

# Grit.

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## What Men of All Classes Have to Say.

### THE OPINION OF AN EX-BARTENDER.

An ex-bartender of Newport News, Virginia, now the manager of a poolroom, when asked his opinion of Prohibition, asserted: "Well, generally speaking, it's a mighty good thing. There is no getting around it that Prohibition has helped this town greatly. Men who used to come into the saloons and spend all their money now take their wages home to their families and provide for them. All the saloons that have been converted into other lines of business are doing as well and some of them better than before. They all say so. Prohibition has helped."

### A LABOR PAPER PUBLISHED IN THE INTERESTS OF WAGE-EARNERS SAYS:

The "Denver Labor Bulletin" makes this statement editorially: Frequently this paper receives letters from other sections of the country asking the effect state-wide Prohibition has had upon wage-earners and the Labor Movement in Colorado. To these we are always pleased to reply that the law has worked a wonderful revolution for good, and that at least 75 per cent. of the Union voters who were against the amendment would vote to retain it now should the occasion arise. When it was sought to amend the law to permit the manufacture and sale of beer in this State, the proposition was defeated by an adverse majority of 89,000 votes." There are more well-fed, well-clothed, and happy families of working people in Colorado than ever before. Especially have members of organized Labor realised during the past year the fallacy of that old slogan about the saloon being "the poor man's club." They have discovered that this same "club" got a very large share of their earnings which now go to support the family or start a banking account.

### FROM A FORMER ACTIVE WORKER AGAINST PROHIBITION IN PORTLAND, OREGON:

"It was my opinion that Prohibition would be detrimental to the business interests of our city; that it would stop the tourist trade. I am free to admit that I was one of the most active workers against Prohibition. Today I would work with energy and to the utmost of my ability against the saloon in any shape or manner. Prohibition has been the most vital force for the return of good times and prosperity to the city and State. Since the State entered the Prohibition

column, our store has shown a much greater increase in cash returns. Our accounts are in a much healthier condition, collections are infinitely better, and merchandise of a better class and quality is being sold. The stores formerly occupied by saloons are filled by other trades, and the general prevailing conditions were never before so good as they are now. Prohibition has come to stay, so far as Oregon is concerned. And the larger the city, the greater the benefit from Prohibition."

### THIS TESTIMONY COMES FROM A JUVENILE COURT JUDGE:

Judge Frank J. Lahr, of the Marion County (Ind.) Juvenile Court, recently said to a friend: "I am for Prohibition straight, and I want it to include all whisky, brandy, wine, beer, and everything else that intoxicates. During the last wet year in Indiana, there were 619 drunks in my court, while during the first dry year there were only seven, and now only three or four drunks a year come before my court. I say that Prohibition pays, it pays big, and I am for it."

### FROM THE MOUTH OF A MUSICIAN:

Dr. Phillip Gath, superintendent of the Cincinnati Tuberculosis Sanitarium, speaking recently before the Exchange Club of that city, said that Prohibition and better housing conditions were reducing the number of deaths in Cincinnati due to tuberculosis. During 1919 there were 756 deaths, while in 1910 the number was 1025.

### NEBRASKA'S STATE BOARD OF CHARITIES ASSERTS:

Prohibition, adopted by the State of Nebraska in 1916, is generally conceded to be the chief factor in the greatly improved conditions among various State institutions. A recent survey made by the State Board of Charities shows that the poorhouse has been abandoned in all but 53 of the 93 counties of the State, and that in these there are but 452 persons out of a population of over 1,250,000. In the county of Madison, one of the oldest settled and richest farming sections, the county abandoned a 25,000dol. home because it had but four persons on its poor list. Antelope county has none, but it has a 20,000dol. plant. The same story might be duplicated from other sections of the State. Custer county, with a 100,000dol. investment, cares for but seven persons.

Omaha, the largest city, has 205 indigent on its farm, and Lincoln, next in size, has but 23. Twenty of the counties report no persons within their borders as applicants for public aid.

### CHIEF OF POLICE OF NORFOLK, VIRGINIA, ENTHUSIASTIC ADVOCATE OF DRY LAW:

An immense volume of trade passes through the port of Norfolk, Virginia, and it was one of the most prominent military and naval centres during the war. Under Prohibition, building operations have greatly exceeded former years and the banks report increased deposits and savings. Chief of Police Colonel C. B. Borland, an officer in the Army during the world war, said to a representative of the Temperance Board of the Methodist Church: "Beyond all question Prohibition is a good thing, and has done much for the good of the city. We know the work of the department has been greatly facilitated through the elimination of drunks and drink-caused crime."

### HEAD OF SANATORIUM LEFT WITH NOTHING TO DO.

Dr. C. J. Douglas, of the former Douglas Sanatorium, Dorchester, Mass., said in a letter addressed to the Methodist Temperance Board: "National Prohibition has worked so well that there is little for me to do and consequently I have sold my property to a religious order." The sanatorium was devoted mainly to the treatment of alcoholism and drug addictions.

### GOVERNOR HENRY J. ALLEN, OF KANSAS, GIVES HIS TESTIMONY:

"Kansas has had 35 years of Prohibition, with the result that the sentiment is practically unanimous in this State for its enforcement. At no time since its adoption has there been a decrease in sentiment for it, rather the sentiment has been growing stronger and stronger, as its manifest benefits have been proved from time to time. Kansas is now overwhelmingly in favor of national Prohibition." These are the words of Governor Allen, of Kansas.

### DRY LAW HELPS ITALIAN TO SAVE MONEY.

An Italian head-waiter in New York thought he would die if he could not get  
(Continued on Page 14.)

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## MARION MEMORIAL.

### HOW MANY HEARTS ARE WORKING FOR YOU?

Mrs. Marion and family expect to leave Auckland, New Zealand, for Sydney on April 14. Her burden of sorrow is so great that we should make every effort to relieve her of any immediate financial burden.

It is at a time like this that we find out how many hearts are working for us.

The Bible saying, that "out of the heart are the issues of life," is profoundly true.

Until you get a man's heart you have got nothing of the man which is worth having. One of the relics of the old slave-driving days of industrial development is the term "hands," for employees. It is when hand and heart join that good work is accomplished. If the hand, the feet, the head even, are alone working for you, the owners of these mechanical implements of production have to be watched, driven, "bossed." The moment the master's eye is taken off them they are back at the difficult task of doing the least possible work in the longest possible time. They have no interest in their work. Their hearts are not in it.

Now is the time for a little heart work.

Money cannot buy heart service. A human being is not a machine of which, by the expenditure of money, one can get better results. Money will buy a man's hands, a man's brain perhaps, but never his heart. And, I repeat, it is only heart work which really tells.

Mr. Marion most certainly put his heart into his work, and it is up to us heart-workers to help out now.

#### REV. JOHN DAWSON'S APPRECIATION.

I first made contact with the live-wire from New South Wales, Mr. James Marion, some thirteen years ago, when he first visited New Zealand to assist in the organising of the Waikato electorate. I was travelling through the King Country, and upon my arrival at a small station, Mr. Marion swept into the train like a whirlwind and saluted me. Our friendship commenced with our acquaintance, and has been strengthened by correspondence and contact on frequent occasions since then in New Zealand and Australia. Together we have crossed the Pacific Ocean, have spent many days and nights in trains, traversing the United States, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, and through various provinces of Canada, and in November last again joined forces in New Zealand. During all this time he has been the same single-eyed, wholehearted, transparent enthusiast for truth, righteousness, and social reform. It has been a joy to see him developing his powers of observation, utterance, and organisation, until he had become a great force on the platform, in the pulpit, in the open-air, and in the committee room. On one of his tours in the United States he travelled in the party headed by Governor Willis, of Ohio, in company with Ven. Archdeacon Howson, Rev. Canon Masterman, and

Mr. W. Bingham, of England, and was one of the speakers who thrilled the audiences in the cities visited on their circuit. It was not merely the fact that he was the young man from "down under," as the Americans described us Antipodeans, but he had a message for them, and was inspired in the delivery of it. Thousands of people throughout Canada and the States will never forget the versatile and consecrated James Marion from Australia, which he frequently reminded American audiences was larger than the United States. I shall ever remember a service he conducted at Victoria, B.C., on the last Sunday morning we were in Canada. His strong, stirring message, his pointed, powerful appeal, aroused the audience to his own normal enthusiasm. Being a perfectly natural man, he was as enthusiastic in his sport as he was in his work. He became the popular ship's sports secretary for the tripp home, being zealous in his work from the first game to the last. His few months in New Zealand showed him to have grasped our situation, and to have devoted himself to the work with zeal, acceptance, and power. The Temperance Cause has lost another brilliant advocate and an intelligent exponent. Those of us who were in the circle of his friendship knew him to be genial,

courageous, loyal and progressive. He fought the liquor traffic with all his might, but without malice to any in the trade. He was the friend of all, the enemy of none. To know Mr. Marion, however, required that you should see him with his family, a loving, considerate husband, a gladsome father, who was one with his children in all their interests and aims. Many like myself realise that a friend has gone to rest. We mourn our loss, and extend to Mrs. Marion and her four children our heartfelt sympathy. We pray that God will be gracious to them all through life. To those of us left in the fight the call comes loud and insistent that we should redouble our efforts to break the tyrant's hold and secure the emancipation of the enslaved while it is day, for the night cometh when no man can work.

