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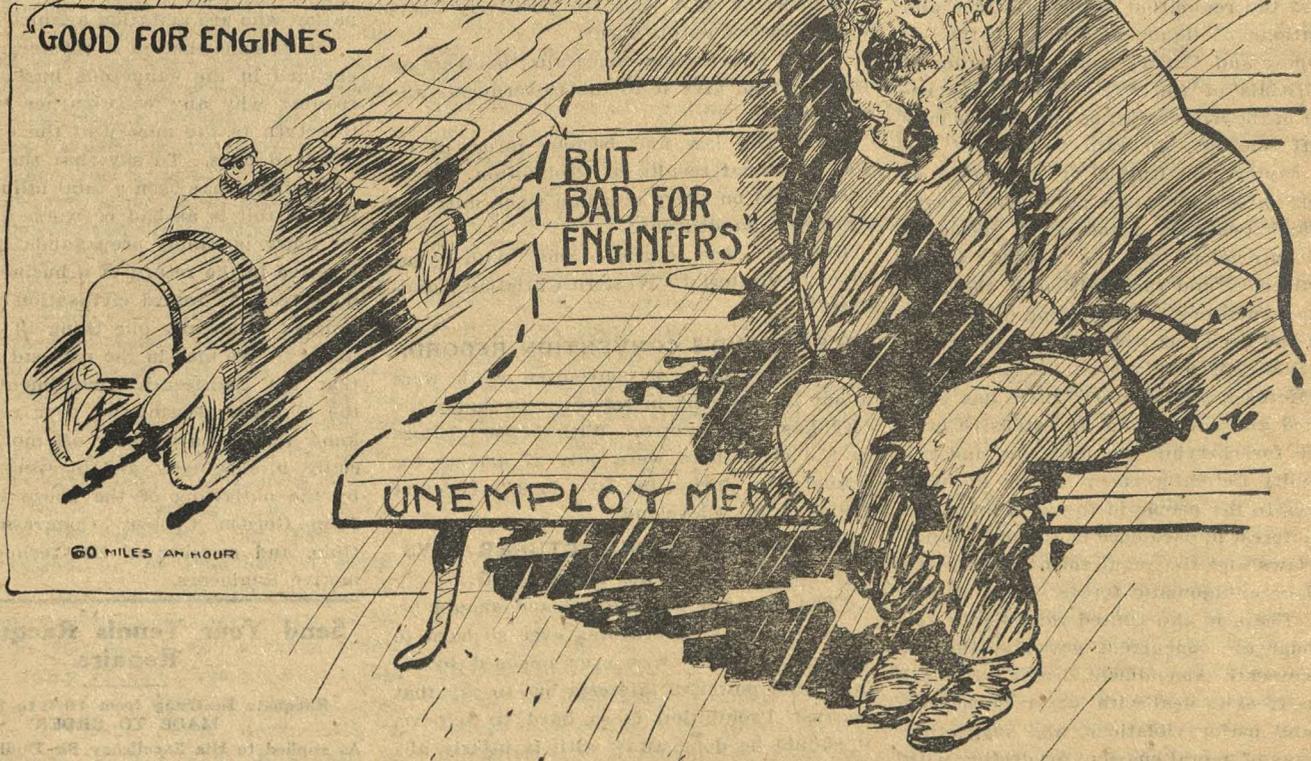
A JOURNAL OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY AND PROHIBITION

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HENRY FORD SAYS
"ALCOHOL IS

"GOOD FOR ENGINES —



ALCOHOL IS GOOD FOR ENGINES BUT BAD FOR ENGINEERS.

JESSUP — FOR 'GRIT'

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THE LAST WORD.

OUTSTANDING ACCOMPLISHMENTS OF PROHIBITION UNIT.

"Among the outstanding accomplishments of this administration are the reorganisation of the Prohibition Unit, both in the Washington office and in the field; the creation of a supplemental enforcement branch known as General Prohibition Agents, a mobile force made up of men of very considerable training and wide experience, whose activities are independent of the State Directors' forces and yet are co-operative wherever expedient; establishment of the Narcotic Division as an entity, with fifteen narcotic divisions and a separate force of narcotic agents; provision for a proper supervision of permits, not overlooking the rights and privileges accorded by the law and regulations to the bona-fide permittee; creation of a Central Committee, consisting of seven officials of the Prohibition Unit, of which the Assistant Prohibition Commissioner is Chairman, which acts upon applications for basic permits—seeing that the issuance of permits is at all times kept current and correct and that the necessary official inspections are promptly made on pending applications—offers in compromise in major cases, and such other matters as may be referred to the Committee for consideration by the Commissioner from time to time; the regulation of importations and exportations of liquor and the creation of the Import and Export Board, consisting of five officials of the Prohibition Unit; reduction in the withdrawal of liquor, thus cutting off one of the main sources of the illegal supply; institution of injunction or 'padlock' proceedings in practically every State and territory, invoking of the conspiracy provisions of the United States criminal code; and the revision of the Prohibition regulations, incorporating the various rulings and decisions which have been issued during the past four years. As outlined at the Conference of Governors, there has been instituted and carried out an extensive programme for carrying the problems and responsibility for enforcement of the Prohibition laws to the people in the arousement of public interest in obedience to and observance of the laws and the requirement of hitherto neutral or antagonistic forces; bringing the peace officers in the United States into action under the concurrent power section of the Eighteenth Amendment, leaving Federal officials freer to deal with larger conspiracy cases and major violations, and suggesting campaigns of 'moral suasion' for dealing with hotels, clubs, fraternities, etc., for securing observance of law."—Federal Prohibition Commissioner R. A. Haynes.

VIRGINIA CLAMPS THE LID DOWN.

The fellow who sells liquor now must be pretty hard-boiled, a traditional tough guy, who does not mind flirting with a long term on the roads or snapping his fingers in the face of the penitentiary itself.

Bootleggers no longer face the probability of spending thirty days' vacation in jail, when a jury finds them guilty, but they face the

certainty of working on the roads for three solid months or longer. Judges cannot, under the new law, suspend such sentences imposed by juries. The prisoner at the bar must contribute his share of labor in building up the State highways.

The Prohibition law as it stands now has all sorts of teeth in it, and they do not need whetting. It carries into effect the determination of the people of Virginia to enforce their views as to the liquor traffic.—Editorial, Richmond (Va.) "Times-Dispatch."

DO YOUR PART.

Law enforcement is not a job simply for the police and the courts. It is a task for every citizen. Just how can people help?

Become a total abstainer.

Let your condemnation become vocal if you are ever placed at a social gathering where liquor is served.

Write a word of commendation to those officials who are earnestly trying to enforce the law.

Express your opinion to the editor of your daily paper, especially when a positive stand is taken either for or against Prohibition.

Serve on juries when the opportunity comes.

Vote in the primaries and in the general elections for men who are positively committed to law enforcement.

If real information concerning bootlegging reaches you, give it to the Government authorities.

Know the law and become informed on the beneficial results of Prohibition. State these facts on every occasion when untruths are being handed out.

Support dry organisations with your money.—Editorial, "Western Christian Advocate."

CLEVELAND'S CONVENTION RECORD.

"The five days of convention week were about the cleanest in reference to liquor the city has ever known. With 50,000 visitors in the city, there were only 27 arrests for intoxication during the five days."—Chief of Police Graul, Cleveland.

AUTOMOBILE MANUFACTURER SAYS LAW CAN BE ENFORCED.

"The law can be enforced and should be. It is true that no law was ever so hard to enforce. No law was ever opposed by so large and powerful interests but to say that because Prohibition is so hard to achieve, it should be done away with is utterly absurd."—Henry M. Leland, veteran automobile manufacturer, Detroit.

"AFTER TAKING A FEW DRINKS."

In the Speeders' Court of Chicago Judge Asa G. Adams sentenced a woman to serve thirty days in the house of correction for driving an automobile "after taking a few drinks."

Such a sentence may seem severe to some, but doubtless it was well deserved. When seated at the steering wheel of an automobile a man or woman who has "taken

a few drinks" is a menace to public safety.—News item, "Chicago News."

THE POOR HAVE BENEFITED.

Striking testimony in regard to the benefits conferred by Prohibition upon the poor families of Boston is carried in figures made public by the Family Welfare Society of the city, which show that, whereas 1916-17 and 1917-18 intemperance was second only to sickness as a problem with which it had to deal, since 1919-20 it has never ranked higher than fifth. Similarly it is disclosed that a recent study of forty-eight families in which intemperance had been a serious problem in 1919 showed that of fifty-nine drinking persons in the forty-eight families, sixteen had stopped drinking entirely and twelve were drinking less heavily than formerly, while eight others stopped drinking for a short time after Prohibition but began again in a year or two. After all, in reaching a solution to this problem, as to so many others, an ounce of fact is worth a pound of theory.—Editorial, "Christian Science Monitor."

LABOR AND THE FACTS ABOUT PROHIBITION.

"The average man is the greatest gainer from Prohibition. It is not the men and women who work for a living and are busily engaged in producing the wealth of the nation who are agitating against Prohibition.

"It is somewhat of a mystery to us men engaged in the dangerous business of railroading why any wage-earner would want to return to the misery of the evils of pre-Volstead days. To say that the Eighteenth Amendment has been a total failure, that the drink habit is as bad or worse than before, we know is simply propaganda of those interested in the return of a business that has done more to retard civilisation and human progress than any one thing in the world's history. We men in the railroad game know that the Eighteenth Amendment has been the greatest blessing we ever received; we know that we are better off morally, financially, intellectually, and in every other way by the outlawing of the booze business."—John Gordon Cooper, Congressman from Ohio, and member of Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers.

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WALKING ON WATER.

FEATS BY TOTAL ABSTAINERS.

By CHARLES BAILEY, in "The Pioneer."

"I do not smoke or drink; consequently, I am always in training, and I have my reward in being without ache or pain at a time of life when many a man is confined to his chimney corner."

For months now, with the lighter evenings, and amid the manifold entrancing beauties of nature, the pedestrian season has been in full swing. Despite the ease and speed of twentieth century travelling by express train, automobile and aeroplane, walking still retains its pleasures, and has not lost all its devotees, though admittedly not used for recreation purposes so universally or widely as in past days. Decades ago not a few of the eminent leaders in political and literary circles were distinguished for their pedestrian prowess, as well as famous for their forensic and like attainments. Amongst these at once recur the names of Gladstone, Dickens, Elihu Burritt and R. L. Stevenson. Many and diverse are the delights of countryside rambles and tours o'er mountain and moor. The pedestrian "experiences" the country he passes through—tastes it, feels it, absorbs it. He is not merely a spectator of the panorama of nature, but a participator in it.

