

# Grit.

A JOURNAL OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY AND PROHIBITION.

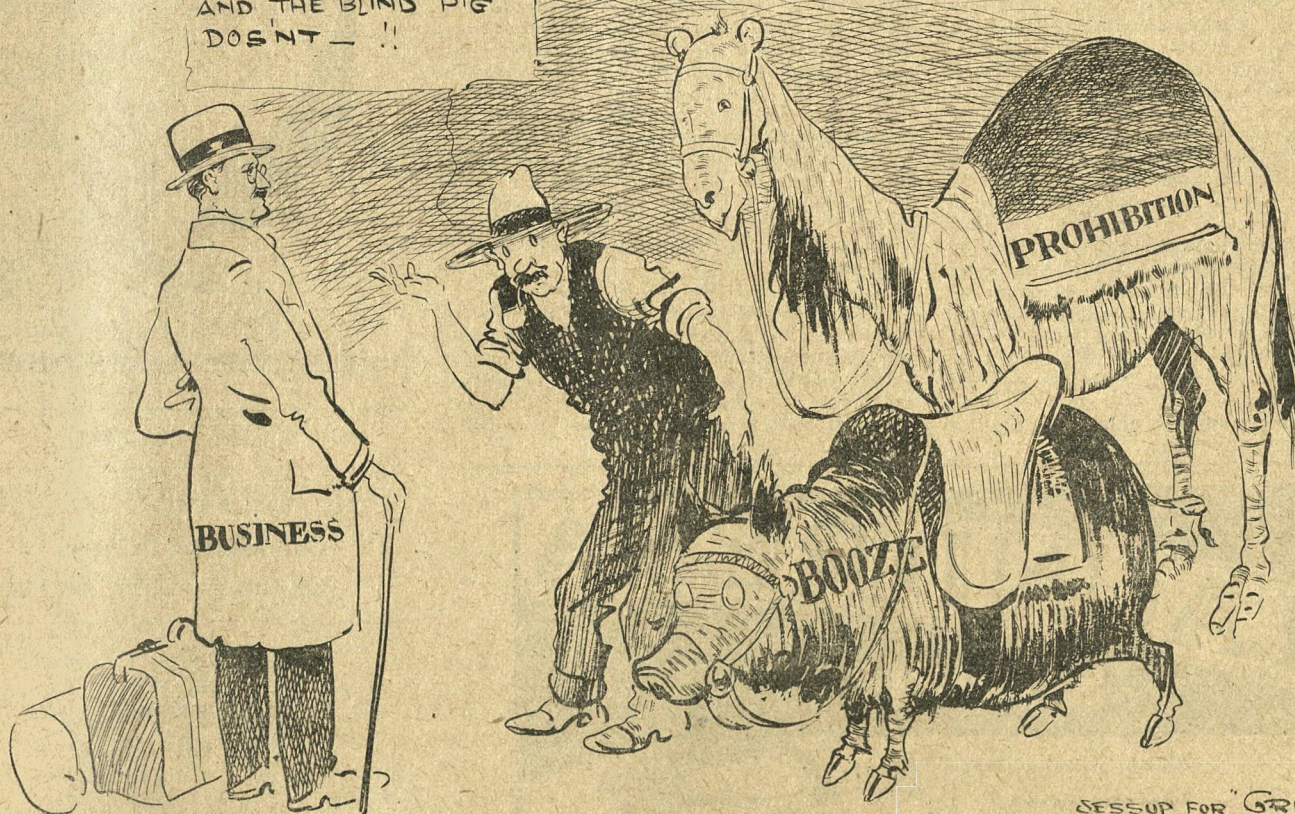
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Twopence.

SYDNEY, DECEMBER 16, 1926.

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## THE BOTTLE AND THE BOSS.

While enthusiasts are preaching the brotherhood of man, Communism, Socialism, and other isms which appear to them to be mere matters of legislation, the broken bottle still appears on the surf beaches.

At first sight there seems little connection between broken bottles in the sand and the success or failure of the Communist State.

For Communism, however, there is a deep significance in the broken bottle, which represents a brutal disregard for other people calculated to wreck any form of government which eliminated the strong hand.

The broken bottle is a particularly unpleasant exhibition of the anti-social spirit of man. There are anti-social acts which spring from need, but this springs from mere wantonness, since there is no need to break the bottle at all. Such an act exhibits a mind exactly antipathetic to all that better minds dream of the eventual human brotherhood.

The bottle-breaker is common enough, more is the pity, but before we pin our faith to some political panacea let us consider whether we are not all bottle-breakers on the beach of brotherhood.

A picture is given in the Apocrypha of a gentleman who goes upon the deep and meets a lion, and has other adventures, and when he has robbed and stolen "bringeth all to his love."

We are all rather like that. Our homes occupy us, and universal brotherhood gives way to them and to the welfare of our own people.

While man has his own private interests, while he has "given hostages to fortune" in a wife and children, he will hardly turn to the idea of ownership in common; and that is why the Communists assail marriage so bitterly, and talk about all children being brought up by the State, and sneer at maternal love as a mere animal instinct. These instincts, however, are deep-rooted, and while we have them we shall not take kindly to Communism or Socialism or any ism which we are told will make us all happy and free by abolishing all the familiar landmarks and affections.

Perhaps there will never be bred out of mankind the anti-social instinct due to the needs of the individual's development and of continuance of his race.

Greater wisdom and tolerance, however, may result in the elimination of those anti-social acts which result from mere selfishness and thoughtlessness. The man who wipes his boots on the clothes of the passenger who sits opposite him in the tram, the woman who gabbles in a perfectly audible whisper throughout a concert, the householder who keeps the neighbors awake every night till after midnight with jazz music on a pianola, the vandal who pulls wild flowers up by the roots, the fool who throws orange-peel on pavements that others shall slip and fall, and who breaks bottles on the beach—all these must be educated before we even begin to be ready for the great lesson that universal brotherhood means universal self-sacrifice, that courtesy, thoughtfulness, and a sympathy with one's fellows are the sine qua non of any really civilised society.

Many nations are far ahead of us in these things. The courtesy and laissez-faire of some of the Oriental nations is a revelation to those who have only seen our crude democracy. Japan is in a fitter state for Socialism, or Communism, with its almost incredible politeness and self-discipline, than any people of the West. When that consideration spreads from within a nation to cross the boundaries which separate it from other nations, then will we be fit for the brotherhood of man—not before.

In the meantime, the bottles lie broken on the beaches, the newspapers blow about the parks, and all the little discourtesies go on.

While we have the broken bottle, we still need the boss.

(This editorial in the "Sun" on Saturday, November 27, is worth reprinting and worth our consideration. It is also worth noting that we would not have so many broken bottles if it were not for the vicious callousness that is created by the contents of the bottle.—Editor, "Grit.")



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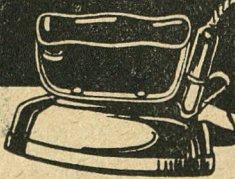
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## GOD AND THE BLIND WIDOW.

### FAITH, SACRIFICE, AND TRIUMPH.

By ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.

The most wonderful prayer meeting in all the world has been carried on in Sydney every Wednesday for nearly four years. The "nobodies" of the community gather in the Town Hall basement from 12.30 to 3.30. In the words of Scripture, "There are not many among you who are wise, as men reckon wisdom, not many who are influential, not many who are high-born; but God chose what the world counts foolish to put its wise men to shame, and God chose what the world counts weak to put its strong things to shame, and God chose what the world counts poor and insignificant—things that to it are unreal—to bring its 'realities' to nothing, so that in His presence no human being should boast."

Many "influential" clergy are too busy talking to small gatherings of people to come apart and pray. Many "devoted churchmen" find it easier to repeat set prayers than "labor fervently in prayer" for the immediate needs of those who cast themselves on God's promises in the hour of their great distress.

Many who believe firmly in prayer exhort the other fellow to do the praying.

Visitors "run in" and talk for a while and "run out," leaving the "nobodies" to do the burdensome praying.

From 500 to 700 gather every Wednesday, and from 230 to 300 petitions for prayer are humbly submitted to God.

The meeting frequently vibrates with messages of praise and tokens of gratitude.

A layman through all these years, Mr. W. "Cairo" Bradley, has been responsible for this unique gathering. The cost is borne entirely by the freewill offerings of those who have learned that "praying changes things."

#### A VISITOR FROM INDIA.

Herbert Swanidass, B.A., is a Y.M.C.A. secretary. He is a full-blooded Indian. He speaks English very well and with a softness of tone and clearness of diction that gives charm to all he says.

His dark face, ample body, turban-capped head, all combined to make him a striking figure as he stepped forward at Mr. W. Bradley's invitation to give a word of inspiration. Nothing I can write will do justice to his all-too-brief statement.

The spirit of it, the dignified simplicity, the evident humility, the startling climax, are too elusive for my clumsy pen. As he cast his eye over the gathering he said:

"There are many women here. Perhaps they will be interested in the story of an Indian woman:

"She was poor.

"She was a widow.

"She was young.

"She was blind.

"She was about to become a mother.

"Alone and unprovided for, yet she was soon to be rich with God's gift of a child.

"She dedicated the yet unborn child to God.

"The ordeal was past. The wee child lay wondering on her lap while she earned six shillings a month pulling a punkah. Often must she have realised the truth of the old saying:

"Heart thou must learn to do without,

Such is the riches of the poor."

"When the boy was seven he was capable of earning. Great was her need and pressing the temptation to let him add to her meagre earnings, but she had dedicated him to God and he must have education.

"Faith and loyalty to her dedication vow triumphed and the boy went to school. He succeeded; he passed his tests.

"Again temptation came like an oncoming tide, but like the tide, God halted it.

"The boy had been dedicated to God; he must have the best equipment. She determined to go on for yet more years of prayer, doing without and implicit faith in God. The boy won prizes; the mother prayed he might be humble. The boy won his degree of Bachelor of Arts and came home. A lucrative Government position was available, but this mother had dedicated her boy to God, not to the Government.

"And," said Mr. Swanidass, "I am the boy, and that is why I am a Y.M.C.A. secretary to-day."

The speaker stood in quiet, startled astonishment that his simply told story was greeted with spontaneous and emphatic applause.