#### MARION MEMORIAL TO 30/3/21.

Previously acknowledged, £121/19/-. Dr. Arthur, Mrs. Ruth McClelland, Miss Grimwood, Mrs. and Miss Glasson, £5 each; Mr. R. L. Scrutton, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Parks, Mr. G. S. Hill, £2/2/- each; Mrs. Sydney Moore, Misses Hall, £1/1/- each; Mrs. H.M., £1; Miss Anderson, "E.C.S.," Mrs. J. C. McClelland, 10/- each; Mr. R. Keir, 5/-; A. Friend's Mite, 2/-; Two Friends, 2/- each; Mr. T. J. Neilson, 2/6.

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## FIELD DAY APPOINTMENTS.

### SUNDAY, APRIL 10:

- 11 a.m., North Sydney Presbyterian.  
7.15 p.m., Mosman Methodist.  
Mr. Francis Wilson.  
11 a.m., Mosman Presbyterian.  
7.15 p.m., North Sydney Congregational.  
Rev. H. Allen Job.  
11 a.m., Neutral Bay Methodist.  
Rev. Thos. Davies.  
7.15 p.m., North Sydney Methodist.  
Mr. R. J. C. Butler.  
7.15 p.m., Crow's Nest Methodist.  
Mr. Jas. Wilson, M.L.A.  
7.15 p.m., St. Thomas, North Sydney.  
Rev. A. A. Yeates.  
7.15 p.m., All Crow's Nest Churches.  
Local Ministers.  
11 a.m., Gidley Methodist.  
3 p.m., Winton Methodist.  
7.30 p.m., Tamworth Methodist.  
Mr. T. E. Shonk.  
8.40 p.m., United Church Rally, Protestant  
Hall, Crow's Nest.  
Messrs. Jas. Wilson, M.L.A., Francis  
Wilson, and Rev. A. A. Yeates.  
Condobolin. Mr. W. D. B. Creagh.
- FRIDAY, APRIL 8, 8 p.m.:  
Open-Air Demonstration and Procession,  
North Sydney.  
Open-Air Demonstration, Condobolin.  
Mr. Creagh.  
Open-Air Demonstration, Tamworth.  
Mr. Shonk.

### MONDAY, APRIL 11, 8 p.m.

- Theatre Royal, Tamworth.  
Rev. R. B. S. Hammond.  
Attunga Hall. Mr. T. E. Shonk.

### TUESDAY, APRIL 12, 8 p.m.:

- Methodist Church, Hallsville. Mr. Shonk.

### WEDNESDAY, APRIL 13, 8 p.m.:

- Methodist Church, Duri. Mr. Shonk.

### TUESDAY, APRIL 12, 8 p.m.:

- School of Arts, North Sydney.

## A NORTH SHORE FIELD EFFORT.

Next week-end programme is the first instalment of a big effort on the North Shore. Practically all of the churches are assisting in some way. Alliance preachers will be in several pulpits, and the Crow's Nest ministers are holding Prohibition services in the evening.

On the Friday evening there is to be a procession and open-air demonstration, in which children from the Sunday Schools and Temperance Societies are to take part. Lorries and motor cars will convey them along the streets. The vehicles will be decorated with banners and slogans. Speeches will be delivered in the chief population centres.

The church services at Crow's Nest are to be followed by a great rally in the Protestant Hall, where Rev. A. A. Yeates and Messrs. Jas. Wilson, M.L.A., and Francis Wilson will speak. At the School of Arts on April 12 there will be another public demonstration.

Local workers have heartily taken up the preparations, which are expected to result in a thorough stirring of local sentiment.

## THE RESPONSE OF THE CHURCHES.

The reception given the Field Day scheme of the Alliance by the churches approached has been most encouraging, and shows how sound is the sentiment of ministers and church officers on this question.

The first month's record shows 48 addresses in church services, spread over Anglican, Presbyterian, Methodist, Congregational, Baptist, and Union churches. Only a few definite refusals have been met. Other pulpits would have been opened had the men needed been available. It is expected shortly that we shall be in a position to meet all opportunities provided. Thus the Christian Church is proving itself once more willing and able to lead a great movement for moral and social reform. The satisfactory evidence that Prohibition is proving a wonderful success has encouraged ministers to stand boldly for it as the remedy for the liquor evil, and it is anticipated that before the year is out there will be few who will hold aloof from this great world effort to lift mankind and destroy its destroyer.

## A MENACE AND A PROTEST.

The make-believe wholesale licenses which are being granted around the metropolitan area are arousing strong resentment in every quarter. These licenses are plainly against the spirit of the Act, as well as against the local sentiment.

At the annual Church of Christ Conference the following resolution was carried, to be forwarded to the proper authorities:—

"That this Annual Conference of the N.S.W. Churches of Christ emphatically protests against the abuse of sections 95 and 96 of the 1912 Licensing Act, in the granting of so many spirit merchant licenses, believing that

this is a departure from the purpose and spirit of the section; that it is an unnecessary extension of the wholesale liquor trade, and that it will extend the retail trade under the cloak of a wholesale license.

"That we urge the Government to take prompt steps to amend the Act so that this abuse may cease; and to provide for the objection of residents to a license in their locality also having effect so far as wholesale licenses are concerned, and also to bring them under the provision of the No-License Poll."

## NORTH COAST PROTEST.

From Lismore comes news of a great citizens' meeting, held under the auspices of the North Coast Temperance Council, in the Federal Hall on Monday, March 21, when the following motion was unanimously carried:—

"That this meeting of the citizens of Lismore express its emphatic protest against the decision of the Government not to give effect to the provisions of the 1919 Liquor Act by holding a referendum on the question of State Prohibition prior to June 30 of this year, considering such proposal is entirely unconstitutional and without precedent in the State."

This appeared in the "Northern Star" of March 22. In the same issue of the "Star," the same meeting, was published the following:—

"On the platform was conspicuously displayed the following poster: 'This is one issue. A Cabinet or Junta has ignored Parliament. Charles the First did that very thing. He lost his head. Is this town going to take this thing lying down? Surely some civic protest will be made against the action of the Cabinet in shelving the Prohibition Referendum Act.'"

## W.C.T.U. MEDAL CONTEST.

The medal contest promoted by the Burwood W.C.T.U. is to be held on April 19 at 8 p.m. in the local Friendly Societies' Hall. A rehearsal will take place at Mrs. Firth's residence, Want-street, Burwood, on Saturday

(Continued on Page 15.)

# N.S.W. Alliance Annual Meeting

ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING---May 12th, 8 p.m.

CONVENTION---May 13th, Morning, Afternoon & Evening

HARBOR PICNIC---May 14th.

SUNDAY DEMONSTRATIONS---May 15th.

# ECHOES from EVERYWHERE

## PROHIBITION THE GREATEST DISEASE PREVENTIVE.

Dr. Haven Emerson, director of the Cleveland Hospital and Health Survey, and former Health Commissioner of New York, told the Cleveland Academy of Medicine in an address on January 16, 1921:—

"The beneficial results of the Federal Prohibition amendment will exceed those of vaccination for smallpox or any other modern medical triumph over communicable diseases. It will go down in history as marking the most important advance any nation has made in disease prevention."

## WISCONSIN SALOONS BECOME CHURCHES.

A news despatch says that more than twenty churches and parsonages have been built from old saloons in Western Wisconsin alone. This is a report made to the Board of Home Missions and Church Extension of the Methodist Episcopal Church at a meeting held recently in Philadelphia. It appears from the reports made at this meeting that frontier saloons in the west are being bought by the Methodists and are being remodelled into churches and parsonages. It is said that fifteen parsonages were equipped from furniture from bar-rooms in one of the communities of the north-west.

## DISTILLERIES MAKE FOOD.

Announcement was made in February that the five largest distilleries of Peoria, Ill., would begin the manufacture of food products. The remodelling and enlarging of the plants involved an expenditure of five million dollars. These five plants as distilleries used about 54,000 bushels of corn a day and employed 1275 men. As food products manufacturies they will grind approximately 60,000 bushels of corn daily and employ five times as many men as formerly.

## BIG CITY PRISON GOES UNDER AUCTION HAMMER.

Columbus, Ohio, City Bastille, Which Has Been Long Unused, Succumbs From Dryness.

An ordinance was drafted recently by City Attorney-elect Charles A. Leach, of Columbus, Ohio, at the request of Councilman Westlake, authorising the Board of Purchase to advertise for bids for the old city prison. The ordinance will be introduced in the council at an early date. The buidng was abandoned last August when the city prison and workhouse were combined. Since then it has been used only by telephone operators in the division of police. At the time the city prison and workhouse were combined, it was announced that Prohibition had so decreased the population of the two institutions that it was a matter of economy to combine them.

## CHILEAN LABOR LEADS OFF.

Chilean Federation of Labor passed a resolution, effective January 1, 1921, not to unload any domestic or foreign liquors. The Defence League of the Wine Industry attempted to force workers at the Northern port to unload liquors. The Federation of Labor presented a protest to President Alessandri against these efforts of the Defence League. The Labor Federation has presented a petition to the new President urging co-operation of the Government with the Commission on Control of alcohol to the end that the Commission may realise its programme based on education and ultimate transformation "of the wine industry, breweries and distilleries into great factories of public welfare."

