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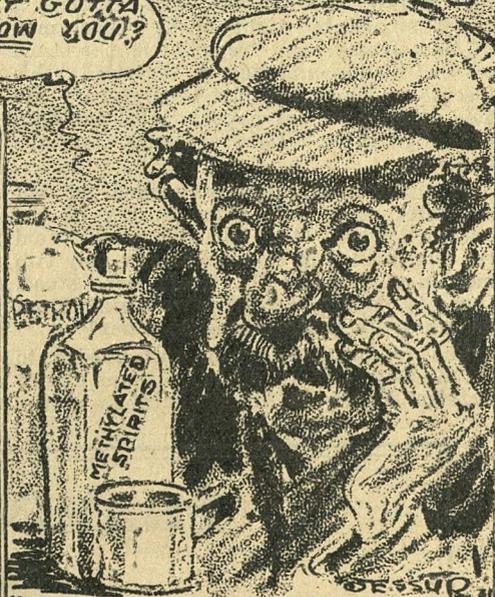
SYDNEY, JUNE 4, 1931.

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WORKERS' SPEAKEASY.

By Whiting Williams
IN "THE SURVEY."

THEY GOTTA
KNOW YOU?



"ALL THE SPEAKEASIES OF HOMESTEAD
ARE NOT HANDLING IN A WHOLE
AVERAGE DAY OF 1930 AS MUCH
OF EITHER ALCOHOL OR MONEY
AS CROSSED A SINGLE SALOON
BAR IN HOMESTEAD DURING A
SINGLE MORNING OF 1919 —"

Last summer when I moved, unshaved and under an assumed name, amongst groups of unemployed men in Pittsburgh, Detroit, Gary, Chicago, and other cities which had given me opportunity for similar experience as a worker among workers in 1919, there came to me certain convictions about workingmen and idle men and drinking.

These convictions, mind you, are not presented as for a moment settling the vexed question of prohibition. They leave plenty of room for argument about the pros and cons of other segments of a huge and complex circle—especially the one represented by the white-collared drinker in general. But these findings are, I believe, decidedly pertinent to a sector which is not only large, but extremely important, representing as it does all those tens of millions of citizens whose dollars-and-cents margin is so narrow that any shifting of their expenditures for alcohol is bound to be of tremendous social and economic significance, to themselves and to every other member of our present-day body politic and industrial.

I am attempting to confine myself

simply to the two sets of actualities which I have observed with my own eyes and of which I have been, to some extent, a part in certain worker communities during 1930 and 1919.

In all the industrial centres visited, my effort was to seek out and mix with groups of idle men, whether found at plant gate, private or public employment office, the worker's speakeasy, the hobo's "jungle," or what have you. Such contacts, of course, could be expected to turn up more than ordinary alcohol seaminess. They did. Riskier business it was, too, than any furnace mouth or coal seam furnished by my earlier studies here or abroad. Luckily my companions in the kitchen-curtain-bedroom apartment of a Gary slum were sufficiently unobservant to permit my pouring most of my glass of "mooney" into my offside pocket. In Chicago's "jungle"—only two blocks from Union Station—I was able to get the gang's quart milk bottle of "smoke" up to my lips—but no further. Even though my refusal to drink raised instant question of my genuineness—in fact,

(Continued on page 6.)



PAY CASH AND COLLECT
GREEN COUPONS



SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS AND PROHIBITION.

EVELYN RILEY NICHOLSON, Detroit, Mich.
President, Woman's Foreign Missionary Society, Methodist Episcopal Church.

The National Education Association has been meeting in Detroit. Thirteen thousand five hundred delegates, from all over these United States, have been in attendance. The department of superintendence has 4,010 registered delegates. At their opening business session several days ago, Dr. Daniel S. Kealey, superintendent of schools, Hoboken, N.J., presented a resolution favoring the abolishment of prohibition for the "protection of youth," and because it is the "root of all evils adversely affecting the American home." (Dr. Kealey, be it noted, registered at a Detroit hotel when he came, but soon transferred to a hotel across the river in Windsor, Canada.)

The resolution, or rather, a different one, bearing on the same question, came before the plenary session February 26. It strongly supported and reaffirmed faith in the Eighteenth Amendment "as the most effective means yet devised to curtail the distribution and use of alcohol." Prolonged and loud applause greeted the reading of the resolution, and the question was immediately called for. Dr. Kealey, who is vice-president of the organization, arose at once, manuscript in hand, and was given the floor. He stated that but for this question he would be on his way home, "but out of fairness to those who believe as I do, I could not leave the convention before being heard." He began by complimenting the "ladies on their large attendance," and said: "I feel that where the ladies are, only good can enter." (Whether he had a premonition that he needed their sympathy or not, I cannot say. Certainly, he must have been soon convinced that not many in his audience "believed" as he did!) He asserted that the department of superintendence should not be drawn into a controversy and said: "Prohibition is a subject which concerns legislators, not educators." At this point the audience broke into groans and hisses. The speaker said: "I didn't expect that." The president, Dr. Crozier, of Texas, rapped for order saying: "Come, come gentlemen, let's be fair." Dr. Kealey repeated his assertion and said: "Prohibition has become a political question." (One wonders if that happened since his wet resolution on Monday.) "Is there anyone here," he continued, "who does not believe that it will be the paramount issue in the political campaigns of 1931-32? Can there be any doubt as to which party will be the dry one?" He quoted the resolution: "We recognise the baleful effects of the use of alcohol as a beverage upon the human organism," and asked: "Who are the 'we'? Is this recognition of the baleful effects of alcohol from personal experience or is it based on hearsay evidence?" At this point he was again interrupted by indignant protests from the audience.

He proceeded to discuss the economic situation, and to claim that repeal would instantly relieve it; that it would immediately put 2,000,000 men back into employment. "How do you know?" shouted men in the audience. "Sit down!" "Take him out!" demanded others.

He continued quoting the resolution: "The responsibility for teaching these (so-called) truths rests upon the teachers," and commented "Does that mean that the home has entirely broken down? Have they lost all confidence in the parents of our children? I consider this notion dangerous to the public school system of America." (About this time he appealed to the chairman for a drink, and was given a glass of water, to the amusement of the audience.) He went on to assert that "more rotten alcoholic beverages are consumed in the American home to-day than good liquor was consumed before prohibition." (If that's the case the home must have broken down!) Again shouts from the audience! "Bootlegging on our college campuses is not secret," he continued. At this point the chairman rose, indicating the time had expired. "Let me finish, please," said Dr. Kealey, and went on to say that Washington and Lincoln were not opposed to alcohol, and that Wilson "vetoed the bill which preceded the ratification of the Eighteenth Amendment." The audience now demanded "Question! Question!" but another speaker wanted the floor. The chairman recognised George C. Baker, of Morristown, New Jersey, who carried a paper signed by eighty-three school men of New Jersey, who "repudiated" the stand of Dr. Kealey and deeply regretted "this discussion which has just been given." He said another similar paper carried one hundred signatures. Loud applause from the audience.

A rising vote was then called for (of delegates only) and three-fourths of the audience arose. "All opposed, stand!" said the chairman, and this scribe saw only two men in addition to Dr. Kealey who stood. Our city papers say there were six. Even so, what are these among so many!

The following telegram was handed to Dr. Kealey after his speech. It was signed by Mrs. Frederick Alger, chairman of the

Michigan branch of the Woman's Organisation for Prohibition Reform, who was present.

"We wish to congratulate you on your courageous efforts to bring out the truth about prohibition before the great body of educators of whom you are a member. You are working for the welfare of our youth, for whose guidance you are responsible, and for the integrity of our country."

I am not writing to commend the extraordinary conduct of this nation-wide body of educational leaders, but to say that they left doubt in the mind of no one as to their stand on the Eighteenth Amendment.

The camouflage of carefree mirth displayed
When eager youth pursues a laughing maid,
Is but a phase of life's alluring plan—
Love means far more to woman than to man.
Maternal impulse dominates her will,
The comfort of her loved ones to assure—
For coughs and colds prompt aid awaits her still
In priceless Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

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We want you to send to our office and ask for "HELPS TO PARENTS IN EXPLAINING MATTERS OF SEX TO THE YOUNG," issued by the Bishops and General Synod, together with 10 White Cross booklets suitable for parents, boys and girls.

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NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.

By JACK CREAGH.

What difference does it make to me if I receive benefits, as well as bestow them. Now, if I receive them, it is still my duty to bestow them. Independence lies in that manner of thought.

Tiberius was getting ahead with his reform and relief plans, when he was killed by the Patricians, the ruling class families.

This great man tried his best to bring unselfishness to the great landowners, but his laws were not popular, because they aimed at taking from those who had plenty of land and giving to those who were land hungry—the wealth was in the land; they needed wealth. Tiberius knew his land but he was defeated by the selfishness of others.

Caius, brother to Tiberius, was made leader and he was faced by a terrible economic position. Wars, waste, debauchery and indolence had put large numbers on the bread line; large numbers had to receive the dole, a term that meant, distribute—borrow.

The measures for relief had for their main object the keeping quiet the unstable, dissatisfied and the irresponsible poor of the city.

Large numbers of good citizens (as in Australia) had to be supported by public funds.

Many schemes in part were tried, but whether to the ultimate advantage of the State, may be considered doubtful.

But, however this may be, the relief measures were apparently accepted by all parties and they continued in force long after Caius Gracchus had been slain (121 B.C.).

The Dole.

Corn was the staple food of the poor, and the Governments had to buy abroad—Sicily, Spain and Africa, chiefly—then give it away to some; to others it was sold at half-price. It was a most expensive measure for the lower classes and the urban people settled down to it, and there was no possibility of a reversion to better social conditions.