#### "NO" IS AN ANSWER.

Folk sometimes say, "God never answered my prayers." They quite forget that "No" is an answer.

Paul's thorn was not pleasant to him. He prayed to be rid of it. But when he found it had come to stay, he made friends with it swiftly. It was no longer how to dismiss, but how to entertain. He stopped groaning, and began glorying. It was clear to him that it was God's will, and that meant new opportunity, new victory, new likeness to Christ. What God means is always too good to be lost, and is worth all its costs to learn. Let us learn as swiftly as we may. Time is short.

Hartley Coleridge says:

Be not afraid to pray—to pray is right.  
Pray, if thou canst, with hope; but ever pray,  
Though hope be weak or sick with long delay;

Pray in the darkness, if there be no light.

Pray to be perfect, though material heaven  
Forbid the spirit so on earth to be;  
But if for any wish thou darest not pray,  
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

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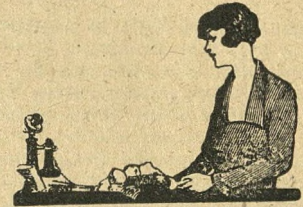
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### An office lunch

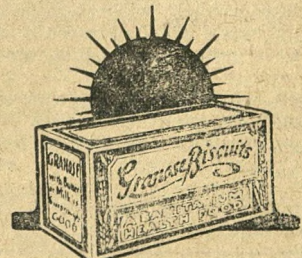
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### CAMPAIGN NOTES.

The All Australian Convention, which had been fixed for Adelaide in March of next year, has had to be postponed on account of the local option campaign which will be on in that State at that time. Another date and place will be fixed by the next meeting of the A.P.C.

Mr. Oscar Piggott, who is well known in this State, will join the field staff of the Prohibition Alliance at the end of January. Mr. Piggott, who has been filling the position of Organiser for the North Coast Temperance Council at Lismore during this year, has a long record in the Prohibition fight, having been in it in this State, South Australia, Queensland and New Zealand. He is a capable preacher and an effective platform speaker. His many friends in this State will heartily welcome him among them again.

The appeal against the granting of an additional hotel license at Cronulla was dismissed, and the license will issue in due course. A splendid fight against this was made by the local committee, ably led by Mr. Tredinnick. It is another illustration of the failure of the Liquor Act to protect local areas against the encroachments of the liquor traffic.

The hearing of a petition for a hotel license at Lakemba has been on at Parramatta Court during the week. This is another of the desirable residential areas which has successfully resisted the granting of hotel licenses. There are a number of others putting up a similar fight.

Two applications for publicans' licenses at Palm Beach have been refused. The Licensing Bench also refused a wine license removal to Elizabeth-street, and a publican's removal from Bellambi to Russell Vale. An appeal against the refusal of an hotel license at Thirroul was dismissed.

There are a number of applications being heard, including one for an hotel at Long Bay.

Our holiday campaign will be held later next year. There have been changes in the main centres visited during the past few years, necessitating different methods. A programme is being prepared for the fortnight following January 26. This is expected to meet the changed conditions.

Our field staff were engaged in giving addresses in the suburban centres during the past week. Some of them are taking their annual holidays during the Christmas period, which means a depleted programme. The respite will, however, be greatly appreciated by the men concerned, as much of the field work means strenuous travelling and the strain of continuous speaking on Sunday and week-days.

Mr. Geo. Stimson, whose death was announced last week, was a valued friend of the Prohibition movement. Ready always to associate himself with our campaign in his home centre of Canley Vale and elsewhere, and generous in his support, his death is a loss to Prohibition as well as to his Church, where he filled an honored place.

The annual report of the South Australian Prohibition League tells of a fine year's work. Congratulations to the committee and staff. They have a strenuous time before them in connection with the local option polls next year.

### THE ONTARIO WET REGIME.

It would be idle to deny that the recent elections in Ontario constitute a reverse for Prohibition in that province. The figures given in the cables indicate that out of 112 members returned 80 are for the application of some kind of Government-controlled sale of all liquors in place of the Government-controlled sale of 2.75 beer which prevails to-day.

It will be remembered that although by Referendum the electors of Ontario voted for Prohibition by a 30,000 majority when the question was last submitted to them for popular vote, the Ferguson Government proceeded to legalise 2.75 per cent. beer on the ground, firstly, that such beer was not intoxicating and did not therefore violate the electors' expressed wishes, and, secondly, that the sale of light beer would stem the demand for spirits and liquors.

The Government it will be noted did not submit the question again to the electors by Referendum, but proceeded to make the issue a party one. This, if not particularly straightforward, was an astute political move, for it placed the dry members of the dominant party on the horns of a dilemma—they either had to sacrifice their party or their Prohibition principles. In such a campaign control of the party machine is one long step towards victory.

Two important facts, however, emerge from the contest. One is that the sale of light beers does not stave off the demand for stronger liquor as was, and still is, alleged. The second is that no party stood for what we have in Australia—the sale of intoxicants by the saloon. It is a mistake to suppose that Canada is wet, for large areas are dry by local option, including one-half the population of the Province of Quebec.

### FORTY-FOUR YEARS OF WORK.

At the meeting of the State Council of the N.S.W. Prohibition Alliance Archdeacon Boyce mentioned that it was the forty-fourth anniversary of the founding of the organisation. He referred also to the fact that four of the original members were alive—Messrs. E. J. H. Knapp, G. E. Ardill and Hon. Jacob Garrard—the Archdeacon, who made the fourth, was the first hon. secretary.

The Alliance during those 44 years has had a steadily upward career, until it is to-day recognised as having the leadership in temperance work and being a big political force. In its first year of existence the income was £7; it has since exceeded £10,000.

A resolution of goodwill was carried to be forwarded to Messrs. Knapp, Ardill and Garrard, and the Archdeacon was warmly congratulated upon his long and valuable association with the movement. Archdeacon Boyce has a record of over half a century of active leadership of the temperance campaign in this State. At present he is patron of the N.S.W. Prohibition Alliance, and continues to take a useful part in its campaign. It is rarely he misses a meeting of the State Council, where he always takes a stand as guardian of the principles for which the organisation fights in relation to the abolition of the drink traffic.

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

### NATIONAL CONFERENCE AND LIQUOR LEGISLATION.

At the recent conference of the Nationalist Party there were on the agenda paper a number of matters having relation to our campaign. Several of our staunch supporters were among the delegates, and they were on the spot when needed.

A motion to finance a scheme of motherhood endowment by a tax on intoxicating liquor and betting brought forth a vigorous protest from Miss Preston Stanley, M.L.A., who declared that the taxing proposal was an insult to womanhood. The proposal was emphatically defeated.

Roseville Branch sent forward a motion for the immediate reinstatement of the Local Option provisions of the Liquor Act. This was carried on the voices.

The optimism of the Bondi Branch was responsible for the bald statement that Canberra should be kept dry. The debate on this, though brief, was spirited. Unfortunately the lunch hour led to a closing of the discussion, though many prominent supporters of a "dry" Canberra wished to speak. The motion was defeated by a narrow majority. Mr. Farrar, a member of the Council of the Association, was loud in declaiming against the proposal. "He was for temperance and local option." Then he told a silly story about the Canadian Dominion Government holding its banquets across the river from "dry" Ottawa because they wished to have liquor. It was a typical "wet" speech.

The Nationalists have still some distance to travel before they can be regarded as sound on the matter of effective liquor reform legislation.

### FOR ENGLAND AND U.S.A.

Two of the esteemed members of the Executive Committee of the Prohibition Alliance are leaving on a trip to England—one goes also to the United States.

Mrs. Sidney Moore, who was State President of the W.C.T.U., a member of the Alliance Executive, and Vice-President of the Women's Consultative Committee, has given valuable service to the Prohibition movement for many years. She goes on this world tour with the heartiest good wishes of all those who have been associated with her in the wide field of her activities. As she will go through America, her trip should prove most valuable, giving her the opportunity of getting that first-hand information concerning the working of Prohibition which is eagerly looked for here.

Mr. H. G. Harward occupies a unique position in the esteem of his very wide circle of fellow-workers. He has had a long association with the Prohibition movement and with the N.S.W. Alliance, of which he is a Vice-President. Faithful in his attendance, wise in counsel, and inspiring in his fellowship, his place will be hard to fill. He goes to England chiefly on evangelistic work for his church. But wherever he is he will be a force in the attack upon the drink traffic.

Both of our friends will be absent for twelve months. They will be accompanied by the heartiest good wishes for the journey and their stay in other lands.

They were the guests of the Executive Committee of the Prohibition Alliance at a good-bye tea. Mr. Harward left on Wednesday; Mrs. Sidney Moore goes at the end of the month. She will be accompanied by her husband and daughter.

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Our Objective: The Abolition of the Liquor Traffic.

Our Weapons: Education and Legislative Action.

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

# ELECTIONS AND REFERENDUM

## VOTE PROHIBITION BEFORE PARTY

### THE STATE ELECTIONS.

#### ACTION OF THE PROHIBITION ALLIANCE.

Rev. H. C. Foreman, President of the N.S.W. Prohibition Alliance, has issued a statement regarding the policy for the election campaign. He said that the Alliance had decided to take an active part in the elections, when held. They were greatly dissatisfied with the Liquor Act, especially in respect to the onerous compensation provisions attached to the Prohibition Poll, which the Act declared was to be taken on 6th September, 1928.

The Alliance demanded, on behalf of the electors, the right to vote on Prohibition without monetary compensation. They were prepared to make a generous concession to the Liquor Trade by substituting for the monetary compensation provided in the Liquor Act a two years' extension of the licenses after the carrying of the Poll. This, according to the liquor bill for last year, would be worth £24,000,000 of undisturbed traffic to the liquor interests of N.S.W. The Liquor Act as it stood was loaded with compensation to brewers, maltsters, wine and spirit merchants, vignerons, owners, licensees, and compensation was even to be provided to liquor trade employees, from barmen to bottlewashers, for loss of occupation. Seeing that no compensation was paid the men who enlisted for service at the Front for loss in their businesses, professions, or loss of their jobs, why should posterity be asked to bear the burden of compensating all these interests and persons, simply because the State exercised its legal and moral right to terminate the annual liquor licenses? No compensation was paid for loss of trade or occupation on the change of tariff laws or the building of the Harbor bridge, etc. Thousands of licenses had been terminated in Britain and Australia without payment of any compensation whatsoever, and although in N.S.W. and Victoria, under the Licensing Reduction Board operations, licensees were given up to three years' profits as compensation, that was paid out of a fund provided by the liquor traffic itself. The further remarkable anomaly remained; that under the Local Option Laws liquor bars could be closed by popular vote in electorates without payment of compensation of any kind. There was, therefore, no political or moral consistency shown by Parliament in its treatment of this question.