The petition vigorously assails alcoholism. The Executive Labor Board was recently instructed by the Federation to launch a campaign against alcoholism throughout the entire country. It proposes anti-alcohol instruction in all schools and colleges.

Of course, the wine interests are roaring with rage about the "destruction of a large national industry" and "liberty in commerce." The indications are that on the re-assembling of the Chilean Congress after holiday recess, a red-hot fight will be waged in the National House on the temperance question.

The interesting thing about this incident is not that a fight is being waged against drink, for that is going on everywhere with varying degrees of intensity, but that the fight is being led by organised Labor. Evidently the Chilean Federation of Labor is not headed by a Sam Gompers.

Labor everywhere is changing its position on Prohibition.

## PROHIBITION CLOSES TWO CHICAGO COURTS.

The "Chicago Tribune" of February 18 says: "Scarcity of whisky as a stimulant for petty crimes led yesterday to the closing of two branches of the municipal court, Judges Graham and Holmes being called in from the north and north-west sides and assigned to civil cases." The "Tribune" also quotes Chief Justice Oleson of the Municipal Court as saying: "The house of correction a year ago had 2600 inmates. Now it has 600, a decrease of 2000."

## THE POLICY THAT WON.

For more than half a century the liquor traffic has been a potent factor in American elections. The most powerful and far-reaching agency of corruption in national, State and municipal politics, its influence contaminated the electorate and debauched officials, leaving its blight especially upon the judiciary. It was the chief source of the swollen campaign funds by means of which the bosses maintained their power in political and legislative affairs.

But throughout all the years of its ascendancy it always followed a non-partisan, or, rather, a bi-partisan, policy. It not only made sure of a dominating voice in the councils of the dominant organisation in each city and State, whether Democratic or Republican, but wherever the minority was strong it contributed to both. It was by this method that the system perpetuated its power for so many years after strong public sentiment had been aroused against it. The Prohibition party waged a long and gallant fight to make this sentiment effective, but it could not prevail because the masses of the voters would not leave the two major parties, in both of which liquor was entrenched.

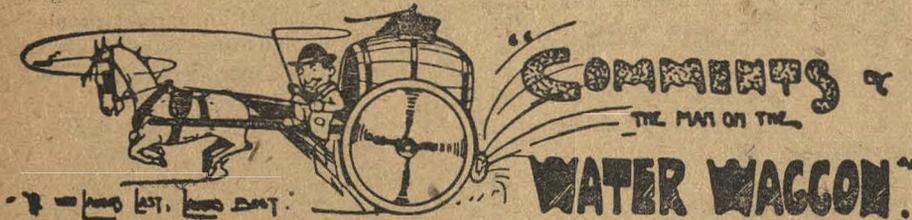
The Anti-Saloon League, which organised and led the winning movement for overthrow of the traffic, owed its success to adopting the non-partisan strategy of the liquor interests and beating them at their own game. The policy was effective from the start; booze was driven from towns and counties and from a rapidly-growing number of States, and finally, twenty-two years after the League had become a national body, a prohibitory amendment to the Federal Constitution was passed by Congress and adopted by the necessary three-fourths of the States. —The "North American."

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In his summing up in a case in which two young men were accused of stealing a gold watch and £17 from Herbert J. Schmidt, in a railway train near Cootamundra, his Honor Judge Bevan strongly condemned the practice of persons drinking while travelling in trains, and to which he attributed the present trouble. The number of men, and women too, who were seen drinking on the railways, was something shameful. It was a great evil, and would have to be remedied. It was becoming so offensive that many people would not travel by train; and many entitled to travel second class travelled first class because they were submitted to insults. If people could not travel without making beasts of themselves, they should not be allowed to travel on the public railways. It was disgraceful to see a lot of dirty brutes sucking at bottles in railway carriages.

One of the accused (Joseph F. Haydon) was found guilty and sentenced to 18 months' imprisonment in Goulburn Jail.

#### A WEIRD SUGGESTION.

"Justice" writes:—

"Judge Bevan has spoken of drinking in trains. He might also have said: "In trains and in homes, and sly grog shops." Every night, between 5 and 6 o'clock, men can be seen taking bottles home. Why? Because beer-drinkers after tea wanted drink. The man who has done his work at 5 o'clock can get a drink. Done-work-at-six has to go without. The remedy is to open the hotels. This is not American, but a British State."

The remedy for a feeling of disgust at bestial drunkenness is, according to "Justice," to give more facilities for drinking, and when you have had one or two yourself you won't mind the other beast. It is always a good thing to be reminded of facts, and

we thank "Justice" for reminding us that we are a British State, not an American one. Therefore he will agree that our sister State of Canada is the one whose lead we may follow, and go in for whole-souled Prohibition. We have improved so often on British ways that it will not be acceptable to most Australians to follow so conservative an example, but rather to show ambition in our ready adoption of the best, and Canada has proved Prohibition to be one of the best things.

#### A LESSON FROM HISTORY.

The following is an extract from Dr. Brewer's "Guide to Roman History":—"During the Republic, Roman living was exceedingly simple. The ordinary food was porridge made of flour and fruit. Wine was so precious that only a drop was offered even in libations to the gods. Micienus was executed by the censors for killing his wife, because she had drunk a cup of wine without his knowledge!"

H. G. Wells, in his "Outlines of History," says:—"Under the Roman Empire . . . the favorites of fortune united every refinement of convenience, of elegance, and of splendor, whatever could soothe their pride or gratify their sensuality." Rome rose to world eminence on sobriety, and Rome fell to the depths on drunkenness.

Mr. H. N. Brailsford, in his account of his Russian Impressions during 1920, published in "The New Republic," says of the Red Army's soldiers:—"Their chief amusement in Minsk was to attend the numerous theatres, concerts, and cinemas, or else to dance in the parks with the blonde White Russian girls. I had never seen a puritan army before, and was amazed by these young men, officers, and soldiers, alike, who never

drink, never gamble, never riot in taverns, and require none of the hideous provided vice of the West. If the reader asks why the Reds invariably vanquish the Whites, I should give as the first reason that the Reds are sober."

#### PRIVATE STOCK NOT LARGE.

When the Eighteenth Amendment became operative on January 16, 1920, the law provided that liquor stocks held by individuals for personal use at that time must be listed with the Commissioner of Internal Revenue.

Judging from the accounts in wet newspapers and liquor journals just prior to that fateful date, one was led to believe that millions of people in the country were storing up booze against the day of drouth.

The Internal Revenue Commissioner's report for the year ended June 30, 1920, page 39, gives the actual number of inventories filed in compliance with the law and the number of gallons reported. The information must come as a distinct shock to the booze publicity agents who work on the theory that nine people out of every ten have an alcohol thirst to be quenched. The report reads:—

"The total number of inventories filed in compliance with the provisions of the above section was 77,711, which showed 2,233,021 proof gallons of distilled spirits and 1,749,474 wine gallons of wines, liquors, cordials, and similar compounds in possession on January 17, 1920."

Therefore, less than 78,000 of the 110,000,000 population filed statements covering personal stocks of liquor. This is a mighty fine showing for Prohibition sentiment in view of the fact that alluring bargains were offered by liquor wholesalers and retailers and that there was apparently an unlimited stock to select from and a perfectly legal way was offered whereby the man or woman who thought a liquor ration was necessary could lay in a supply for future use.

It is a fine repudiation of the liquor interests' slander upon the American people that the rank and file are drinkers, and only gave up their grog because they were forced to by a "fanatical minority."

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# Australia's Moral Pioneers.

## MEN WHO MARCH WITH THE AGES.

### II. GEORGE AND WILLIAM BENJAMIN CHAFFEY.

This, then, we may presume, is the truest definition of a pioneer. Namely, that he is a man who marches with the spirit of the ages, and whose energies are not burnt out in the pursuit of ephemeral things.

Measured, therefore, by this standard, where are we to place those founders of Mildura, George and William Benjamin Chaffey? In this country, as a whole, when it comes to the right estimation of our leading men, we are in general guilty of a tremendous blunder. We imagine, in short, that it is the great procession of Talkers which counts. Whereas it is in reality the small but earnest band of Doers—among whom the brothers Chaffey hold a place of eternal honor—that holds the regard of men worth while.

To-day, the city of Sydney contains a population of approximately 850,000. But away back in the latter 'eighties, when these brave and gifted American-irrigation pioneers first set foot upon Australia, the then Premier—Sir Henry Parkes—was doing exactly what the head of the present Government does, namely, talking about raising loans, and about building the North Shore Bridge. Then, the population of Sydney amounted to approximately 350,000. So that the whole procession of New South Wales' politicians, during the period in which the population of Sydney has increased by 500,000, has left the traffic-system of the greatest city in Australia precisely where it was in 1888. To wit, upon a village-ferry basis.

But what have the Chaffeys done? Well, there is a significant and a highly instructive answer available, ready for any politician who may be so injudicious as to ask. In the year 1888, before the brothers George and William Benjamin Chaffey took over the station property known as Mildura, that whole area of 250,000 acres carried precisely twenty-seven men. Of these twelve were whites, and the rest were blacks. To-day, Mildura contains eight thousand people. And so the brothers Chaffey, champions as they were, from the start, of the cause of Pro-

hibition, stand up in the pages of our economic history like Kosciusko peaks, above a politically flat and empty plain.