Whether in the ordeal of walking competitions or undertaking prolonged perambulations afoot for exercise and study of nature, the abstainer from intoxicants has a marked advantage, and, other things being equal, is sure to excel in comparison with even moderate imbibers of alcoholic drinks. The words quoted above are those of Canon Cooper, Vicar of Filey, the renowned clergyman tramp, when, in April last, starting upon a pedestrian tour in Iceland. For more than 40 years—he is now in his 75th year—he has regularly set off, knapsack on shoulder, for his annual peregrination, his objective necessitating several weeks of continuous walking effort to reach. Averaging 27 miles a day, he has walked from the Lake District, in Westmoreland, to the Pennines, in southwest Yorkshire, and into Derbyshire, over the Peak to Matlock. Every year, except during the war period, he has taken a protracted tramp abroad, thus walking across Sweden, Denmark, Belgium, Holland, etc., and thus to Vienna, Berlin, Madrid, Athens, Pompeii, etc. In one of the war years he trudged from Filey to Land's End; another year to Thurso; and a further year to the New Forest, in Hampshire. In 1921 he traversed huge distances through Germany and Belgium, and in 1922 approximately 1000 miles to Ravenna. Canon Cooper's remarkable feats on foot have been all achieved without the questionable aid of alcohol. To quote another of his striking statements, "Like Mr. Hawker, I have never smoked in my life. I think that has something to do with my having a good heart. I never suffer

from my heart in any way. Also, I am a total abstainer."

Of similar character were the feats of Mr. E. P. Weston, the champion pedestrian of America fifty to sixty years ago. When aged three score and twelve he walked 3500 miles from San Francisco to New York in 77 days, omitting Sundays. Three years before he covered afoot the 1230 miles from Portland, in Maine to Chicago. On previous occasions he had performed like notable achievements. Probably greatest of these was his 5000 miles' walk in 100 days, completing on the last day the 53 miles Brighton to London without a single rest. Throughout his immense prolonged journey he averaged 3½ miles per hour, and frequently delivered a lecture at the end of the day's walk. It was computed that he took 11,000,000 steps. As stated by Sir B. W. Richardson, Weston's achievement was all the more marvellous as he was well beyond athletic age, and in build and apparent bodily power by no means a Hercules. Weston achieved these pedestrian wonders of physical endurance as a pronounced nephalist, believing that even a little stimulant would have materially hindered his success. At the commencement of his pedestrian career he realised wine and brandy "the most weakening liquid" he could drink, and henceforth relied on cold tea, coffee and molasses and water instead. Undoubtedly a most remarkable testimony to the benefit of Temperance practice.

Scarcely less noteworthy the instance of George Allen, of Leicester. Constitutionally frail, and in youth subject to epileptic tendencies, by force of will, through abstinence and other hygienic habits, he eventually developed exceptional strength of physique. In 1904 he accomplished the distance of 900 miles from Land's End to John o' Groats in less than 17 days, and five years later walked a shorter route of 840 miles between these extremities in 14 days, 60 miles per day. Never touching intoxicants, water, he has said, is "the finest drink possible to obtain."

In pedestrian contests, likewise, the abstainer has repeatedly displayed his superiority. In 1897, under German War Office auspices, 23 aspirants for athletic distinction competed over a distance of 70 miles, and the first six were all professed vegetarians and abstainers from intoxicants. Subsequently, a competition was arranged on the road from Dresden to Berlin. Though the way was partly through forest land, and weather conditions were unpropitious, the winner, Karl Mann, walked the 125 miles in 27 hours, finishing well and strong. An ardent abstainer, he strongly urged on those desirous to display physical prowess "strict avoidance of alcohol in any shape and form."

To give but two other kindred instances.

LADIES—

The Beautifully Illustrated

"KING" TEA

Catalogue of Free Gifts is Now Obtainable.

Ask your Grocer or Storekeeper.

In 1902 the mile walking handicap was won at Leicester by a teetotaller 59 years of age, and some years ago a Britisher in New York, striving to secure "the walking championship of the world," used a quantity of ale the first and second days, but, experiencing ill-effects therefrom, refused intoxicants entirely the following days, and gained the coveted distinction, an honor impossible, in his judgment, if he had continued his alcoholic indulgence.

Military records and travellers' experiences tell of similar feats on non-alcoholic methods. Experimenting during a long march of several weeks' duration, Lord Wolseley gave some of his men a daily ration of whisky, a second company a daily ration of beer, and a third water only. Whilst the whisky drinkers at first easily forged ahead, they were afterwards overtaken by the beer contingent, and eventually both were left far behind by the water drinkers. How Gatacre's Brigade, in Kitchener's Soudan Army of 1898—abstainers perforce for months—could walk 30 miles under a tropical sun, not a single man faltering, is well known; also Sir Frederick Treves' testimony regarding the march to the relief of Ladysmith in 1900—that of the 30,000 troops so marching the first men who lagged by the way were unmistakably the drinkers. Bernoff, the great Russian traveller and walker, learned by stern experience to relinquish beer, and, as he stated, "always walk on pure water or milk." Similarly, Matthieu Williams, the distinguished scientist, in his long tramps in various parts of the British Isles and the Continent, found that he invariably finished his day's walk much better when refraining absolutely from stimulants and taking water or coffee only.

The present attempt to scale Mount Everest recalls non-alcoholic mountaineering feats. Jacques Balmat, the first man known to stand on Mont Blanc's hoary peak, is said to have been a total abstainer; Samuel Turner, who in 1898 broke the record for speed climbing this Alpine giant, was a life abstainer; and Sir Martin Conway, who has traversed the Alps, crossed the Andes, aspired to Himalayan conquests, and ascended Aconagua (23,080 feet), has declared that he never permitted the members of his parties to touch alcohol until their destination was reached, believing stimulants far more dangerous than useful.

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New South Wales Alliance

Offices—Macdonell House, Pitt Street, Sydney. Cable and Telegraphic Address: Dry, Sydney.
Phones: General Offices, City 157; Organising and Public Meeting Dept. City 8944.

FIELD DAY APPOINTMENTS.

SUNDAY, SEPTEMBER 21—

11 a.m.: Presbyterian Church, Lithgow.
3 p.m.: Presbyterian Church, Wallerawang.
7 p.m.—Methodist Church, Mort-street, Lithgow.

Rev. Henry Worrall.

11 a.m.: Baptist Church, Lithgow.
3 p.m.: Anglican Church, Lithgow.
7 p.m.: Presbyterian Church, Coerwall.
Mr. C. W. Chandler.

11 a.m.: Dural Methodist Church.
3 p.m.: Arcadia Methodist Church.
7.15 p.m.: Thornleigh Methodist Church.
Mr. D. H. Hardy.

11 a.m.:
7.15 p.m.: Penshurst Anglican Church.
Mr. C. E. Still.

11 a.m.: Canley Vale Church of Christ.
7 p.m.: Canley Vale Church of Christ.
Mr. H. C. Stitt.

11 a.m.: Methodist Church, Lithgow.
7 p.m.: Baptist Church, Lithgow.
Ex-Senator David Watson.

OPEN-AIR MEETING.

Lithgow, Saturday, September 13, at 7.45 p.m. Ex-Senator David Watson and Mr. C. W. Chandler.

REV. HENRY WORRALL'S PUBLIC MEETINGS.

Monday, Sept. 22: Oddfellows' Hall, Lithgow.
Wednesday, Sept. 24: Town Hall, Mudgee.
Monday, Sept. 29: Parish Hall, Bathurst.
Wednesday, Oct. 1: Town Hall, Blayney.
Wednesday, October 8: Town Hall, Narromine.

SUMMARY AND ACTIVITIES FOR AUGUST, 1924.

During the month of August the Alliance staff conducted 66 meetings, 33 of which were held in the various churches, there being also 5 open-air demonstrations. The total attendance at all meetings was 4665 persons.

We participated in the Open-Air Indignation Meeting held at Guildford in opposition to a new license in that progressive and popular centre. There were 250 people present, who seemed to be unanimously in favor of "no liquor bar" for Guildford. The Alliance speakers also supported the open-air meeting on Sunday afternoon at Regent's Park as a protest against a new license for that healthy and rapidly growing area. There were 150 people present, and a motion of protest was carried with one dissident. Similar meetings are being organised in opposition to new licenses at Concord and Bexley.

New Branches have been formed at Taree and Willoughby, and the Ashfield and Sans Souci Branches visited. The Willoughby Branch, since formation, held an open-air meeting, assisted by two of our staff. An open-air meeting is also arranged for Ashfield on 12th September.

The high educational tone of the addresses delivered by Rev. Henry Worrall is an inspiration. The imperialistic setting with which he presents Prohibition in a new light is a treat to his audiences. The lecturer speaks with conviction, and his historical re-

AUSTRALIAN PROHIBITION COUNCIL.

Commonwealth Platform
Representative

Rev. HENRY WORRALL

will commence his N.S.W. Tour at Tenterfield, and will conduct a Public Meeting in

ODDFELLOWS' HALL
LITHGOW
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 22nd
8 P.M.

TOWN HALL
MUDGEE
WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 24th
8 P.M.

RYLSTONE
THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 25th
8 P.M.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND
SCHOOL HALL
BATHURST
MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 29th
8 P.M.

Rev. H. Worrall during the last two years has traversed over 50,000 miles outside of Australia, and has seen much of many lands. From his personal experience and firsthand information, Australia's Prohibition Champion has built up a most inspiring and convincing message which will command your attention.

Hear Rev. Henry Worrall in your District.

Admission is Free. Collection.

view of the rise, progress and fall of nations, owing to lack of self-control and non-compliance with the spiritual law of the "Perpendicular" is really splendid. Mr. Worrall is truly a Prohibition imperialistic Britisher, a patriot who advocates Prohibition from the standpoint of national and Imperial safety. Mr. Worrall regards Prohibition as an adjunct of our Imperial unity. Do not miss hearing him.

The applications for new licenses at Maroubra were opposed by our solicitor, Mr. W. C. Clegg, and both were defeated. New licenses are being applied for in other places. Our friends are urged to report such cases promptly.

Campaign Committee has determined on a vigorous policy of education work, and already the summer nights open-air campaign has commenced, and it has been decided to form a Speakers' Association. The warmer conditions now are more favorable for mid-day industrial meetings, and these also have been instituted.

The People's "Victory Pledges" are a live factor. As this is now quite understood as being non-party and non-political our friends are readily taking up that campaign.



OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

Address all correspondence re Bands of Hope, Y.P. Societies and the "New Day" Crusade to W. H. Mitchell, Director of Y.P. Department, N.S.W. Alliance, 321 Pitt-street, Sydney (Phone, City 8944).

Quarterly Meeting of Y.P.P. Council.—The usual meeting (which should be held on Monday, 15th instant) is postponed until the following Monday evening, namely, 22nd instant, in order to enable our delegates to the Band of Hope Conference at Melbourne to get back home and to prepare their reports for the Y.P.P. Council meeting.

The Unveiling and Dedication of Fountain at Greenwich.—This unique function is expected to take place on Saturday, 20th inst., at 3.30 p.m. We will give definite information in next issue of "Grit."

Activities of the Australian Band of Hope and Y.P. Temperance Union.—A most interesting and comprehensive survey of this matter has been submitted to the 4th annual conference just concluded. The following are a few excerpts: The Union embraces a larger area than that of any Band of Hope Union in the world. The whole Commonwealth of Australia is included in its operations. The summary of the work includes—(1) New South Wales, where the Y.P.P. Council and Band of Hope Union reports that there are thirteen (13) State-wide organisations represented on the Council. Thirty-eight Bands of Hope and sixteen other Young People's Temperance Societies are affiliated. It is estimated that there are a further 90 Bands of Hope in the State. The "New Day Crusade" has been continued with good results. The inauguration of Temperance examinations in the State schools is an important feature of the work for this year. The date fixed for these examinations is December 8, 1924.

Severe losses have been experienced in our workers' ranks in the resignations of Mr. A. J. Fisher and Mr. E. S. Gilbert.

We purpose continuing this resume in next issue, when the work in Tasmania and South Australia will be epitomised.

The Odd-Job Man's Diary.

SYDNEY TO PERTH.—THE LIGHTER SIDE OF LIFE AFLOAT:

WE GO ABOARD.

In my last notes I mentioned the fact that we were packing for a journey to Perth. We have arrived, and while the memory of the trip is fresh in my mind let me record a few wayward impressions. I have no fault to find with the ship. As ships go—or roll—it was a good vessel. Getting away was an ordeal. On the wharf were a few friends who had come to say good-bye. As the boat slowly left her moorings and the gay streamers snapped, I experienced that indescribable feeling of loneliness which is so often the lot of we morals who know something of the pain as well as the pleasure of friendship.

Within an hour of leaving I met my fellow passengers at lunch. We were indeed a mixed company. Next to me on my right sat a lady who was pleased to retail her domestic history. She was not travelling second because she could not afford to go first, at least so she informed the company. It appeared that she preferred to live with second classers; as she aptly said, "I prefers to be with me own class." We bowed our acknowledgment to this tribute! We were also informed that the lady's husband had lost much of his interest in her. She remarked, "Yes, he's very good natured. He allows me fifteen pounds a week to live apart from him." I have no wish to be uncharitable to the lady, but the thought occurred to me that the obvious benefits to the husband by this arrangement were cheap at the price—with the funds available we would willingly pay double!

TABLE TALK.

The gentleman who occupied the seat opposite had apparently spent his life in storms at sea. When he began to tell of his adventures the rest of us felt very small fry. He knew the Horn better than Australians know Billy Hughes. I lost count of all the storms he had battled through in that part of the world. His experiences included being thrown out of his cabin and down steps—when the boat was on an even keel these steps went up—of being caught in the scuppers (whatever they may be) and being dragged by the log line for days at a time—it might have been weeks. He was such a first-rate adventurer that I got a little mixed in the details. Next to the adventurer sat our silent member. He wore a heavy great-coat buttoned tightly under the chin and

gave his undivided attention to the meals. He called for a second helping of every course, and topped off with a mere half-dozen bananas (yes, he had bananas). This passenger was on the boat from Sydney to Fremantle and nobody ever heard him speak, but they all saw him feed.

Then I must not forget the squatter. I know he was a squatter because he told me so. In fact, he told me every time I met him until I found him rather tiresome. One night in the smoke-room he suggested a quiet game of poker, and from casual observations later I concluded that most of his squatting was done at card tables.

VACANT CHAIRS.

When we steamed out of Melbourne for Adelaide the weather forgot its good behaviour and by nine o'clock at night we were here, there and everywhere. My word, she rolled. At breakfast next morning there were many empty chairs, silent testimony of the rolling capacity of our good boat. Among those absent were folk I expected to see at the table. Where was my friend, the Storm King? And the lady who so earnestly desired the calm weather would break—she wanted some "pep" in things, so she said. Well, judging by the clattering crockery, we were getting a fair amount of "pep." The bad weather con-

tinued until a couple of hours before we reached Adelaide. We were called to breakfast while slowly making our way to the Adelaide wharf, and the empty chairs were filled. In answer to my questioning glances, I learnt that the Storm King, the lady who sighed for "pep" and others who had missed their meals had not been seasick—oh dear no, they had caught a touch of the 'flu! And, strange to relate, when we left Adelaide and sailed across the Bight they all caught a second attack of the 'flu!

Since our trip across the Bight I have developed an admiration for those good souls who walk around Australia. Once I thought they were stupid, but now I know why they walk. Before we were half-way across the Bight I was willing, if I could get ashore, to crawl the rest of the way!

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF W.A.

On the afternoon of our arrival, when we could see the coastline of W.A., the weather was perfect and the sea was delightfully calm. At Fremantle we were met by a company of our new friends. Their welcome was simply great, and we felt at home. From Fremantle we were motored to Perth. On the way we caught fleeting glimpses of the beautiful Swan River and the King's Park. Since our arrival we have been almost embarrassed by the kindness and hospitality of the folk here.

It meant a big change to come from the East to the West, but I feel it was a right move. The job here will take a lot of energy and most of my time, but that is nothing if the associations are congenial. The frank, kindly spirit of the people of the West has given to the future brightness and hope. Anyway, I'm now too old and too wise, I hope, to become a prophet. We shall just do our best to serve the great cause of Prohibition and then see what we shall see.

For the moment the toast is: The West!

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Mistress—

Mary, your kitchen is a picture!

However do you get everything so spotlessly clean & bright?

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



MORE ABOUT THE ARTISTS' BALL.

ASTOUNDING OFFICIAL REPORTS PUBLISHED.

"MOST ABANDONED, DISSOLUTE AND WANTON BEHAVIOR."—Inspector Mankey.

A Prohibition Play.—Educative Influence of the Stage.—Degrading Anzac Day.—State Control.—More Dope.

A GROSS INSULT.

The other day the "Daily Telegraph" published a cartoon depicting a common scene in the lower quarters of any town—a street fight. The combat was at an end. The vanquished party was being helped away, battered and bruised, by a friend. The victor, a big, coarse, burly ruffian, was shown in the act of getting his coat on again and, still shaking with wrath, looking towards his victim. Beneath appeared these words: "The Victor: 'That'll learn yer to say I was at the Artists' Ball.'" You see, dear reader, there is a limit to everything. This bruiser might have been rough; he might even have knocked his wife about occasionally, but to suggest to him, even playfully, that he could be so low as to go to the Artists' Ball—well, that was over the odds altogether, and he was not prepared to brook so outrageous a reflection upon his standards of decency. His wrath flamed up in a minute and his opponent was sorry he spoke. It is worthy of note that it is very difficult to find anybody who did go to the Artists' Ball. Nobody seems to be willing to admit having been there. The public contempt for the coterie who made the "Bohemian" pace at that affair is so marked that the apologists have ceased to raise their voices and have disappeared from view.

ASTOUNDING REPORT.

The Government did the right thing when it decided to publish the principal police report on the Artists' Ball. Nothing but harm could have resulted from any further attempts to hush the matter up. That policy was adopted in connection with the three previous balls, and there can be no room for doubt that it was that policy of hush which made the disgraceful incidents of this year's ball possible. Inspector Mankey's report does not describe everything that happened; if it did it would be impossible to print it. As it is, however, it is amazing enough in all conscience. He says that he caused preliminary inquiries to be made and received the most positive assurances that the function would be conducted in a perfectly satisfactory manner. "I was not prepared, however, to trust entirely to those assurances," he says, and he took precautionary measures such as are not usual at balls in the Town Hall. "It is fortunate, indeed," he adds, "that in this instance the precautionary measures were taken." They consisted in placing a considerable number of uniformed and plain-clothes men on duty at various spots in and about the building.

NOT ONLY IN THE BASEMENT.

Inspector Mankey disposes of the story industriously circulated by the ball authorities to the effect that any unseemly behaviour which may have occurred was confined to the basement and was attributable to hoodlums who gained unauthorised admission through a window. Nobody, of course, ever gave serious credence to such a cock-and-bull story. Referring to the corridors and balconies at the back of the main hall, Inspector Mankey says: "I there saw several young women who were plainly under the influence of liquor, some very much so. One young girl about 18 years old was stretched full length on the iron flooring. I had her removed. Near the men's conveniences Constable Gribble was on duty, and he reported to me that most of his time was taken up in preventing women from entering the men's conveniences. Several young women in fancy dress were standing about the passage with male companions, all under the influence of drink. They seemed to have abandoned all modesty and decency. One young girl was sitting on the rail of the balcony. She and her male companion were behaving in a suggestive manner. They had both been drinking too much. Other couples were hugging, kissing and lolling about in various suggestive attitudes, and apparently quite oblivious to any need for restraint or decency."

WHAT HAPPENED IN THE BASEMENT.

Please note that none of what precedes refers to the basement where, according to the apologists, all the misbehaviour, such as it was, took place. The incidents so far described were observed in the corridors adjacent to the main dancing hall. In the basement, according to Inspector Mankey, "conditions were decidedly worse." There were about a thousand people there when he visited it and "fully five hundred of these showed unmistakable signs of having imbibed too freely." Practically everybody was drinking. "In the corridors conditions were nauseating. Some of those who had drunk too much were sick, and the floors were covered with food scraps, broken glass, beer and other liquid matter in pools half an inch deep in places. Young men and women in varying stages of intoxication and scantily clad were in close embrace, while others were smoking, drinking and shouting out. At the women's lavatory Sergeant Phillips was on duty, and he

reported to me that he had trouble in keeping men from entering with the women. I sent to request the attendance of the Town Clerk on Mr. Carrick. Both these gentlemen shortly arrived. I reported the position to Mr. Layton, and after looking round at the condition of affairs HE SHOOK HIS HEAD IN HELPLESS AND UNFEIGNED DISGUST and went away."

ABANDONED AND DISSOLUTE.