The provisioning of Rome was like that of Athens, a public service.

There were public granaries and there was a large staff to supervise the transit of the corn from the other countries; also an elaborate administration for collecting and conveying it.

According to Polybius, the amount of corn required for the maintenance of a slave was 5 modii (1½ bushels) and for a soldier 4 modii, a month.

These restrictions led to much trouble, the allowance being only a maintenance.

Julius Caesar (5 B.C.) found the number on dole to be 320,000, but by a weeding out process he reduced them to 150,000.

In Augustus's time they again rose to 200,000. There seems, however, to be some confusion as to the numbers, but all agreed they were large.

The names of those certified to receive the corn were exposed on bronze tablets. There was plenty of double banking (as in Australia); even those who had property were given cheap corn.

The dole tickets (Tesserae) for purposes of identification were issued.

At first the Temple of Ceres, and afterwards at steps in the various wards (14) the bread and corn were issued. Hence the bread was called Panis Gradilis.

State Bakeries.

In the middle of the 2nd century bakeries came into existence and wheaten loaves were baked for the people two or three times a week.

In Aurelian's time (A.D. 270) the flour was of the best, the weight of the loaf was doubled and gifts of pork, oil and wine were distributed. Clothes also—white tunics with long sleeves—were given away.

ALCOHOL'S WAR.

Convictions for drunkenness, Central Police Court, from 21st to 28th May—
Men 161, Women 27; total 188.
Signed pledge 43.

Number of drunks convicted in court four months ending April 30th—
Men 2221, Women 496; total 2717.
Signed pledge 631.

HELP STOP THIS DEGRADATION.

In the period after Constantine, three classes received the bread—the palace people (palatini), soldiers (militaris) and the populace (popularis).

No distribution was permitted except at the steps; each class had its own steps in the various wards.

The bread at one step could not be transferred to another step; each class had its own supply.

There were arrangements for the exchange of stale loaves.

To stop fraud there were the laws of Valentinian and Valeus; severe penalties were inflicted.

If a public prosecutor, a collector of revenue, or a slave of a senator obtained bread with the cognisance of the clerk, or by bribery, the slave, if his master was not a party to the offence, had to serve in the State bakery in chains; if the master was involved, his house was confiscated.

If others, who had not the right, obtained the bread, they and their property were placed at the service of the bakery.

If they were poor (paupers) they were enslaved and if the delinquent was a client he was to be put to death.

Endowed Charity.

The right to relief was dependent on the right of citizenship; hence it became hereditary and passed from father to son.

It became thus a continuous endowed charity, affecting the whole population. Later, when Constantinople was founded, the right to relief was attached to new houses as a premium on building operations.

Thus it belonged not only to persons but also to houses and became a species of immovable property, passing to the purchaser of the house or property, as would the adscript slaves.

If on the transfer of a house bread claims were lost owing to the absence of claimants, they were transferred to the Treasury. But the savage laws of Valentinian, referred to above, shows to what lengths such a system was pushed.

Early in its history, the Annona Civica attracted many to Rome, in the hope of living without working.

For the 400 years since the Lex Clodia was enacted, constant injury had been done by it and now (A.D. 364) people had to be kept off the civic bounty as if they were birds of prey, and the very poor man (pauperimus), who had no civic title to the food, if he obtained it by fraud, was enslaved.

Thus, in spite of the abundant State relief, there had grown up a class of the very poor, the Gentiles of the State who were outside the sphere of its ministrations.

The Annona Civica was introduced, not only into Constantinople but also into Alexandria, with bad results, and also into Antioch.

(Continued on page 12.)

BRISBANE'S MOST MODERN HOTEL.

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THE NEW SOUTH WALES PROHIBITION ALLIANCE.

FORTY-NINTH ANNUAL REPORT—1930-31.

By Divine assistance and notwithstanding the trying period through which the State has been passing, the New South Wales Prohibition Alliance is able to report a year of fruitful activity and distinct progress, particularly along the lines of educational work among the young people.

The Executive.

Under the Presidency of Rev. R. B. S. Hammond the Executive has met on 22 occasions and the Council 4 times. A special conference on Finance was held with the Church leaders.

A Finance Committee, which in August was reconstituted as a Campaign Committee, has also met almost weekly.

Our Honorary Solicitor, Mr. E. H. Tebbutt, has, during the year, given much valuable legal assistance.

Archdeacon Boyce, Patron and Founder of the Alliance, now in his 87th year, still maintains a lively interest in the organisation.

It is with regret that we record the "passing" of three faithful supporters, who were closely associated with the work, viz., Mr. J. H. Knapp, a past General Secretary, Mrs. A. Gale, one of our most diligent Sunshine Fair workers, and Mr. James Gilmour, of the C.M.M., and a late representative on our Council.

The Affiliated Organisations.

There are eighteen Churches and Societies affiliated in the Alliance, viz., Church of England, Presbyterian Church, Methodist Church, Congregational Union, Baptist Union, Churches of Christ, Salvation Army, Seventh Day Adventists, Society of Friends, Central Methodist Mission, N.S.W. C.E. Union, Y.M.C.A., W.C.T.U., I.O.R., Band of Hope Union, Council of Churches, Business Women's Prohibition League.

Most of these bodies have, during their conferences this year, passed resolutions affirming their allegiance to the movement, and have heartily co-operated in the work.

Deputations from the Executive waited upon the Annual gatherings of the Methodists and Presbyterians and the I.O. Rechabites.

The Staff.

In October, the Campaign Director and Secretary, Hon. Crawford Vaughan, resigned, and Mr. Stanton was appointed Acting-Secretary until Colonel Fisher accepted the Secretaryship in January this year on a semi-voluntary basis. Upon Mr. O. A. Piggott (Field Secretary) and Mr. V. E. Stanton (Young Peoples' Dept.) has fallen the burden of the Field activities, while a depleted office staff has faithfully carried on the routine work—Miss Campbell as Accountant, Mrs. Masterman, Subscription Department and Miss McClay, Stenography. All of the present staff have accepted heavy reductions in salary. The services of Mr. Vaughan were suitably recognised by a presentation on the eve of his departure.

Church Services and Meetings.

The arrangements for these are carried out by the Field Secretary, Mr. Piggott. Two hundred and thirty-three services and

one hundred and ninety-five public meetings and lantern lectures were held by the Staff during the year. The lantern is still proving a popular feature in educational work, consistently good attendances being recorded at these meetings.

Our thanks are due to the many ministers and friends who so willingly arranged the visits for our deputations, and gave so splendidly of their hospitality.

The Executive approached both the Methodist and Presbyterian bodies with a view to having men commissioned by them to work on the staff of the Alliance.

The Methodist Conference agreed to the proposal, and left the appointment open to volunteer, but we were not, this year, successful in finalizing an appointment with them.

The Presbyterian Assembly has deferred the matter for later consideration.

The Executive has decided to revert to the original Field Day system, and has sought these additions to the Staff to that end.

In addition to the public gatherings, the Staff has attended many committee meetings, conferences and fraternal, and has conducted hundreds of interviews for the organization.

In February the Executive united with the W.C.T.U. in a Town Hall protest meeting against the inactivity of the Legislature regarding the enormous expenditure in liquor during this period of financial stringency; and we are now in the midst of the organization of a series of suburban united gatherings in a "Stop the Waste" Campaign.

Political Action.

No Temperance legislation has been considered either by the State or Federal Parliaments this year.

Questions were submitted to candidates and answers published in connection with the Lane Cove by-election, and a policy for the 1930 State General Elections was adopted as follows:—

"The restoration of full Local Option, with Triennial Polls; No Compensation; Simple Majority Rule; and the Adoption of Federal Electorates as Local Option Districts."

A list of favourable candidates was published accordingly.

The Liquor issue was on both occasions overshadowed by the financial policies of the contending parties.

The present policy of procedure of the Alliance at elections is:—

"That the Executive recommend for support the Candidate or Candidates most favourable to our objective."

This is being fully reviewed at this Annual Meeting.

As the result of the passing of the Amending Act last year, only a few licencing cases (none of outstanding note) have called for attention—these being mostly part-heard applications.

Literature.

We are indebted to Mr. Hammond for a free page each week in "Grit." Unfortunately, while Mr. Hammond has personally sent "Grit" to many hundreds of Ministers, we have not been financially able

to supply information to all our subscribers. Without any cost to the Alliance we have broadcast our appeals and record our broadcast their appeals and record their activities in nearly 5,000 homes each week.

The reduction of income has necessitated a curtailment of the publication of general literature this year.

During the elections the President issued a manifesto, of which over a hundred thousand copies were circulated.

Seven hundred and fifty Prohibition Year Books have been circulated.

The Sunshine Lunch Room.

This adjunct to our activities, is still proving a source of revenue and social aid to the movement. The Honorary Manageress, Mrs. Stupart, and the faithful band of voluntary helpers deserve our highest praise. The Committee have donated to the Alliance £105 this year, and for the three and a half years that they have been in existence, have given £651 to the funds.

Their rooms have also been made available for many social functions.

Harbour Excursion.

We were able this year to unite with the Band of Hope Union for the Annual Harbour excursion. The Business Women's Prohibition League provided refreshments, the proceeds of which became our share of the profits of the outing.

Finance.

Mr. I. Greenstreet has occupied the Treasurership and with him Col. Fisher, until the latter's appointment as Secretary. Mr. N. J. C. Brown has again acted as Honorary Auditor.

The Financial Statement disclosed an income of £2,830 for the twelve months to March 31st, as compared with £5,582 the year previously. It must be taken into account that not only has this been an exceptional year, on account of the depression, but that the Field Staff has been reduced by one half.