This is the point. At a time when the silver riches of Broken Hill were first being torn from the gelignite-blasted rocks of the Barrier, the Chaffeys went out, towards Broken Hill, to set up a city and a settlement that should be to Australia as the beacon of a newer national life. To-day, Broken Hill is done. But Mildura is only beginning to reach its stride. There is a distinct possibility, indeed, that this city may yet become the fulcrum of Australia.

In 1888 the city of Melbourne was puffed up with pride. Had it not indeed a population of 400,000, far and away ahead of Sydney? Melbourne, quite clearly, was intended by the Almighty to be the centre of the earth. So the Boom-mad Melbourne land-agents thought. Consequently, when the brothers Chaffey appeared, announcing that the policy of coastal city-expansion was mistaken, and that there was a most urgent necessity to develop the land, they were assailed with a storm of jeers. Build a city at the junction of the River Murray with the Darling! Start an irrigation settlement there! Hundreds of miles from anywhere! Quite clearly, such men were mad.

Nevertheless, the brothers Chaffey kept on. For one thing, they were born statesmen, and not a pair of petty, one-eyed traders. In the stinging phrase of the late Lord Salisbury, they thought in continents, and not in backyards. Therefore, while all their skill and capital were massed upon Mildura, simultaneously they took care to preach their Prohibition gospel to the external world. Throughout England, from end to end, they made known the fact that Mildura was to be a Prohibitionist irrigation settlement, offering the world's greatest and securest opportunity to young and adventurous-spirited men. And so it came that they gathered in, as one of their earliest settlers, a man of the standing of Lord Ranfurly, who became, in later years, a Governor of New Zealand. And this recruit brought many scores of others in his wake.

Not that there is anything in particular about being a lord. Only, at the present day, when there is such an industrial outcry about the wholesale importation of "pommies," a word or more, as to the specific immigration policy pursued by the brothers Chaffey, seems distinctly worth while. They, alone, in all Australia, have been the men with brains enough to see that it pays to attract the best. Quality it is, with regard to immigrants, that matters, and not quantity at all. Politicians, on the other hand, imagine that the successful settlement of Australia is merely a matter of raking off

the surplus population of the British slums. They do not realise how much true manhood counts, and how much sheer clanhood counts, in the effective settlement of every land.

But there, in the declared policy of the brothers Chaffey, they have the supreme immigration-inducement of this world plainly staring them in the face. "Prohibition!" the Chaffeys said. "Come out across the world, and help us build a Prohibition State." And so the best in England came. Even politicians gave up their public-houses, beating their pewter pint-pots into ploughshares and following the star of Prohibition oversea. What might we not now be doing were John Storey even the one-twenty-fifth part of a Chaffey-patterned man? If he were in London to-day, declaring the policy of New South Wales to be that of a Prohibition State? Fools! Political fools that rush to London, invading the British money-market, without brains enough to know that the English are a moral people and an upright people. And that the one thing that would have opened the financial flood-gates of London was precisely that Prohibition referendum, so carefully scotched before John Storey went abroad.

But this is a study of great men, and not of common racecourse gamblers. It is an attempt to reveal the true spiritual dimensions of two strong and fearless men. The Chaffeys, who were laughed at in the beginning, live now to laugh at the political fools who reviled him. And though the energies of one brother have long been lost to Australia, not even the Prime Minister of the Commonwealth is entitled to take precedence over the statesman-brother who remains.

Statesman? Stand forward, William Benjamin Chaffey—true elder statesman of the Anglo-Saxon race. When you, with your elder brother George, first set up your survey-posts upon Mildura, you inaugurated a new Australian age. For a whole generation we have been such fools as to ignore your teachings. But now, with the colossal foolishness and financial failure of a Government-bossed irrigation settlement upon the Murrumbidgee before us, we perceive that the essential things that matter in all such ventures are principles. Principles—and a man!

So might any wise person to-day address the remaining pioneer of the brothers  
(Continued on page 15.)

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# A Personal Chat with my readers

As usual, only a little more so, **EASTER.** we have celebrated the Easter time with gross extravagance, indulgence and debauchery. Over 100,000 people trampled on the reason for Good Friday being a holiday and treated the greatest event in history as of no moment, and did homage to the God of this world at the Show, which is managed by professedly Christian people. The police court and the casualty ward of the hospital were kept working overtime dealing with those who worshipped at the shrine of Bacchus. The theatres, the races, and the holiday resorts were all taxed to the uttermost, and the churchse touched perhaps 5 per cent. of the people. We need to face these facts, and maybe it will dawn upon us presently that desperate situations need desperate remedies. We need not wait on others, for while we cannot change the world we can change ourselves, and that is a man-size job, and we can't start too soon on it.

How may we gauge the public taste? Is it growing more depraved? "Harper's Magazine" for January has a most interesting article on "the alleged depravity of popular taste." Unadulterate greed, that sacrifices everything to "making hay while the sun shines," is prepared for an immediate success, even though it has but the life of a butterfly. Such greed is penny wise and pound foolish. An immediate crowd at a show does not always reveal public taste. To make "a pot of money" in a crowded show is not to have necessarily catered to public taste, but rather to have traded on public curiosity. Clever publicity may get a crowd, because we humans are ever moved by curiosity and attracted by a crowd. Great crowds have often jostled and paid to get in, and spat and cussed when they got out. The next crowd goes to see what it was that drew the first crowd. These crowds can be caught quite easily again, but they can't be caught by the same thing, proving it was curiosity, not taste, that decided their going.

Curiosity may buy 100,000 copies of a book in six months, but taste buys 50,000 copies a year for the next 20 years. The first book is like a radish, the second like an oak tree. To return to the article that suggested this topic, the writer says: "What does the public like? First, something it can understand; second, something it recognises as spiritually true; third, something that is not destructive to its fundamental faith in the eventual outworking of all things for good; finally, and more specifically, the things it really likes are the things it keeps on buy-

ing. For this last is not a vain generality. It means that if revivals of 'Pinafore' or 'Robin Hood' or 'Wang' arouse greater enthusiasm forty or thirty or twenty years after their creation than a current light opera six months old, then they are the better criteria of popular taste."

## WORK IS ESSENTIAL.

A big manufacturer in U.S.A. named G. F. Johnson has a "square deal" policy that has worked out wonderfully well. He says: "Every bit of real progress made by an individual is gained through work. There is nothing to privilege and favor; we have driven it out of business. But, on the other hand, no one has the right to protest against privilege and favor unless he can truly say to himself that he would not accept such favors and privileges. Everyone has a capacity which may be enlarged, but only through work. As it is enlarged, he will find a position to take up that capacity. If, instead of enlarging his capacity, he chooses merely to rail at others and to talk about his way being blocked, when, as a matter of fact, he has blocked it himself, then that man cannot honestly go higher. For he is not practising the Square Deal. Some must work and some must direct, and those who direct are chosen from those who work." This is very wholesome teaching for us all.

## TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT THINGS.

Someone once said to an old Christian, "I have found a very comforting text, 'What time I am afraid I will trust in Thee.'" The old Christian replied, "I have found one which is even more comforting: 'I will trust and not be afraid.'" Most of the things of which we are afraid are quite unworthy of our fear. One who fears God has really nothing else to fear. It is a good thing to look one's fears in the face, and we will often find that they are about as fear-inspiring as the piece of paper the horse shied at, as harmless as the shadow we grew nervous about. Don't be hopeless about your fears; they can be cured. There is a godly cure, and don't you ever doubt it.

'An old and valued friend has sent me the following lines by R. Hare:

Keep your lip a "stiffer," Billy;  
Pack life full of stick an' go;  
Don't begin to dream of sinkin',  
That won't help the show.

"Hills are steep!" well, push the harder;  
Grit your teeth, then bend an' lift.  
"Push" means more nor gold an' silver,  
Or their peerage gift.

# 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.

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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, APRIL 7, 1921.

"Money scarce!" well, grit is scarcer;  
That's the truth, 'twixt you an' me;  
Where you find a hand that's honest,  
Fifty laggards you will see.

"Disappointed!" well, that's common;  
But it needn't knock yer 'bout.  
Many a cloud has silver lining—  
Turn it inside out.

Do not envy blokes that whistle  
In their motors 'hind their span.  
Billy, be what millions cannot—  
Be an honest man!

Let the fame of fortune dazzle,  
Keep your grit an' hold on tight;  
Somehow, cannot tell exactly,  
Grit will come out right.

## SOME FOLK ARE HARD TO PLEASE.

"No, Herbert," said Melissa, in a low tone, "it is impossible. I fear to trust my future with you." "And why?" "I have watched your conduct very closely. It lacks the mark of such devotion as my heart craves." "Do I not come to see you four nights in the week?" "Yes, but I have detected a calculating selfishness in your nature which I fear." "What do you mean?" "You have never yet failed to leave in time to catch the last 'bus." "But that is only common sense." "I know it is, Herbert, and therefore it is not love."

The Editor

# FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF HELL.

(By ONE WHO HAS RETURNED.)

X.

## WHAT MUST I DO TO BE LOST?

(This story is written for the readers of "Grit" by a man just out of jail.—Ed. "Grit.")

Help me set up a Ladder. A Ladder of wonderful spiritual Opportunity, for all the human race. But why? Why help me? Because I am content, myself, to set my own living flesh and blood at the foot of it. Because, in order to give that wonderful Ladder firm foundation, I am striving to put my own inmost being on paper, striving to reveal the long rebellion and the bitter fight and conflict of one man's mind and soul.