In the course of his report, Inspector Mankey declares that "the conduct of the young men and women in the basement and precincts and on the balconies on the main floor was the most abandoned, dissolute and wanton I have witnessed in my experience. It is idle," he adds, "to seek to place the blame upon the interlopers. They were there, it is true, but certainly not more than a score of them. ALL those that I saw behaving objectionably were in fancy dancing costume, both men and women." In a room in the basement in which the lights had been turned out and the door of which had to be forced, as it had been locked, Inspector Mankey found eight or nine couples. "They were sprawling about the floor in suggestive positions, while some were sitting on a table drinking beer. I hunted them all out." And this is the sort of thing that goes on in the name of Art in Sydney! Bohemianism! what crimes are committed in thy name! The whole business, as revealed in this report, is so disgusting and revolting that it is difficult to find any form of expression adequate to describe the feelings it must arouse in every mind possessing the slightest sense of decency.

FIRE OFFICER'S REPORT.

The report furnished to the Chief Secretary by Chief Officer Jackson, of the Fire Brigade, deals with the situation at the Artists' Ball from the standpoint of fire risk, but it amply confirms Inspector Mankey's report. "A large number," he says, "were showing signs of drink, and resented being spoken to, especially the females, who apparently thought they had a free hand to do as they wished. THIS WAS IN THE MAIN HALL. In the basement, it was worse. Here the greater number of the people were under the influence of drink, and some were so drunk that they were falling about, and many of both sexes were laying helpless about the passages and doorways. It was quite evident that in all the arrangements made, the safety of the people in case of fire or panic had been totally ignored, not the least thought having been given to this most important matter in any way." It is more by good luck than anything else that a terrible fire with heavy loss of life did not break out in the Town Hall on that occasion. We wish we could feel that purification by fire would have been too drastic a treatment for some of the wantons at that ball, but we cannot feel anything of the sort. Such people, bereft of all moral sense and lower

(Continued on next page.)

THERE'S FRAGRANCE IN
Griffiths Bros.'
 SPECIAL AFTERNOON
 TEA
 THAT EVERYONE ENJOYS

More About the Artists' Ball—

than any beast of the field, are better dead than alive. They poison and pollute everybody and everything they come into contact with.

INQUIRY DEMANDED.

The state of affairs revealed by these reports cannot be allowed to pass without definite and drastic action. It calls for disciplinary action on the part both of the Government and the City Council. The Chief Secretary has a report from the Crown Law Office to the effect that the liquor laws were infringed in various ways. What is he going to do about it? Behaviour took place in the Town Hall of so disgusting a character that, had it occurred elsewhere, it would have led to police prosecutions and imprisonment for the offenders. In the interests of public morality and common decency, the names of the offenders should be published, but that, perhaps, is too much to hope for. As for the City Council, it has a responsibility in this matter, and it must see that the Town Hall is never again used for such a purpose. It ought, among other things, to inquire why the Town Clerk (Mr. Layton) at first lent his countenance to an attempt to hush the matter up. Mr. Layton's first public utterance was to the effect that he had seen nothing to take violent exception to. But after the publication of Inspector Mankey's report, he changed his tone and said what he saw in the basement led him to conclude that it ought to be closed. How does the Town Clerk propose to reconcile two statements in such hopeless conflict? Is he prepared to condone lasciviousness in the basement of the Town Hall and elsewhere in the building, provided it can be hushed up? Yes or no?

EVERYBODY AGREES, BUT—

Everybody, whether he be a Prohibitionist or not, agrees, we suppose, with certain fundamental propositions about drink; that drunkenness, for instance, is never laudable or attractive; that excessive drinking is al-

ways dangerous in that it almost invariably becomes a habit which so enslaves its victim as to involve him, sooner or later, in social, physical and moral degradation, and material destitution. There is no escape from that, nor will any honest person who has any real knowledge of the world dispute the fact. Under the circumstances, it might be supposed that the social consciousness of a civilised community would revolt against any tendency to make light of the evils of drink, and especially to make sport of it and to joke about it. There are far too many "good"

OUR RECORD OF SHAME!

**CONVICTIONS FOR DRUNKENNESS,
CENTRAL POLICE COURT.**

	Men.	Women.
Week ended Sept. 3	141	38
Pledges signed	36	

stories about drunkenness, and although we are all apt to smile at them, it must be recognised that a real danger lurks in the false idea in the minds of the rising generation that intemperance is a comparatively venial offence. Young people are necessarily ignorant of the world, being sheltered from its hardness, and more youngsters have been led to acquire the drinking habit through a mistaken conception about the "sporting" good-fellowship of drinking than by any other cause.

STAGE BOOZERS.

These observations are suggested to us by the increasing frequency of comic drinking scenes in stage plays. There drinking is presented to us as a subject for mirth and laughter, and we leave the theatre not with any sense of nauseating disgust calculated to make us recoil in the presence of drunkenness, but rather with a sense of good humor and contentment at the good time we have had. Last week a new play, entitled "Whirled Into Happiness," was produced at Her Majesty's

Theatre, and in it we are told that the principal comedian "triumphed further in a comically sustained soliloquy over a decanter of port. Therein he emptied glass after glass to the bride and bridegroom, passing through various absurd stages of increasing intoxication." The comedian in question, Mr. Frith, is a clever actor and no doubt sustained his part well, but the bad effect of such scenes upon the public mind is only enhanced by good acting. Psychologists will agree in saying that the effect of this sort of thing upon the subconscious mind is wholly evil, and that it is the subconscious mind which mostly determines the thought and behaviour of people. The stage is one of the most powerful educational agencies the world possesses. It has played a most important part in that way in every age of the history of man, and in these days its influence should be wholly good. Unfortunately, its influence is more often than not wholly bad.

PROHIBITION PLAY.

Not wholly or always so, of course. There are plays whose moral effect is wholesome, and if the public taste could be elevated and the public conscience awakened sufficiently, the stage might yet be made an instrument second only to the Church itself in the moral regeneration of mankind. We are not pleading for doleful plays—there is no notion more erroneous and unwarranted than to suppose that people of high moral principle object to fun and hilarity. There is no saying more true than the old one that—

"A little folly now and then

Is relished by the wisest men"—

and, for our own part, we would not have it otherwise, but there is a vast gulf fixed between wholesome fun and the sort of pabulum that ministers to depraved instincts and to pruriency. It is undoubtedly evidence of depraved instincts that drunkenness, or the simulation thereof, should, at any time or under any circumstances, be considered amusing. We hope, therefore, that our readers will find an opportunity to witness the Prohibition play which has just been staged at the Criterion by our old friend, John D. O'Hara.

LEGITIMATE DRAMA.

Mr. O'Hara is an accomplished actor of the old school who is devoted to his calling as an art, and stedfastly refuses to surrender to the modern commercialised spirit of the stage which, in the hands of big financial corporations, is only concerned with box-office receipts. Curiously enough, the box-office receipts do not appear to suffer when wholesome and high-class drama is offered to the public. We fancy that many modern entrepreneurs made the same mistake as the newspapers in imagining that trash is what the public wants. The public mind and taste are much more elevated than the papers and the stage would lead us to believe, but we fear that

(Continued on page 15).

A Personal Chat with my readers

WHY DO WE FEAR? Most people fear old age and fear the signs of old age. If we are going Home we should welcome the milestones that mark our progress on the way. If we will, we may grow beautiful and more interesting as time goes by.

Someone has beautifully said:

Let me grow lovely, growing old—
So many fine things do:
Laces and ivory and gold,
And silks need not be new,
And there is healing in old trees,
Old streets a glamor hold;
Why may not I, as well as these,
Grow lovely, growing old?

The sailor of whom Henry T. Martin wrote evidently welcomed the final port of call:

Oh, bury me there by the shore of the sea,
At home 'mid the shell-strewn sand,
Where the fish-hawk shrieks
And the sea gulls call
And the green sea breaks on the light-
house wall:

For my ship swings home to land,
Tell my mates I have gone where all ships
put in.

I shall met them there by the quay—
Lo! my Pilot stands
Alone at the bow,
When I ask Him, "Master, where dwellest
Thou?"
He answers me, "Come and see!"

A DUTY SOMETIME TO FORGET.

"Memory may be love's worst foe. Forgetting is often love's highest duty. And whatever is a duty is possible. We can forget, when we ought to. We ought to forget everything that interferes with love. Yet how often we hear it said: 'I have forgiven that long ago, but I can never forget it.' Such a one does not want to forget, distinctly intends not to forget, does not know the first meaning of forgiveness, and does not want to love—unreservedly. Forgiveness that does not forget comes perilously near being hatred. If we are cherishing memories of the wrongdoings of any of our fellows, let us ask God's forgiveness. For He will 'blot out all mine iniquities,' even the sin of memory, if we will honestly seek His loving power to forget."

CURIOUS THINGS ABOUT A CHURCH.

Some folk are like the church bell, they both make quite a noise and both remain outside.

The difference between a buttress and a pillar was made a very effective point by the Rev. H. R. L. Sheppard in a "wireless" sermon. He was referring to the man who liked his children to be sent to Sunday

school, and had no objection to his wife going to church, but who never went himself. "He is a buttress rather than a pillar to the church," said Mr. Sheppard, "because he's always outside."

A church window is a most essential thing. Even when it is shut it lets the light in, and when it is open it lets both air and light in. Some church-going folk are like the window. They give advice—if they would back it with fervent prayer they would indeed be like the open window. Of course there are always some who object to an open window, but they must not be taken seriously. There is a curious objection to moving down and so making it easy for others to occupy the same pew with you.

I have seen people one behind the other in church as though they were sentinels guarding the sacred unoccupied portion of the pew. Perhaps you never thought it was your duty to extend to others the hospitality of the Lord's House.

Thomas Clark, in the "Christian Century," has some fine inspiring lines that I gladly pass on to you:

Our faith is not in dead saints' bones,
In altars of vain sacrifice;
Nor is it in the stately stones
That rise in beauty toward the skies.

Our faith is in the Christ who walks
With men to-day, in street and mart;
The constant Friend who thinks and talks
With those who seek Him with the heart.

We would not spurn the ancient lore,
The prophet's word or psalmist's prayer;
But lo! our Leader goes before,
To-morrow's battles to prepare.

His Gospel calls for living men,
With singing blood and minds alert;
Strong men, who fall to rise again,
Who, strive and bleed, with courage girt.

We serve no God whose work is done,
Who rests within His firmament:
Our God, His labors but begun,
Toils evermore, with power unspent.

God was and is and e'er shall be;
Christ lived and loved—and loves us still;
And man goes forward, proud and free,
God's present purpose to fulfil.

I always appreciate flowers
TO FLOWER LOVERS. and the remembrance of which they bear such a beautiful testimony.