To the many loyal supporters in this most trying year our hearty thanks is given.

The Sunshine Fair.

In June, the special effort resulted in £519 net.

To Mrs. A. A. Kemp, President, Mr. O. A. Piggott, Secretary, and their splendid band of workers, must credit be given for these fine results. The Committee is already planning for a £1,000 Jubilee Year effort for 1932.

A Wireless Station.

Through the indefatigable efforts of Ex-Senator Thomas, a scheme for a church wireless station, in which the Alliance is one of the contracting parties, is now nearing fruition.

Temperance Week.

In common with the other States, Temperance Week was observed in association with World's Temperance Sunday.

The Australian Prohibition Council.

The A.P.C., which met in Melbourne just after our last annual meeting, adopted the following uniform political policy:—

(Continued on Page 15).

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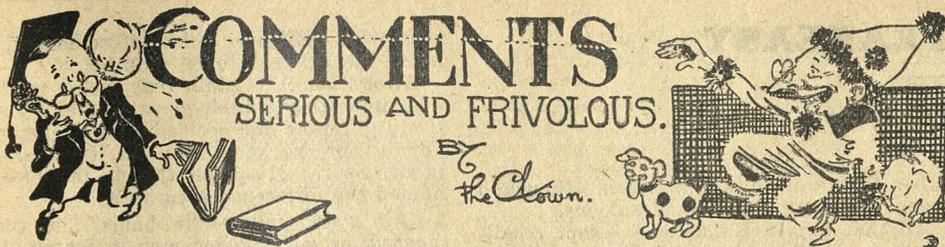
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Trust Money
on Mortgage



"Bung sows the seed—and the fruits of alcohol are gathered in our prisons, morgues, and hospitals."

TEAPOTS FULL OF LAGER.

For selling liquor without a license at the "Trooc" Cafe, Darlington Road, Frederick Chipping (47), proprietor, was fined £30, or 60 days, by Mr. Shepherd, S.M., at the Central Police Court.



Sergeant Roach stated in evidence that a constable was served with two small teapots full of lager at the cafe on Monday night last. He paid 1/- for each potful.

And so another nifty little notion goes askew.

There is nothing new under the sun—for away back in the dim mysterious past, Sairy Gamp—a Charles Dickens character—used to park her suds in a teapot, not to dodge the law, but to add an air of respectability to her gin guzzling.

THE "WHINE" INDUSTRY.



A week or two ago the "Daily Telegraph" took up the cudgels on behalf of our whine industry and devoted a leading article to boost this industry—which, by the way, produces more moans to the square inch than any other industry on the

globe. Considering how easy it is for the wine industry to get a leader-writer to fly to its defence whenever it wants it, it is surprising that the industry is not in a much more flourishing condition than it is.

If we could so easily enlist the sympathy of the "great (?) public organs" on

behalf of the down and outs—we'd soon have them all up and in.

The nauseating way that this dirty and unnatural infant industry is pandered to and handed fathoms of free publicity every time it moans, gives us the Heeby Jeebies. If the prosperity of this country depends upon the manufacture and sale of stagger juice, it is a heavy price to pay, and it is better to remain poor but honest.

THE POISON GAS OF PEACE.

Recently the International Red Cross offered prizes of £100,000 each for an efficient detector of mustard gas in the atmosphere—for an efficient gas mask wearable for civilians—and for the best type of "civilian gas proof shelter."

"In times of peace, prepare for war."

It would appear from the above that the bubbling cauldron of war is expected to boil over again at any moment, and the great war—which, by the way, was to end war—will be repeated with a host of new and terrible death-dealing machines and chemicals.

It is a sad reflection upon our Christianity that such a thing can be calmly contemplated.

Meanwhile, the poison gas of our peacetime—alcohol—goes gaily on its way, filling the morgues, the prisons and the hospitals—and nobody except a few cheerful and hard working old wowers cares a tinker's curse.

THE LIFE SAVERS.

Old John Henry is a patient old cuss. Kidded up the gum tree of high wages by his political advisers—he has had it snatched from under him without a moan.

The high wages remain, but the job of collecting them has vanished. His political advisers swear before High Heaven that the rate of his wages must not come down—and dear old John, thankful for small mercies, puts that in his empty pipe and smokes it. Meanwhile he sits in his worn-out trousers, and thinks, and thinks.

The parliament whom he elected—the strong, silent men—the life savers of the community—sit in the gilded halls of the legislature and solemnly argue about the necessity, or otherwise, of red tape and sealing wax upon legal documents.

Jobless, hungry, and hopeless—his life's savings obliterated by the juggernaut of party politics, John listens to the cheerful buzz of conversation, while his saviours argue whether a lawyer should, or should not, wear a wig. It is a cheerful conversation for a hungry man in worn-out trousers to listen to. It is a fattening, soul-satisfying conversation to fall upon the ear—we don't think. But John Henry is a patient old cuss, and his loyalty to his political joss is an amazing and wonderful thing.



MISLEADERS.

Rear-Admiral Evans, in his farewell speech at Trinity Grammar School, Summer Hill, a couple of weeks ago, urged his listeners to select leaders, not misleaders. This has been said before, and yet we have the same old misleaders cropping up again and again, until nature forecloses upon them.

When does a leader become a misleader? we might well ask.

It is strange—there seems something in the very air of parliament which changes a man—alters his outlook and rots his socks. Round about election time he becomes his old self again, temporarily, and all is forgiven. The short-sighted and shorter-memoried elector, swallows all the old guff stuff, and he returns again to adorn the limitless pages of Hansard with smooth words.

The curse of party politics is to blame for the misleaders in our parliaments. The elector is offered a choice of two dishes—stew, and hash—when his soul hankers for steak. The selection of leaders, or misleaders, is a matter for which the party machines have relieved him of all responsibility.

WORKERS' SPEAKEASY

(Continued from Page 1.)

started embarrassing discussion of the way "the gov'ment's sendin' out a lot of undercover men to report on us"—nevertheless I found it impossible to continue once my lips discovered that the thin, milky, smoke-like stuff was nothing but gasoline and denatured alcohol stolen from a nearby garage.

Nevertheless, putting together all the hours and all the days in all these wetter-than-average places, the fact remains:

In the old days, more intoxicated men than I discovered this year could have been encountered in two or, possibly three, saloons within a few blocks in a single one of the whole list of communities visited.

They Gotta Know You.

"Sure, you can get all you want, anywhere, any time," was the low-down my companions in the various localities generally gave me as a stranger brought in by a recent freight. But to this was usually added an instant later the decidedly limiting proviso that "of course they gotta know you."

This reservation did not prevent my hobo pal in Chicago from buying, in an abandoned house near the "jungle's" brick piles—with the help of his dime and my fifteen cents—a half pint of moonshine. (If we had preferred, we could have had whisky at the same price, the required brownness being produced with the help of a spoonful or two of coloured water.) So, too, my coloured companion and I in the slums of Gary were able to secure a half pint within as little as two minutes after we had placed the necessary quarter in the hands of our obliging hostess.

Nevertheless, this necessity of being known meant that our ability to get the stuff was decidedly limited the moment we began, in our search for work, to move away from the home base of our acquaintanceship. Furthermore, such moving about among strangers represented a huge increase in the risk of encountering "graveyard stuff," to say nothing of the enlarged chances of knock-out drops aimed directly at the visitor's "roll."

It was hardly strange, accordingly, that that proviso of "gotta know you," combined with the cost of riskless, good stuff, and the danger of unknown "alley" liquor, should make the whole thing a lot more bother than it was evidently considered worth. To be sure, this did not prevent the filling up of certain bar-rooms as, for instance, those behind the Yards in Chicago. But in these no one of the large crowd could be observed to drink anything but near-beer.

An Amazing Difference.

And this leads me to the amazing difference between the old saloon and the present-day speakeasy. Hitherto I for one, have had no answer when someone stated solemnly, "The town used to have so-and-so many saloons, and now has that-many-or-twice-as-many speakeasies." On the face of it, this certainly looked as if the same amount as formerly of both silver and alcohol was being shoved across the bar. A single day as a tough-looking loafer among the speakeasies of Homestead, when added to my general observations elsewhere, convinced me that there is slight relation, in terms of

either quarts or dollars, between a thousand speakeasies and a thousand saloons.

All that day in Homestead I kept recalling how, in the winter of 1919, hundreds of us would come trooping out, the very instant the 6 o'clock whistle ended our thirteen hours of pick and shovel night work, and, after all but shoe-horning ourselves into any one of the five or six saloons opposite the various plant gates, would inch our way through the jam up to the bar. There one of the three or four husky Poles or Lithuanians, shirt-sleeved and sweating from expert manipulations with bottle and glass, would serve us with the desired one, two, or maybe three editions of "Blacksmith and Helper"—a husky blacksmith of a big whisky helped down by a huge beer—before we turned to inch our way out again to the door, and "so to bed" for the day's precious hours of sleep.

By afternoon of that day last summer, I was prepared to defend this conviction:

All the speakeasies of Homestead are not handling in a whole average day of 1930 as much of either alcohol or money as crossed a single average saloon bar in Homestead during a single morning of 1919.

Formerly Attractive, Now Repulsive.

