

PLEDGE TO BETRAYAL—See Page 9



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Grit.

A JOURNAL OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY AND PROHIBITION

Vol. XVII. No. 44.

Twopence.

JANUARY 17, 1924.

Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney, for transmission by post as a newspaper.

SAY, HELP YOUR—
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Drink bill for New South Wales £12,000,000 p.a.

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GOVERNORS' MEMORIAL TO PRESIDENT COOLIDGE ON ENFORCEMENT LAW.

ASSERTED NATIONAL GOVERNMENT
HAS DUTY TO PERFORM IN
PROHIBITION STRUGGLE.

The following is the text of the resolution which is in the form of a memorial to President Coolidge that the Governors of the various States of U.S.A. adopted:

"To the President,
"The White House,
Washington, D.C.

"Mr. President,—Observance of law is the fundamental basis of American citizenship and enforcement of law is the primary duty of every official.

"National Prohibition is now, by constitutional amendment, the law of our land. An overwhelming majority of the citizens of the United States are law-abiding and desirous of the enforcement of law.

"The national Government alone has control of the manufacture of intoxicants and has a very special obligation to perform in prohibiting the importation into this country of wines and spirituous liquors contrary to the laws of the United States. The individual States are powerless to act in these respects, therefore the national Government should exercise its full power and authority in dealing with these questions.

SHOULD BE ZEALOUS.

"We believe that the chief executive of every State should be zealous in the enforcement of the Prohibition law and should urge upon every State official a strict observance and enforcement of the same.

"We believe that the State and Federal officers should co-operate fully in preventing the violation of our Prohibition law and in making effective the will of our people in regard to its enforcement. New conditions impose new responsibilities. People who violate one law will the more readily be guilty of violating other laws.

"Therefore, the individual States should share with the Federal Government the duty and responsibility of enforcing the Eighteenth Amendment. We pledge you, as Governors, our fullest co-operation and effort."

The memorial was adopted by a viva voce vote. Governor John M. Parker of Louisiana walked from the conference after the announcement of the result, but he was in Washington with the Governors to present the memorial to the President.

"God is going to count the votes. He will see every ballot."—Hon. John Wanamaker.

* * *

"Temperance puts coal on the fire, meal in the barrel, flour in the tub, money in the purse, credit in the country, contentment in the house, clothes on the children, vigor in the body, intelligence in the brain, and spirit in the whole constitution."—Benjamin Franklin.

PROHIBITION PROTECTS CHILDREN.

MISS ABBOTT CALLS DRY ACT
CENTURY'S MOST IMPORTANT
CHILD WELFARE STEP.

(Special dispatch to the "New York Herald.")

"New York Herald" Bureau,
Washington, D.C., Sept. 9.

In a recent address Miss Grace Abbott, chief of the Federal Children's Bureau, said that she considered the Eighteenth Amendment "perhaps the most important child welfare measure of the century."

"In the field of health," she added, "the most important national measure enacted in recent years is the Sheppard-Towner Maternity and Infancy Act, the first official recognition that the welfare of mothers and babies is the business of the national Government.

"As to Prohibition, in spite of the difficulties connected with its enforcement, many of which are to be expected in carrying out a reform so fundamental, we can be grateful that children are now being reared unexposed to all the kinds of evil which radiated from the saloon, and that very few now know the poverty and demoralisation of family life which intemperate drinking by the father or mother causes.

"The Eighteenth Amendment removed some of the evil influences which hinder the development of children, and the Sheppard-Towner Act made it possible to take a positive step to advance the welfare of children.

"The sum of 1,745,002 dollars has been spent during the last fourteen months through Federal and State funds under the Sheppard-Towner Act for the purpose of promoting through educational measures the hygiene of maternity and infancy. Forty States, including over 70 per cent. of the population of the United States, are now co-operating with the Federal Government under this Act, all except Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Vermont, Illinois, Kansas, and Louisiana. Even in States not accepting the Act, as, for instance, Massachusetts and Maine, increased State appropriations have been made for the welfare of mothers and children, due to its influence.