The Alliance policy would be to support those candidates who were prepared to concede to the electors the full rights of self-determination on a vital social and economic issue which had deliberately been transferred from the Legislature to the people.

(Continued on page 12.)

### TEN POINTS

#### FOR AMENDING THE LIQUOR LAW TO PROVIDE FOR A VOTE ON PROHIBITION WITHOUT MONETARY COMPENSATION AT THE POLL OF 1928.

1. Because it accords with the decision of the Nationalist Party Conference. (See Social J.)
2. Because the Labor Party declares for the principle of the Referendum and the Country Party stands for the rights of self-government.
3. Because Parliament has conceded to the electors the right to vote for License Reduction and No-License (Prohibition)

#### Prohibitionists are asked to put these questions to political candidates:

- (1) Will you vote for an amendment of the Liquor Act to give the electors the right to vote on Prohibition with two years' time notice in lieu of monetary compensation at the poll to be held in September, 1928?
- (2) Will you oppose any further suspension of the Local Option provisions of the Liquor Act?
- (3) Will you vote for an amendment of the Local Option provisions of the Liquor Act to give a majority the right to carry No-License?

without compensation of any kind whatsoever.

4. Because throughout the Empire it has never been the practice to pay compensation out of the public funds for terminating annual liquor licenses, and thousands of such licenses have been terminated in England, Australia, New Zealand, Canada and elsewhere. (In Victoria and New South Wales a fund has to be provided by the liquor traffic for the purpose of providing for the closing of liquor bars under the License Reduction Board's decisions.)
5. Because the liquor trade has had time compensation since 1920 when the Government of the day refused to take

the poll on the date fixed by statute, giving eight years of undisturbed trade, which, together with the effect of the suspension of the Local Option provisions of the Liquor Act, is worth £93,000,000 turnover to the liquor interests of New South Wales.

6. Because in lieu of the impracticable monetary compensation provisions of the Liquor Act, the Alliance is prepared to concede a further two years' time compensation, which will be worth an addition of £24,000,000 turnover to the liquor interests of New South Wales, and because to go beyond this would be to rob posterity.
7. Because the monetary compensation sections of the Liquor Act of 1923, providing as they do for compensation to the brewer, owner, licensee, wine and spirit merchant, vigneron, maltster and all liquor trade employees for loss of goodwill, trade, employment, etc., do not constitute an honest attempt to solve this problem, and will be used to prevent taxpayers from giving an unprejudiced vote on this important issue.
8. Because as it was not deemed necessary to compensate men who enlisted for service at the Front for loss of their business, professional incomes, or employment, why should it be thought necessary to compensate barmen, bottlewashers, brewers, whisky distributors and others for the loss of trade or employment occasioned by the decision of the electors to terminate what Lord Justice Collins called "a lucrative privilege" granted "only for one year" (Cockshott and Lamb)?
9. Because your own personal views on Prohibition and Compensation can be expressed in the ballot-box or on the platform, but should not be used to prevent your fellow-electors from enjoying the full measure of self-determination on an issue which Parliament has deliberately transferred for decision from the Legislature to the people.
10. Because 245,000 electors in N.S.W. voted No-License without monetary compensation in 1913, and it is reasonable to suppose that at least 500,000 electors are desirous of so voting to-day.

Are you a member of your Party League? Your vote is important in the selection of a suitable candidate.

The next elections can put in men who would give better conditions for the 1928 poll—if each Prohibitionist makes himself a factor in the selection and election.

## ORDER PROHIBITION STAMPS!

## STAMP OUT THE LIQUOR EVIL



## NINE TO ONE.

REV. W. P. NICHOLSON AT CHATSWOOD.

By Rev. J. D. MILL.

The evangelistic campaign conducted by Rev. W. P. Nicholson in the marquee at Chatswood has shaken the Devil's prison house with a mighty spiritual earthquake—the doors which shut men and women in to sin were opened and many bonds were loosed. The Devil, unlike the keeper of the Philippian prison, although greatly concerned lest some prisoners should escape, showed no signs of desiring salvation. Men and women and young people have been saved; others had the shackles of sinful and worldly habits broken, and there are songs of deliverance filling the air. The missionary's message is salvation for the sinner who believes, and Hell for the sinner who will not believe. Mr. Nicholson believes in Hell, just as the average man in the street does, with this difference: the man in the street says to his fellow, "Go to Hell"; the missionary says, "The unbeliever is 'going' to Hell." A vastly different matter. The former says it in anger, the latter in love. The unbeliever would really like to see his enemy in Hell. Mr. Nicholson would gladly lay down his life if thereby men and women would be saved. The missionary's language is not exceptional. Certainly it is exceptional when compared with the average sermon, but when compared with the statements of the inspired writers of the New Testament and the Lord Himself there is very little difference. Whether that standard of preaching could be maintained in an ordinary pastorate is another matter, but for the purposes of stirring sleepy professors and awakening dead formalists, and arresting men and women who are going to a Christless grave, the methods justify the desired end. In spite of bitter resentment and open hostility and deliberate misrepresentation of actual statements made, God by the Holy Spirit has been convicting and converting men and women of education and refinement as well as those who had gone down in open sin. It is true that thousands of people never came near the meetings, many of them church folk, to whom such an effort to reach the unsaved and unchurched should have appealed; but that is their responsibility, and every man has to answer to God and not to Mr. Nicholson or any committee.

To those ministers and Christian workers who will be within the reach of future missions conducted by Mr. Nicholson the writer would state that for every one reason why a man may feel disinclined to stand by the missionary there are nine strong reasons why he should. The acid test of all service for God is the seal of the Spirit's approval, and that is the outstanding feature of the meetings.

It is true that Mr. Nicholson attacks strongly the smug complacency of the professing Christian, but is it not all too evident that the Laodicean spirit has fallen upon the Churches? Some very hard as well as amusing things are said of modern preachers, but has not the so-called modern message called the fire of the true and faithful soldier of Jesus Christ? If the modern errors are to be allowed to thrive and spread without protest, we shall be of all men the most miserable.

While the meetings were held to proclaim the gospel of free grace, yet it was strange that the meetings were really held "under the law"—the ground upon which the tent rested was police land, and the police station was within a few feet of the tent. Two big, kindly-faced officers of the law came into the tent on the first Sunday of the mission expecting to be of service in checking out-

bursts of violence, but the Devil's dupes are always cowards when the officer of law is near, and consequently peace reigned supreme, and the gentlemen in blue were content to sit in the office next door and listen to the singing and the messages.

However, Satan will get in somewhere, and it came to pass that a strong wind blew on the second Sunday afternoon just at the close of the service—the ropes failed to carry the strain, and down came the tent, enfolding quite a number of people. There were broken umbrellas and crushed hats and soiled clothes—still all escaped serious injury.

A pleasing incident during the mission was the visit of over 200 converts and friends from the Auburn Mission. They came in seven motor buses, and were full of spiritual fire. The meeting will never be forgotten. So greatly were they on fire that as one of the buses was moving away from the tent on its homeward way it burst into flames and narrowly escaped complete destruction. About fifteen of the party, including Rev. Cleugh Black, reached home in the early hours of the morning with a good deal of their internal fire extinguished—for the time being.

Just a few comments upon the experiences of the Enquiry Room. It was particularly noticeable that a large number of young men and women who, while expressing a strong desire to live the Christian life, still had serious difficulties in taking the final step owing to the fear that they could not give up the dance, or the cards, or the pictures. It clearly indicated the tremendous hold that these forms of amusements have upon the youth of the present generation and the growing difficulty confronting the Churches in training future workers who will not be contaminated by the spirit of the world. The well-defined line of separation has been drawn faithfully and clearly by Mr. Nicholson, and if the "clear cut" from the world is made by the Christians who attended the meetings, and by those who for the first time have stepped out for Christ, the Churches of the Northern Suburbs must most surely feel the impact upon every phase of the Churches' activities.

In conclusion, a tribute of praise is due Mr. Nicholson for the amount of spiritual and physical energy he puts into the effort. His greatest critics could not charge him with "loafing on the job." Every ounce of strength is expended in making clear the way of salvation—the professional side of evangelism is entirely absent.

Mrs. Nicholson ably supports her husband, and the story of her conversion was told in such a way that a deep hush fell upon the audience. Her appeal for decision brought a ready response. Mr. Nicholson's children likewise are workers together with their father, and their presence night after night impressed not a few that a whole family may become out and out for God. The Nicholson family will leave many behind on the northern side of the harbor who will ever give God thanks that they passed their way.

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### HAS PROHIBITION PAID?

#### MILK TAKES THE PLACE OF BEER.

##### *For Business and Social Reasons Farmers Staunchly Back the Law.*

By E. V. WILCOX in "The Country Gentleman."

It is not always a simple matter to balance the accounts even of a small commercial enterprise over a period of six years and to show clearly how things stand. Can it be done in the case of such a gigantic national adventure as Prohibition? Has the trend of events since 1920 given us any means of measuring the effect of the Eighteenth Amendment upon the farmer?

One thing is certain. The combat over the Volstead Act betrays the need of more facts and less reliance on mutual recriminations. The wets would make this law both the father and mother of all the economic, social and moral ills which have afflicted us since the Versailles Treaty. Some of the dries would have it the chief and primary cause of the great increase in national health, wealth, living comforts, efficiency and production, so conspicuously characteristic of the past five or six years.

On which side of the scales do the facts weigh most heavily in this controversy?

Among the unpleasant things laid on the Volstead doorstep is the claim that the farmer's trouble with surplus cereals is due to closing the outlet for them in the beer and whisky vats. The facts are that the use of corn for making whisky never was large enough to make a dent in the national corn crib, and that since 1920 increasing quantities of corn products have gone into confectionery. The new uses for corn more than counterbalance the old demand for distillation. The rye market was temporarily curtailed by Prohibition, but increased exportation brought prompt relief. And no trouble was experienced with barley—a larger demand for stock feed and non-alcoholic cereal beverages absorbed.