The reason is plain. The present-day workers' speakeasy—I don't refer, of course, to the near-Fifth Avenue institutions patronised by our friends of the New York intelligentsia—lacks almost completely the well-known "come-hither"—the ancient lure—of the old saloon. The bright lights, the warmth, the good cheer and fellowship, the companionable chromos of well-built femininity—all these are missing. Instead, the speakeasy is likely to offer only the grime and darkness of a sloppy kitchen, plus the furtiveness which makes everyone glance up quickly every time the door is opened to make sure that no "law" has entered. Not by any stretch of imagination can such a place be called "the working-man's club." Because, further, the proprietor is anxious to keep an eye on all his customers and their doings, he is likely even to frown upon the comradeship of treating. Still further—and quite important—the establishment is much less likely to possess the saloon's insinuating closeness to the daily runways of the worker. Instead, the chances are that a

trip, with malice or thirst aforethought, is much more likely to be required.

Altogether it is plain that such a remote and uninviting establishment serves an entirely different and decidedly lower clientele among the workers than did its legalised predecessor. My hobo friends in Chicago named the difference accurately.

"All them fellows is bums," he commented, as we watched men in search of a free morning eye-opener, saunter with manifest nonchalance into the bootlegger's nailed-up house. "If I had a job, you'd never see me in there!"

All this leaves out of the picture, to be sure, the harmfulness of home-brew and particularly the evil of the repeated invitations of hospitable home-brewers. In this I cannot speak from recent observation of the worker family, but others who can assure me that except, again, among the lowest categories of workers, such home-brew, made for social rather than commercial purposes, tends to represent much less money than was spent formerly in the saloon, as well as a considerably lower—and constantly lowering—percentage of alcohol.

The Substitute.

Related undoubtedly to all this significant combination of greatly increased cost and danger with decidedly decreased lure and sociability is another surprising development—I mean the way every industrial district discloses nowadays hustling truck-load after truck-load of soft drinks, alongside still others of bottled milk! No one can observe these signs of industry's changing mores without being prepared to learn that carbonated beverages, mainly at a nickel a bottle, will total fifteen billion half-pints this year, and are increasing each year steadily to the tune of a cool—in fact, an ice-cold—billion.

This development, along with the several others mentioned, has doubtless behind it other changes than the Eighteenth Amendment alone. Certainly in Homestead, for instance, a huge blow was undoubtedly delivered against the "Blacksmith and his Helper"—and all his other sweating Polish and Lithuanian acolytes—the very morning after that ungodly thirteenth-hour night-shift was assassinated, along with steel's twelfth-hour day. The same Blacksmith was also, of course, given a cruel wallop by low-priced flivvers, inexpensive movies, and instalment radios, as also by all the various constructive efforts of more intelligent labour leaders and more socialised employers.

(Continued on Page 7.)

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Workers' Speakeasy.

(Continued from Page 6.)

Perhaps it should be added that some of these changes have been hurtful to the hobo and the floater—in general to the homeless, unattached fringe of the casual worker group. Neither the gasoline station nor the speakeasy provide these with a real substitute for the sanitary—or unsanitary—serviceableness of the old saloon; especially are they unsatisfactory as places to raise a “stake” for tiding a man over into better days.

Whatever the causes of its demise, the fact is plain that the saloon is not only dead but its soul is not marching on in the speakeasy. And that results in my third conviction:

That our present effort to control John Barleycorn has provided a cushioning of vast proportions against the impact of current unemployment.

It is just unthinkable, for instance, that the Communist orators in some of our public squares would not have secured more approving nods and at least a few co-operative curses if they had been addressing men within a quarter mile of saloons. (I cannot but recall how in the main squares of Glasgow most discussions ended up in mere froth—froth of bitterness and rebellion, to be sure, but froth induced largely by the nearby bars. “They be no arguments,” the bobby would explain. “Naught but whisky. To-morrow, with the pubs closed, ’twill be quiet enough.”)

Poverty Went Out When Prohibition Came In.

Similarly unthinkable is it that in any city of saloons, one Cleveland manufacturer could report that continued readiness and effort, ever since October of '29, to help every one of its hundreds of under-employed families, had failed to find need for a total of as much as 1500 dollars.

Equally impossible, without our present saloonless corners, I believe, would have been the increased mutual confidence and co-operation between employer, employee, and employee-leader, which have undoubtedly marked this depression as compared with all others. Beyond all question whatsoever, the lessening of misery this winter, whether through jobs or relief, will be made infinitely easier by those same saloonless corners.

Now, this does not mean that prohibition is popular with the workers. Decidedly not. In fact, the whole plan comes in for plenty of blame for actually causing the present distress. Three millions was the figure oftenest given—always with great solemnity—as the number of the jobless who would be put back on beer wagons, at bars, in breweries, and cooper shops the very minute the country became wet again. In Gary one serious-minded, foreign-born ex-bartender, put the figure at no less than seven millions! Furthermore, he added, with the confidential nod of those in the know, that the date for getting the seven millions busy again had been definitely set to transpire “before March first—not later.” Generally, however, the fault found with the law was the same as that encountered almost everywhere amongst all classes—the fault, namely, of non-enforcement.

“Prohibition?” answered a floater in Chicago's Canal Street. “A fine thing—when we get it!”

Which leads to my fourth conviction:

Anything like a loyally backed, efficiently organised, and ably staffed effort at nationwide enforcement is not yet two years old.

When I started out last June for a series of, confidential talks with the Federal judges, district attorneys, and prohibition agents in such cities as Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati, and others, I expected, of course, to find a low morale—soreness at an unfriendly public opinion, unavoidable graft and dishonesty, impossibility of conviction, and so on. I could hardly believe by ears when, one after another, my interviewees showed identical enthusiasm as they told me the identical story:

“We're getting somewhere here now—but only, of course, within the past year or more.”

When I asked what had happened in the period, the explanation was always the same.

Improving All the Time.

“Hardly more than a year have we been under Civil Service rules, and therefore able to weed out the ex-barkeeps and thugs put—and kept—in the Enforcement Unit by purely political pull. For the first time our force represents not jobs, but careers. And one result is that when to-day we corner a bunch of 'leggers and answer their query by assuring them that we're 'Federals,' they tell us, 'Don't shoot. We'll come down'—and they don't try bribes on us, either.”

Another result of the change was explained by a Federal district attorney in a big Ohio city.

“Less than two years ago,” he said, “I used to protest to the local enforcement officers that I couldn't get convictions on the testimony of some of his subordinates because they shaved so seldom and generally appeared such rough-necks that the jury thought they were probably bigger liars than the offenders under trial. The officer told me I was right, but had to confess that he was powerless to correct the situation.

“Within the past year, however,” he went on, “civil service has brought so high a level

of agents, and their evidence has been so carefully collected and so convincingly presented, that out of 235 indictments a plea of guilty was put in by all but four!”

No wonder that so many of last summer's jobless companions, during the dragging hours of recounting and exchanging this and that expedient for making money during previous hard times, testified that, “No, I ain't tried 'leggin' this time—not since they've got to addin' jail sentences. That makes it too damn serious.”

No wonder also that recent daily headlines have indicated a lessening of effort against the half-pinter and a decided strengthening of the offensive against the ringster and “big shot.” Naturally enough the operating plan of the politically chosen

(Continued on page 10.)

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A Personal Chat with my readers

It was my great privilege to **WHO'S TO BE THE GUEST OF HONOR AT A BLAME?** Presbyterian Assembly lunch last week. About 500 were present. I felt it a good occasion for confessing my growing conviction that we clergy are the key to the present crisis.

I have heard the politicians, the press, the pictures, the police, and the home blamed for all that is so evidently wrong to-day, but the parson is more to blame than any of them, if not all of them together. The community is suffering from a deficiency disease. Science discovered that scurvy and rickets were deficiency diseases and to be prevented and cured by a regular diet containing vitamins that no microscope can make visible to us. We are suffering from moral scurvy and spiritual rickets. The remedy cannot be supplied by politicians, the press, the pictures, or the police; it can only be found in the Christian faith, for the supply of which we parsons are solely responsible. In the years gone past the effective minister was one who had a great faith in God and great reliance on prayer; in these days the popular minister is one who has a great faith in man and a gift of social charm. We are entirely responsible for a diet lacking, as it were, in spiritual vitamins.

A few weeks ago I wrote to 120 of my brother clergy, men I personally know, men who are kind to me and appreciative of my efforts. I asked their interest and that of their godly laymen in the remarkable meeting held each Thursday in the Y.M.C.A., from 1.10 to 1.50, to pray for our public needs. This was evidently unattractive and without appeal, since I did not have a single reply nor did we have a single addition to the 50 to 70 who gather at this meeting weekly.

We clergy must surely take the responsibility for the fact that public worship is now largely occupied by singing and that praying is an insignificant incident in the service. The fact, of course, is that it is much easier to sing than to pray.

When I told a group of ministers that Christian politicians had an unusually difficult time and that I was sure one of them whom I knew very well and who had formerly been a leader of great prayer meetings, now found it easier to smoke a cigarette

than say a prayer, one of the ministers said: "Well, I do, anyhow."

It would seem that the "life" has gone out of praying and with the absence of prayer the church is supplying the kind of "hard tack" that corresponds to the diet from which sailors got scurvy and children got rickets.

When we respond to the call to pray as people are now responding to the call to community singing, then the whole atmosphere will be changed and evil things will no more flourish than do polar bears in the tropics or camels at the South Pole.

One well known clergyman sought to tone down the severity of my message by saying, "to work is to pray" and that at no time had more service been rendered than to-day.

My reply is that the belief that "to work is to pray" is a doctrine not found in the New Testament, which teaches that character is shaped in prayer, which also gives vitality and effectiveness to our service.

Service may be more abundant than ever but it is evidently sadly ineffective, for never were the times more out of joint.

Those who say "to work is to pray" are putting the cart before the horse.

