**

America with its millions of foreign-born citizens, hailing from wine-drinking countries, where the daily beverage for the child is wine, was not always so excellent a patron of her majesty the cow. In 1890 the absorption of milk in America was only 22 gallons per capita, practically the same as that which obtains in Australia to-day, and only two gallons per head more than that of England. In the last six years, under the stimulus of Prohibition, America's beer bill has gone down almost to zero, but her milk bill has advanced 150 per cent. While all the increase in milk consumption cannot be set down to nation-wide Prohibition, it must be remembered that a large number of States were "dry" before the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment. The milk habit became pronounced in a number of ways. The men in the Seattle shipyards bought 10,000 gallons of milk daily for the lunch-hour meal, and this was multiplied in thousands of other plants and places. The ice cream habit has replaced the cocktail habit since Prohibition. Ice cream consumption is five times as large as it was in 1920 in U.S.A. Most everything is dry in America excepting the cow.

**DAIRYING DE LUXE.**

The change over from selling milk at fresh milk rates and at butter-fat rates has brought untold prosperity to the American dairyman. The former method may be described as dairying de luxe. In this country, out of a total production of 685 million gallons in 1922, no less than 524 million gallons were sold to the creameries at butter-fat prices. Had the consumption of fresh milk in this "cow country" been equal to that of U.S.A., our dairymen would have sold 331

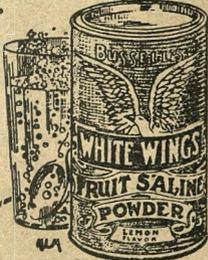
million gallons at fresh milk rates. As it was they sold only 123 million gallons. In short, in 1922 nearly one-half of Australia's dairymen would have been in the de luxe classification, supplying milk to Australian consumers, instead of earning—excepting for a favored few—a precious livelihood producing butter, mainly for overseas consumption. As dairying is one of the first essentials to successful immigration, the importance of replacing our beer consumption with that of milk will at once be apparent. And all the time beer destroys our health and our productive capacity, while milk is one of Nature's finest health-giving foods, building up the brain and body, and stimulating industrial efficiency. Lord Rosebery said long ago that you cannot breed an imperial race in the slums. You certainly cannot develop an imperial race in the pot-house, and while it may be true that England is becoming more sober through the centuries, unfortunately industrial and racial competition will not retard its progress to keep pace with the slow advance in social habits. That England spends £75,000,000 a year only on milk and £197,000,000 on beer is a sufficient reason for serious national concern. And that Australia should consume 12 gallons of beer and only 22 gallons of milk against America's consumption of no beer and 54 gallons of milk per capita should put us all behind Dr. Arthur in the splendid programme of

**"DRINK MORE MILK AND NO BEER."**



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*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*



**AND HE HAD.**

"I wish to goodness," murmured the sweet young thing, "that the Lord had made me a man."

And then the bashful suitor took courage and remarked: "He did, sweetheart, he did; and I am the fellow."

\* \* \*

**SUPER-EFFICIENCY.**

Lady of the House (interviewing a new maid): "And, now, Nora, are you efficient?"

Nora: "Indade I am that, mum. In my last place ivery marnin' I got up at four, made me fire, put the kittle on, prepared the breakfast, an' made all the beds before inyone was up in the house."

\* \* \*

**PEDESTRIAN PROTESTS.**

"I never knew till I got a car," said Bishop Eightly, "that profanity was so prevalent."

"Do you hear much of it on the road?"

"Why," said the Bishop, "nearly everybody I bump into swears dreadfully."

\* \* \*

**CLASSIFIED.**

Two negro doughboys at Trafalgar Square were watching a battalion of Scotch Highlanders pass, but couldn't decide whether they were men or women.

"Dey wa'nt men cuz dey wuz wearin' skirts," said one, "and dey wa'nt women cuz dey had whiskers."