"Only a beginning has been made in the work which needs to be done before the United States becomes safe for mothers and babies—as safe, for instance, as New Zealand. Nevertheless, it is a good beginning, the efforts of which will extend to future generations."

"Every inordinate cup is unblessed, and the ingredient is a devil."—Shakespeare.

* * *

The "Christian Science Monitor" quotes Warden W. H. Westbrook of the Cook County (Chicago) jail as saying: "Since Prohibition went into effect it has materially lessened the numbers housed here. We used to get 80 or 90 prisoners a day, but now we may get 8 or 10."



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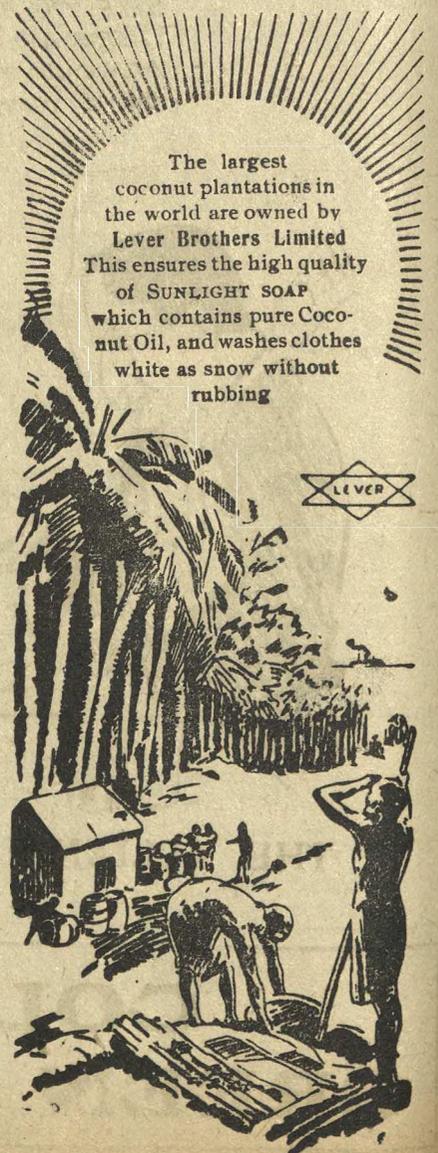
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white as snow without
rubbing



MR. T. E. SHONK.

Mr. T. E. Shonk, who for nearly four years has been engaged by the Alliance, has resigned to take up work with the Co-operative Society. We wish Mr. Shonk every success in his new work, and congratulate our Co-operative friends on securing the services of such a capable man.

A GOOD-BYE LETTER.

Mr. Shonk writes to his friends:

Dear Colleagues.—Nearly four years ago, at the invitation of Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, I undertook whole-time activity for our great Cause with the N.S.W. Alliance.

Working with you in open-air meetings in Martin Place, in the suburbs, the coun-



MR. T. E. SHONK.

try, and at the beaches, lecturing in halls and workshops, and preaching from the pulpits, organising the Referendum Pledge Campaign, and the long series of fetes. I have been favored with the real friendship of many followers of the Master.

The time has now come for me to take up extended work in the Co-operative Movement; and although no longer able to devote my whole time to the Prohibition Cause, I look forward to meeting you and working with you in the future in a voluntary capacity.

Sincerely yours,

THOS. E. SHONK.

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FIELD DAY APPOINTMENTS.

SUNDAY, January 20.

- 11 a.m.: Penshurst Presbyterian Church;
7 p.m.: Penshurst Presbyterian Church;
Mr. R. J. Butler.
3.15 p.m.: Exeter Anglican Church;
7.15 p.m.: Bundanoon Anglican Church;
Mr. Charles W. Chandler.
11 a.m.: Wagga Presbyterian Church;
3 p.m.: Forest Hill Methodist Church;
7.30 p.m.: Wagga Methodist Church;
Mr. W. D. B. Creagh.
11 a.m.: Corienbob Methodist Church;
3 p.m.: Downside Presbyterian Church;
7.30 p.m.: Wagga Presbyterian Church;
Ex-Senator David Watson.
11 a.m.: Lawson Anglican Church;
3.30 p.m.: Hazelbrook Anglican Church;
7.30 p.m.: Wentworth Falls Anglican Church;
Mr. Charles E. Still.
11 a.m.: Wilde's Meadow Methodist Church;
2.30 p.m.: Robertson Methodist Church;
7.30 p.m.: Kangaloon Methodist Church;
Mr. Phil Adler.