#### MILK TAKES THE PLACE OF BEER.

First comes the fact, admitted on all sides, that the farmer is more wholeheartedly dry in sentiment and more enthusiastically for enforcement of Prohibition enactments than is the urban resident. Country agents, leaders of farm organizations and editors of rural weeklies estimate that from a large majority to 98 per cent. of farmers are opposed to any modification of the present law. Part of the reason for this overwhelming dry sentiment is of a business nature and part is social.

Look first at the increased consumption of certain foods from which the farmer has directly benefited. In 1890 our per capita consumption of milk was 22 gallons. As time wore on we drank more milk, but since 1920 milk consumption has grown more than 27 per cent., reaching 54½ gallons in 1924 and still increasing.

And we are not left in the dark as to how this has come about. "The factories of Louisville, Kentucky," wrote C. O. Ewing in a recent letter, "are using great quantities of milk in their cafeterias. Automobile assembling plants are large users of bottled milk. Formerly these workers had a bucket of beer at lunch. Now the milk bottle has replaced the beer bucket."

Similarly O. M. Bailey, of Pittsburgh, finds that Prohibition "has left more money to be spent for milk and other necessities for the family." San Francisco longshoremen drink 5000 quarts of milk for each work-day lunch in place of the beer and wine of former days.

That this replacement of beer by milk is a matter of common observation was shown in a recent nation-wide survey by the Illinois Agricultural Association to determine the cause of the increased use of milk. A. D. Lynch, of that organization, sent inquiries to fifty-one leading dairy experts, from Massachusetts to California.

There was a striking unanimity in their answers. In fact, thirty-three of them differed only in their estimate of the percentage of increase in milk consumption due to Prohibition. Estimates ranged from 25 to 50 per cent.

"I think," said B. F. Beach, of the Michigan Milk Producers' Association, "that one-third of the increase is due to Prohibition. This is accounted for by the fact that in our factories it is the practice for workmen to drink milk at lunch while formerly they ate lunch in a saloon and drank beer. There is also greater thrift on account of Prohibition, thereby enabling the people to buy milk more freely."

From Hartford, Connecticut, came the statement that the increased use of milk represented "the better buying power of the family of the man who formerly spent too much of his income for liquor."

"Our officers," said R. H. Leonard, of the

Twin City Milk Producers' Association in St. Paul, "are unanimous in opinion that Prohibition is responsible for a large part of the increased sales of milk. Distributors tell us that one of the features of their business now is to take care of the noon-day demand for milk on construction jobs. It is not unusual to see four or five milk waggons parked along the curb where construction is in progress. Workmen did not drink milk before Prohibition. There has also been a very marked increase in demand for butter and ice cream. We attribute a large part of this to the fact that housewives have more money to spend than in pre-Prohibition days."

In Massachusetts, New Jersey, Indiana, Oregon and other States it appears that in the realm of drinks for lunch the spectre has passed from beer to milk. The nation's diet as a whole has been expanded enough to absorb 600,000,000 gallons more milk than six years ago. And our dairymen have benefited correspondingly.

The grape growers are wearing the same kind of smile. Nor is the phenomenal demand for grapes since the Eighteenth Amendment was appended to the Constitution wholly explained by a shrug of the shoulders and a chuckle about home brewing. Grape juice makers are paying 120 dollars a ton or more for grapes where they used to pay 25 dollars a ton or less. From the Ohio grape belt they go to juice manufacturers at not less than 70 dollars a ton and up to 135 dollars; before Prohibition the price was 18 dollars to 25 dollars.

Grape juice factories at Westfield, New York, paid 16 dollars a ton for the fruit in 1900 and 130 dollars in 1920. And, to keep up with the increasing demand, expansion is the order of the day in all grape-growing sections. Car-lot shipments in 1919 totalled only 30,000, but are now climbing around 70,000. The grower doesn't know what proportions of his product go into grape juice, home-made wine and for table use, marmalade or other purposes. He simply knows there is a big demand for grapes.

#### A DRY NATION'S BETTER APPETITE.

Sugar tells the same story with a per capita consumption of 83 pounds in 1919, and well over 100 pounds in 1925. Since the country went on a dry basis we have turned to sugar, honey, candy and confections to replace alcohol as a stimulant. Opinions differ as to their comparability, but the fact of the increased consumption of sugar is beyond question.

Our annual meat ration had slowly declined from 171 pounds each in 1917 to 139 pounds in 1919, but it has since crawled up to 165 again.

Meanwhile we have acquired a keener appetite for all sorts of fruits and vegetables. Fresh peas, beans, lettuce, celery, tomatoes, spinach, cabbage and a lot more of their kin may grace the table the year round. Almost every family has salads once a day where formerly they were considered a mere peculiarity of high-school girls and fraternity banquets. In short, a part of the nation's former liquor budget of two billions or more a year now helps to fill our market basket with more and a greater variety of food. The industrial worker is feeding his family better, to the obvious benefit of his wife and children and also of the dairyman, cattleman, hog producer, truck gardener, fruit grower and poultryman.

(Continued on page 16.)

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# A Personal Chat with my readers

## RELIGION AND POLITICS.

A young man called on me this week and asked me if I thought the Church had any right to mix in politics. I said, "Let us define 'the Church' and 'politics.'"

The Church is the body or congregation of Christians. Politics is the science of Government.

The Church has a message, an ideal, a spirit, and a responsibility. It is the "leaven," the "salt," the "light," without which the community must perish.

If the Church, i.e., the body of Christians, has no voice, no inspiration, no part, no power in politics, then government will be in the hands of the self-seeking and the crooked. The pulpit must proclaim not only the standard of individual but also community conduct. The pulpit must dare to follow the great prophets of old, who "bearded lions in their den," when they faced kings and declared unto them the message of God.

Every Anglican Bishop is a member of the House of Lords, and as such a distinct factor in politics, so we Anglicans can't very well claim to be exempt from politics.

The Church believes that "righteousness exalted a nation." If it withdraws itself from the government of the nation, then it does not practise its belief.

We need Christians in politics. We need prayer in Parliament. We need a sense of God and a sense of obligation to Him in public life.

Every crook and self-seeking, intriguing politician has the backing of every good person who will not vote and stands on one side and leaves them free to do as they will.

"Render unto Caesar the things which are Caesar's, and unto God the things which are God's."

I have a duty to my country as well as to my God, and I can't fulfil either of them unless I discharge both of them.

The pulpit has a message, and if it has the courage it will deliver it.

The pulpit also has a Gospel, and if it has the faith it will declare it.

In the course of a sermon given recently at Liverpool the Rev. W. G. E. Gillie remarked that our Lord rarely delivered verdicts on individuals, though not infrequently on communities and types of life and character. Had Jesus judged Peter by what he was, He would have called him a quicksand. He saw what Peter was going to be, and called him a rock. The concrete was there all the time, but it took rather long to set. It was no use for the impenitent to take refuge in the contention that they

were "being misunderstood." "I am not sure," said Dr. Gillie, "but that Jesus could have saved Judas if Judas had said to the Lord, 'Take away this bag; I am not worthy to hold it.'"

\* \* \*

## MEASURING A NATION.

How do we measure a nation? How do we measure the importance of a nation, or the greatness of a nation? Do not we measure it by its trade and its exports and imports? Do not we measure it by the number of its population or by the size of its colonies? Do not we often measure it by its army and navy?

Is not that the standard that we apply to nations, and is it not that which is often wrong with us, that we are trying to measure spiritual things by material standards? How many people in the world to-day are measuring nations by applying to them the standards of the stockbroker's office?

What is the quality of a nation? A nation's strength consists of the quality of its manhood and womanhood. It does not matter how big it is.

A nation is measured not by the number of its colonies, or the size of its empire, but by the way in which it deals with other nations; by the way in which it trains them in freedom and independence so that when they reach independence they shall be allies and friends, and not enemies; by what it does in the progress of the world, and by the place it takes in the community of nations; by what it does to serve God and God's purpose for His world.

\* \* \*

## THE GREATEST SIN.

The greatest sin of to-day, said Dr. Russell Maltby, speaking at Firth Park, Sheffield, was irresponsibility. In an age in which people's lives were increasingly intertwined, we still tried to evade our obligations to one another. "The man who is out for a soft job," said he, "is out for a thief's job."

The Americans have an expression which is in constant use; when someone dodges responsibility they are said to be "passing the buck."

Adam blamed Eve, and ever since we have been blaming one another. We are all adepts at "passing the buck."

"Somebody ought to do it" is the verdict of most people about any unpleasant duty. The sin of the day is in refusing to be "Mr. Somebody."

Back of this, of course, is our indolence and cowardice, and it is as well to face the fact. It is humiliating but wholesome to

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Editor—ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.

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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, DEC 16, 1926.

look our responsibility in the face, and then undertake it without any regard as to what the other chap is going to do.

\* \* \*

## THE AUSTRALIAN YEAR BOOK.

I have compiled a small Australian Prohibition Year Book.

It contains information to be found in no other single book. It seems to me of great interest and worth to all who would be well informed on the Liquor Problem among English-speaking people.

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*The Editor*

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# THE WOMAN—DRINK AND THE CONVICT.

## A TRUE STORY OF UNUTTERABLE SORROW.

By JOE LONGTON, for "Grit."

"You should see her kidneys," said one of the butchers in Bellevue Hospital, situated at Misery Lane—that holds New York's Morgue—and the East River, after I'd remarked that her body was terribly ulcerated from alcoholic excess, as he handed me an X-ray picture of the ill-matched pair.

From a little South Australian town she migrated to America with an oily-tongued geezer, whose stomach bulged so that he looked as if he'd swallowed a watermelon. He used to shake hands with her father's doorknob every morning around 2 a.m. in the days when beaus had to be hairy, and a 'andsome bloke wasn't in it or permitted to hold hands unless he wore skilligans on the chin, or dundreary sluggers, which today are termed bonnet strings.

She had a terrible past to live down. In the days of long skirts she one day showed her ankle. He was a man, a long way from success, that had a "road-eater special" (a sulky and plug that could snake it along at a 2.40 gait), a number of friends, no money, and the nerve of a whisky salesman. She met him one night while unattached at a dance.