Finally the other's face brightened. "Dey ain't men an' dey ain't women," he said with an air of superiority. "Dat wuz one o' dem Middlesex regiments we heard so much about."

**ORIGIN OF TERRIERS.**

"Where do skye terriers come from?" asked four-year-old Gertrude.

"Humph!" exclaimed her brother, who is two years her senior, "anybody ought to know that; they come from the sky when it rains cats and dogs."

\* \* \*

**PRESENCE OF MIND.**

Papa was deep in a book, when his wife called, "Dan, baby has swallowed the ink. Whatever shall I do?"

"Write with a pencil," was the reply.

\* \* \*

**JOLTING ONE'S INFERIORITY COMPLEX.**

There are two ways for a man to know what an onery cuss he can appear to be. One is to run for office and read the political advertisements of his opponent; the other is to be married and have his wife tell him what she thinks of him.

\* \* \*

**INVISIBLE FINERY.**

"Is it impolite for men to make fun of women's clothes?"

"Unquestionably," answered Miss Cayenne. "A really polite man would pretend not to see them."

\* \* \*

**BELIEVED IN SIGNS.**

"What are you doing there?" asked a policeman of a woman who had stopped her automobile near a street corner and was preparing to alight.

"Parking my car," she replied. "I thought this would be a good place. The sign there reads, 'Safety zone.'"

**MY DAILY MESSAGE**

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2/6, Posted 2/9.

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## DAILY INSPIRATION.

By FAIRELIE THORNTON, author of "The Southern Cross," etc.

### SUNDAY.

"The Lord thinketh upon me."—Ps., 40, 17.

We all like to be thought of, to be remembered. We say to friends "Forget me not," and send rosemary "for remembrance." One of the saddest things in life is when the old ties are sundered for the new. The old ones often pass out of mind, and are seldom remembered. "Absence may sometimes make the heart grow fonder" when it is not too long prolonged; but when it is, it is apt to be "out of sight, out of mind." Kindnesses, too, are too soon forgotten; but there is One who never forgets. He says, "I remember thee, the kindness of thine espousals." If none other remembers or thinks upon us we can always say, "The Lord thinketh upon me." Even if with the Psalmist our experience is, "I am poor and needy." To be thought of is much, but to be thought upon is more. That is thought for our welfare, care to provide our wants, an entering into our needs and thoughtfulness in supplying them. Our friend may think of us occasionally, but God thinks of us "every moment." "What is man that thou art mindful of him?" we may well say. He says, "I know the thoughts that I think towards you"—YOU who are now reading this message—"thoughts of peace and not of evil." His thoughts are so great that they are able to centre themselves upon each individual as though there were none other. "As the heavens are higher than the earth so are My thoughts higher than your thoughts, saith the Lord." He remembers all the best in us, prompted by His Spirit, and forgets the sins when repented of. "Their sins and iniquities will I remember no more for ever." "How precious are Thy thoughts unto me, O God, how great is the sum of them."

### MONDAY.

"Remember me."—Ps., 25, 7.

"Remember me, O Lord, with the favor Thou bearest unto Thy people."—Ps., 106, 4.

Remember not against me, Lord,  
My failure and my sin;  
The times when I forgot Thy Word,  
The fight I did not win.

Remember not the work undone,  
The promises unkept,  
The duty that I sought to shun,  
The times I idly slept.

Remember all my weakness, Lord,  
And pity and forgive.

If Thou, O Lord, shouldst wield Thy Sword,  
Who then on earth could live?

When Thou dost in Thy kingdom come,  
O Lord, remember me;

Not by what I left undone,  
But all I meant to be.

### TUESDAY.

"Yea, they may forget, yet will I not forget Thee. Behold, I have graven Thee on the palms of my hands."—Isa., 49, 15, 16.

We drift apart in life, and those we loved Far out of sight forgetful oft have proved. Our friends awhile remember us; but soon The memory fades alas!—the craved for boon "Forget me not" scarce heeded and the friend so dear

Soon ceases to remember when no longer near.