R. B. S. HAMMOND'S PUBLIC MEETINGS.

- Tuesday, January 22: Mack's Theatre Royal, Moss Vale, 8 p.m.
Friday, January 25: Bowral, Empire Hall, 8 p.m.

AUSTRALIA'S "DRY" COMEDIAN — MR. HERBERT CARROLL'S FIXTURES.

- Monday, January 21: Town Hall, Forbes.
Tuesday, January 22: Public Hall, Calarie.
Wednesday, January 23: Bogan Gate.
Thursday, January 24: Condobolin.

CAMPAIGN NOTES.

AUSTRALIA'S "DRY" COMEDIAN

still smiles! At Oberon and Mount Victoria he was greeted with very appreciative audiences, who responded to his quips and cranks with genuine applause, making the gum-trees on the mountain slopes throw back a wonderful echo.

At Freshwater and Narrabeen the same spontaneous ovation was accorded Australia's Fun Factor by the many mermaids and mermen of these delightful seaside resorts.

Carroll is coming to your district—write for dates.

THE LEGION OF HONOR.

THE N.S.W. ALLIANCE OF CHURCHES AND TEMPERANCE ORGANISATIONS.

PIE-CRUST RESOLUTIONS.

New Year resolutions have been the butt of all practical jokers.

Resolutions formed at the changing of the years are considered to be as pie crust—made only to be broken.

In view of the seriousness of the alcoholic situation, as set out for your information

each week in the current issue of "Grit," we ask you to make a determined resolve to write at least once per quarter (more often, if possible) and forward on to Field Secretary the many little scraps of local news and information on which prove so tremendously useful for propaganda, and help materially towards successful organising.

We earnestly request that you will embellish such a resolution upon memory's page, and act up to it; see that this one, at least, is not going to be an egg-shell or pie-crust resolution.

Let your monthly or quarterly contribution of information be as the humble pebble in David's sling, and with such co-operation and concerted assistance from all corners of the State the alcoholic Goliath of Australia's beverage will soon bite the dust.

If you know of any Branch Secretary not receiving a weekly copy of "Grit," please inform headquarters immediately. No Branch Alliance can successfully carry on unless the members are kept in touch with the actual work of the parent body.

Now is the opportune time to try and secure new subscribers to this wonderfully effective means of moral education. No citizen who is interested in the moral regeneration of the State by the elimination of the effects of alcohol should be without a weekly copy of "Grit."

A list of names and addresses of respon-

sible people likely to be interested by an introductory letter and a free copy of "Grit" will be graciously acknowledged.

Keep in step with the times and "buck in"!

FIELD SECRETARY.

Youth Safeguarded, Homes Improved.

Cameron Morrison, Governor of North Carolina.

It gives me great pleasure to write this testimonial as to the benefit of Prohibition in North Carolina. The W.C.T.U. is doing a great work in our State, and is accomplishing untold good.

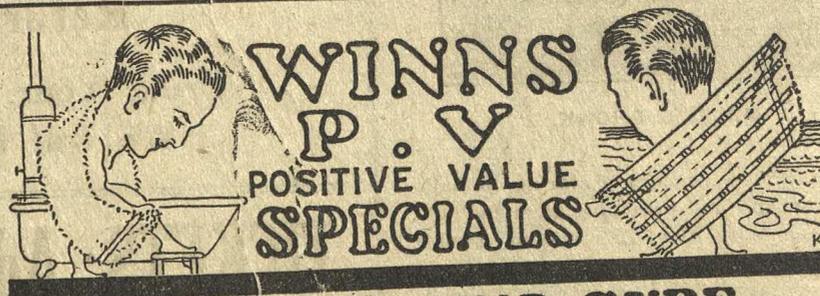
In my judgment, North Carolina has gone forward rapidly since Prohibition went into effect. Our State is a cleaner, better place for our youth to live in than it was formerly, and I know that many homes have been made more comfortable and happy by the enforcement of this law.