I always regret the dying and so welcome anything that prolongs their life. I took the following from a chemists' journal:

Under the heading of "To Keep Flowers Fresh," the "Southern Pharmaceutical Journal" (Texas) gives the following: "The 'Florist Review' calls attention to a despatch from Paris which says: A scientist here has discovered the best way to revive withering

GRIT

A JOURNAL OF
NATIONAL EFFICIENCY
AND PROHIBITION

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

Editor—ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.
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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, SEPT. 18, 1924.

flowers is to dose them with aspirin. An ordinary aspirin tablet dissolved in warm water will bring fresh life to the most delicate cut flowers, while a piece of cotton soaked in a similar solution and wrapped round the stem of a flower worn in the buttonhole, for instance, will keep it fresh for a long period. The news item has excited considerable interest, and flower lovers are making experiments to see how well the 'prescription' works."

What is and is not news is thus appraised by a well-known American editor, and his calculation may be accepted as the valuation approved by most Australian editors to an ever-increasing degree:

"One ordinary man plus one ordinary life equals naught; one ordinary man plus one extraordinary adventure equals news; one ordinary husband plus one ordinary wife equals naught; one husband plus three wives equals news; one bank cashier plus one wife plus seven children equal naught; one bank cashier minus 10,000 dollars equals news; one chorus girl plus one bank president minus 100,000 dollars equals news; one man plus one wife plus one row plus one lawsuit equals news; one man plus one achievement equals news; one woman plus one adventure equals news; one ordinary man plus one ordinary life of seventy-nine years equals naught; one ordinary man plus one ordinary life of 100 years equals news."

If you remember this you will the better be able to avoid the pitfalls and distortions of the press.

The Editor

PASS "GRIT" ON.

AN ENGINEER'S ADDRESS ON PROHIBITION.

WALTER F. BALLINGER, LEADING ARCHITECT AND ENGINEER, DEFENDS
POLICY BEFORE DISTINGUISHED COMPANY.

"The public has been so fed up on the violations of the Prohibition laws, and the great amount of propaganda by brewers of the country, that we are apt to forget the great and startling benefits of the Eighteenth Amendment and its enforcement laws," said Mr. Walter F. Ballinger, nationally-known architect of Philadelphia, in an address before the Engineers' Club of Philadelphia.

"I have facts of a great many kinds to bring before you, any one of which would be sufficient to justify the suppression of the traffic in alcoholic liquors. The first is the large decrease in the death rate in New York, Philadelphia, and in the whole country, but particularly in the States where liquor was previously legally sold.

"My attention was called to this in November, 1920, in a rather surprising way by a client of mine who is a coffin manufacturer. We had designed and supervised the erection of a large building for his company in Philadelphia several years before, which he had told me in 1918 they had outgrown and would need a wider building so as to have more shipping space. When I reminded him of this in 1920 he said: 'We do not need it now—business has fallen off,' and he attributed this entirely to Prohibition, stating that there were over 800 deaths per week in Philadelphia and now less than 500. I asked, 'Surely, there were not that many drunks who died?' to which he responded, 'They are not drunks but moderate drinkers. The alcohol affects their vital organs and when exposed to disease they quickly succumb. Besides a great many children died from neglectful parents who were drinkers.'

STAYING THE HAND OF DEATH.

"The vital statistics of Philadelphia showed an average death rate in the years of license of over 16 deaths per thousand of population. This continued pretty steadily for a few years, but rose in 1918, due to the influenza epidemic. In 1919, half of which was legally dry, it dropped to 14.2, in 1920 about the same; 1921 to 12.7. This is a difference of 3.3 per thousand, and in a city of two million people this amounts to 6600 less deaths for the year. In 1922 and 1923 it averaged about 13.3 per thousand, or about 5500 less deaths per year than in license years.

"I also have here the annual report of the Department of Health of New York City, which shows a falling off in the amount of deaths of over 19,000 in 1921, and an average of 16,000 in 1922 and 1923—the bootleggers had become more efficient.

"According to Government reports there is a falling off of an average of 222 per 100,000 in the United States, or for 110,000,000 people equals 244,000 less deaths per year than if the lowest death rate during license had continued. The greater part of this drop was experienced in previously wet States.

"The second point of evidence is closely allied to the first. Life insurance companies are much more prosperous, not only because the death rates have fallen off, but because people have had more savings to invest and have put considerable of it in life insurance. Most of the life insurance companies are mutual, and most of us have some sort of life insurance; therefore, we are all benefited in better dividends or lower premium rates.

THE MARVELLOUS PROFITS.

"Third—savings. Savings deposits throughout the United States in 1913 were 6,972,000,000 dollars. There was an increase

from then to 1920, when 7,493,000,000 dollars was deposited. But in 1923 there was deposited in the savings department of banks and trust companies in the United States 15,268,000,000 dollars.

"The retail drink bill in the United States before Prohibition was about 2,400,000,000 dollars per year. As everything else has doubled in cost, had the sale of liquor continued unrestricted it would have reached an annual cost of over 5,000,000,000 dollars. There is less than 10 per cent. of the liquor consumed now than there was before Prohibition, though at higher price, so that there is a saving of over 2,000,000,000 dollars per year, or on the doubled rate of 4,000,000,000 dollars. What has been done with these savings? They have gone into better houses, so that the house building programme has been enormous. People also have bought more furniture, better clothes, pianos, talking machines, radios, automobiles, etc. They have had more money to spend and they have put it into theatre tickets and baseball games, etc. All lines of merchandise and amusements have prospered.

"Our industries were so expanded during the war that at the same rate of consumption they could not be kept going by domestic consumers alone, so that it seemed as though it would be absolutely necessary for us to have an export trade to take 15 or 20 per cent. of our products in order to keep our factories going. The chaotic conditions in Europe and the rest of the world, however, have prevented this, and we have been astonished to find the domestic market has improved to such an extent that with the exception of the wheat farmers we are getting along very well without a large export trade.

"Schools and colleges are all crowded to capacity. More children are going to school; more young men and women are getting high school and college educations.

"More hotels are being built than ever before.

"There has been an increase in the use of automobiles. It is true there are more automobile accidents now than before Prohibition, but less in proportion to the increased number of automobiles.

"The steam laundry business has increased out of proportion to the increase in population. Many former washerwomen are now supported by their husbands and do not have to work at their washtubs.

THE FACTOR OF SAFETY.

"A great many people desire the return of wine and beer. As to the one-half of one per cent. being the definition of alcoholic content. This percentage was suggested by the liquor people themselves, and it has ever since been so recognised by the United States and the several States. We know that less than one-half of one per cent. is intoxicating. We do not know just the alcoholic content that becomes intoxicating to some people. A few will be affected by a very low alcoholic content, say, 2 per cent., while others would not get drunk on 5 per cent., but we engineers know of the value of a factor of safety which we use in our business; in no case do we allow a safe load of more than one-fourth the breaking strength, and for some materials we provide a breaking strength of as high as eight or ten times the safe load. Why should we not have a factor of safety on drinks?

"There was a whisky rebellion in Pennsylvania during the time of President Washing-

ton, which was suppressed by him by sending U.S. troops. There is an insidious beer and whisky rebellion going on now, and many so-called good citizens, as well as many newspapers, are giving aid and comfort to the enemy.

"To patronise the illicit liquor traffic, you must encourage smuggling, forgery, all forms of counterfeiting of revenue stamps, of labels of famous brands, bribery of officials, theft from warehouses (and, by the way, many of these thefts are connived at by the owners), the re-distilling of denatured alcohol, moonshine, disloyalty to our Government, and even murder, and encouraging the lowest class of society, who pay no income taxes on their unlawful gains."

For cough and cold in days of old
No remedies were known and sold—
A barber came with leech and lance,
He took a fee, you took a chance,
To swollen throat the leech was plied,
And then you either lived or died,
How happy we who ease assure
With Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

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PROHIBITION NO LONGER A JOKE.

Prohibition in America has been the jest of the nations and the joke of many transients on our shores who have, as we are sometimes reminded, mistaken a few empty flagons as signs of a tidal wave of drinking. Latterly, however, the subject has been engrossing more serious attention on the part of our friends abroad, and it is not long since some British officials and ex-officials returned to their own shores as pronounced in favor of Prohibition and as certain of its efficacy as formerly others were emphatic in disapproval of it and sure that it was practically a dead letter in our statutes. Another who does not jest at "dry America," and is in no doubt as to its value, is S. K. Ratcliffe, who says he is no missionary, and has never written a teetotal article or made a teetotal speech. Mr. Ratcliffe is a lecturer, well known in both England and America, and a former editorial representative in America of the "Manchester Guardian." For ten years he has gone up and down the United States, speaking in hundreds of cities. On his last return to England he was convinced of certain things which he set down for the London "Daily News" and which are republished in the London "International Record":

"1. That the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution of the United States, by which National Prohibition was established in 1920, stands and cannot be repealed.

"2. That the American people, though they may modify the strictness of enforcement, will not allow it to become a dead letter, as certain other Constitutional amendments have become.

"3. That the social and economic results of National Prohibition are extraordinary, and, so far as they go, convincing.

"4. And that, by reason of them, and of the mental make-up of Anglo-Saxon America, the Western Continent, from the Mexican border to the Arctic seas (i.e., including British Canada) will adhere to the exclusion of intoxicating liquors as a settled social policy.

"I come now to the grounds of belief I have ventured to affirm dogmatically as to the permanence of National Prohibition.

"First, there is the constitutional fact. Prohibition is written into the organic law of the Union. No political leader does or will suggest that the Amendment can be repealed. I have put the point to scores of public men in every region; not one has hinted at the possibility. The wets themselves, knowing the fact, do not ask for Constitutional repeal. They attack the Volstead Enforcement law. Their idealist slogan is, 'Light wines and beer now; the saloon never.' The saloon being, as everyone knows, dead and damned. And the drys retort, 'Where, then, will beer be sold?'

"Secondly, there are the socio-economic forces behind Prohibition. The employment class, which rules America, is for it. The banks, the courts, the relief societies, the social workers tell their story, in statistics and otherwise. Organised labor, despite the occasional outbursts of Mr. Gompers, has not opposed. The Protestant churches are immovable. And anyone who thinks the women's vote to be alterable, or who imagines that the delightfully named Molly Pitcher Clubs, composed of anti-dry, well-to-do women, are going to moisten the mass, may be advised to seek the companionship of Mr. G. K. Chesterton.

"Thirdly, there is public opinion in its geo-

graphical distribution. Enforcement is a problem, a terrific problem, of the great centres, and mainly the coast cities. The South is dry because of the negro. The rural West is dry, and no one dreams it can ever be otherwise. From the Mississippi to the Rockies it is not even an issue. The enormous small-town vote is secure. 'Prohibition,' said a wise American the other day, 'is the policy of Main-street, and America lives on Main-street.'