He looked nice to her, and was—until he landed her in America—as nice as he looked. He was a cactus in the Garden of Love and just another of those scoundrels that the Devil didn't want to croak. She was the Rose of No Man's Land in a slaughter-house, and a fair flower that the Devil couldn't pluck fast enough. (A woman that never put up a successful fight against the Devil.)

One day, in America, he was giving a yelp of the little pea to a country "palooka," aged about forty, that still hangs up his own stocking at Xmas Eve (and who was as busy as a one-armed paperhanger without a belt, and with a pair of broken braces). Reaching for his purse, the reproductive forces of Law and Order that are constantly conceiving, taking time by the forelock candled this egg, and just as Valentine Seymour Dough from Kilmore was about to lift the shell that didn't have the little pea under it, pounced down upon this Grand Duke Dennis Grabbo of Domain on the Bay and threw him holus bolus into "the languid six" (Black Maria) and galloped off with him to where he could curl up like a dog before the fire on a wintry night, while the temperature of his feet scooted down to zero, and thereby leaving this unfortunate Australian woman to sink into the dizzy depths of poverty, and wander down the shady lanes of yesterday—to the marble slab in the foreign morgue where I found her.

This happened before Prohibition in America. I was then working on a New York newspaper, and as I scoured the alcoholic and other wards in the great hospital for copy an internee informed me that a woman picked up in the back room of a Chinatown bar-room, in a drunken condition, had died en route to the lock-up, and was in the morgue.

Penniless, dirty, in rags, she had sewn in a small sack that was supported by a cord that also supported an Agnus Dei a locket containing a portrait of herself as a child in her mother's arms, and also a short note to the man that had betrayed her, and who was then serving a life sentence in Sing Sing Prison for murder.

Obtaining a special pass I went up to "the City of the Living Dead" that overlooks the beautiful Hudson River at Ossining, New

York. Mr. Thomas Mott Osborne was the warden; he did much towards the destruction of Sing Sing's damp hell holes, and the constructiveness of the unfortunates, of which 90 per cent. traced their downfall back to the day when they drank the first drink that a legalised murderer handed them across the bar, in the days when American legislators, American voters, including American merchants, manufacturers and liver off the land, were too blind to observe that while they fought crime the greatest crime of all crime, and all time, was still boldly perpetrated, because it was such an enormous crime, with such an enormous grip; that the liquor interests consummating the crime through liquor traffic had already assimilated everything and everybody also.

Mr. Osborne informed me that convict No. 1309 was one of the bad actors and about the hardest case in the penal establishment, and who, at that time, was in the dungeons for stabbing Dago Colaminos with a knife while at his task in the twine mill.

We crossed the Bridge of Sighs together and down several flights of stone steps and through barred gates guarded by warders and trustees to the "dark peters" where—in one—we found this Australian doomed to a living death. I asked Mr. Osborne if he would release him from the dungeon and give him another chance.

"How about it, 1309?" asked the noble warden of the unfortunate.

"I came to the dungeons exactly one week to the hour before you came to take charge of Sing Sing, Mr. Osborne, and I've been in 'em the ten weeks you've been here, sir. I'd like to get out, Mr. Osborne; I did not stick that 'chiv' in the Dago."

"Who did? You know. Come clean, tell me," said the warden in one breath.

"I'm no squealer, Mr. Osborne. I will not tell you," replied 1309.

Turning to me Mr. Osborne said, "You can't make them squeal when they're timbered like that Irish-Australian countryman of yours. But you can make men out of them if you treat them like men."

Opening the dungeon gate Mr. Osborne said, "Step out into the light, 1309." And out of the damp, dark dungeon stepped six feet two inches of what had been a splendid type of manhood. He was a man of 55 years of age, although he looked considerably older. His hair was as white as snow. (American prisoners are not compelled to have their heads shorn.) He was barefooted, and the light blinded somewhat the eyes of this unfortunate slave of John Barleycorn, who had been eleven weeks in the dampness of a dark dungeon, while the Simon Legrees of the liquor traffic admired the diamonds that the Mrs. Simon Legrees wore.

Mr. Osborne, shaking his head with sympathy, walked over to the convict and said, "Number 1309, if you will give me your hand and your British word of honor—you have honor, 1309, but you have probably not had the opportunity to show that you are as honorable as I think you are—I will investigate your case in turn. You should know that I have a lot of straightening out to do here before I can make this place a place where humanity's lives can be encouraged and their hearts made livable, instead of discouraged and broken. I shall restore you to a cell, putting you on your honor meanwhile."

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Handing the convict over to a guard that marched him off to a cell, Mr. Osborne said to me, "Mr. Longton, get his story, then have the guard bring you over to my office; I want to see you before you go back to the city."

The guard took us two and locked us in a cell, where I sat on the bunk at the side of the bewildered and astonished convict who had never before, since getting his life sentence, drank from the source from whence flows the milk of human kindness.

I found this strange being a kind of house of clay, whose interior had little or no furnishing. In other words, he seemed soulless; he seemed already dead; he was a lifer; he was as good as dead, anyhow. Something seemed to be missing; something had left his body; something that had remained or else departed somewhere—when liberty left him like a shell—piled with other flotsam and jetsam high and dry on the sands of time, until the fates send another wave of circumstances along to either pick them up on its crest and begin their drifting all over again, or else throw them higher up on to the rocks of despair.

Contrary to my expectations the manner of 1309 changed somewhat when left alone with me, and his mode of speech was not as refined in my presence as that spoken previously before Mr. Osborne. Instinct that permeates case-hardened "lags" equipped him in this emergency, but realising, after my explaining my mission, that I was not vested with authority he became more friendly towards me than he dared become towards any of the officials. For a time he looked upon me with suspicion, and was loath to talk much until informed that I also was a countryman of his—and the woman I'd seen the previous day lying on a slab in New York's Morgue.

I had the locket and note to prove that I really had a legitimate reason in being the means of this transformation that delivered him from the darkness of the dungeons to the lighter cell; and as he'd been up against the grain in life so much, that—like all hunted and incarcerated men that even a life in solitary confinement cannot humiliate—he sparred for the opening that would betray me as a person eager to gain information that might add more punishment to his

(Continued on next page.)



## The Woman—Drink and Convict—

already heavy enough burden, or someone else that indiscreet talk might be the means of convicting.

As indicated by the smile on her pleasant face, the dark future of the woman must have become lighter in death previous to this episode—which had also made the face of convict 1309 a little brighter than it was in the dark past of the dungeon; and inside of three hours I was bidding au revoir to a countryman of mine, with whom I shook hands, as the prison guard opened the barred gate that cruelly clanged as it closed between the prisoner (a brighter man than he'd been in years, he said, since meeting me) and myself and the guard, who said, when out of the convict's hearing, "He's headed for Dannemora, the State Penitentiary for the criminal insane. He's the hardest-boiled egg in the whole class. We've worked on him with these (holding up a huge hickory club) until you'd think he looked human. He likes a good beating; he feels so good when you quit 'sapping' him."

Entering the warden's office I laid this interview with convict 1309 before him:

"I first blew in upon all this trouble 55 years ago out back of old Capertee mountains, New South Wales, Australia. My parents weren't what you'd call 'all hunkydora' on the old man's side. Mother's weren't much better, although she did try to make a lamb out of an old sheep when she married Dad. Liquor was our greatest enemy; we had a pub and Dad was the best customer. Like all drunks, Dad had to blame his wife for all the trouble booze brought about; so broken-hearted and broken-up by the beatings he gave her she cashed-in one day, and I don't know what became of him; all I know is that I went over to Broken Hill, where I got mixed up with some 'heavy workers' (burglars) and we made several good touches together throughout Australia. The gang got broken up in Melbourne and I went to Sydney, where I got in with a bunch of magsmen and learned their game—which seemed soft. I began to think quite a bit of myself at that time, as the men I steered mugs for were swell dressers, and a man has to have a good front when playing any kind of a confidence game.

"I worked for a while with McNally, Ellis, the Morans, Bells, Brodies, Lovelocks, Robinson, Lewis, alias Rowan, and Sepp, until the 'Johns' in Australia got the habit of bouncing me into the 'hoosegow' (jail). So I decided to quit, and I got a job in an Adelaide brewery. I was then a corpulent man that weighed about 16 stone. Tiring of hard work I began 'flying kites' (forgery), and palming myself off as a rich Riverina squatter I gained the confidence of that woman you saw yesterday in the morgue. She wasn't my wife; I wouldn't marry any of 'em; I always looked a gift horse in the mouth. I never led her off the straight and narrow, as she'd already slipped quite a distance before I met her one night in a dance hall in Adelaide. She seemed kind of droopy that night; I'd noticed that she was alone, and I thought that it was her first night out. Still, you can't take much stock in these dance hall debutantes.

"Her parents hadn't any use for her as she'd got them gobs of publicity by running around the wine and bar rooms with a few greasy-haired larrikins. She'd been a good kid until she began to hanker for liquor; her parents used to always have it in the house, and her old man was one of those 'smart Alecks' that used to say, 'I was given it from a child up, and I'm no souse, and I'm always going to keep it around the house; I let mine have it when they want it. Look at the Germans, they're raised on beer.'

"Anyhow, I became a regular at the house and lived there quite a lot—until I met

Robinson and his gang of 'grafters' that were headed for London, and we joined the mob of which Sepp was one.

"In London we got in with some Yankee card mobs that worked the Ocean Liners, and very soon that woman you saw yesterday became a great poker and faro player. She could 'south a card from the bottom,' read a pack, build, or pull a second card with Dan Carney, Frank Tarbeau or any of 'em. We made big money and lived high. But booze began to get the queen and me, and we began to become bold and careless. It was then I awakened to find that the satin lining had a coffin wrapped around it. It was then our beginning began to end.

"I'd got mixed up in a 'pick up' in a Wall-street bank, and Mulberry-street wanted me. Sepp wanted my woman. So one day when the 'bulls' (police) picked him up for 'whispering' a guy at the boats and took him to headquarters, he picked my mug out in the Rogues' Gallery, and 'tipped me off with the understanding that they'd turn him loose. I got seven stretch in Elmira. Sepp got my woman.