A bill has recently been passed by our legislature that will help the cause even more. Our leaders in this movement are in earnest, and are determined to wipe out the curse of liquor from our homes and State.

CONCLUSIVE.

A Mormon once argued polygamy with Mark Twain. The Mormon insisted that polygamy was moral, and he defied Twain to cite any passage of Scripture that forbade the practice.

"Well," said the humorist, "how about that passage that tells us no man can serve two masters?"



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a good heavy towel of medium quality. — Surf or Bath Towels size 26" x 48" — good wearers.

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WINNS LTD
"Prices always the lowest"
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Quite close to Hyde Park.

COMPENSATING LAW-BREAKERS.

SLY-GROG IN "WET" SYDNEY.—THE LITTLE WAYS OF RUNNERS.

By HAMER.

We may laugh at America for having declared herself dry whilst remaining very wet; but here in Sydney we have declared that there is no liquor to be had after six o'clock and on Sundays, and, behold, it not only flows for he who would seek it, but is sometimes forced upon those who are not seeking.

It is a fact that it is impossible to stand, after six, with an expectant air in the vicinity of numberless lanes in Woolloomooloo, Surry Hills, Redfern, and Pyrmont without being approached by someone who whispers an offer to secure the beer he is supposed to be wanting.

Comparatively little drinking is done on the premises of the sly-groggeries which supply a good deal of the spirituous moisture in the neighborhoods named. The real profit is on bottled stuff, and the safest means of supplying it is to "runners."

The shadow which steps up to you at the corner of Mary Ann-street—if you are foolhardy enough to go loitering in the vicinity of Mary Ann-street after dark—whispers that two bottles will cost "a dollar."

"NOT A CRIMINAL."

It is safe, usually, to hand over the money; the runner always plays fair. His customer may become a regular, and anyway he has no desire to make unnecessary enemies. Besides the average runner will tell you rather proudly that he is not a criminal or a thief.

The system of runners saves the real supplier of liquor from being caught as frequently as he—or she—would be if all and sundry of the customers were allowed to know the source of supply. Even if a runner is caught the business still goes on merrily; it means merely one agent the less if the convicted sly-grogger elects to "work out his time"; but the trade allows a good margin for the payment of fines.

THE ADVERTISEMENT.

There certainly is a good margin.

"Charging four and six a bottle is murder," observed one runner, virtuously, referring to the misdoings of a rival. Half a crown is his set price; but one night he was charging sixpence extra. He was apologetic about it. "Since I was fined yesterday," he said, "it's advertised my beat, and there's hardly enough beer to last out."

Some of the runners act directly for some hotels, who augment their revenue in this way; in fact, in one Surry Hills pubbery, now closed, the publican himself was a runner. If business did not come his way he went searching for it in a neighboring park.

All Sunday he patrolled the streets near his hotel, and thirsty souls who did not want to cart bottles away could be given a drink at one of the side windows. From a distance, they looked as though merely lean-

ing against the wall of the hotel, and if danger approached the glasses could be swiftly cleared away from inside.

AWARDED COMPENSATION.

Outside the publican watched for the danger. And he scored a profit in two ways. When the Licenses Reduction Board decided to close his hotel they noticed his tremendous turnovers and awarded him compensation accordingly. He would not have got half as much but for his energy in supplying after-hours liquor.

Of course, customers who are well known to the publicans, and are regarded as decent men who are not likely to make disturbances, can get into the hotels themselves and have what they want at reasonable prices. The privilege is extended to a fairly wide circle. The writer of this article, accompanied by an ex-M.L.A., and a country police-sergeant in Sydney on holidays, paid a Sunday visit to six hotels and had no difficulty in securing drinks at each.

BECOME TRAVELLERS.

Or a party deciding to have a day out can become travellers. Arriving in a cab one of them engages a room at a hotel, and to that room they can have drinks sent up all night, or all Sunday.