Prejudiced against it when he came here on his visit last year, ex-Prime Minister Lloyd George returned to England a convert. In a recent address before the Free Church Congress at Brighton he uttered his astonishment that a House of Commons with a Labor and Liberal majority of eighty should have voted down the Welsh Local Veto Bill, "designed to deal with one of the most terrible social evils that can afflict a people." Speaking of his observations of Prohibition in the United States, he said, as we quote him from "The International Record":

"I went there with the usual European prejudice against it, hearing that it was demoralising America, and that there was more liquor than ever. It is not true, not in the least. There are some men who get it, but, thank God, it is very bad. Some of them have been poisoned already, and others are getting frightened for fear it will be their turn next. But that generation will disappear. The vast majority are not drinking. Driving through a town, I said, 'That is a very fine building.' They said, 'Yes, that is an old distillery.' I said, 'I suppose it is empty.' 'No,' they said; 'it is full of woollen goods.' I drove along again and said, 'What is that?' The reply was: 'That is another.' 'Empty?' 'No, motor cars for workmen.'

Speaking of further improvements brought about by Prohibition, Mr. Lloyd George noted that "the jail-keepers were the only unemployed class in America, while the children never had such a time since the days of Eden."—"Literary Digest," 17/5/24.

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INGLIS BAKING POWDER
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263 CROWN STREET, SYDNEY.



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 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

MATTHEW, CHAPTER 6, VERSE 26.

Now, where is your Bible? Are you too lazy to look this text up? I hope not. All those who are "procrastinators," and that is quite as bad as being a "scallywag," will put off looking up this text till they go to bed, and then they will be too tired or they will wait till Sunday, and then they will have forgotten. So please do it now, and then learn these few lines off by heart:

Said the Robin to the Sparrow,
"I should really like to know
Why those anxious human beings
Rush about and hurry so."

Said the Sparrow to the Robin,
"Friend, I think that it must be
That they have no Heavenly Father
Such as cares for you and me."

UNCLE B.

OUR LETTER BAG.

A MILE TO SCHOOL.

Amy Woodman, Forge Creek, via Bairnsdale, writes: I am seven years old and would like to be your Ni. My birthday is on December 11. I am in grade III. at school, and there are two other little girls and a boy in the same grade. When I am big I will write in ink to you. Denzil and I walk a mile to school every morning. There is a cow that has a calf at home, and we poddy the calf. The cow jumps the fence and tries to get in to its calf. Rod stayed home with influenza, and Muriel and Beryl too. Dad has five pigs now. Well, I think I will close, with best wishes.

(Dear Amy,—I am glad to have you in my big family. I hope you don't grumble at having to walk a mile to school. Not only is it worth it, but the walk will do you a lot of good. We city folk suffer all sorts of things because we walk too little.—Uncle B.)

POOR HEAD.

Reg. Nock, Nelungaloo, writes: I hope I am not on the scallywag list. I am not going to Sunday school to-day because it is too wet. The week before last I got a hit on the head. I had four stitches put in, which came out last Friday. Last Saturday we had a gymkhana. We played tennis, croquet, and rounders; we also had a hoop-la. I got a good many lollies from it, and a

cup of jelly. Well, as I have no more news I will close.

Riddles.—(1) Why is a billygoat nearly?—Because he is all but (butt). (2) When is a soldier not a soldier?—When he is in quarters. (3) A plum pudding has what everything has. What has a plum pudding?—A name. (4) When does the willow weep?—When the river dries up.

(Dear Reg,—We are all sorry to hear you cracked your poor head. They used to tell me when I was a boy that such a thing could not happen to me, that my name was "wood" from the shoulders up. Thank you for your riddles.—Uncle B.)

JUST A LITTLE TOWN.

Willie Butler, Boomi, via Garah, writes: I have been reading the letters in "Grit" and thought I would like to write to you and tell you about the town in which I live. It is a very small town and consists of one police station, post office, two churches (English and Catholic), a baker, butcher, one hotel, three stores (Indian, Chinaman and ours—my father and three brothers and sister carry on the business). We live 28 miles from the nearest railway station. I go to the public school and am in third grade; a lady teaches our class and Mr. Woodward teaches the big class. I go to Sunday school every Sunday, and my sister teaches us and plays the organ. I am nine years old; my birthday is on July 5. We have a soldiers' memorial hall here, which is a very nice building.

(Dear Willie,—Do you know that many a big man has come from a very little town? Your town is bound to grow, and those of you who are there now are certainly laying the foundation. I am glad you wrote.—Uncle B.)

A GARDEN LOVER.

Marge Armstrong "Rosedale," McKee's Hill, writes: I'm afraid of getting on that scallywag list, which I dread so much; so the only way to keep from that difficulty is to write again before it occurs, isn't it? We are now busily preparing for another concert, Uncle, and the Sunday school teacher keeps me busy writing out parts of plays, etc. I don't mind, though; I rather like doing anything like that. We've had five big white frosts in succession, and it's not too hot when they're on either. I don't think there'll be any more now, because it has come up so cloudy looking. Not that we need rain, either—the water has scarcely dried up from the last lot. We're feeding our cows on oats and saccharine both now. Dad always says, "Saccharine might keep them in good condition, but it's the oats that makes them milk." Well, Uncle, I've been

sitting here writing that many different things that I'm getting quite tired and stiff, so the best thing to do is to have a bit of exercise and run off to bed. I'll write you a little more to-morrow. It's dreadfully cold now. There's a strong westerly wind blowing, and I'm sure the poor old cows are blessing it, Uncle. What do you like doing best in your spare time? I always run to my garden to have a look round, either to dig or water something. I have a little green house for all my pot plants, and against it is the garden, which consists of larkspurs, geraniums, wallflowers, wild violets, carnations, penniwinkles, border, cannas, daisies, cosmos and Japanese snapdragons. There are many different vines, too, which I train around the fence.

(Dear Marge,—Your letter is most interesting. I am going to Perth, W.A., and am writing this for "Grit," September 18, and I have to get at least six issues ready before I go away, so I am as busy as a bulldog with a bee on his nose.—Uncle B.)

LOTS OF NEWS.

Edna Goddard, 26 Alfred-street, Mascot, writes: Our church held their anniversary services last Sunday. On Saturday they held their tea and public meeting. Our eldest twins were eight years old on Monday, the 18th, and the babies were two years on Friday, the 22nd. Our motor car got burnt about a month ago, and we thought it was coming home on Saturday, but it did not. On Tuesday it was wet and thundering and lightning. We will be practising for our Sunday school anniversary. On the fourth of next month Miss Frances Nickawa is going to give a concert in the Coronation Hall in aid of the Methodist kindergarten.

(Dear Edna,—You have the knack of picking out and condensing the news, and your letter is full of interest. I hope the meeting held by Miss Nickawa was a great success—her part of it, I am sure, was.—Uncle B.)

GOOD-BYE, DOGGIE.

Jim Nixon, "Craigavon," Sutherland, writes: It is a long time since I have written to you. Please cross me off the scallywag list. I still attend Sutherland school and am in the seventh class. Our school has been re-christened lately, and is now a superior public. One of our lessons is bookkeeping, which I like very much. I still milk the cow, Uncle. Since I wrote to you last we have lost two dogs. Joe, the one I told you about before, was found dead one Sunday morning. The other, a little fox-terrier named Mick, got a bait and died. Love to all "Grit" cousins and yourself.

(Dear Jim,—So you have lost two doggie friends! I really loved my last dog, and when he died I just never cared to have another, and that is over 25 years ago. He was just great. His name was "Ike"—but he was poisoned.—Uncle B.)

PASS "GRIT" ON.

THINGS THAT I'M DOING.

By A MAN OF THE ROAD.

As a variant from previous articles, and with a view to encouraging other Prohibitionists to utilise opportunities for furthering the great cause, I wish to recount something of what I am doing in the wide district that I travel. If everyone who has the cause at heart would do his and her "bit" we would impress the State in every hole and corner, and Prohibition would be won for the whole State within 20 years—and the Commonwealth would be "dry" in ten years more. The estimate is a conservative one. Prohibition is the greatest contribution we can make to the health and happiness and prosperity of our generation. It is the greatest gift we can give to the work and the Church of God. "To make this world a fit place for God's children to live in is the greatest thing we can do for them," said the late Bishop Mercer, of Tasmania, to me many years ago. The thought is an impressive one. I pass it on to "Grit" readers.

How best can each of us help the cause? Let me say what appeals to me.

The first thing is to be conversant with the history of the Prohibition movement, as far as possible, and since America is most in the public eye, of the movement there in particular. To remember that the movement is nearly a century old, and that Prohibition existed in one State, Maine, three-quarters of a century ago, will encourage. Kansas, nearly half a century; North Dakota, a third of a century, and so on. Every Prohibitionist should read that remarkable book, "Thirty-five Thousand Miles of Prohibition," by Gordon of Victoria, price 2/6—a mine of information. Pamphlets like "Is the World Going Dry?" "Our Opportunities and Re-

sponsibilities," etc., sent out free by the Alliance, should be widely read.

Secondly, realise the only practicable method of securing Prohibition. It will come step by step via Local Option. We cannot expect to carry the State in one act. But it is possible to win three or four electorates each time a poll is taken. For instance, the Northern Rivers, Goulburn, the Northern Tablelands, and North Sydney would be among the first dry areas. The greatest setback we have had was the loss of Local Option. We must battle to regain it.

In the third place, compensation, which is provided for in the present law, must be fought to the last ditch. A very wily politician and friend of "the trade," Mr. W. A. Holman, said, "If the people of New South Wales want Prohibition they will have to pay for it." Mr. T. J. Ley, who claims to be a Prohibitionist, confesses to having been instrumental in inserting the principle in the 1919 Act, and he still maintains that it must be paid. Mr. D. H. Drummond, one of the Progressive Party, says that it is only equitable to give compensation. Whether or not this principle was put into the law to defeat Prohibition, there is nothing more certain than that it will have that effect. The people will never vote compensation. The revenue bogey frightens them enough. The compensation reality would stampede them. The 1928 referendum and compensation is already defeated. We must educate the opinion in each electorate against the iniquity of paying a public nuisance to get out. For my own part, I would as soon compensate Germany for leaving Belgium and France.