Your soul I cannot reveal. But you can. And as a prelude to the helping of me in the setting up of this new religious Ladder, why not reveal it? Why not confess its inmost secrets now?

Naturally, we shrink from the exposure of our inmost feelings. From the average individual, indeed, they receive but clumsy handling. Or probably arouse some idle spirit of curiosity or wonder, instead of creating some real, dynamic kind of questioning interest. But you, however, are not an average individual. Not at all. If you have read so far, either with longing or with increasing aversion, it is because your own conscience is fascinated, because I have subtly drawn your own soul into a penitential vacuum, and because you know in your own heart that God's earth, which was meant to serve humanity as a kind of vestibule to heaven, has become disorganised, and is to-day a sort of portico to hell.

And you are conscious, maybe, deep down in your heart, of your own slab of responsibility, conscious of your own share in bringing about such an infernal perversion of world-function as that.

So behind these written experiences you will perceive there is a deep urging—a strong spiritual constraint to record facts. Facts? Yea, a terrible array of spiritual, mental, and physical facts. A whole human railroad rigged with signal-towers and semaphores; all kinds of spiritually mechanical and instantly responsive red warnings and danger-signals, set up in order that others may be deterred from

crossing that way, and in order that the great engines of our civilisation may not leave the track.

Facts! The eternal, light-flashing, perpendicular facts!

But no one, you will say, regards the traffic-signals of any road or railway as good advice. Anyway, you insist, whoever wanted good advice? I don't. And what are the points about you?

Well, if a man fell into Vesuvius, and by a miracle returned to tell what being boiled alive in an active volcano was like, I guess you would want to hear him. Or if a man voyaged back through time, and lived ten thousand million years ago, I imagine that you would be prepared to listen to such an explorer's views. For that is what I am. A moral explorer, equivalent in the scope of his adventures to Columbus or Marco Polo. I have lived in the Stone Age and in the Bone Age; and I have fallen into the volcano of life and death, and have come up again, brandishing a sword that has been whetted upon the stony architraves of Perdition. And I am prepared for war.

For fierce, aggressive, spiritual clashings and onslaughts of war!

Listen!

The matter with us, as a generation, is that we want to prove everything. We are not satisfied with the Ten Commandments or with the multiplication table any more. We want to prove everything—even the exact results of rushing the husks and being a hog—for ourselves. Good advice is only remembered after personal experience, possibly when too late. But where is the man, I demand, except a fool, who ignores the danger-signal—the sudden flash of a great red light!—when Danger itself comes roaring down upon him, roaring along like a mad locomotive, that swings at a rain-swept midnight upon some foolish, half-intoxicated, wayfarer around a railway curve?

Show me that woman who will not heed. Or show me that man!

Show me that paralysed fool who will still deliberately stand upon the railway-line, disputing the veracity of the multiplication table and inviting death.

Oh, romantic and ambitious youth! O thou who art filled with longing to enter into the holy of holies, looking forward with trembling eagerness to the day when authority shall clothe thee like a garment, and when thy simple-hearted people, gathered around in church or chapel, shall look up to thee with adoration in eyes which say, "Be still! God's prophet speaks!"

O eager boy! O student of the humanities, of Greek and of all manner of theologics! When the Day comes—the great Day,

the Day for thee to ascend into a pulpit and to preach unto man concerning God's necessities—let Him hear thee descant then concerning a new text.

What must I do to be lost?

From that mental and moral Pisgah-height which God Almighty gave me for my solace and for my reward in prison, I saw that text blaze out in cannon-blasts above a war-torn world. What must I do to be lost? For that is the real pivot, the real perdition-base of the world's religion. And now, a free man, I never cross Sydney Harbor but I see this question, written above the Devil's City in gigantic letters of fire:

"WHAT MUST I DO TO BE LOST?"

There it flames above the advertisements of cheap Joe-Taylored pants and whisky! There it blazes—the supreme God-hating question that animated the heart and soul of Sydney! WHAT must I do to be lost?

Talk not to me of a present salvation, except the churchmen stand upon the rocks of penitentiaries and make prisons their pulpits for smiting and smashing home with God's truth upon the quivering, cowardly conscience of a lost word! Not cakes and sweetmeats are to be handed out, but a message of hell-fire! Not the gratulatory writhing of hands, and the gesticulation of long, lean, exquisitely-manicured archdiocesan fingers. Not that. But the sounding of His trump, with a blast to awaken and astound all whisky-sodden Devil-walkers! Aye! And with the blast of a great engine—the blast of a great steamer—coming into port, bidding a whole city awaken. Gaze on a mighty ship that enters, calm, strong, and very quiet. Only with the power of mighty engines hushed within her, and with the iron rust of ocean-war and battle-storm upon her sides.

A ship coming in?

Such indeed am I. I am the ship Demosthenes, entering the City of Sydney after a long and stormy voyage, and emitting a blast of iron wrath because I see that city-sign. Because I see the glittering peaks of Devil-fire that leap, tracing out in words of flaming whisky this secret thing that quivers in Sydney's soul—"What must I do—to be lost?"

And now I will hang this page with flaring banners, with banners of blood-like crimson I will drape it, and I will light this page with standards of blazing fire. With answering flames of incandescent splendor, drawn from the great oil-wells of the Standard Trust of heaven, I will light it. Here,

(Continued on Page 12.)

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## Light Wines and Beers.

(From "The Survey" for December 18, 1920.)

There is good reason to believe that "fire-water" as a beverage has been forever banished from this country. But how about so-called light wines, some of which are decidedly fiery, and beer, which is not exactly "fire-water," although in its normal and pristine form undoubtedly it has a "kick"?

There is probably a fair body of opinion in favor of these less toxic beverages, especially if they can be sold under conditions that will exclude the moral dangers and pitfalls of the saloon.

Putting aside the question as to whether it would be possible to control a sufficiently flexible system of sale of these beverages to satisfy that section of the public demanding it and at the same time exclude the immoral and degrading associations that characterise the saloons, all good citizens will insist that the question of light wine and beer will never be settled right unless the matter at issue is clearly and squarely presented to the American people.

The question to put would be as follows: "The manufacture and sale as a beverage of a concentrated form of a powerful and dangerous narcotic having been forbidden by law, is it wise to permit the manufacture and sale as a beverage of more dilute forms of this same drug?"

To those who claim that in light wines and beer they do not seek such a drug, I answer, "Then use the manifold forms of near beer and near wine, in which there is no drug, or quench your thirst or pass the time with other non-alcoholic beverages."

The true position of the man who demands beer with a "kick" in it, or beer that does not "lack authority" may be presented as follows: The kick in beer is due to a narcotic drug. "I demand beer with sufficient of the drug for me to feel its influence, which is known as 'kick.' Ergo, in demanding such beer I want the drug and not the beverage, as I can get unlimited quantities of the beverage without the kick."

Unless the people decide the question on this basis, the age-old error of separating alcoholic beverages from other drugs and regarding them as accessories to the diet, or instruments of amusement or recreation that differ in kind from such drugs as opium or cocaine, will be perpetuated.

At a meeting of one of the war committees on alcohol a hearing was given to certain prominent brewers and representatives of the brewing interests. I ventured the remark that most people who drink beer desired its alcoholic effect. This created a terrible commotion; no anger, simply grief and pity—grief that the sacred and refreshing beer should be charged with being perceptibly alcoholic—pity that a scientific man should be so ignorant of the facts. Assuming that these men were right and correctly reflect the opinion of the brewing trade and its followers, is not the attempt to create sentiment for old-time beer founded on an ignorant mis-

understanding of beer and beer drinkers? Since they do not seek alcohol in beer, why not drink near beer and stop arguing about it? Why demand that the alcohol, which was never sought and never wanted, be restored?—Eugene Lyman Fisk, M.D., Medical Director, Life Extension Institute, New York.

### NOURISHMENT IN BEER.

The "Scotsman" of October 20 reports Mr. Redwood as saying that "a cheque of some hundred millions would require to be sent away for purchases to replace the food value of beer in this country" if brewing were stopped. What are the facts? The Royal Society's Report on the Food Supply of the United Kingdom issued in 1917 investigated the food value of beer at considerable length. On the basis of that report, the 22,000,000 standard barrels consumed in the United Kingdom last year yielded in food value together with brewers' grains, yeast, etc., the following maximum and minimum results: Maximum, 19,000 tons of protein, or nourishing material; 1,925,000 million calories of energy-producing material; minimum, 11,700 tons of protein, and 915,000 million calories of energy-producing material. The report indicates that the protein or nourishing value should be the lower figure, but that the lower calorie figure make no allowance for the alleged energy-producing value of alcohol, which, however, is nullified in practice by its drug effect.

The foodstuff which would most cheaply and readily supply the above food values, is, of course, bread, and applying the percentage of nourishment and energy-value given for bread in the same report to the above figures, we have the following results: (1) The protein or nourishment value in the whole 22,000,000 barrels of beer would be supplied by something between £12,000,000 and £25,000,000 worth of bread; the price in all cases being 1/3 per quarter loaf. In 1919 the people of the United Kingdom spent £232,000,000 on beer, which, at the present price, would cost them at least £270,000,000, so that the nourishment for which they pay this vast sum can be secured by purchasing bread at one-fiftieth of the cost, and the energy-value at from one-tenth to one-twentieth of the cost, with this added advantage, that such nourishment and energy-producing materials would not be spoiled by being soaked in over 60,000,000 gallons of proof spirit contained in the beer. Even more important is the fact that in the case of bread the consumer gets the advantage of those mysterious food elements known as vitamins, which are absolutely essential to effective nourishment, whereas recent investigations, conducted by the brewers themselves, have shown—to their great disappointment—that while malt and yeast are rich in vitamins, these food-constituents are entirely absent in beer. It is desirable for even anti-Prohibition speakers to come within bowing distance of the facts.