When first six o'clock closing came in, more than one hotel "booked" rooms for all and sundry. The parlors in that place were packed nightly by drinking crowds, every man in which had a receipt in his pocket to show, if a raid occurred, that he had paid a shilling for a bed. Something of the same sort still prevails.

BILLY-CART BOOTY.

But for the great majority there is the sly-grog sold away from the hotels. The harvest is in the parks, which are filled after dark with small boys filling their billy-carts with the "empties." A tally taken at the corner of Cleveland and Chalmers streets in half an hour after 11 o'clock on one week-night resulted in five fully-laden billy-carts being counted as passing. And that was only one way from the Prince Alfred Park.

The boys are keen upon the business, too. One night a boy who had been watching two men trying to open a bottle ran up to them. "Don't break the bottle, mister," he said. "I'll lend you an opener, if you'll give me the bottle." He got it—and no doubt many more, in the same way.

There is no doubt that the knowledge that it is illicit gives the after-hours beer an additional appeal. To the man lingering on the street corner, approached a friend, asking him what he was waiting about for.

"I'm waiting for it to go six, so as I can get some sly-grog," he said. It is hardly an exaggeration. People feel wild desires

for that which they are told they cannot have.

THE ZERO HOUR.

There are in Sydney, of course, hotels where the affluent can get what they want at all hours, clubs which only become really merry when the pubs are closed and drinks are supposed to be "off," restaurants at which liquor the customers are supposed to have ordered beforehand is always available, and Bohemian haunts where the regular clients need never go thirsty. But the sly-grog of the less classy quarters is slightly different—and sometimes more expensive.—"Sunday News," 6/1/24.

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Additional Block of Land alongside, 32 x 200, to street at rear. PRICE, £100; Deposit, £10.

Full particulars, Plan, and Photo. Apply
W. LOWDEN, Estate Agent, Faulconbridge.
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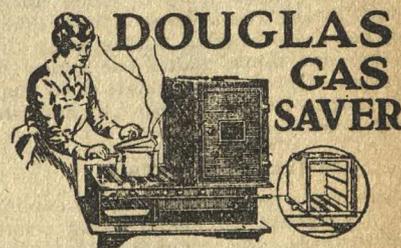
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391-403 Bourke Street, Melbourne.

Exquisite Flavor

GRIFFITHS BROS.'

Special

Afternoon Tea

HOME, SWEET HOME.

PROHIBITION MEANS MORE OF THEM.

By W. D. B. (JACK) CREAGH.

Madame Melba is in Australia again. It was Madame Melba who found fleas in the Melbourne express, and she was broad-minded enough to say so. Result: 1st class carriages were cleaned up better.

Madame Melba evidently is an entomologist, for she has brought a hornet's nest about her ears because she insists that Italian singers be imported into Australia to help her through with her opera season. The rights of this I am not concerned with here. Madame Melba is also famed for her singing of "Home, Sweet Home," and I want to dwell on those three words for a few minutes. First let me say that if our people were all housed in sweet homes we would sure be a wonderful, also a happy, people.

Does Madame Melba help to bring about the Home, Sweet Home experience? Some may say her sweet singing while away the time, makes one think, makes one aspire to art; she can stir one's imagination so that they can laugh or cry, but does all this help put sweet homes on the map?

CAMELS V. GNATS.

There are many people who swallow camels and strain at gnats. The increased crime and drunkenness, the unemployment, the misery, all these things have to stand aside while the public discuss the coming of a champion swimmer, an Italian opera, new fashions and colors. These are made to be important matters. The opening of the Ambassadors and the crepe de chine dresses of the Randwick racegoing women get more attention than the soup kitchen for derelict men and women, or the crepe de chaffbag dresses of the crowd of unfortunate women who have to attend the Benevolent Society for rations, their only sport or appearance in public, yet the latter should get the publicity so that their needs and wretched conditions can be remedied.

STINKING FISH.