The great thing to do, and to do imme-

diately, is for all to get in behind Mr. Hammond's victory pledge campaign. Nothing will be more effective in educating our members and candidates for Parliament than an active campaign in each district of each electorate. I am getting sympathisers with the cause in every village, settlement and town that I visit, to take cards and get signatures. One lady is taking 500, a Presbyterian minister 200, several graziers 30 and 50. A grazier's wife, on an isolated station, took 10, saying, "I'll do my bit, anyhow, for the sake of my three sisters. They are all married to drinkers, not drunkards; but they make home very unhappy." I already have arranged for over 1000 cards to be distributed, and hope by the end of the year to have at least 5000 out, off my own bat. I get five or six signatures a day myself, which will mean several hundreds by January 1.

I never start out without leaflets, and pamphlets for distribution, and hand out a good many each day, suiting the literature to the reader, as far as possible. The Alliance Secretary sends me assorted parcels as often as I need them.

I get a good many letters into the local press, and find them read in most unlikely places by all sorts of people. The editors welcome letters, as they create interest in the papers.

Finally, I would say: Don't wait for others to move. Go ahead "on your own." It may be that you will have to lead, for instance, your parson. I find that most ministers are positively afraid to move, fearing to antagonise their congregations, while some ministers are very antagonistic to Prohibition. One such told me that many hotelkeepers he knows are "positively splendid fellows"! Occasionally one meets ministers who are grandly fearless and faithful. They take a noble stand, and lead their people finely. Let us get behind such men, and help them all we know. But don't wait for a lead. Give it!

"GRIT" SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Received to 11/9/24, and where not mentioned the amount received is 10/-:— E. R. Buttenshaw, 20/8/25; J. A. M. Allez, 25/1/25; Mrs. Sidney Moore, 9/8/25; Mr. W. Vout, 7/7/25; A. McMullen, £1 1s., 30/12/25; Tom Lemon, 9/9/25; R. L. Herps, £2 17s., 30/4/24; J. R. Gratton, 7/9/25; Miss Glanville, 5s., 6/3/25; Mrs. McNiven, 20/2/25; E. G. Wallace, £1, 30/9/25; Athol Grimison, 9/9/25; E. Hope Caten, 9/9/25.

The following are paid to 30/12/24: A. E. Francis (£1), Mrs. A. Shepherd, Rev. A. Graham, L. D. Clout, A. Tate (3s. 9d.), A. G. M. Swanson, E. Grainger, W. H. McGrath, Rev. D. D. Munro (£1 1s.), C. Basham, J. Abercrombie, Rev. Ellis Thomas, J. C. Love, Geo. Fisher (11s. 6d.), Mrs. E. J. Coleman, Mrs. Chris. Fisher.

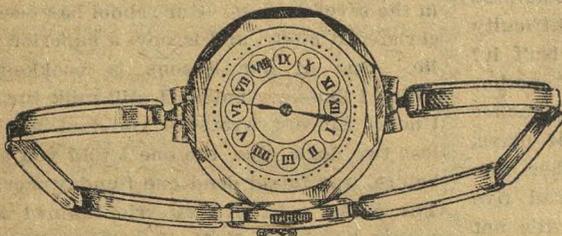
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AND THEY ALL SMILED.

MANY DO.

She: "No, Herbert, I am sorry; but I'm sure we could not be happy together. You know I always want my own way in everything." He: "But, my dear girl, you could go on wanting it after we were married."

THE BOY KNEW.

A clerical friend who was persuaded to examine a class in Scripture the other day greatly enjoyed the following howler: "Why was Joseph let out of prison?" he asked. "Because he had done his time," was the answer.

OR MODERN "CHICKENS."

The young hopeful of the family was just entering the age of late nights and notions.

One morning after late hours the night before, the youth announced:

"Paw, I've a notion to raise chickens."

Paw drew his eyebrows together and gruffly commented:

"Better try owls. Their hours would suit you better."

OF COURSE.

It was the first time a bishop had visited the village for many years and the inhabitants were very curious to see what he looked like. His gaiters made a great impression, but not so great as that made by his hat.

"Look, George," said one youth to another, "look at them 'ittle strings on 'is 'at. What's them for?"

"Why," was the answer, "them's 'is wireless aerials of course."

A MUSICAL CRITIC.

Mother was singing the baby to sleep. "If I were a baby," said the small philosopher, aged six, to his father, "I'd pretend to be asleep."

A WISE PRESCRIPTION.

Stranger: "Bones is your doctor, isn't he?"

Shoemaker: "He is."

"Do you think he ever helped you?"

"Oh, yes, I think he has. He tells all his patients to walk more."

"ONE THING" IS TROUBLE ENOUGH.

X. (married): "You look worried this morning, old man. What's the cause?"

Y. (single): "Oh, several things."

"Well, take my advice. Marry one of 'em and let the others go. I've had the same experience."

CLEVER ELEPHANTS.

Mr. Roberts: "Five hundred elephants are needed every year for making billiard balls."

Aunt Jane: "How strange that people can teach such big beasts to do such delicate work."

FORCIBLY STRUCK.

"As a matter of fact," said the opposing counsel, "you were so confused that you cannot say whether it was a motor car or something resembling a motor car that hit you."

"I can say, at any rate," responded the battered victim, "that I was forcibly struck by the resemblance."

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ONE DRAWBACK.

Musician (doing badly): "Ah, gentlemen, if we all 'ad our rights, I should be ridin' in me own carriage as I 'ave done before."

Skeptic: "Yus, but your poor old mother couldn't push you now!"

FROM FOOTING THE FLAT.

"And how, my dear Sherlock, did you discover that the culprit resided in an apartment?"

"Easily," responded the great man, yawning. "Upon examining the footprints I saw that he was flat-footed."

TO PARENTS.

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

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DAILY INSPIRATION.

(By FAIRELIE THORNTON.)

SUNDAY.

"Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty. They shall behold the land that is very far off."—Isa., 33, 17.

Just a little bit more weary
At the close of day.
Just a little bit the farther
On the homeward way.
See, the golden sun is sinking
In the crimson west,
Like a tired child sleeping
On its mother's breast.
And beyond there gleams the city
With its gates of pearl,
While the golden streets are shining,
As those clouds unfurl.
Just a passing night of darkness,
And these very eyes
Shall the King in all His beauty
See in yonder skies.

MONDAY.

"They shall see His face."
"Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face."

We are among the blessed who have not seen, and yet have believed. By and by we "shall see Him as He is." Job looked forward with a prophetic vision when he said, "I know that my Redeemer liveth and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth; and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold, and not another." This was the hope which was implanted in him by the Spirit of God, and that Spirit never deceives. Although this flesh decay, yet shall it be remade, and see God, and see Him, not as now, in a spiritual sense, but in very deed. "There is a natural body, and there is a spiritual body," but when this flesh shall have put on incorruption then shall we speak face to face with him "whom having not seen, we love."

"My knowledge of that life is small,
The eye of faith is dim;
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be WITH HIM."

Having, therefore, this hope, let us purify ourselves even as He is pure, for the pure in heart shall see God.

TUESDAY.

"TO DIE IS GAIN."

Oh, wondrous gift of death which bringeth life,
Which easeth sorrow and which endeth strife,
Why should we shrink to pass from dark to light,
To wake on endless day from earth's dark night?
Why fear to leave earth's conflict all behind,
And endless peace and rest with loved ones find?
Earth's sweetest bliss was oft with pain allied,
The deepest yearning still unsatisfied.
There fullness of true joy will lasting be,
And pleasures evermore our hearts shall see.
There shall we with our Lord for aye abide,
And in His presence shall be satisfied.

WEDNESDAY.

The greatest sinner may become the greatest saint. Saul of Tarsus, the chief of sinners, became St. Paul, the chief of the Apostles. Those who have in them the power to do great evil have in them the power to do great good. Many a man who has become eminent in saving souls is a triumph

of divine grace. Nothing but the saving power of Christ could effect this change. There are infinite capacities for good or evil within the human heart. Only God can bring out all that is best. Put yourself into His hands, and He will work in you such a transformation that you will find unknown powers waking to life. Ask Him to work in you to will and to do of His good pleasure.

THURSDAY.

"The eyes of the Lord are in every place."
—Prov., 15, 3.
He said, "I will hide from the sight of God,
And do the things that I please;
I will walk in the paths that He has not trod,
And the ways which no daylight sees."
And the stars came out in the midnight skies,
And each star seemed a gleam from God's pure eyes.
He said, "I will tread the flowery ways,
Where His feet have never been,
Where the tangled wood will hide His gaze,
And my deeds will not be seen."
And every flower seemed to look with God's eyes
With a strange, mysterious, sad surprise,
As he tasted the fruit "to make men wise."
He said, "I will flee from the stars and flowers,
And take the way of the wind,
I will wander forth 'mid the storms and showers,
Which will surely His eyesight blind."
And every drop of the dew and rain
Seemed to fall from God's eyes on his heart with pain.

He wandered o'er mountain and valley and hill,
Seeking to hide from God's view,
And yet He followed—followed him still,
Striving his heart to woo,
Till at last he turned from his wandering ways—
Now the world is transformed beneath THAT gaze.

FRIDAY.

"THOU, GOD, SEEST ME."

In the good days of old it was customary to have such texts as these in large letters on the walls of the Sunday school: "Our God is consuming fire." "It is a fearful thing to fall into the hands of the living God." "Thou, God, seest me." To the infant mind it drew the picture of a stern and angry God always watching to see the naughty things done, ready to punish the wrong-doer. We know "God is angry with the wicked every day," but it is an anger similar to what a father or mother feels toward the child who has disobeyed, an anger full of yearning pity for the wrong-doer, and an anxiety to see some repentance in order to take that child to his heart again. Perhaps we have gone to the other extreme, and led some to look upon God as One who is ready to tolerate and condone sin. God cannot look upon sin with the least degree of allowance. "He was manifested to take away sin," not that we should continue therein. "Thou shalt call His name Jesus, for He shall save His people from their sin." "Look unto Me, and be ye saved." A look to Jesus on the Cross suffering for sin will lead us to hate it as He hated it. Let us not fear to meet His gaze. The look of the Lord brought Peter back to contrition to Him. It was a look which broke His heart—no reproach, but sorrow and love in it. "Thou, God, seest me,"

should cause the sinner to stop and meet that look and he will find that "there is life for a look at the crucified One." "As Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of Man be lifted up that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life."

SATURDAY.