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THE NICE BREWER! Added to all its other current troubles, the Booze Trade, which is reliably reported to have contributed £20,000 to the Labor Party's funds before last elections, is now weeping and gnashing its teeth because of Mr. Lang's alleged refusal to reduce the 5 per cent. license fee levied by the Government for some years past on all purchases made during the year by publicans. In the case of one hotel alone, this levy amounted to over £4,000 last year. This year's fee is due to be paid by all hands next month, and it looks as if in most instances the Big Brewers will have to come

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SYDNEY, JUNE 4, 1931.

to the aid of the poor publicans—not because they love them, but because if the breweries don't "spar up," the licenses will lapse. The inevitable result will be that next month will see a record number of publicans crushed into the dust by Mr. Big Brewer, who already has turned several hundreds of them on to the street penniless during the past twelve months during the great depression. The average publican who for years past has paid fabulous prices for licenses and mortgaged himself mind and soul in the process, has no reserves to stand up to the slackness in trade, but the Big Brewer, with his gigantic hidden resources, piled up for years past, only smiles as one "house" after another falls into his clutches at "wrecker's prices."

Mr. Big Brewer within the next few weeks proposes to still further discipline the publicans by fixing the retail selling prices of all lines of bottled stuff—even lines of spirits and wines bottled by independent wholesale firms. The idea is to stop various publicans cutting the prices of bottled lines to the disadvantage of other publicans operating in the same locality. In the event of any publican refusing, well, the big brewers will simply cut off his ordinary beer supplies. Nice people, these big brewers!

The Editor

MEMORIES OF PRE-DEPRESSION DAYS.

IF ONLY WE HADN'T "SPOTTED!" BUSINESS MEN'S LAMENT.

(By "Grit's" Unofficial Reporter.)

Many a good fellow who has been left stranded by the depression, to-day bitterly regrets the money he threw away on drink in better days. As one of them put it to me only yesterday, "For ten years or more I used to spend easily £1 every day in the bars . . . that means roughly £300 per year, or £3,000 for those ten years, without counting the accumulated interest that I lost . . . recently I went smash . . . a mere £1,000 would have tided me over the depression and preserved all my assets from total destruction."

Even the man who only spent "a couple of bob a day" on wasteful booze in the boom times, has begun to realise that he would have been a couple of hundred pounds better off to-day if he had been a teetotaler, and the sad part of it is that in many cases that two hundred pounds has meant all the difference recently between decent comfort and the dole.

I have asked numerous "men about town" how much they used to spend on "spots" before the depression, and almost without exception they have answered that "half a quid" a day would go nowhere in those days, while most of them, particularly those in search of business, put down their pre-depression drinking expenditure at £1 per day at least. That's £300 per year each!

These figures will give some idea of the big part that Mr. Booze played in hurrying on the general economic crisis.

"Will you ever take it on again like that when things get better?" I have asked them all. "Not on your life," is the usual quick reply, but of course the trouble is that by the time the depression is surmounted, another, younger school of business men will be coming on, and while ever those big glittering city bars exist, they will be a constant source of invitation to the young chap to come in and "hit the high spots" like his older brother did a few years before.

IN A CITY BAR.

To-day I walked into the saloon bar of an hotel in the centre of the city. The licensee's wife was a charming acquaintance of our pre-marriage days, and she greeted me with unrestrained delight. "Meet Mr. Blank," she said, but as I turned round to obey, I saw that Mr. Blank was an acquaintance of many years standing, and had some little time ago quite legally escaped from the clutches of the Mental Hospital Authorities. In my own heart I firmly believe that he had been quite wrongly detained in one of the institutions, but that has nothing to do with my story. He effusively greeted me with a delight obviously tinged with drink, and forthwith proceeded to pour out his story of woe.

"Mrs. Public-House" waxed indignant about his enforced detention—although she had only a quarter of an hour ago heard his side of the story. Another "gentleman" in the bar was quite as convinced of his

absolute sanity. Mr. Blank insisted on "shouting," as he put it, "for old time's sake." My curiosity aroused, I agreed. Then two "ladies" entered the bar; they were the wives of two other publicans in a near-by locality; they were privileged, and, needless to say, were introduced to Mr. Blank, who, needless to say, included them in the "shout," which cost him 4/6.

To pay for same, he grandiloquently produced a small "roll" of notes, the proceeds, as I learnt later, of a remittance from his people in England. All eyes in the bar were in a "twinkle" centred on that roll, and immediately all hands became more voluble than ever in defence of Mr. Blank's sanity, and in righteous indignation at his outrageous treatment at the hands of the authorities.

Then one of the hotelkeeper's wives wanted to "shout," but Mr. Blank insisted on doing the honors again, and this time he received in change only 13/9 out of the £1 note that he had thrown down. Casually bundling the change into his pocket, he proceeded again with a recital of his woes to the accompaniment of "righteous" indignation on the part of his audience.

At this stage I thought it my duty to take a hand, and drawing Mr. Blank on one side, I urged him to accompany me to my office, so that we could talk old times and other things over. But, Mrs. Public-House, my charming friend of pre-marriage days, called me to "one side," and pleaded with me—"don't take him away, he's spending up well; don't take a 'shingle off the roof,' old chap." Mr. Blank by this time had intruded into our little tete-a-tete, and thoroughly agreed with Mrs. Public-House. Furthermore, he questioned my right to impose on my friendship with him by interfering with his personal liberty, etc. I left, after telling my charming friend of pre-marriage days that I couldn't possibly stand for the fleecing of intoxicated or half-insane men. "Don't be so silly," was her half-indulgent reply; "if we didn't get his money, somebody else would, and they'd probably knock him about in the process."

Late to-night I had a telephone ring from the police station . . . a friend of mine, put in the cells for drunkenness but now a bit sobered up, had asked for me to come and "bail him out" . . . he hadn't a farthing on him when arrested. It was Mr. Blank. Now I KNOW he's not in his right mind.

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Workers' Speakeasy.

(Continued from Page 7.)

agent was simple. He aimed to fool the public by a smoke screen of arrested and well-broadcasted small offenders while devoting himself mainly to shaking down those operating with the help of big money. With equal reason, a force of such agents could hardly be trusted to the point of Federal instructions to lay off the minnows and spend months in an effort to trap the real sharks; a single dishonest squealer at the final strategic moment could send thousands of dollars in salaries, rent, and overhead up the administrative flue, entirely resultless.

The Jail Penalty.

All this, of course, is changed the moment college-bred and other high-calibre agents are made available by the new rules of selection and then given careful training in collecting evidence—also in raiding homes and using firearms—now under way throughout the country. Evidence collected by such a force, perhaps during months of careful work, is vastly more likely to be taken seriously by judge and jury. At Terre Haute, for instance, last summer, a number of weeks of such sleuthing got for a group of conspirators operating under the lead of Chicago gunmen, penitentiary sentences totalling more than twenty-five years. At Detroit the same kind of work permitted the statement of an official that "nearly 90 per cent. of the powerful gangs bringing liquor across the river here two years ago in a big way are now either in jail or under indictment."

Even this new policy will probably take some time before it gets down through the runners of good stuff to those more numerous but much smaller distillers in local stable and garage who sell their concoctions by the "set"—including not only a certain quantity of often deadly liquor, but also the exact, corresponding number of bottles, corks, labels, and everything else needed to fool the lover of the best known Canadian brands, including even the requisite cobwebs!

Allowing time for the development of this new actuality of enforcement against not the habit but the commercial trafficker—and also for the lag always required between nation-wide actuality and nation-wide recognition and acceptance—the chances would appear favourable, within, say, a year or two, to a decided shift in public understanding and opinion.

For surely, as long as we are anxious to conserve to the uttermost the productive power of the mass citizen, then we'd best be at least careful about monkeying with a plan which, whatever its faults, has undoubtedly transferred during recent years, and especially recent months, more than a few hundred millions of dollars from alcohol to gasoline, shoes, and bathtubs.

Similarly our present reliance on mass production for mass consumers is likely to keep us more interested than any other nation in succeeding somehow in our effort to control bleary old John Barleycorn. For this progress makes our average citizen the master of more machinery than is the average citizen of any other country. Just as for years before prohibition we clammy took from the locomotive driver all of his personal liberty to drink or not to drink, so we are likely increasingly to take the same

liberty away from each other of us as rapidly as, in our plants and on our streets, we drive both more machines and more costly, intricate, and powerful machines.

Because I speak only of what I have seen, I must say nothing of the hypothetical or Canadian alternative—though perhaps I may be pardoned for mentioning that last summer among the unemployed of Toronto and Montreal I found frequent complaint that the Government was practising class legislation and class discrimination because the prices—whisky at \$3.50 and up—were too high for the workers. Also—shades of Uncle Sam!—general testimony that such prices literally forced the poor 'boes to kill themselves off with canned heat.

At any rate, such eye evidence as I can give regarding the specific, chosen segment of the puzzle appears all the more worth giving at precisely this moment, because so many well-intentioned people appear to have let what they call the moral issues elbow out certain economic aspects—aspects which are certainly important to the group I have here talked about, especially at this particular time. Without tackling the delicate and touchy job of weighing moral issue against economic, I will at least make bold to say that it is unfortunate that those who are now most active in defending the moral aspects have generally shared so slightly in the daily experience which their narrower margined and vastly more numerous fellow-citizens have had in years past with John Barleycorn.

How completely that difference of margin and the resultant vast difference of daily experience change the whole problem of drinking or not drinking between the prosperous Mrs. Grundy "ritualists" and the hard-fisted, flannel-shirted "escapists"—that's a story by itself. Meanwhile, some of the complications which flow out of such wide differences of experience and margin can best be described by my friend of some years ago, a steel worker of Pueblo, Colorado:

"What the hell right have you got to write about that?" he exclaimed when I said I wanted to get up an article on the worker and prohibition.