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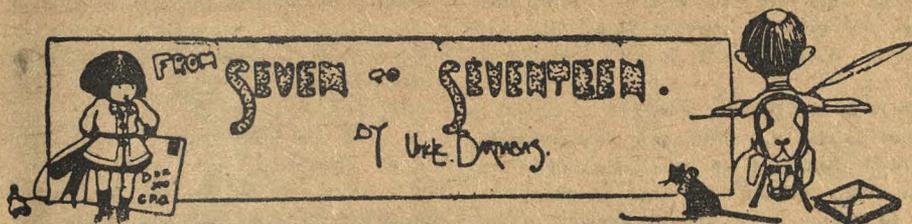
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**MORE QUESTIONS.**

Elsie McDonald, "Edinbane," Central Lansdowne, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—In the first issue of "Grit" for the New Year you asked your Ne's and Ni's to tell you why sailors always wore a black scarf. So far I've noticed none of my cousins have been able to answer it. I was very fortunate, as we had Stoker F. W. Masters and Officers' Steward A. R. Gray staying with us at that time from H.M.A.S. Destroyer Parramatta. They wear the black scarf in memory of Lord Nelson, our great sea Admiral, who lived over one hundred years ago. The three tapes represent the three great battles he fought—Trafalgar, Nile, and Copenhagen. The white cord is to hang a very heavy pocket-knife on in the front of their coat, that they are supposed to wear with the blade out hanging downwards; but very few of them wear it, as it is so large and heavy. You asked, or at least you told us to ask, you any questions we liked. Well, here is one: How is it officers' stewards and officers do neither wear a large collar with the three white tapes or a black scarf? Do you know the names and colors of the naval war honor ribbons? Officers' Steward Gray, who is a West County Englishman, and was through the war, wore one. Could you tell me, Uncle, where I could get a booklet or something that would tell me? I told you how I spent part of the holidays, didn't I, Uncle? The first week of the New Year we had one of the largest floods we have had for some time. Fully 18 inches of rain fell. After that we went to Harrington on the third Tuesday of the New Year, and spent an enjoyable day. On the last Thursday of the holidays we went down again and stayed a night. My little brother, just recovering from the children's illness going about, caused us to go twice so close together. Late Thursday afternoon my father, sister, brother, and I went out on to the new beach. My father and sister got a nice lot of pippies, but as my little brother was afraid of the waves, I took him up on to the sand and amused him in various other ways there. Next morning some of us went again to get more pippies on to both the old and new beaches, as my grandma, who lives there, and through doing so and having plenty

of fish and oysters, is still very active. Father and sister had used all the bait the previous night practically. Owing to it coming up rainy, we left as early as possible on Friday afternoon for home. It rained the next day, too, and several times during the day on Sunday. We had 280 points that time, according to the school rain gauge. We have had three or four inches of rain since then, too. Last Thursday night (24th Feb.) a farewell social and presentation was tendered one of the very best of neighbors about here. My father made the presentation of a beautiful silver teapot, inscribed, to Mrs. Dring and a silver outfit to Mr. Dring, who have lived here nearly 25 years. Did you ever hear the recital called "Papa and the Baby," Uncle, with baby waking papa up near the middle of the night? That was one of the recitations said, and, strange to say, two of the other recitations were about babies also. Refreshments were served afterwards, of course. On Saturday afternoon a farewell picnic by their Sunday school (Salvation Army) was given to the children. After games and refreshments had been indulged in, the Sunday school superintendent made the presentation of a very beautiful text card, each to four of them, and a beautiful dainty pin tray to the eldest one. I wrote to Cousin Doris Plowman, as she said she'd like to correspond with me, and I've received a very nice letter back from her. Their minister (Rev. Finigan), whom she mentioned in her "Grit" letter, had charge of this circuit prior to going to the war. With best wishes to you both and all "Grit" cousins.

(Dear Essie,—Thanks for your very interesting letter. As to your questions, well, officers of the navy and army never go into mourning, except for the King. Officers' stewards do not count as naval, they being civil—sometimes. The other questions I do not know, so I will leave them to my Ne's and Ni's, who are probably more enlightened on the subject. I am pleased to note that your holidays were bright.—Uncle T.)

**A WORTHY NI.**

Gladys Hillier, "Doris Villa," Mortlake, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—The Rev. Mr. Hughes, our Church of England Minister, gave me a copy of "Grit" the other day. When I had finished reading pages 11 and 12 I thought I would like to write to you and ask if I could become one of your Ni's. I am 12 years of age, and my birthday is on April 21. The school which I go to is called Mortlake public school. We have a lovely meeting every Tuesday evening at Mortlake; it is called the Young People's Scripture Union. I would like you very much to come out to Mortlake some Tuesday night and see how it is carried on. There are over 70 children attending it.

We read the Bible, and then Mr. Hughes gives us many questions on the Bible. After that we have like a little concert. I will now tell you how I spent my Christmas holidays. I went up to Wagga Wagga, a town on the Murrumbidgee River. I had a lovely time up there. I went to the pictures a couple of nights a week, and went fishing nearly every Saturday. Mr. Hughes is going to take a party of us to your birthday picnic in April; that is, if we are welcome. I think we are though. Fancy me being 12 years of age and not knowing of such a fine paper as "Grit" before this. Well, I have run out of news now, so good-bye, with heaps of love.

(Dear Gladys,—I am never astonished at anything. I know hundreds, many years older than you, who do not know as much about the way to true happiness as you do. You need never fear about your welcome to the "Grit" family gathering. Lovers of the Word have "welcome" as their heritage.—Uncle T.)

**LOVELY HOLIDAY.**

Leonora Peacock, "Wing-Ham-Brae," Enfield, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am very sorry that I did not write to you before. I will be very glad to come to your picnic. Thank you very much for your kind invitation. My Forbes daddy is down for conference. I like reading "Grit" very much. I am having a lovely holiday in Sydney. How are you getting on? We are all quite well here. Our day school holidays are over now, and my sister Joan has gone to school again. I think that is all I have to tell you this time. With love to all "Grit" cousins and yourself.

(Dear Leonora,—Your letter is welcome. I am glad to hear that you spent a happy holiday. Be just as happy in your studies.—Uncle T.)

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## First Impressions of Hell—

(Continued from Page 9.)

alone, within a spiritual prison-cell, I will conduct a revivalist meeting—a meeting full to overflowing, full with the beating hearts and responsive souls of invisible thousands, whose breath condenses now in shining moisture upon the prison-walls. I will put myself back, by God's grace, upon my penitential Pisgah-height. And here, this Easter-tide, in a sudden, thrice-volcanic burst of gratitude to the Lord God Almighty, I give out a hymn most militant—a hymn of the loved and lost, all solid-packed with the concrete images of God's most great idea.

Sing! Let the whole world quiver and quake upon its vile hindquarters. Let it abase itself and sing! Thundering forth from the eternal prison-walls of all Whisky-dom, let the voice of the world sing now its own hog's anthem: "What must I do to be lost?"

Do? You?

To be lost, must you continue to do the thing that you are doing now? Or what?

That is the question that is singing itself now into the heart of you, demanding of your soul what is your real ambition. You cannot face in two directions. Are you in truth ambitious to be saved? Or, judged by your every secret act and consultation with the world-walking Devil, is it your ambition to be lost?

Follow the gleam!

But make sure, O miserable servant, of all Devil-Walkers! Make sure that you are following your chosen Leader with your eyes open. Make sure that you really want to rot and suffer in prisons and penitentiaries. Make sure, before you buy your railroad-ticket and label the luggage of your own soul for hell.

Be careful, my friend! Be very sure, before you stick hell's label on such a priceless baggage as that.

Hark!

We are but in the middle of our second verse. The world, crouching upon its filthy hindquarters, has scarcely finished singing the second stanza of its great hog-anthem. And yet a sudden stir runs through the crowd. From the very centre of my invisible audience I see a soul take shape. The soul of a young woman—the living soul of Australia comes forward—a young woman, smartly and even over-smartly dressed. Weeping, she casts herself forward, out of the Invisible, and upon her knees.

Out of the Unseen she comes, sobbing and

weeping, this sad Australia! Beating her breast, she cries to heaven: "Lord God Almighty! What have I done? And am I lost?"

Where is the driving power?

What is it that thus propels Australia forward? Surely it is no easy thing, even for a single human soul thus to abase itself, to make an incarnate answer of its guilty soul to God, like this. But all Australia? Why should the soul of a whole continent rush spiritually into a prison-cell—into a lonely penitential vacuum, where a man with streaming eyes stands preaching? Oh, preaching forever! Preaching and praying away the sins and doubts and hesitations of all the world!

Australia, hearken!