"Yet will I not forget, for I have graven thee Upon My hands—see, how thy sins pierced Me,  
And can I then forget? Those nail-prints bear

Thy name for aye—with everlasting love  
Have I loved thee, therefore no change My heart can move."

So speaketh One, yea, speaketh unto thee.  
"Not one of Mine forgotten is by Me."

For having loved His own, e'en to the end  
He loved them all, though all forsook their Friend.

All things may change—He is the same for aye.

As when He loved thee first, He loves thee still TO-DAY.

### WEDNESDAY.

"Continue ye in my love."—John, 15, 9.

Have you lost the sense of God's love? Do you fail to realise it as you once did? Then you have grieved the Spirit of God in some way, and He ceases to witness with your spirit. There is a barrier between you and your Saviour. His love has not changed. It is as great as ever. But your sin has blinded your eyes, has come between you and Him. Perhaps you have been neglecting prayer, the reading of His Word, His Sanctuary, or some duty, and your love has been growing cold. Love responds to love. You may love a friend, but if you never give any manifestation of that love, there is not much happiness in that love, and you cannot expect that friend to manifest his affection for you. Jesus craves your love. He wants your heart. Nothing else much matters to Him. If you give Him that, you give Him all. Then He will manifest His love to you as He does not unto the world. Have you been putting other things in His place, letting the world and its allurements deprive you of the sense of His presence? Have you been tolerating some small sin, encouraging some uncharitableness, compromising with some evil? Then you cannot expect to enjoy that fellowship with Him which is for those who walk in the light. Put away the sin and you will be able to say

"The love of Jesus what it is,  
None but His loved ones know."

### THURSDAY.

"No drunkards shall inherit the Kingdom of God."—1 Cor., 6, 10.

What about those who have helped to make the drunkards—those who have stretched no hand to save—those who have said, "Am I my brother's keeper?" Surely the voice of their brother's blood crieth from the ground to God. While war has slain its thousands, drink has slain its ten thousands. Yet for "filthy lucre," for the sake of poisoned gain, will see his fellowmen go down by thousands to hell, shut out of the kingdom of God for ever, and stretch no hand to save. What will the harvest be of such gains? A bitter eternity of remorse amongst their victims. Avarice, greed, the love of money is at the root of it all. For this a man will sell his soul and the souls of his fellow man. Think of the homes that have been desolated, the children's lives which have been blighted, the widows and orphans made by this curse of Christendom; think of the insane asylums which have been filled, the crimes committed, the cost to the nation, the pauperism involved, the so-called "accidents" caused by this evil infatuation, and can any Christian say, "It is no business of mine?" "NO drunkard shall inherit the kingdom of God." Paul made no mistake about the matter. All are excluded. "For what fellowship hath light with darkness?" "If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy." "Know ye not that your bodies are the temple of God?" "Take up the stumbling block out of the way of my people." "Let no man put a stumbling block or an occasion to fall in his brother's way." "For no man liveth to him-

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self." "It is good neither to eat flesh nor to drink wine, nor anything whereby thy brother stumbleth or is made weak." "We are all members one of another." "Take heed, lest by any means this liberty of yours become a stumbling block to them that are weak."

### FRIDAY.

"Know ye not that your bodies are the members of Christ? Know ye not that your body is the temple of the Holy Ghost which is in you? Which ye have of God, and ye are not your own, for ye are bought with a price."—1 Cor., 6, 15, 19, 20.

### SATURDAY.

"All things are lawful for me, but all things are not expedient. All things are lawful for me, but all things edify not. Let no man seek his own, but every man another's wealth."—1 Cor., 10, 23, 24.

Let each man seek the welfare of his brother, He serves himself who seeks to serve another.

None lives for self alone.  
No man can live a life of isolation,  
Whatever be his earthly lot or station:  
No King upon the throne.