"I'll betcha a dollar," he replied to my protest, "you was never in a saloon a dozen times, and I'll betcha four dollars you was never good and lousy drunk in all your born days."

"Me," he went on, "I used to take eighteen shots o' hard liquor every day—come in here and sweat it out before this furnace and it didn't do me no harm. I mean physically. 'Course we never had no money. So just lately since the State went dry the old woman and I was figurin' how we'd paid for the house and would soon own the car. And then we got mad a-thinkin' how in all the big clubs, seems like, the rich people sit and talk about how Percy This and Reginald That are drinkin' more'n before. And then they end up by saying: 'Ain't prohibition hell?'"

"Reminds me how Jim Slavins and I went up to Denver one Sattiday night on a bat. We reckoned we'd drink up all the good liquor in Denver, and we'd 'a done it, 'ceptin' they run in a fresh supply on us about four in the mornin'.

"Well, next day, Jim ordered some ice water, and when it come he gulped it down with both hands on the pitcher. And when he set it down he says, 'Damn these temperance guys,' he says, 'that tries to talk about water. They make me sick. W'y, damn their eyes,' he says, 'they ain't got the faintest idea what a wonderful thing water is.'"

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Address all letters to Uncle B., Box 3690SS, G.P.O., Sydney.

DO YOU CHEAT YOURSELF?

We are funny creatures and do many things that are ridiculous.

The Bible says: "Every way of man is right in his own eyes," which means that we excuse ourselves and justify ourselves when the same thing done by someone else would seem wrong to us.

We would scorn to cheat anyone else and then cheat ourselves. That is a strange thing to do but many do it. One of the greatest athletes and trainer of athletes is a gentleman named Fielding H. Yost, the athletic coach of Michigan University. He has had a very wide and remarkable experience and he said lately:—

"I have never tasted liquor in my life. I do not care what the law is regarding liquor, you can't drink it without cheating yourself. This terrible fellow, Alcohol, will rob you physically, mentally and morally. He will take the last dollar you have and make a bum of you. Every time you take a drink you cheat yourself, nobody else. Never forget that."

UNCLE B.

Our Letter Bag.

THAT'S FINE.

Beth Davies, "Thurellar," 24 Gipps St., Arncliffe, writes: I hope I am not on the scallywag list; if I am, please scratch me off. Mother is hoping to take us to the tea meeting and we hope to see you there on Monday week at the Town Hall. Arthur and I are sitting for the Methodist Sunday School Exam. This is the second time for Arthur and the first time for me. Last year Arthur had 72 marks and just missed honors by 3 marks. I am learning elocution now and I have my lessons on Monday and Thursday. My teacher is Miss Fortesque and I like her very much. I hope some day, when you are giving a concert, I will be able to recite for you. Would you like that?

(Dear Beth: I was sorry I was not able to go to the tea—as I would have met many friends. I was also distressed that my voice was in such bad shape. It is fine to think that one of these days you will be giving a recitation for me, perhaps at the Hotel Hammond, where we now have 260 guests. We have an entertainment there every Thursday.—Uncle B.)

OUR GARDENERS.

Nancy Peebles, "Balmerino," Arcadia, 27th April, writes: In reading this week's "Grit," I find there are only two letters, so I am adding one to next week's. Last time I wrote I said I was pen-weary, but my study was not useless, for I passed my exam. I cannot go any further in this school and as it would be too far to go to a High School, the teacher is going to get correspondence lessons for me. There is no service at Arcadia to-day. There is a united service at Galston, but we were unable to go, as it is eight miles away and we have no car. I am glad the Sunshine Fair was such a success. It did not seem as if it was going to be very sunshiny in the morning, did it? We had a letter from Miss Southwell yesterday, telling us about it. My sister and I have a vegetable garden, in which we grow, among other things, nearly 300 strawberry plants. If they are ripe when you come to see us, you can sample them. We spent a week at Scotland Island, in Pittwater. Do you know it, Uncle? It is an ideal spot for a holiday, with plenty of fishing and lovely baths. There is a picturesque road all round the island. One morning, father, Margaret and I went out fishing in the boat before daylight. We saw Barrenjoey Lighthouse alight. It was a very pretty sight.

(Dear Nancy: Your letter is very interesting. The garden part greatly interests me, because I am thinking, talking, and planning gardens for the unemployed. I want them all to grow some of the things they can't buy and yet need. One of these days I am going to persuade a friend of mine to drive me up as far as your place.—Uncle B.)

OUR HON. NI.

Edith S. Newman, "Linwood," Private Bag, Alstonville, writes: I hope you will

excuse me for not writing before and I hope you will cross my name off the "black list." I only have the privilege of writing once a year now, so perhaps I will be able to manage that. We still have our C.E. meetings and we have some very nice, helpful papers. I am secretary of our society and enjoy my work very much. We have had some very heavy rain yesterday and to-day. We held a Loyal Orange Lodge Bazaar in Alstonville last Wednesday evening and night and it was very successful, making £50 odd. It is Lynwood Sunday School picnic next Saturday. I still go to Alstonville Technical Sewing Class and enjoy it very much. My teacher is Miss Turner. We still hold our monthly Band of Hope meetings, which we all enjoy. There is to be a bi-monthly C.E. Rally in Alstonville on Tuesday next, but I think by the sound of it that no one will go, as it is very windy and rainy. Since I last wrote to you my brother has left us and has a farm of his own, and my word we miss him.

(Dear Edith: I am glad to hear from you and most of all glad that you are C.E. secretary. That is a very worthwhile job and I hope you will keep it up. When you come to Sydney on a visit we will make you an honoured visitor and our guest at the C.E. tea we have every Sunday; so let me know when you are likely to make the trip.—Uncle B.)

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Nothing New Under the Sun—

(Continued from Page 3.)

When Constantinople was founded, the corn ships of Africa sailed there, instead of to Rome.

On charitable relief, as we shall see, the Annona has had a long continued and fatal influence.

The method suggests these considerations:—

(1) If the Government holds itself responsible for provisioning the people, it must fix the price of necessaries, and to meet distress, or popular clamour, it will lower the price.

It becomes thus a large relief society for the supply of food.

In a time of distress, when the Corn Laws were a matter of moment in England, a similar system was adopted in the well-known Speenhamland Scale (1795) by which a larger or lesser allowance was given to a family according to its size and the prevailing price of corn.

The Romans found that to provide for the able-bodied and their families, without any equivalent in labor was wrong; in most instances the effect on individuals was disastrous.

The amount of the Roman dole was about the allowance provided for a slave, but the slave worked for his share.

The right to, also size of dole, was made a political issue and the number on the dole was large enough to make them a factor. This power made for weakness and indolence and led to ruin.

The hard-working people had to keep the idlers; many of the latter could have worked the land; if that had been done large sums of money that were spent in other countries would have been saved.

The excuse for buying corn in Sicily, Spain and Africa was the same as we now use for permitting Russian wheat into Great Britain—cheapness.

The dole system increased and was one of the reasons why the regeneration of Rome could not be brought about.

History hereabouts should prove a warning to the British Empire, especially the part we live in, New South Wales.

While large numbers ceased to work in Rome, we find the Government taxing those who worked and even famine shortage only made the Government give a bonus to ship-owners to build more ships to bring corn from abroad.

Eventually utter destitution from want of funds compelled the people to till the land; the nation had failed.

We in the State of New South Wales—practically a bankrupt State—cannot afford to pay the £4,000,000 for the dole. They cannot afford to squander the large sums for sport, luxury, especially alcoholic liquors.

When we see two and a half million people pay £14,500,000 for booze and from that spending getting the same degradation—physical and mental degeneration—we see great efforts in the shape of lotteries, so that we can keep our hospitals open.

Our Parliaments are not able to function, because, borrowing money, their chief means of supply, has failed.

Meanwhile we tax everything under the sun, business is crushed, our credits lost, our balance in the world markets dead against us.

I doubt if even the Romans could give us a point in the matter of indulgence, especially alcoholic; in sport, or in gambling, the tremendous spendings on tobacco, all the waste in energy and wealth from the above ruling passions of the Australians. These would do much harm at any time, but when bankrupt, discredited, and with such large numbers on the dole, only disaster, even of the kind that crushed the Roman Empire, must eventually crush us.

We must find a level of production that will compete with the world successfully. Our land's wealth must be further developed. Our profits and wages account must be so balanced that a credit margin must be possible; we must live within our means. Think it over, neighbour, and think quickly. Look back for the facts of experience. There is nothing new under the sun.

A DRY CHIEF OF POLICE.

(Fred. A. Dunlap.)

Michael J. Healy has been chief of police in Manchester, N. H., for thirty-nine years. Mr. Healy opposed prohibition before its adoption. On the eleventh anniversary of prohibition, Chief Healy said, "When you look back and consider the conditions in Manchester when there was liquor, and then look at the city now, you cannot help but favor the continuation of prohibition."

Honest and drastic enforcement of the law is keeping the city clean and quiet, Chief Healy pointed out, and if all law enforcement officers were as honest as the local officers, he declared, there would never be any talk of modification or repeal.

Chief Healy's last annual report, published in the "Manchester Union" of January 28, 1931, stated that there were 1,418 arrests for drunkenness during 1930. He also stated to the "Union" reporter that "in pre-prohibition days arrests for intoxication went as high as 3,800," or more than two and a half times as many.

Nashua's report for 1930 gave only 385 arrests for drunkenness. Manchester and Nashua are the two largest cities in New Hampshire and have a large foreign population.