In my slum and distress work I see much. The police court shambles, where thousands pass through every month—yes, I often see what most others miss. Once I saw a district that was suffering more than the average; the conditions, especially of women and children, were awful I went to the editor of a daily paper, and he sent a reporter

around with me. The reporter, a seasoned man, who had seen the poverty-stricken districts of London and other cities, this man was staggered at what he saw. He gave his report to the editor, who just altered it to suit. I knew it was not a fair report, and when I saw the editor he said: "I could not publish it, because we cannot throw stinking fish at our city." Yet the stinking fish was, and is, here, and the sooner we clean it out the better.

MADAME MELBA OR MRS. KEATING.

Every daily paper has been boasting Madame Melba. A great artist, they say, but up to now I have seen none give pub-

OUR RECORD OF SHAME.

Convictions for Drunkenness. Central Police Court.

Three months ending December 31—

Males 2769

Females 529

Total 3298

Week ending January 7,
1924—

Males 236

Females 34

Total 270

Signed Pledge—51.

licity to another woman in our midst—Mrs. Keating. Of this noble woman, who needs help, who has carried a burden few women have had to carry, the press is silent. The press, which gives pages to Madame Melba's singing of "Home, Sweet Home," gives not one word as to the destroying curse of booze in this woman's home.

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

Those words, on signs, meet one at nearly every level railway crossing in U.S.A., and I make no apology at taking them to warn every reader of this article. Parents with children still untarnished by liquor, you that boastingly say, "I can take a drink and leave it alone," to all I want the appeal and plight of this woman, one of thousands, to reach, not so much your head as your heart.

A TRAGEDY.

Scene: Parramatta Police Court.
Cast: Magistrate, police, solicitors, etc., and Mrs. Annie Keating.

The Court Crier calls loudly: "Mrs. Annie Keating!" She enters, an old woman, grey-haired, leaning on a stick. She says she lives at John-street, Lidcombe. The question comes to all: Why is this dear, frail, respectable-looking woman in a court of law? Surely there must be something wrong. There certainly is. She approaches the magistrate and asks him, in trembling accents, if he will grant

a Prohibition order against her three sons, Patrick, Joseph, and Thomas Keating. All in the court look astounded. Evidence is taken; the three sons do not answer to their names, and the three orders are granted. The old mother limped out of court, her eyes wet with tears; her heart must have nearly broken in twain from the ordeal.

"PROHIBITION ORDERS."

If you prohibit or close all the bars in a country—and according to the liquor crowd this is a failure—how much more is the prohibition of the individual, surrounded by liquor bars, a failure. Yet prohibition orders are granted. These facts have to be shown before an order is made:

That it (alcohol) had caused the person great pain of body and mind, injured him in his credit and reputation, precluded him from making those profits in business which otherwise would be made, and has generally damaged him.

Also Mrs. Keating testified that the sons were ruining their health.

SURELY A V.C. WON.

If a soldier dashes out under fire and saves a comrade, he gets decorated for valor. This old lady is trying to save her three boys. The liquor enemy is all round her, deeply entrenched in moneybags, with politicians and press as allies; sure, this woman no doubt is just about overpowered with her burden of misery.

One drunken son is generally enough to put the home, sweet home out of order, but this dear mother has three; let her position sink into your very soul.

WILL LIQUOR TRAFFIC BE PROUD?

During the war, if three sons went to fight for the honor of their country, the people were proud of the fact.

Will the liquor traffic be proud of the fact that it, the traffic, has three such genuine supporters as the Keating brothers, of Lidcombe?

Madame Melba's singing of "Home, Sweet Home" will not help mothers like Mrs. Keating. We must defeat the alcohol enemy at home; then, and not till then, will thousands know what home, sweet home really is.

PASS "GRIT" ON.

Human Progress Stops When Thought Power is Deadened by Alcohol.

(EXTRACTS FROM "MENTAL CHEMISTRY," By C. H. HAANEL.)

That people are beginning to think is evident; formerly, when men were discontented or dissatisfied they met in a nearby saloon, had a few drinks and promptly forgot their discontent and dissatisfaction. Here in America the situation is very different under existing conditions; men spend their time reading, studying and thinking, and the more eager they become to think out, plan and organise new inventions and progressive reforms. Leaders of men all know that the more people think the less satisfied they become with unprogressive government. For this reason, England has her ale, Scotland her whisky, France her absinthe, Germany her beer. We, of America, who are recruited from all of these, have had all forms of alcohol, which is by far the easiest way of keeping the people "happy and contented." A man who has access to a fair percentage of alcohol will not ask too many questions—if he does, give him another drink!