"When I got out I went looking for her, and I found her a 'hop head' (opium fiend) where Sepp left her in Chinatown. Booze wouldn't any longer brace her up, so she took to 'sleigh-riding' and became a 'snow bird' (cocaine fiend); from that she 'leaned on the bamboo' (smoked the opium pipe) and whenever she could get a shot she used the 'light artillery' (morphine syringe).

"I couldn't do anything with her. She was too far gone. Anyhow, she's dead, eh? Well, there might be something in this Prohibition after all, Mr. Longton. If them bar rooms and wine parlors and the breweries, wineries and distilleries had been always prohibited, everywhere, mother and dad might have lived it out happily, and that woman you left on the morgue slab yesterday and me, we might have been decent, respectable citizens, just the kind Australia needs to fill up the dear old land that I'll never see again.

"I forgot to tell you," continued Number 1309, "I was out gunning for this 'stool pigeon' (informer) Sepp, and meanwhile I'd pulled off a job in which I had to use my 'gat' (gun). It was then that I murdered a man; I was drunk at the time and I'd have gotten clear away only that Sepp, knowing it was my job, tipped me off again. I pleaded guilty to second degree murder. I would have got burned in the chair had I tried to beat it. So here I am, a Sing Sing lifer. The best that I can hope for is to have my life made easier here through good behavior. It is in Sing Sing that booze has landed me and the City Morgue Helen."

As it was the first time he'd mentioned the woman's name, I approached him re her identity, and he told me that "Helen" was only a "monnicker" he had given her. He then gave me her correct name and his own also.

I returned to the Morgue to find that this

unfortunate derelict of an American street, once a blooming flower in the beautiful garden of Australian youth, living towards Australian motherhood and good citizenship, that the "Battalion of Death" the liquor interests smacked their chops over, had been carted off to 'Potter's field' (Ward's Island), an island off Hell's Gate and Hell's Kitchen, in Long Island Sound (an island built on the reef—the Sow and Pigs—from New York city's garbage, paupers, dead animals and street refuse), in order that the dust to which she had returned might add more foundation to the jails almshouses, charity wards, insane asylums and the other New York State institutions that are to be built upon it when completed.

One week later I met Mr. Osborne again, and he informed me that during a squeal amongst the prisoners working in the twine mill the real killer of Dago Colaminas was turned in and convict 1309 exonerated. "But," he added, "it will be another 25 years before the Australian will be eligible for a parole, and as he will be then 80 years of age, I hardly believe that life on the outside will mean very much to him. Mr. Longton, this devil's workshop is supported by that cancer on earth, the liquor interests. Only this morning I talked with the wife of a prisoner who came here on a mayhem conviction; he'd poked out both her eyes with the neck of a broken whisky bottle while crazed with liquor, and she remarked to me, 'Conditions in our home seem to be awful now since this Prohibition, and I don't know what the poor people will ever do now that all the saloons have gone out of business.'

Shaking his head again this grand, noble disciplinarian said, "It is too bad, too bad! Those that booze hits the hardest are the biggest boosters for it."

I have never been questioned about the locket and the note which "I'd forgotten" and left behind in Sing Sing, the "City of the Living Dead," with convict No. 1309.

Australians! Is Prohibition a matter of economics?

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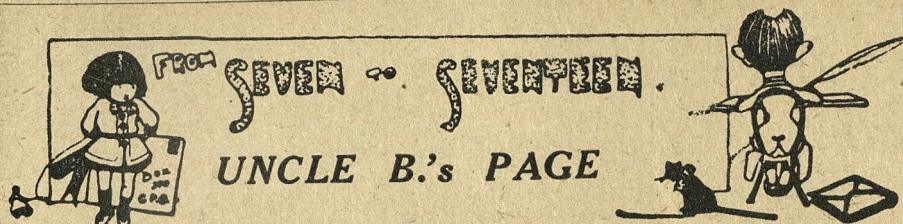
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## UNCLE B.'s PAGE

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

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

### SOMETHING ANYONE MAY DO.

Did you ever admire a beautiful tree? Did you ever climb a great tree? Did you ever rest under the shade of a tree? Did you ever enjoy looking at the lovely wood in good furniture?

You will have done all these things. Now comes my next question: Did you ever say, "If I planted a tree some day long, long after my little life is finished others will enjoy it"? A Mr. H. C. Bunner wrote these splendid lines:

What does he plant who plants a tree?  
He plants the friend of sun and sky;  
He plants the flag of breezes free;  
The shaft of beauty, towering high;  
He plants a home to heaven anigh;  
For song and mother-coon a bird  
In hushed and happy twilight heard—  
The treble of heaven's harmony—  
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?  
He plants cool shade and tender rain,  
And seed and bud of days to be,  
And years that fade and flush again;  
He plants the glory of the plain;  
He plants the forest's heritage;  
The harvest of a coming age;  
The joy that unborn eyes shall see—  
These things he plants who plants a tree.

What does he plant who plants a tree?  
He plants, in sap and leaf and wood,  
In love of home and loyalty  
And far-cast thought of civic good—  
His blessing on the neighborhood  
Who in the hollow of His hand  
Holds all the growth of all our land—  
A nation's growth from sea to sea  
Stirs in his heart who plants a tree.

UNCLE B.

### WHY I BELONG TO THE BAND OF HOPE.

Leslie Rose, of Thora, writes: The first reason I belong to the Band of Hope is because I have signed the Band of Hope pledge, which is to abstain from all intoxicating liquors as a beverage. Some people will say, "Why sign a written pledge? I am my own keeper; I can take care of myself." So once argued thousands whom subsequent intemperance brought them to an early grave. We all know the evil to which we are exposed, but this pledge shuts the door. It takes our youth, not only from the broad doorway which leads to open ruin, but from every insidious bypath of destruction. You hear it said by people that there is no occasion for them to sign the pledge; it is all right for the drunkard. This is often said by thousands of well-meaning people, but I wish to tell you all that is good for the temperate, because

it is a means of safety to those who were once temperate but who slid from little to more—from more to much. Remember prevention is better than cure; safety better than risk. It is also good for the young, whose inexperience cannot clearly see what it will lead to. The world's conqueror, Alexander, was conquered by drink, which "at last biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." It is good for the aged, because the man of four-score years is not too old to fall by drink, because we will remember Noah at a great age fell beneath the maddening draught. So you will see others like him may fill a drunkard's grave who have not signed the pledge. Aged people sign the pledge ere it be too late. It is good for Christians, because how many bearing that name may fall into this awful sin if they have not the Band of Hope pledge to remind them when they are tempted to take strong drink. You know when God determined to create the strongest man he ordered his mother not to take strong drink. Also He told Samson to abstain from it. These are some of the reasons I belong to the Band of Hope.

(This essay won the first prize in the Thora Band of Hope competition.)

## OUR LETTER BAG.

### BONSER SINGING.

Billy White, "Granville," Ercildoune-street, Cessnock, writes: I must write to you this week or else be a scallywag. Dad took us all to Sydney for a holiday, and we went to the Zoo and a lot of other places. It was good-o. We all went to your Church on the Sunday morning to hear you; and that was good, too. The boys and girls sang bonser. There was a wonderful man at our school the other day. He was a juggler, and balanced four chairs on his forehead and played the piano with his nose, and did lots of other funny things. We are having examination now, and I will be in 5C. after Christmas.

(Dear Billy,—I am glad you like the singing at my church. It was wonderful last Sunday morning. The Boy Scouts "gave it lip," and it was extra bonser. I hope you did very well in your examinations.—Uncle B.)

### UNCLE JOE.

Jim Knapp, Back Forest, writes: I am so excited. What do you think? Mr. Joe Longton saw my letter in "Grit," and sent me a post card for my birthday. This is what he wrote on it: "September 24, 1926. Dear Jim.—Saw your letter in 'Grit,' and, Jim, you seem to be a real honest to goodness Australian. Write to me, Jim, c/o Uncle Bob, and tell all other NI's and Ne's

that I'll send them a card from America if they'd like one. I'm proud of you Jim, because you are a Prohibitionist, and one of the boys of to-day that will be a man of to-morrow to 'boot' old John Barleycorn overboard. Good luck, Jim. I'm your old pal, Joe Longton." So I am writing a letter, you see.

(Dear Jim,—I think that was very fine of Uncle Joe to send you that U.S.A. card. Uncle Joe is a great chap, and some day I hope he is going to pay us a visit, and then we will give him the time of his life.—Uncle B.)

### OUR NE FROM TONGA.

Uliti Balu, "Broughlea," Grandview Road, Pymble, writes: I would like to join your happy family. I am only a poor kid from Tonga. Mr. B. H. Chapman, of Pymble, is taking care of me at present, and sending me to school. Mr. Chapman calls me all sorts of names. I have only been in Sydney for a year, and I am in the Boys' High School North Sydney. I have two brothers and two sisters in Tonga. We have twenty fowls and twenty-five little new chickens. I have to practise on the piano about half an hour every day. My birthday is on the 27th of September. I am fifteen years of age.

(Dear Uliti,—We all welcome you to my big family. I hope you will come and see me in the holidays. Mr. Chapman can tell you where to find me. You must write again soon and tell us all the nicest things you know about Tonga.—Uncle B.)

### VISITING UNCLE B.

Audrey White, "Granville," Ercildoune-st., Cessnock, writes: We went to St. Barnabas' the first Sunday in October and heard you talk on "Tying the hands of Jesus." We all enjoyed the service very much, and would have liked to have heard Mr. Nicholson the next day, but we had to return home that afternoon. I think there must have been a nail in the pew we sat in, for when I went to get up my dress caught and was a little torn. It was lovely at the Botanic Gardens, Art Gallery and the Zoo. The results of the Sunday school exam. are out and I passed again, and received a certificate and a book called "Black Beauty." Christmas will soon be here, so will wish you and all my "Grit" cousins a Merry Christmas.

(Dear Audrey,—It gives me great pleasure when my Ne's and NI's pay me a visit. In the old days my office was called the "Rat Hole," and I used to have many visitors, but now my office is on the second floor and looks like a curio shop. But I do not get so many of my Ne's and NI's to see me because I am so hard to catch. But I say to them all, "Keep on trying."—Uncle B.)