You are in the presence of some force. Some force, which is now, and was from the beginning, has chosen me to be its mouth-piece upon this Pisgah-height. I am not the force. I am but the channel—the living tube of humble and obedient flesh through which the everlasting message flows. Yea! Flows and ever flows! Flows through faith in answer unto prayer, even now!

Into thee out of me, O listener, in this great audience of the Invisible the message flows. Behold! This is my message—the message sent by God Almighty through His chained pilgrim, his progressive pilgrim, chosen to be His speaking-tube, even as John Bunyan was chosen in Leicester Prison to bring a bygone British generation to its knees.

"What must I do to be lost?"

Answer that! Answer that in action as well as words. If hell be your chosen future country, then stand up for hell. But if heaven be your choice, then be a practical patriot. Hang out the flag of heaven, and let us see your baggage-labels. And how are you travelling? Crawling and slinking and skulking into heaven in the steerage, when it is possible for you to go there first class?

If there is any kind of human being that God Almighty is sorry for, it is the poor, miserable, backboneless, crawling creature, who measures himself for the job of being a stowaway, when all the time there is a state-cabin waiting. If only the poor creature has nerve enough to get up on its feet and label itself first class!

And which are you?

Crawling into heaven in the steerage? Hidden in the darkness amidst the cargo of Devil's whisky? Or are you up on deck, where the clear wind of heaven can get at you, and travelling first class?

"Vulgar!" somebody shouts. "The loudness of the whole proceedings! An invisible revivalist meeting in prison! How dare this fellow preach? The idea of it! A convict, talking to Us! This fellow, daring to wield a whip of scorpions—in jail!"

Ah!

Come forward, scoffing sir! Puffed up with vain pride to begin with, how pleasant it is to be satisfied that one is not as other people at the core! Forgetting one's kinship with humanity, how pleasant and how

profitable to help in the organisation of this earth for all the sulphuric purposes of hell! That is indeed a good start—for the man ambitious to be lost.

Come!

Is that ambition yours? Man! If it be not so, then you ought to be where every hog belongs. In hot water, becoming boiled, and cleansed, and scraped. Only for you there is available hot water—the scalding, self-shed tears of an anguished, deep contrition, in which you may be boiled and saved, instead of lost. Tell me what you seek, and what you are. In His name, I am ready to boil you. I propose, indeed, to boil you here and now in the juice of your own spiritual shame and in the living tears of your own contrition—

Until you decide!

What must I do to be lost?

Propound a new text in that fashion, all preachers and pleaders! And drive the message home. Salvation? What is the good of preaching salvation, alone, to a world that is apparently resolved to be damned? Preach them damnation, then, as well as salvation. Show them the filth upon their limbs, and how their feet pick out perdition's way. Every man, and every woman indeed, who is determined to go to hell ought to be proud to wear hell's label. If not, why not?

In that case there must be something wrong with hell.

Myself, I have a passion for labels. And for sticking every label in its right place. Numbered and labelled myself in prison, I arise now with inexorable logic to affix the Devil's number upon the world. Number One! That was my number, when I was first classified in prison. And oh! in the name of God, what a great significance that number had!

Number One!

Is that your God to-day? Your real divinity, as it once was mine?

Come!

Own up! For what is the good of pretending that you are a Christian, or that the earth itself is Christian, so long as you do not join in? So long as you do not get action? Nor raise an effectual protest against the universal Devil-Whisky's disorganisation of this world for the purposes of hell?

What, indeed, is the good of side-stepping all moral issues? When we know that Devil-Whisky is the greatest national industry; and that Devil-Whisky walks boldly

(Continued on Page 16.)

When a man is rescued from evil you save a unit; but when a child is prevented from evil you save a multiplication table.

If this strikes you, then send along to

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# DAILY INSPIRATION

**"I Am He that liveth, and was dead; and, behold, I Am alive for evermore. Amen.—Rev. 1, 18.**

## SUNDAY.

"They shall accept of the punishment of their iniquity."—Lev. 26, 43.

### PUNISHMENT.

"It is true—the truth taught from the beginning—that we are punished by our sins, not for them. The penalties that befall are not the execution of God's vengeful sentence, but the working out of natural law. Doing the right brings good; doing the wrong brings harm—sooner or later harm and suffering. If we choose to go in the direction of the latter shall we call it a merciless infliction of Deity that we do not arrive at the former?"

## MONDAY.

"Grow in grace, and in the knowledge of Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour."—2 Pet. 3, 18.

### YOU NEVER CAN TELL.

You never can tell when you do an act,  
Just what the result will be;  
But with every deed you are sowing a seed,  
Though its harvest you may not see.  
Each kindly act is an acorn dropped  
In God's productive soil;  
Though you may not know, yet the tree shall grow,  
And shelter the brows that toil.—Anon.

## TUESDAY.

"A faithful man shall abound with blessings."—Prov. 28, 20.

### BLESSINGS OF DARKNESS.

We shall learn in the end, if only our faith fail not, that the best treasures of life and character come out of the dark, painful hours. In days and nights of pain we learn endurance. In the struggles with doubt and fear we find at last bright blessed faith. In the darkness of sorrow we learn the song of joy. In weary suffering we get sweet pity for others. Meet every hard thing, every obstacle, every trial, every disappointment, every sorrow, with faith; be more than conqueror over it through Him that loved you, and it will leave blessing, treasure, enrichment, in your life.—Green Pastures.

## WEDNESDAY.

"Awake, thou that sleepest, and Christ shall give thee light."—Eph. 5, 14.

### THE AWAKENING.

I walked in pride; I knew not love;  
All men were alien unto me;  
For me there dwelt no God above,  
How blind proud man can be!

Then Sorrow took my hand and led  
By rivers wild, through valleys drear;  
My heart with grief and anguish bled—  
But Love to me drew near.

She taught me all the ways to God;  
She told me of the griefs of men;  
Then did I see and humbly trod  
The path of peace again.

—Selected.

## THURSDAY.

"A little child shall lead them."—Isa. 11, 6.

In old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand, and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white-winged messengers now. But yet men are led away from threatening destruction—a hand is put into theirs which leads them forth gently into a calm, bright land, so that they look no more backward—and the hand may be a child's.—George Eliot.

## FRIDAY.

"I will triumph in the works of Thy hands."—Ps. 92, 4.

### WORK.

Work while life is given;  
Faint not, although 'tis hard;  
Work is the will of Heaven,  
And peace is the reward!  
All work is holy.

Scorn nought as plain or mean;  
All with thy work impress,  
That all where thou hast been  
May day by day confess—  
Thy work is holy.

—Anon.

## SATURDAY.

"He maketh the storm a calm so that the waves thereof are still."—Ps. 107, 29.

### CALM AFTER STORM.

Now I want you to think that in life troubles will come, which seem as if they never would pass away. The night and the storm look as if they would last for ever, but the calm and the morning cannot be stayed; the storm in its very nature is transient. The effort of nature, as that of the human heart, ever is to return to its repose, for God is Peace.—George Macdonald.

## What Men Have to Say—

(Continued from page 2.)

his wine. Recently he said to a friend, "I feel a fine lika da feesh, and I sava da 3.60dol, a week ona da wine I don't think."

### CITY MISSION WORKER NOTES TRANSFORMATION.

"Prohibition has made a great change in city mission work. Very few of the old-time bums (so-called) are lying around missions looking for beds or meals. There has been plenty of work for every one. Wherever a mission was so located that it ministered only to this class, their work has fallen off perceptibly, while missions located near the heart of a city have been wonderfully helped and blessed by prohibition," says Rev. Melvin E. Trotter, the well-known evangelist and head of Pacific Garden Mission, in the "Record of Christian Work."

### THESE ARE THE WORDS OF A CHICAGO JUDGE:

A letter, dated December 1, 1920, from Judge William N. Gemmill, of the Municipal Court of Chicago, to Mr. Deets Pickett, of the Board of Temperance of the Methodist Church, is of interest to the public, inasmuch as it refutes a recent statement in the "Evening News" of London, England, that, due to the coming of Prohibition, immorality and other crimes are on the increase in Chicago. Judge Gemmill says:

"There is absolutely no truth whatever in the statement published in London. On the contrary, the complaints of wife and child abandonment in our Court of Domestic Relations have fallen off over 25 per cent. since national Prohibition, notwithstanding the fact that the anti-liquor laws are but poorly enforced in this city. Prior to national Prohibition 46 per cent. of all cases of wife and child abandonment were directly due to drunkenness. Now less than 10 per cent. are due to that cause.

"We find men are much more frugal and now have money in the savings bank. Further, our lesser crimes have fallen off over 50 per cent. We have closed three of our Criminal Courts for lack of business and two-thirds of our Bridewell (city prison), which always had 2200 prisoners, has been closed and abandoned, and the total number of prisoners confined there is now about 600."

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## New South Wales Alliance—

(Continued from Page 4.)

afternoon, April 16, when entries will close. Recitations can be had on application to Miss Firth.

### OUR VISITORS.

Mr. Tennyson-Smith, the well-known temperance lecturer, is again in this State. He conducted a successful campaign in the North Coast, and is engaged for a tour of the State on behalf of the Good Templars.

Mr. Oscar Piggott, well known in this State, and now of South Australia, is visiting Sydney, and called at the Alliance rooms. He speaks optimistically of the situation in and around Adelaide.