At every turn our lives must touch some other,  
And every man is keeper of his brother;  
For each for good or ill  
Will influence the lives of those around him,  
A man's own acts in others' acts surround him,  
And keep on living still.

Have you read Fairelie Thornton's new book, "The Southern Cross"? If not send for it to-day to Methodist Book Depot, 135 Castlereagh-street, Sydney.

## THE DEARTH OF GENIUS.

By GLENN FRANK, President of University of Wisconsin.

During the last month I have found myself in several dinner groups where talk turned to the problem of Europe's recovery from the waste and wreckage of war. In every instance conversation busied itself with Europe's financial and economic restoration, seeking for signs of policies that promised a recovery of Europe's greatness by a recovery of gold for her treasures and goods for her ships.

But the fact is that for a generation we shall see no magic formula that will effect a real restoration of Europe, because the real restoration of Europe must be a human restoration before it can be an economic restoration. And that is a slow business.

The most serious thing that the war did to Europe was not that it scattered so much of her gold, but that it slew so much of her genius.

Most of the men upon whom France, for instance, should be able to depend for great statesmanship during the next twenty-five years are lying mute and mindless in war cemeteries.

The human losses of the war have seriously reduced Europe's fund of genius.

Nowhere has this aspect of the after-war problem been more tellingly put than in these lines from the London "Saturday Review" several years ago:

"The coming years will be bleak, in respect of all the generous and gracious things which are the products of leisure and of minds not wholly taken up by the necessity to live by bread alone. For a generation the world will have to concentrate upon material problems. The tragedy of the great war is that it should have killed almost everything which the best of our soldiers died to preserve, and that it should have raised more problems than it has solved. We would sacrifice a dozen cathedrals, as Rheims, the loss of which has been so much lamented, to preserve what the war has destroyed in England. We would readily surrender our ten best cathedrals to be battered by the artillery of Hindenburg as ransom. Surely it would be better to lose Westminster Abbey than never again to have anybody worthy to be buried there."

This—and not the material losses of the war—is what hangs like a millstone around Europe's neck to-day.

The spiritual drain of the war withdrew from Europe's fund of genius the one thing that she needs most now for the solid restoration of her finance and her industry.

This—and not the horror of its death and disease—is the real tragedy of war.—"Rocky Mountain News," Denver, Co.

### RECKLESS.

He swings his bus around the curves, he takes the wrong side of the road; some day he gets what he deserves, the village churchyard's his abode. He glances at the rusty wreck piled up in ditch or on the dune; "Some other chap may break his neck," he tells the world, "but I'm immune." We see the wrecks where'er we drive, besotted drivers left them there; some wights were taken out alive and some are in the crowner's care. At them the thoughtful drivers look and mutter, while reducing speed, "Ods bodikins and eke gadzook, this is a warning we must heed. All men are likely to forget at times the rules they should obey; forget that care's the one best bet of those who'd live till they are gray. Their minds are wandering afar as they go tooling through the grove, and so they send the good old car careering like the bolts of Jove. But when they see a ghastly wreck that once was stately limousine, they call upon the name of Heck and swear they'll keep their record clean. No more they'll step upon the gas as though proceeding to a fire; and ne'er again they'll strive to pass the limit that the laws require." The solemn warning has its weight with those whose heads are not of wood; they shudder at some victim's fate and vow that henceforth they'll be good. But all the warnings in the world won't influence the dippy one, whose car along the road is hurled like some projectile from a gun. "These ruined cars," the speeder thinks, "convey no moral, I opine; for they were tooled by bonehead ginks who had no skill and nerve like mine." And then one day another bus is piled up by a babbling burn, and it was driven by the cuss who thought his luck would never turn.—Walt. Mason.