### FROM A SCALLY.

Isa Robson, Parsonage, Gunning, writes: I am a terrible scallywag I know. But please cross me off the list. Last Wednesday and Thursday week our annual flower

(Continued on next page.)



## N.S.W. Prohibition Alliance

(Continued from page 5.)

The action of the Storey Government in refusing to take a poll in 1920 at the time fixed by Statute law had been deeply resented by Prohibitionists, not on their own behalf only, but on behalf of the whole of the electors whose rights had been trampled under foot. The Alliance further demanded that no further suspension of the Local Option law should be tolerated, and that a simple majority should suffice to carry or to rescind No-License, as was the case with State-wide Prohibition.

The following questions would be submitted to candidates:

If returned to Parliament—

- (1) Will you vote for an amendment of the Liquor Act to give the electors the right to vote on Prohibition with two years' time notice in lieu of monetary compensation, at the Poll to be held in September, 1928?
- (2) Will you oppose any further suspension of the Local Option provisions of the Liquor Act?
- (3) Will you vote for an amendment of the Local Option provisions of the Liquor Act to give a majority the right to carry No-License?

After the receipt of replies, or after the lapse of a reasonable time for the receipt of replies, the Alliance would determine its further course of action. In the meantime a vigorous organising campaign is being carried out, and new branches are being formed throughout the State. In this matter the Alliance is working in full sympathy with the allied Churches and organisations.

### Seven to Seventeen—

show was held. We had a very happy time. On Tuesday last we also held a concert. The first half was given by the young people, and the second half was a play "That Rascal Pat," which was very good. Next Saturday is our Sunday School Anniversary Day. We hope it will be a fine day. Well, Uncle, I think I must close. I will write again soon.

(Dear Isa,—I am pleased you wrote, and hope you will keep your promise and write again and tell me about what I hope will be your happy Christmas.—Uncle B.).

### ONE OF THE BEST THINGS.

Hamilton Marcus, 3 Portland Road, Wallerawang, writes: We had a Salvation Army concert last Tuesday, and Mr. Hughes went. We all enjoyed it. My mother is taking the lolly store at the bazaar. I have a bike and I ride it to school every morning. My cousin Keith has a bike, too. He has joined the St. Barnabas' Cubs. My little brother is in Sydney. The Scripture Union is still going strong, Uncle. Harold Julian is my mate in the debate at Scripture Union. We have won the prize more than once. Scripture Union is one of the best things in Wang.

(Dear Hamilton,—I am glad you find the Scripture Union one of the best things in Wang. If your members make up their minds they can make it not "one of" but the "very best" thing in Wang.—Uncle B.).

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## THE ALLIANCE AND THE STATE ELECTIONS.

By CRAWFORD VAUGHAN.

The determination of the N.S.W. Prohibition Alliance to exercise all its influence in the coming general election was expressed by the Executive and confirmed at the Council meeting held in the C.M.M. Hall on Monday last.

Three questions only are to be asked candidates, and the three political leaders are to be requested to receive deputations from the Alliance asking them to agree to make it a part of their policy speech that they will agree to give the electors the right to vote on Prohibition with two years' time compensation in lieu of monetary compensation. Candidates will also be asked to oppose any further suspension of the local option laws, and to bring in amending legislation to provide for a simple majority to determine whether No-License shall be either adopted or repealed.

A vigorous State-wide campaign is being planned to begin immediately after the New Year for the purpose of mobilising and organising our forces. Already several new branches have been formed, and there is everywhere abroad in Prohibition circles a quickening spirit of enquiry and of activity. Prohibitionists who have been asking themselves, What can I do for Prohibition? will receive a ready answer from this office if they will send in their names without delay.

There is always a tendency to criticise the Head Office because little or nothing seems to be done in particular localities, but while the Head Office will accept its full share of responsibility for this, it cannot effectively fight in this great campaign against liquorism without the initiative and inspiration of supporters in all parts of the State. We want a revival of the spirit of faith and unconquerable belief which brought the movement as far on the road as it is to-day, and which made it, and continues to make it, a corner-stone of the American Constitution. If men and women really believe that new methods are required to secure this great emancipation for the people of our own Australia step forward now and give us the inspiration of your knowledge and labor. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and eternal agitation is the price of reform. The critic who "sits on the fence and slangs those at the plough" no doubt has his uses, but the genuine critic is one who comes down off the fence and shows us how the ploughing could be done better. The need of the hour is for unity of purpose and of action amongst our supporters.

That the Prohibition vote can be a determining factor in the forthcoming general elections is recognised by the political leaders of all parties. Between the two chief contending forces Prohibitionists hold the balance of power. A movement which secured 245,000 votes for No-License in New South Wales 13 years ago cannot lightly be brushed aside by any political party. With a little more than half that number of votes to its credit the Country Party was able to lay down its own conditions to the Nationalists and demand half the seats in the Federal Cabinet, the Deputy Prime Ministership, and a goodly proportion of the country seats as well. In my opinion they were perfectly right in so asserting their right to be heard and to express their convictions in the legislation of the Commonwealth. The Alliance will be equally right if it uses its balance of power to demand for the electors the right to be heard and to express their convictions on the issue of Prohibition without monetary compensation at the poll of 1928. To neglect such an opportunity to strike a blow for real democracy would amount to a serious sin of omission. It cannot be too strongly emphasised that what the Alliance is immediately fighting for in this election campaign is not Prohibition, but the principle of self-determination in relation to Prohibition. Do we or do we not believe in government by the people? If we do, how can Parliament be justified in withholding from the electors the opportunity of giving an untrammelled vote on a great moral and economic issue, which the Legislature has definitely declared must be settled by the Referendum.

Although it is too early to declare for candidates in any electorates, it is not too early for our friends to use all their influence within their own party organisation to secure the selection of candidates who favor our immediate objective. We are busy at work organising for what may be termed a spear-head thrust in this election. We urge our supporters to join up with their respective parties and become active in the appointment of delegates for selection conferences. The local committees of the Alliance which are being formed will exercise a powerful influence in helping to secure the election of the right candidates at the elections. Subsequently they will be asked to campaign for the poll of 1928. This is therefore not the time for hesitancy. Prohibitionists, who are Prohibitionists, will fling themselves into the fight with whole-hearted sincerity.

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GOVERNMENT



SAVINGS BANK

OF N.S.W.





"Ever had any trouble with phthisis?"

"All my life, doctor, every time I've tried to spell it."

#### FUNDAMENTALLY SPEAKING.

"You may be a boon to your mother, but you're just a baboon to me."

#### SWIFT THRIFT.

Did you hear of the Scotchman who, during the last eclipse, tried to send a telegram as a night letter?

#### LONG IDLE.

Jack Dempsey is a fallen idol now. But perhaps if he hadn't been idle so long he would not have fallen so easily.

#### KNEW HER STUFF.

When Frank Lawrence got his maid, he was very anxious that she should be par excellence, as he does a great deal of entertaining.

"You are sure," insisted Frank, "that you know how to serve?"

"Yes, sir, both ways," declared the maid.

"Both ways? What do you mean by that?"

"So's they'll come again, or so's they won't."

#### ECCLESIASTICAL THERAPEUTICS.

The pulpit may be as faultless in its presentation of ethics as it is admired for its beautiful ritual, but it will never touch the hearts or shape the livers of men who toll.—Report of an address by Josephus Daniels in a North Carolina paper.

"You heard of the dog named Sandwich, because he's half bred, didn'tcha?" asked Stanley W. Smith. "Well, I've got a better one than that. We've a mongrel we call a police dog because he is always hanging around our cook."

#### NASTY.

A woman was upbraiding her husband on his drunken habits, and saying he was ruining his health.

"Don't be alarmed on my account, my dear," he said, assuringly. "The doctor says I'm in the pink of condition."

"You should have asked the doctor to look at your tongue and not your nose," retorted the wife.

Long ago mother cooked and canned. Now she dare not even can the cook.

"Do you know," queries Harry B. Morrill, "that seven days without food makes one weak?"

The young sport still says: "Fill 'er up again" in the same old tone of voice, but he means the tank.

He who steals my purse steals trash. The same can be said of the woman who steals another's husband.

Cop: "What do you mean by going forty miles an hour?"

Driver: "You must be mistaken sir. I have been out only fifteen minutes."

Three-year-old Barbara was attending services at church, and they were baptising the babies. When this ceremony was finished she said, "Daddy, let's go now, they've watered all the babies."

#### MOTION CARRIED.

Senator's Wife: "What is your pleasure in regard to the dinner, my dear?"

Senator (just returned from session): "I move that it be laid on the table."

#### AN ABSOLUTE CURE.

"The doctor has ordered her to the seashore. Now they're having a consultation."

"Of doctors?"

"No, of dressmakers."

#### A TRIFLE DARING.

Shop Girl: "Congratulate me, ma! I've just been offered a good job as a window dresser."

Dubious Mother: "But surely, dear, you wouldn't do a thing like that in a window!"

#### ALL SERENE.

Walter Anthony, title writer, was having trouble with his teeth. After many delays he went to the dentist, and to the amazement of everyone he came back smiling.

"Do you mean to say you can go to the dentist and come back smiling?" demanded Bill Seiter, director.

"Yes," said Walter. "You see, the dentist wasn't there."

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## DAILY INSPIRATION.

By FAIRELIE THORNTON.

### SUNDAY.

"Be ye not unwise, but understanding what the will of the Lord is."—Eph., 5, 17.

It is so easy to mistake the will of the Lord for our own will, the heart is so deceitful. Even when renewed there is the temptation to be led aside by self's wishes and inclinations, that when we think we are seeking God's glory alone, we may be seeking our own. It needs much wisdom from on high always to discern which is the right path to take. Perhaps not until we have taken the final step and put ourselves into a path where it is impossible to retrace our steps do we see that we have mistaken the right direction. So many voices call us, so many signposts point the way. We ask friends perhaps, and one points in one direction, one in another, and although we have asked God to direct us, our subconscious wishes lead us to believe He is sending us into the path we ourselves wish to take and think will be for our own interests. We find perhaps it is a path of thorns, we seem to do no good there, or not the good we imagined we should do. Everything seems to go wrong, and we begin to wonder if after all we had not better have remained where we were. In that case, what is to be done? To walk humbly, asking God to overrule our mistakes, and to bring good out of evil, and wait patiently for Him. Or we may have been placed in pleasant circumstances where God had a work for us to do, and the temptation came to give up those circumstances, to place ourselves in a different environment; perhaps from a mistaken sense of duty, we chose what seemed a more unselfish way, and took the hard path. We leaned to our own understanding, we did not leave everything to God. We did not trust Him utterly, and so we chose for ourselves what He had not chosen for us—a path of thorns. He will be very tender with us in such a case, but we must not complain at the consequences of our mistake. Let us ask Him to forgive and make even such to work for our good and His glory.