Other visitors included that veteran Mr. H. Bowditch, of Parkes, who is as keen about Prohibition as about his new weed extractor. Also Mr. Newman from Richmond River, Mr. Smith from Charters Towers, Mr. Allez from Trundle, and Mr. Snowling from Bathurst.

### YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

**New Societies.**—While we are continually hearing of existing Societies, additional pleasure is experienced when we learn of the formation of new Societies. Great things should be accomplished in Woolloomooloo, for not only has a Band of Hope been recently started at the City Mission in that district, but we have just learned of the formation of one in the Burton-street Baptist Tabernacle. We learn also of a new Society at Spencer's Gully, near Inverell. These new Societies

show that there is a growing interest in the work for Temperance amongst Young People.

**An Interstate Visitor.**—We have recently had a visit from Mr. Roy Cohen, an active worker of the Victorian Band of Hope Union. He speaks most optimistically of the work in Victoria, and places special emphasis on the value of the Band of Hope Movement as an international movement.

**Young People's Choir.**—A delightful evening was spent by some of our workers when a large choir of Young People sang Prohibition hymns. This was at a Temperance demonstration in connection with the Churches of Christ Conference, and at that meeting a special appeal for the Young People's Campaign of the Church was made, when a large sum was promised to help carry on the work. Mr. F. C. Middleton gave a stirring address upon the success of Prohibition in Canada, and Mr. H. Macourt appealed for continued support in this work.

### Australia's Moral Pioneers—

(Continued from Page 7.)

Chaffey. Away back in the latter 'nineties, when politician after politician, in the then politically blind and stupid state of Victoria, had done his utmost, not to help, but to crush Mildura, George Chaffey shook the dust of Australia from his feet. He was a short, stout, stocky, British-built rather than a long and lean, conventionally American-patterned man. And he had an explosive temper. "I am sick of this fool-country," he said, in effect. "I have done my utmost to make irrigation a success here. Now I will go back to California, where politicians are kept in their place and do not poison the economic air."

And so he went, and has prospered greatly. Solid Yorkshireman he looked, much more than anything else. And it were better that Australia had lost the services of a thousand shiploads of politicians, rather than that it should have lost the constructive energies of such a man. It simply shows what fools so many Australians were. In 1889, when the Melbourne "Argus" sent a reporter to examine Mildura, there was a terrific Melbourne outbreak of jeers and laughter at what George Chaffey said. "I may not see it in my time," he contended, "but in your time you will see the irrigation settlements along the River Murray produce fruit and foodstuffs to the yearly value of at least three-quarter of a million pounds."

They laughed at that. The Bents, and all the rest of the mad suburban and city land-boomsters of Melbourne, laughed at that. And yet the prophecy has come true. The A.D.F.A. to-day, with other irrigation settlement dried-fruit traders, is handling a yearly product worth well over three-quarters of a million pounds.

What a vindication! It is true, of course, that Mildura for a time went down in wreck and chaos. But that was not the Chaffey's fault. It was their misfortune. Denied a railroad; abused and misrepresented by the Melbourne press; sat upon and driven mad

with everlasting Government commissions of inquiry, the marvel is that both of the Chaffey brethren did not quit. But the policy of the younger brother, William Benjamin Chaffey, when the crash came, was expressed in five words: "I stick to the ship." That was the Chaffey gospel. And it was the gospel that won through.

Weighing the characters of these great pioneers, we perceive that George Chaffey was the steam, and W.B.—as he is affectionately known—the ballast. A splendid combination. For no partnership in pioneering ever gets anywhere, unless there be a right proposition between the weight and power. Steam is great. The man who has it in him is indeed of priceless value. It is he that achieves the progress, or makes possible the achievement of progress on fine, auspicious days. But when storms come, it is the man with ballast who counts. So both of these brothers, not alone because they founded Mildura upon the advancing world-principle of Prohibition, but because they served Australia alike with steam and ballast, are entitled to a first place in our national catalogue of great, enduring men.

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## First Impressions of Hell—

(Continued from Page 12.)

out of a thousand bars into ten thousand homes to create madness, misery, and hell?

Come! Whilst ten thousand times ten thousand whisky-victims spiritually rot and putrefy above the earth, I will preach facts. I will give you impressions of hell with the sulphurous vapors of the Pit in every blast. Look! In Sydney, this Easter Day, why is the face of almost every second man as a living picture of diabolism incarnate? And the women? The faces of such countless hosts of even young girls, as well as those of grown women! Have they, indeed, become so many deliberate detonators of the damnable? Exploders and exploiters of all that is base and vile in our modern masculinity? Does it not look like it? Girls and women as God Almighty meant them to be—clear-eyed, spiritually and physically clean and beautiful; and not with paint enough upon their faces to paint a pig-stye. Let any man of normal intelligence look around him, and question whether or not the reality of woman has almost disappeared.

And why?

Some women—not all, thank God!—have accepted the hog-standard to-day, because they are born watchers and reflectors of men. If women are eating the husks, it is because they are merely following the rush—the rush of men to the trough. And women, as a whole, will again get back where they belong, when men begin to spit out the husks and grope around for their lost ideals.

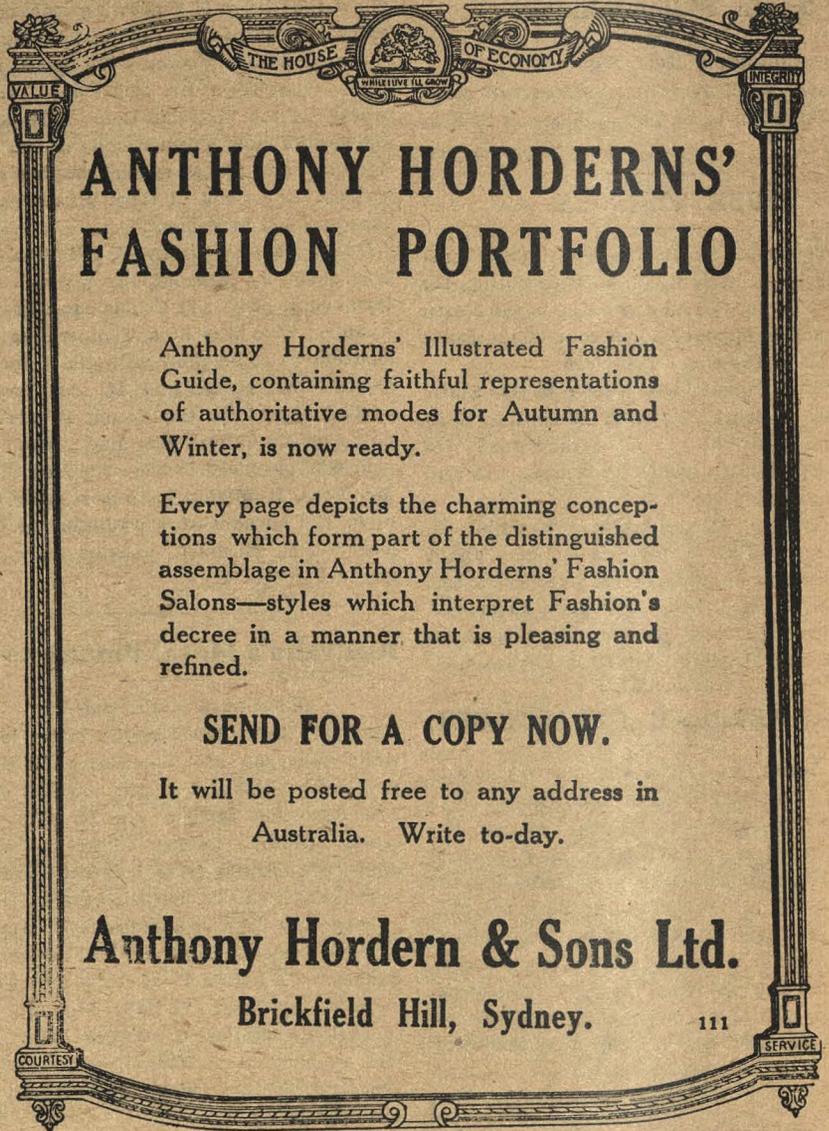
Before the man with a great ideal woman ever bows.

Woman!

How reverent is woman, in the presence of a living, and indeed a valiant, God-regarding soul? Up, then! Up with the Ladder! Up with the standards of our new idealism. Up with them now!

And if some regard these spiritual banner-wavings and revivalist exhortations as the product of an over-wrought imagination, then I thank God. I thank Him for that He has given me a mind-vision, and has indeed blessed me with a quickening of the spirit. For the very sake of the stupid senses of the whisky-sodden, who are as yet prevented from real seeing and from real feeling and hearing, may His quickening ever endure! Because a man seeks to raise a sign—even one earnest hand in warning—says the voice of the Lord God, thanks and encouragement to him. Thanks to all such, whatever be their sphere. And may this painful process of self-analysis and self-recording be profitable to many who are reading truth. Truth! And not fiction.

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The following are paid to 30/12/21: Mrs. D. Paine; Mrs. Wm. Moxey; E. Roose, N.Z., 21s. 6d.; Dr. Upham, N.Z., 21s. 6d.; Rev. L. Peacock, 7s. 6d.; Mr. N. Macindoe; Mr. W. Walsh, 18s. 6d.; T. F. Locke; G. Gilbert; Mr. N. Phillips; Miss R. Pearce; Rev. C. E. Godbehear; Mr. W. H. Winn.

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