### Vodka Resale Undermining Russ Morals.

Prague, November 20.—Recent reports from Russia show that the reintroduction of the sale of vodka is having a serious effect both on morals and on the whole industrial system. Drunkenness among the workers is more than ever a scourge, and critics in the Soviet press itself declare that in spite of orders from the Central Council the factory managers have not the courage to combat the evil and their position is not made any easier by interference from the workers' organisations. It appears that the good work done by Dzerjinsky during his directorship of industry to introduce discipline into the factories has been to a great extent nullified by this step.—From the wet San Francisco "Examiner," which is gradually climbing down.—Joe Longton.

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## PROHIBITION AND GENEROSITY.

American churchmen gave 648,000,000 dollars to religion last year, Dr. Frank E. Lovejoy, President of the United Stewardship Council of the Churches of Christ in Canada and the United States, announces.

His figures are based upon figures compiled from the Protestant churches and estimates made of the Catholic and Jewish faith.

The 25 boards connected with the stewardship of the Federal Council of Churches reported 88,855,000 dollars total benevolences, including missions of all kinds, 332,552,000 dollars to congregational expenses, and miscellaneous gifts to make a total of 451,000,000 dollars.

Dr. Lovejoy estimated that the Jews gave 18,500,000 dollars, Roman Catholics 169,000,000 dollars, and miscellaneous congregations 10,000,000 dollars.

Of the Protestant bodies Dr. Lovejoy said the combined total of the North and South branches of the Methodists was 135,000,000 dollars; Baptists, 79,000,000 dollars; Presbyterians, 72,000,000; Episcopalians, 39,000,000 dollars; Congregationalists, 26,500,000 dollars; and Disciples of Christ, 11,000,000 dollars.

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**BUYING A SCHOOL.****WHAT COULD N.S.W. DO WITH ITS DRINK MONEY?**

The little village of Kawaitanimura, over in Ishikawa-ken on the west coast, decided last winter that it needed a new school for its children. The school wanted would cost about 45,000 yen, but only about one-third of that was in sight. The other 30,000 yen would be borrowed from the prefecture, but the villagers dreaded placing such a heavy burden of indebtedness upon the village, writes Mark R. Shaw, of Tokio, Japan, editor of the Japan "News Bulletin."

Some one suggested that the villagers were spending more than 6000 yen a year for sake, and proposed that the village should give up sake drinking for five years, except when custom required its use at festivals and religious ceremonies, as at weddings, and that the funds thus saved, something more than five sen per family per day, be put into a special fund to redeem the bonds. The idea met with approval. At the first town meeting this year the action was formally passed.

The regulations providing for the dry village are as follows:

(1) The purpose of the prohibition is to inculcate habits of thrift and to save the village from heavy indebtedness on account of its new school.

(2) The inhabitants shall observe total abstinence for five years, except that sake may be used in connection with religious ceremonies, at village festivals, cornerstone layings and wedding ceremonies.

(3) Every family shall save at least five sen a day during the period provided for the special tax.

(4) All inhabitants of the village shall observe the following rules:

(a) Alcoholic beverages shall not be sold in the village. (b) Presents of alcoholic beverages shall not be exchanged. (c) Sake shall not be served to guests or visitors from other places. (d) A notice shall be posted at the entrance of every house, indicating that abstinence is being observed.

(5) Those who violate the regulation shall be punished.

When April first came the eight sake dealers had closed shops in accordance with the popular decision. The self-imposed prohibition for the sake of conservation is being quite well observed. Already the village folks are finding life more comfortable and happy. In five years their new school will be all paid for.

The drinking in this village must have been quite moderate, for the average annual expenditure in the Empire is about 129 yen per family or 35 sen per family per day. If the people of Kawaitani-amura, although less than one-sixth of the average amount for sake, could build themselves a new school by going dry for five years, what could the people of the Empire, as a whole, do to promote their own standard of living and the general welfare of the nation in a similar period?

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**A FORTUNATE DISCOVERY.**

Two women were talking about their children when one said: "I have always held that a boy's development depends largely upon his environment."

"I think so, too," returned the other woman. "There was my cousin William's boy—he never knew what it was to have a well day until the doctor found the trouble was with his environment and cut it out."

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