"I will direct my prayer unto Thee, and will look up."—Ps., 5, 3.
Oh, soul, look up when thou art sorely tempted
To think Time has of thee all joy bereft.
There is no man on earth from grief emptied,
And were all taken, thou hast One Friend left.
Look up, and see Him looking down on thee.
Look up, not down, and thou the light shall see.
Look up, sad heart, when thou art sorely sinking
Beneath the heavy load of all thy sin.
When thou from death's cold hand with dread art shrinking
Fearing thou never canst heaven's portal win.
Look up, and see thy Saviour crucified.
A look can bring thee life through him who died.
Look up, faint heart, when thou with fear art dreading
To take a step upon the onward way.
A light shall shine upon the path thou'rt treading
If thou gaze upward—and thou shalt not stray.
He safely goes who looks right on before
Towards the light of home—nor stumbles more.

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DRUG TRAFFIC DECREASES.

PER CAPITA CONSUMPTION OF OPIUM DECREASES FROM 36 GRAINS ANNUALLY TO $\frac{7}{8}$ OF 1 GRAIN; WETS' STATEMENT THAT PROHIBITION INCREASES DRUG USE REFUTED BY FACTS.

Importation, sale and use of narcotic drugs in the United States is on the decrease, according to facts and figures presented in a comprehensive report of the activities and accomplishments of the narcotic division of the Prohibition unit submitted by L. G. Nutt, head of the division, to Federal Prohibition Commissioner R. A. Haynes.

The importation of opium, the report shows, has decreased from 471,000 pounds annually for the ten-year period prior to the effective date of the Harrison narcotic law in 1915 to slightly less than 136,000 pounds in 1922, decreasing the per capita consumption from 36 grains annually to approximately 7 grains, or in morphine equivalent, $\frac{3}{4}$ of one grain. For the year 1923 the records of the narcotic division show a substantial decrease in the importation of narcotic drug raw material. For the six months ending December 31, 1923, the importation of opium particularly showed a considerable decrease, while the sales of the various alkaloid derivatives of opium fell off 50 per cent. over the previous six months.

The importation of coca leaves has decreased from 626,341 pounds in 1920 to 342,260 pounds in 1923, a drop of approximately 50 per cent. in three years. This would allow a per capita consumption of cocaine, a derivative of coca leaves, of only about $\frac{1}{4}$ of one grain annually. The sales of cocaine decreased about 27 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. during the last six months of 1923 over the first six months.

Import duty and internal revenue tax is paid on every ounce of opium or coca leaves imported into this country and an accurate check kept on its manufacture and sale, the records of the narcotic division showing every step through which it passes from the time it enters the country until it is sold to the dispensing physician or the prescription druggist.

"The decrease in the importation, sale and use of narcotic drugs may be accounted for in part by the fact that non-habit-forming synthetic compounds and preparations now on the market are replacing the habit-forming narcotic drugs; to a more rigid enforcement of the narcotic laws; and to the lack of new recruits to the great body of addicts," the report says. "We are convinced that there is no increase in the use of narcotics in the United States. On the contrary, there has been an apparent decrease in the last three years. Conditions are bad enough, but not as bad as some would try to depict. A questionnaire recently sent to 500 representative druggists in one of our largest cities requesting a report of sales of narcotic drugs dispensed during the preceding three months revealed that the average sale was 47 $\frac{3}{8}$ grains, a total of 23,333 $\frac{3}{8}$ grains, whereas two years prior it was found that six druggists in the same city had dispensed 2000 ounces, or 875,000 grains, in one year."

DRUG SMUGGLERS PRESENT PROBLEM.

The smuggling of narcotic drugs constitutes the greatest problem with which the narcotic division has to deal, the report indicated. It is estimated that 90 per cent., perhaps more, of the supply of non-medical drug addicts is procured through unauthorized channels, the dope peddler or bootlegger, and represents smuggled drugs. Recent investigations have disclosed a situation with respect to the smuggling of drugs that is

quite alarming, the report stated. Ships coming into both Eastern and Western ports have been found to be bringing in drugs, chiefly the alkaloids. In some cases the employees of the ships bring in the drugs as a side line to enhance their income; in other cases it is manifested under various classes of merchandise. Large quantities of narcotics come into the United States along the Mexican border and from Cuba. The department hopes, with their increased appropriation and the co-operation of the customs officers, to reduce smuggling to a minimum, thus compelling those requiring the drugs for medicinal purposes to secure their supply through legitimate channels.

It is estimated that there are upwards of 500,000 drug addicts in the United States, about 75 per cent. of which belong to the habitual criminal class. Inquiry made recently by the narcotic division at the three Federal prisons in the United States reveals that 28 per cent. of the prisoners at the Atlanta Penitentiary were convicted of violation of the Harrison narcotic law; 37 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. at the Leavenworth Penitentiary; and 47 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. at McNeil's Island. Ninety-eight per cent. of the addicts treated in clinics in New York had criminal records, it was stated. This, the report declared, points unmistakably to the criminal character of the illicit trafficker or bootlegger in drugs. Others are normal persons who become addicted through medication due to incurable illness, and the underworld derelict, care-free and seeking pleasure and excitements. Occasionally an addict of the inebriate class will go from liquor to drugs, or vice versa, but this is extremely rare, the reason being that the effects of the use of narcotics and intoxicating liquor on the human system are not alike in any way.

DECREASE IN NEW YORK.

The report of Judge Cornelius F. Collins of New York was cited showing that there has been a large decrease during the past year in the number of cases of drug addiction passing through the Court of Special Sessions, regarded as a pulse of drug addiction in New York. The average age of drug addicts has been found to be increasing, indicating fewer addicts. Slight increases in the number of persons who asked to be cured of drug addiction, and others who were committed for other reasons but who were found to be drug addicts, were reported.

Like all regulatory laws, considerable difficulty was experienced in the earlier years in the enforcement of the Harrison law, but the arousal of public sentiment to the drug menace has resulted in increasing interest of all law enforcement agencies, our courts are imposing more secure penalties so that in some sections there is a narcotic famine, in the outlawed trade a grain of morphine or cocaine selling as high as five dollars, and little available at that figure, says the report.

"The remarkable increase in the number of violations reported, convictions secured and sentences imposed does not mean an alarming increase in drug addiction, but shows the results obtained by a trained body of investigators, carefully selected for their peculiar adaptability to this particular line of work and the intelligent prosecution of the cases by the United States attorneys in our Federal courts."

More About the Artists' Ball—

(Continued from page 7.)

both stage and newspapers are, for the psychological reason already mentioned, degrading them both. The influence of John D. O'Hara and his talented company is wholly in the other direction, and if all stage performances were of the sort they present we should feel disposed to urge our readers to go to the theatre as often as possible. "Kempy," which has just given way to the Prohibition play, "The Old Soak," was a delightful and wholesome comedy, admirably acted, and this new play presents the evil of drunkenness to us as it ought to be presented on the stage. We understand that Mr. O'Hara had some difficulty in getting the consent of the financiers to its presentation.

There is a bill before the New ANZAC South Wales Parliament, at the DAY. present moment to proclaim

Anzac Day a public holiday in substitution for the Prince of Wales' birthday. Although this will not increase the number of public holidays, the bill is a wholly vicious measure, and we hope that the Parliament will reject it. Nobody who understands what Anzac Day means wants it to become an ordinary public holiday. It is a sacred day—a day of rejoicing for the gallantry of our young soldiers, but also a day of bitter sorrow for thousands of the bereaved. It is one of those rare days in the history of nations which counts eternally in the enrichment of the national soul. As the "Sydney Morning Herald" said in a leading article last week, "To make the day a public holiday is to throw it open to abuses. There are great numbers of people to whom the thought of giving this anniversary over to racing and drinking is keenly distressing." We should think so, indeed. "Racing and drinking"—that seems to be what half the population lives for nowadays. It is interesting to note, by the way, how newspapers not usually well-disposed towards Prohibition do sometimes let out their real opinion of drinking. Clearly, the "Sydney Morning Herald" considers drinking a low sort of thing, unseemly in any situation in which the decent instincts of the community ought to be uppermost.

STATE CONTROL.

There is nothing to be said, as we have often pointed out in "Grit," in favor of State control of the liquor traffic. The evils under that form of dispensing strong drink have proved in practice to be just as bad as under any other system, and the only remedy for the drink evil which is worth a second thought is its total abolition. Nothing short of that will meet the case. The State Convention of the Women's Christian Temperance Union of South Australia, sitting in Adelaide the other day, passed the following resolution, which has our unqualified endorsement: "That this

(Continued on next page.)

Convention is firmly opposed to any system of State control of the liquor traffic, believing that the Government bars would be more freely used by young people. By being under Government control they would be looked upon as more respectable; they would prove a stronger temptation. It would also make people participators in the trade to a greater extent than at present. The Government, finding it a lucrative source of revenue, would not discourage sales. This Convention is convinced that the liquor trade is itself an uncontrollable source of evil, and that intoxicants with a Government brand would be quite as harmful as if they had any other brand. It reaffirms its unalterable belief that Prohibition is the only remedy."

WINE MAKERS' DOPE. According to a telegram from Leeton, published in the "Guardian," the manufacturers of wine are up to their

usual game of trying to dope the public with words by confusing issues. They are still pretending to a tender solicitude for the poor grower, and are complaining of the hardship and injustice to him likely to ensue from what they are pleased to describe as the indiscriminate closing down of wine shops by the Licenses Reduction Board. The telegram says that "the closing down of the many city and country wine shops is having a paralysing effect on the grape growers on the Murrumbidgee Irrigation Areas. One big wine manufacturing company is limiting next season's processing to 2500 tons. Many tons of grapes will, therefore, go begging for a market. According to the Irrigation Commission's planting statistics, the present production of grapes will swell tenfold by 1927. Speaking at a Griffith growers' meeting, a representative of the wine company stated definitely that the wine manufacturers had adopted the attitude of no further production should the Government persist in allowing the Licensing Board to indiscriminately close down the shops which could be considered the main artery of wine distribution."

IT WON'T GO DOWN. Talk of that sort has ceased to deceive anybody. The distiller and the wine-maker are in no sense the friends of the vigneron, as we showed in a special article last week describing the fate of the soldier-grower of Doradilla grapes. It is ridiculous to attempt to show that the prosperity of the viticultural industry depends in any way upon the wine and distilling industry, because the contrary has been es-

tablished beyond all doubt or question in the case of the Californian vineyards. Provided the right kind of grapes are cultivated, it matters not whether we have Prohibition or not. The cultivation of grapes has enormously increased in America since Prohibition came into force. In any case, no reform in the history of the world has ever been effected without some hardship accruing to somebody, but that has never yet been considered a sufficient reason for not carrying out the reform if the public interest demanded it. Minor interests must give way to major interests—when they do not, intolerable injustice and abuses are the result. As for the statement that the Licenses Reduction Board has been closing wine saloons "indiscriminately," that statement as everybody knows, is the exact reverse of the truth.

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