Every city in the State that I can get figures from shows a far greater improvement than this, ranging from 5½ to 16½ times as many arrests under license.

The appeal of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union for enforcement, and not repeal looks very sensible in the light of above facts.

Give us a few good old "Mike Healys" and a few governors like Governors Tobey and Winant and the bootleggers of any State or city will run to cover like a scatted cat.

DRINK AND RECKLESSNESS.

When you want men to be reckless, to throw caution to the winds, it is sometimes necessary to drug them with alcohol. Soldiers about to engage in a desperate charge

are sometimes thus drugged. Recklessness is the last thing we want in peace time in this machine age. If we knew of some drug that would make men more cautious there would be something to be said for it. Alcohol is not that kind of a drug.

—Prof. Thomas Carver of Harvard University.

For every young man in business who does drink, no matter how moderately, there is some young man of the abstaining kind waiting around the corner for his place and who will do his work all the better because he does abstain.—Edward W. Bok, Modern Eloquence, Vol. 4, p. 112.

SIR JOSIAH STAMP'S OPINION BEFORE THE ROYAL COMMISSION.

Rev. Henry Carter: "Take the liquor trade as it exists to-day; have regard to the fact that its operation brings a large revenue to the national exchequer and also that a very large consumption of alcoholic beverages is the necessary basis of this tax-yield; what would be your judgment, on the balance, as to the national value of things as they are? Do they represent a good bargain for the nation?"

Sir Josiah Stamp: "No; a very bad bargain; the great expenditure on alcohol is a very bad expenditure. In the moral field my personal feeling is that moral forces would have a much greater chance with a more moderate consumption of alcohol, and that under those changed conditions all sorts of other good social influences would have a chance to grow. I am sure of that."

"It is more important that the workmen in our industrial plants should get home sober, and with their week's pay, than that an irresponsible minority of society drinkers should be guaranteed the 'right' to stock their cellars without embarrassment," says Henry Ford.

The liquor traffic tends to produce criminality in the population at large and law breaking among the saloonkeepers themselves.—Theodore Roosevelt.

In 1926 the American Economic Association devoted a round table to the economics of Prohibition. Its chairman, Professor Irving Fisher, wrote to a large number of economists and statisticians without succeeding in finding one who was ready to deny that the nation has gained economically from Prohibition. A statement to that effect went to every member of the association in the printed record of the proceedings of the meeting. Its challenge has yet to be accepted.

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SOME DO.

Jeannie and Scotty were waiting on the station when the crowded train pulled in. Jeannie asked if they could squeeze in there, but Scotty said, "No, certainly not; wait till we get home."

WHAT SORT?

"I want a mirror."
"A hand mirror?"
"No, one for my face."

TOOT! BLANK! DASH! TOOT!

Lady (at busy corner): "Isn't it wonderful how a single policeman can dam the flow of traffic?"
Her Escort: "Yes, but you should hear some of the motorists that are held up."

NO FLOWERS.

Old Customer: "What's become of that assistant you had, Mr. Parks? Not defunct, I hope."
Grocer: "That he has, mum; with every penny 'e could lay his 'ands on."

CUT OUT THE DANGER SIGNAL.

He: "We're coming to a tunnel—are you afraid?"
She "Not if you take that cigar out of your mouth."

SIC 'EM, CECIL!

"It's time to get dog licenses again. You keep a dog, don't you?"
"No. If we hear a noise in the night, we bark ourselves."

REAL SILVER LINING.

She: "Jack, I was wrong to treat you the way I did. You'll forgive me, won't you, for being so angry with you all last week?"
He: "Sure! That's all right. I saved £5 while we weren't on speaking terms."

KI-YI-YI!

"What is puppy love?"
"The beginning of a dog's life."

MADE IN HEAVEN.

A model marriage is one in which the wife is a treasure and the husband is a treasury.

MEANEST MAN.

Mrs. Smith: "My husband talks in his sleep. Doesn't yours?"
Mrs. Jones: "No, and it's so exasperating. He only smiles."

ASK THE ICEMAN.

"When water becomes ice," said the professor, "what is the greatest change that takes place?"
"The price, sir."

SLIPS THAT RISE FROM THE GRAVE.

The Montpelier —, whose proofs are not always one hundred per cent. perfect, probably heard from its latest break. In speaking of the part taken by the up-and-coming musical organisation of the capital city in the recent Boston Legion parade, it referred to the "Montpelier rum and bugle corps." Reminds us of the faux pas made by a speaker in the old time who, in presenting an orator on Memorial Day, eulogised him as "that battle-scarred hero," and, trying to correct himself, changed it to "that bottle-scarred hero."

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DAILY INSPIRATION.

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SUNDAY.

"The Lord is in His holy temple, let all the earth keep silence before him."—Heb. 2:20.

"The Sunday is the core of our civilisation, dedicated to thought and reverence. It invites to the noblest solitude, and to the noblest society." (Emerson). "We believe that the first day of the week is the Lord's day, or Christian Sabbath, and is to be kept sacred to religious purposes, by abstaining from all secular labour and sinful recreations; by the devout observance of the means of grace, both private and public, and by preparation for that rest that remaineth for the people of God." (Baptist Church Manual). "Life and blessing will attend the man who observes the Sabbath. The Sabbath of rest is a continual lesson to him to turn his eye from all created objects, and look to that heavenly rest into which God is entered, and which is promised to man." (J. Milner). "O, what a blessing is Sunday, interposed between the waves of worldly business like the divine path of the Israelites through the Jordan. There is nothing in which I would advise you to be more strictly conscientious than in keeping the Sabbath day holy. I can truly declare that to me the Sabbath day has been invaluable." (Wilberforce). "If the Sunday had not been observed as a day of rest during the last three centuries, I have not the slightest doubt that we should have been at this moment a poorer people and less civilised." (Macaulay).

MONDAY.

"Woe to him that giveth his neighbour drink, that putteth the bottle to him, and maketh him drunk also."—Hab. 2:15.

As long as you make drinking customs respectable, drinking customs will prevail, and the ploughshare of death, drawn by terrible disasters, will go on turning up the whole continent, from end to end, with the long, deep, awful furrow of drunkard's graves. . . . Never mind the world, let it say what it will, it can do you no harm. But as soon as it whispers "He drinks," and it can be proved, he begins to go down. What clerk can get a position with such a reputation? Who wants him? What store wants him? What Church of God wants him for a member? What dying man wants him for an executor? . . . There is no home so beautiful but it may be devastated by this awful curse . . . the costliest thing on earth is the drunkard's song. It costs ruin of body, it costs ruin of soul. Go right down into the residential streets of any city and you can find once beautiful homes that were ruined by this dreadful music . . . The most expensive of all music is the song of the drunkard. It is the highest tariff of nations—not a protective tariff, but a tariff of doom, a tariff of woe, a tariff of death.—Talmage.

TUESDAY.

"One jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law, till all be fulfilled."—Matt. 5:18.

Christ referred here primarily to the promises and prophecies of the Old Testament. . . . The exact fulfilment of prophecy is an irrefutable evidence of Christianity. But the assurance of these words refers also to every promise of Scripture. Not

the smallest of these shall ever fail anyone who trusts them. Every pledge God has made He will surely keep.

This is true also of the divine threatenings against sin. Not one of these shall fail to be accomplished upon those who reject God's words of grace and mercy. Christ said "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life," and that word will prove true to everyone who receives it. But He said also in the same sentence, "He that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him"; and this word shall just as surely be fulfilled as the other. In these days when so many hold loose views of God's Word, it is well that we fix it deeply in our minds that whatever God says in the Holy Scriptures He says with authority—that His promises are sure as His own eternity, and that every sentence of His is absolutely irrevocable. . . . The words of God are more sure and substantial than God's great mountains.

Rev. J. R. Miller, D.D.

WEDNESDAY.

"He that saith I know Him, and keepeth not His commandments is a liar, and the truth is not in him."—John 2:4.

Light and treacherous views of sin are only one of the retributions we are suffering to-day for our belittling of the inspired Word of God. Infringe upon the authority of Scripture and away goes the exceeding sinfulness of sin. The pleasures of sin probably never appealed more strongly to the general heart of man than they do to-day. Very attractive sin appears in many eyes, nor must we limit the pleasures of sin to sinful pleasures which are merely base. Sin has pleasures other than sensual or animal. It has pleasures accordant with men of intellectual capacity. It has its refinements as well as its vulgarities. The world, with its keen sense of self-interest, would not rush after sin as it were if devoid of pleasures. But the great point to observe is that Moses discerned that the pleasures of sin are only for a season—very fleeting at their longest—the

season soon spends itself. If you are less responsive to the Saviour than once you were, if eternal realities occupy more and more slightly, if God's House attracts you fitfully where once it absorbed you, oh, consider that this is due to the "deceitfulness of sin." Wake up to it! Resist it! By grace abundantly overcome it. Beware of becoming hardened.—Rev. T. Dinsdale Young.

THURSDAY.

"The Wages of sin is death" (Rom. 6, 23).

In our young days we learnt at Sunday School, "Many boys and girls are found playing on the devil's ground. He will find them work to do, he will pay them wages too."

In the present day the retribution of sin is largely ignored, but the law of God is in no wise repealed. It is still true that "the wages of sin is death." And souls are ruined if we conceal the solemn truth. Preacher, utter it forth in solicitous love! Oh, to be faithful messengers of God in proclaiming the unpalatable but convincing message. Do not seek to evade the fearfulness or to reduce it—of the wages of sin—by reckoning that death is annihilation. Scripture reveals it as a death that never dies. It involves consciousness. Oh, let the terror of the wages make you leave the service of sin, and let it inspire you to unceasing endeavours after men's salvation."—Ibid.