### MONDAY.

"Trust in the Lord with all thine heart and lean not unto thine own understanding."—Prov., 3, 5.

How few trust God with ALL their hearts. They trust Him a little and themselves a great deal. They "lean to their own understanding." In fact that is their prop, their mainstay. "Believe in yourself, in your inherent God-head," is their slogan. But they forget to trace the fountain to its source. "Christ in you, the hope of glory," can do everything; but alas! they forget the Christ. They speak of nature, of providence, but they will not give God His due. Even Christians are apt to lean to their own understanding. Certainly God has given us understanding, and Solomon prayed for a wise and understanding heart, but we must never forget to ask God to enlighten our understanding. Without the light of His Spirit the understanding is darkened. The natural heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked, however much man talk about the inherent goodness in man. Every spark of goodness must come from the Spirit of God.

### TUESDAY.

"A little leaven leaveneth the whole lump."—1 Cor., 5, 6.

There is a story told of a boy being sent on an errand who had to pass the dike which kept back the waters from overflowing the land, and there saw the water beginning to ooze out of that dike. Too well

he knew what that meant—the ruin of the whole country. No person within call, on a lonely road, with night drawing on, knowing how fast that water would flow through when once a passage was made, he stooped down and with his arm stopped that leakage all through the long night, where they found him next morning faint and exhausted, the saviour of his country. When one sees the forces of evil abroad, the leakage in the Churches which will ruin the nation, the spread of false doctrine, the increasing disregard of God's commandments, the Christian worker is overwhelmed, and inclined to say, "What are two small loaves among so many?" Remember the small arm of a boy saved a land from ruin and destruction, and yours may be the arm, though weak, to stem the tide of evil. Every great reform has begun with one man. There are a host of unseen workers on the side of the one who fights for the right. "Elisha prayed, and said, Lord, I pray thee open his eyes that he may see. And the Lord opened the eyes of the young man, and he saw, and behold the mountain was full of horses and fire round about Elisha." Let us pray that our eyes may be opened to see the hosts of God encamping round about us, then we shall never fear to stand alone on the side of God and right.

### WEDNESDAY.

"Neglect not the gift that is in thee."—1 Tim., 4, 14.

Many a man has let the gift that was in him die for want of cultivation. Many a man has unsuspected gifts which he has neglected to use. A gift is a loan from God, a talent which He will expect put out to usury. It is something peculiarly one's own, and yet carries a great responsibility with it, however small it may be. It is something which if dedicated to God may be increased tenfold, and bring much honor to Him. In the parable of the talents, we read that to one was given ten, to another five, and to another one, according to his several ability. None were left without any. None were responsible for more than he possessed. Your gift, whatever it may be is worse than wasted if expended on yourself. Even if it is used to amuse others, and not edify them in any way, it is a wasted gift. The utmost for the highest should be your aim.

### THURSDAY.

"Son, go work to-day in my vineyard."—Matt., 21, 28.

I left the vineyard where I toiled for years  
To fill another sphere;  
Work less congenial and bedewed with tears,  
I entered it with fear;  
But labored on until the work was done,  
Then said I will return—complete the work begun.

I found that vineyard filled, there was no space  
For more. They did not need  
My labor now others had filled the place  
I left, and scattered seed.  
When once we leave a plot of ground unfilled,  
God will soon see that ground by other hands is tilled.

But He casts none aside who do His will;  
Fresh fields await our toil,  
Where He will yet through us His purposes fulfill,  
Though it be barren soil.  
Then if one door is closed, do not despair,  
For God doth need those services of thine elsewhere.

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### FRIDAY.

"I have learned in whatsoever state I am therewith to be content."—Phil., 4, 11.

Paul had learnt one of the hardest lessons in life. All learning is not knowledge. "A little learning—not a little knowledge—is a dangerous thing." Paul had learnt to some purpose—in "whatsoever state" he was to be content. His learning was gained by the knowledge of God, knowing in whom he had believed, and being persuaded that nothing could separate him from the love of God in Christ Jesus; nothing else mattered, come what might. "None of these things move me," he could say with regard to all the vicissitudes of life. Tribulation, famine, persecution, even death itself he could face calmly with no murmur of discontent. Have you learnt this lesson or are you discontented with your home, your circumstances, the "little briars that catch and fret"?—small trials in comparison with those which the great apostle had to face. Are you discontented with the weather, with your health, your means, your position? If so, God has many a lesson to set you yet in the art of contentment. "Be content with such things as ye have, for He hath said I will never leave thee nor forsake thee." With Him all your needs, if not all your wants, will be supplied.

### SATURDAY.

"My God shall supply all your need according to His riches in glory by Christ Jesus."—Phil., 4, 19.

All your need, whate'er it be,  
All the need you cannot see.  
Need for grace to conquer sin,  
Need for power the fight to win.  
Need for patience every day,  
Need for trust when dark the way  
Need for strength to bear each pain,  
Need for cleansing from each stain.  
Need for love to make life sweet,  
Need for charity complete.  
Need for keeping from each fall,  
Need for mercy most of all.  
Need for grace to live or die,  
GOD SHALL ALL YOUR NEED  
SUPPLY.

—From "Soul Rest."



**Record Year in United States.****"NO UNEMPLOYMENT."**

Washington, Monday, November 29.—The Secretary of Commerce (Mr. Herbert Hoover), in his annual report, pictures the past fiscal year as unsurpassed in the history of the United States, with respect to the volume of production and consumption, the quantity of exports and imports, and wages rates.

The report declares that there is practically no unemployment, and that the country is able to maintain the highest standard of living.

"It is known," Mr. Hoover said, "that financial improvement in Europe is almost general, but that the difficulty of France in solving the problem of currency is one of the most unsatisfactory spots on international finance. American manufacturers showed a gain of 7 per cent."—"Daily Telegraph."

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 Columbia, 999.—Christmas Gems, Parts 1 and 2. Grenadier Guards' Band 4/-  
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 Columbia, 1736.—Christmas Hymns. Grenadier Guards' Band 4/-  
 Columbia, 1737.—Christmas Carols. Grenadier Guards' Band 4/-  
 Columbia, 3812.—The Parson's Xmas Address, Parts 1 and 2 (a burlesque) 4/-  
 Columbia, 9140.—Xmas Carols, Parts 1 and 2. Grenadier Guards' Band 6/-  
 Columbia, 2990.—Children's Bedtime Tales (Descriptive) 4/-  
 Columbia, 2991.—Children's Bedtime Tales (Descriptive) 4/-  
 Columbia, 3331.—Children's Nursery Rhymes (Vocal) 4/-  
 Columbia, 3501.—Children's Nursery Rhymes (Vocal) 4/-  
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 Vocalion, 104.—Home Sweet Home; Good-bye. Gladys Moncrief 6/-  
 Vocalion, 9853.—La Marseillaise; God Save the King and God Bless the Prince of Wales. Australian Commonwealth Band 4/-  
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 Brunswick, 2692.—Abide with Me; Almost Persuaded. Vocal Duet.  
 Brunswick, 2334.—Favorite Hymns, Parts 1 and 2. Bells and Orchestra.  
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## Has Prohibition Paid?—

(Continued from page 7.)

Has this larger and more diversified food buying produced any visible results in the improved farm living conditions?

Farmers are buying nearly three times as much machinery as in pre-Volstead days. And there is no need of arguing the connection between machinery and volume of output per farm worker.

Prohibition has been a factor, and a large one, in this greater farm production per worker. To-day a drunken farm hand is a rarity instead of a regular occurrence. On that point reports agree from all parts of the country.

Agricultural States like Iowa, the Dakotas, Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota and Oregon, as shown by the Bureau of Agricultural Economics, have approximately one passenger automobile per family, while the industrial States of New Jersey, New York, Connecticut and Massachusetts have only one car per two families. Prohibition may not be the sole factor in this contrast, but the stricter observance of the Eighteenth Amendment by the farmer has helped his buying power.

A million farm radio sets testify to the farmer's increased receipts for food products to replace beer in the budget of the urban resident. Other home conveniences tell the same story. Since 1920 about 500,000 farms have been electrified. And everywhere one hears of more washing machines, telephones, plumbing, sewerage systems and other home comforts on farms.

The farmer's health has improved under Prohibition. Addiction to alcohol has never been more than one-third as high in rural as in urban districts. And all evidence points to a still greater difference to-day. This accounts in part for the recent rapid decline of the death rate of farm children.

And taking the country as a whole, from 1900 to 1919, the death rate declined about 7 per cent., while the rate showed a 10 per cent. drop in the first year of Prohibition and has slowed down 15 per cent. in the past six years.

Since Prohibition, savings deposits in rural districts have grown about 65 per cent., mail-order sales have expanded 25 per cent., department-store sales in country districts have climbed up 24 per cent., farm wages have increased 10 per cent.

Not even by implication would I hint that all this increase in national wealth, health, efficiency, production and educational opportunities is due exclusively to the Eighteenth Amendment. But no one can with a straight face maintain that Prohibition has had no part in these results. It may be fair to attribute one-third to the benefit of temperance, as has been done by competent observers in the case of increased milk consumption.

After securing this statistical evidence by correspondence and by more than fifty interviews with public officials and others, I consulted with Dr. T. C. Atkeson, Washington representative of the Grange.

"To my way of thinking," said Dr. Atkeson, "the noisy claims that the Volstead Act is responsible for our lawlessness is merely a desperate effort to divert attention from the benefits already met with on our way to effective Prohibition. We shall never know the full blessings of sobriety till the law is fully enforced."

"The farmer was well on the way to Prohibition when the Volstead era arrived."

"The Grange stands unequivocally and militantly for observance of the law. We are looking toward better homes, better farms, better rural communities and better citizenship. And on the way to this goal we are determined to fight lawlessness in all its forms."

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