(Continued on page 16.)

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The New South Wales Prohibition Alliance.

(Continued from Page 4.)

- 1.—Triennial polls.
- 2.—Majority decision.
- 3.—The two-issue ballot paper: License or No-License. Preferential voting if other issues are included.
- 4.—No compensation.
- 5.—Procedure—(a) Local Option; No License; (b) State Prohibition; (c) National Prohibition.

It urged the vigorous prosecution of Child Education and resolved in the future to observe Commonwealth Temperance Week in association with World's Temperance Sunday.

The Council, under the capable editorship of Mr. Arthur Toombes, issues each year, the Commonwealth Prohibition year book, for the State Alliances.

THE DRINK BILL.

A disquieting factor in the year's review has been our State's record Liquor Bill of £14,500,000. While the quantity of liquor consumed has been slightly less, the serious shortage of money has not deterred drinkers from paying more for this questionable pleasure. The amount is estimated by the Government Statistician, who says, "This is a conservative estimate."

The situation calls loudly for a drastic remedy and it is not much to the credit of the Leaders of State that this appalling waste can continue with hardly a protest from their lips, and without the slightest attempt to check it.

It is evident that financial embarrassment is not much of a deterrent to the drugging grip of the traffic. The solution seems to lie only in a systematic campaign of education among the younger generation.

Hence the Alliance policy of strong emphasis on this side of the work.

YOUTH WORK.

The Y.P.T.E. Council.

The major portion of the year's activities has been in the direction of youth educational and organising work. This has been under the immediate direction of the Young People's Temperance Educational Council, with Rev. W. Torrance as president and Mr. Stanton as its secretary.

The Council has been in existence for two and a half years as the Y.P. Department of the Alliance and has steadily developed a constructive programme through the ready co-operation of the Church and Temperance Youth Departments, which it unites and represents.

In addition to the official representation of practically all the kindred bodies, it has in its Council the leading Youth Workers of the State.

The Council has held 12 meetings and several sub-committees have met frequently. Church Youth Committees have been conferred with on a number of occasions, and the happiest of relationships exist between these and the Council.

Delegates have been appointed to and met with the "Good Film League" and the "Council of Religious Education."

Successful protests were made against the placing on the market of a brand of sweets bearing the name of an intoxicating liquor.

Lectures and Meetings.

Messrs. Stanton and Piggott have been appointed official lecturers for the Council.

One hundred and forty-four centres have been visited and lectures or addresses given

to Church Y.P. Societies, Temperance Lodges, and public and private schools.

A special series of lectures was provided for the Methodist Knights' Templars central class and in these Messrs. L. Gilmoure and Frank Wilson assisted.

Summer Schools and Rallies.

Three Summer Schools were held early in this year at Parsley Bay, Manly and Parramatta, respectively. The lectures were of a high order. The Council was, however, not satisfied with attendances, and were disappointed that more local workers did not avail themselves of the undoubtedly valuable demonstrations and addresses given.

Preparations are in hand for a series of winter Youth Rallies.

Temperance Collegiate Association.

The Council has been instrumental in establishing in the Commonwealth a "centre" for the English Temperance Collegiate Association and is co-operating with the other States in organising diploma examinations, which the association provides for those desiring an advanced course to qualify them as lecturers in the movement. For the time being Miss MacCorkindale is acting as Australian Secretary for the T.C.A. Australian "centre."

Public School Work.

This is one of the most effective branches of the Council's operations.

Ninety-three schools were visited this year and twenty thousand children reached. In most cases series of lectures were given, in some instances as many as eleven, reaching every scholar in the school from Kindergarten to High.

In this work we have had the heartiest co-operation of both ministers and teachers.

Under the direction of the President (Rev. Torrance) a ministerial co-operation scheme was tried at Campsie, with such satisfactory results that "The Campsie Scheme" has received the endorsement and recommendation of the Council for general adoption in all larger schools.

The Education Department, in response to the Council's request made last year, has now gazetted instructions for more regular Temperance teaching (under Civics and Morals) and ordered the use of "Physical Fitness," an up-to-date text book, which it is supplying to every School. The Department has also "O.K.d." a set of charts for use in conjunction with the text books. Of these the Council has secured stocks and they are being provided at a small cost through Parents and Citizens' Associations and sympathetic Societies.

A High School Pledge Roll scheme is now being developed with the co-operation of the Ministers and the School authorities and a scheme for inter-school debating tournaments is also being enquired into.

Broadcasting.

Through the courtesy of 2GB "After Tea Health Talks" are given the second Friday in each month by Mr. Stanton, who has been assisted by Revs. W. Torrance and W. W. Rogers. Tests made reveal that these Lecturettes are received all over New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland and New Zealand.

Sunday School Pledge Signing.

In association with the World's Temperance Sunday and Temperance Week, over 1,000 Sunday Schools co-operated in a

Pledge Signing Campaign this year, for which Pledge Register covers and class sheets were supplied by the Council. Thanks are due to the Church Y.P. Departments for their co-operation in the Campaign and further financial help.

Literature.

The "Waterwags Own," a children's tiny monthly, has had a flattering reception from the Sunday Schools, Temperance Societies, and the little folk themselves, and the Council has now definitely launched a scheme to publish not less than 50,000 monthly.

A Pledge Card has been published for Sunday School and general use.

"Ten Simple Lessons on Alcohol"—published last year, is still receiving wide distribution, and is being officially used in Victoria and New Zealand for School Temperance exams.

Ten thousand "Baden-Powell Statements" were printed and distributed at the Big Scout Rallies in co-operation with the Band of Hope Union.

A Trading Fund has been established through the generosity of the Presbyterian Church, and literature and supplies for Temperance Societies are now being regularly stocked, and much availed of.

The work of Mr. Edward Whitten, of Quirindi, deserves special mention. Mr. Whitten has paid for and distributed thousands of pieces of literature for us during the year.

A News Bureau.

Copy is regularly supplied to the Methodist "Banner" (a page) each month. Our thanks are due also to many other journals that frequently insert matter supplied.

Helping Societies.

Help in many forms has been given to Church and other Y.P. Societies, e.g., providing speakers, material for debates, special tableaux, and pageants, hints and model constitutions for organizing Bands of Hope, procuring books, songs, etc., for country societies, providing lantern evenings, etc.

As the result of representations from the Council, many societies and organizations are this year including Temperance Subjects on their Study Syllabus.

Ready Acceptance of Policy.

An outstanding feature of the year's activities has been the unanimous acceptance of and ready co-operation in the policy of getting back to vigorous systematic Youth Education, and the affiliated organizations are settling down to a programme of steady, non-spectacular intensive Temperance teaching, recognising that in the coming generation lies our hope.

The Field of operation is almost limitless.

TO SUMMARISE:—

In spite of a most difficult period the Alliance has been able to more than hold its own.

Its Youth Educational Policy is inspiring confidence, and last year's achievements, will, we believe, assure even more hearty support in the coming twelve months.

"Not in a month, a year, an age,

Can ancient wrongs be turned to right;
In Faith we ceaseless warfare wage,

Sure victory's dawn will follow night."

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Daily Inspiration.—

(Continued from Page 14.)

FRIDAY.

"How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation?" (Heb. 2, 3).

What will you do without Him
When death is drawing near,
Without His love, the only love
Which casts out every fear?
When the shadow valley opens,
Unlighted and unknown,
And the terrors of its darkness
Must all be passed alone.

God's NOW is sounding in your ears,
Oh, let it reach your heart,
Not only from your sinfulness,
He bids you part;
Your righteousness as filthy rags
Must all relinquished be,
And only Jesu's precious death
Must be your plea.

NOW trust the one provided rope,
NOW quit the broken mast,
Before the hope of safety be
Forever past.
Fear not to trust His simple word,
So sweet, so tried, so true,
And you are safe for evermore,
Yes, even you.

—F. R. Havergal.

SATURDAY.

"Thou holdest mine eyes waking" (Ps. 77, 4).

We all have our sleepless nights occasionally. The Psalmist had many such, but he looked on these as he did on all the occurrences of his life, as coming from the direct hand of God. This was His comfort, "Thou hast visited me in the night season." "When I awake, I am still with Thee." Isaiah, too, had his sleepless nights, and says, "With my soul have I desired Thee in the night." To Daniel the secret of the Lord was revealed in the night season. These, with others of God's servants, turned their wakeful hours to good account. Let us, when sleep refuses to come, follow Samuel's example and say, "Speak, Lord, for Thy servant heareth." It may be He has some message for us to deliver, or some secret to tell we could not hear in the daytime. So, "The night shall be filled with music, and the cares which infest the day, shall fold their tents like the Arabs, and as silently steal away."—F.T.

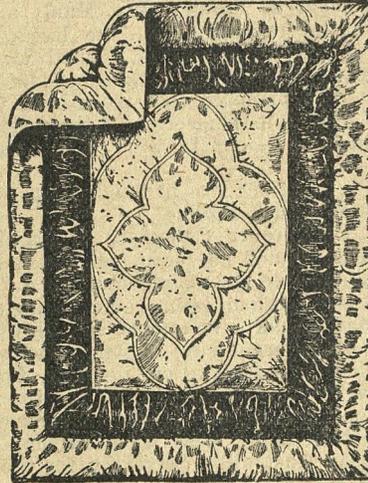
"Thy Maker that giveth songs in the night" (Hos. 2, 1).
Songs in the night He giveth, when the nights are weary and long,
And this is the song He gave me, or, rather, a part of the song:
The longest night must end at last in morning, the darkest hour is just before the dawning.—F.T.

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