This method of reducing the citizens of a country to a kind of idiotic servility has the additional advantage in that it produces enormous revenues which may be used for reducing to economic slavery as well as spiritual slavery, for the man who cannot think has but small prospect of ever coming into any understanding of spiritual truth.

But because the sale and distribution of alcohol furnishes million-dollar accounts for large banks and trust companies, one hundred million dollar fees for corporation attorneys; because it makes it possible to lead large masses of men to the polls for the purpose of voting for political parties which are both morally and politically bankrupt, there are those who would again inflict this curse upon the citizens of our country.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson tells us that the death rate for the United States has fallen in the last three years from 14.2 to 12.3 a thousand, which represents a saving of over 200,000 lives a year since the brewers' business was closed down. His report states: "Almost unanimous returns from public school teachers, school and district nurses, welfare workers among the poor, intelligent police chiefs, and heads of charitable organisations, show that never in all their experience has there been so striking an improvement in the feeding and clothing, as well as in the general comfort and welfare, of the school children as within the last two years."

And yet there are those who favor the modification (we hear of none who would return to the open saloon) of the Volstead Act. There is probably not a single individual in existence whose thinking processes are in such an infantile stage of development that he does not know that when a door

has been partly opened it requires but the pressure of a little finger to push it wide open, so that modification is but another word for annulment, with all its physical, mental, moral and spiritual degradation and disaster, and all the sorrow, suffering, infamy, shame and horror which this most monstrous curse has inflicted upon suffering humanity.

Happiness, prosperity and contentment are the result of clear thinking and right action, for the thought precedes and predetermines the nature of the action. A little artificial stimulation in the form of intoxicating liquor may temporarily still the senses and thus serve to confuse the issue, but as in economics and mechanics every action is followed by a reaction, so in human relations every action is followed by an equal reaction, and so we have come to know that the value of things depends upon the recognition of the value of persons. Whenever a creed becomes current that the value of things are of more importance than people, programmes become fixed which set the interest of wealth above the interests of people, this action must necessarily be followed by a reaction.

Experience has decided that any stimulant applied steadily to the stomach which raises its muscular tone above the point at which it can be sustained by food and sleep, produces, when it has passed away, debility—a relaxation of the overworked organ, proportioned to its preternatural excitement. The life-giving power of the stomach falls of course as much below the tone of cheerfulness and health as it was injudicially raised above it. If the experiment be repeated often it produces an artificial tone of stomach, essential to cheerfulness and muscular vigor, entirely above the regular sustenance of nature to sustain, and creates a vacuum which nothing can fill but the destructive power that made it; and when protracted use has made the difference great between this natural and this artificial tone, and habit has made it a second nature, the man is a drunkard, and in ninety-nine instances in a hundred is irretrievably undone.

Beer has been recommended as a substitute, and as a means of leading back the captive to health and liberty. But though it may not create intemperate habits as soon, it has no power to allay them. It will even finish what alcohol has begun, and with this difference only, that it does not rasp the vital organs with quite so keen a file,

and enables the victim to come down to his grave by a course somewhat more dilatory, and with more of the good-natured stupidity of the idiot and less of the demoniac frenzy of the madman.

Wine has been prescribed as a means of decoying the intemperate from the ways of death. But habit cannot be thus cheated out of its dominion, nor ravening appetite be amused down to a sober and temperate demand. It is not true that wine will restore the intemperate, or stay the progress of the disease. Enough must be taken to screw up nature to the tone of cheerfulness, or she will cry, "Give!" with an importunity not to be resisted; and long before the work of death is done, wine will fail to minister a stimulus of sufficient activity to rouse the flagging spirits, or will become acid on an enfeebled stomach, and whisky and brandy will be called in to hasten to its consummation the dilatory work of self-destruction.

TO PARENTS.

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

The Australasian White Cross League,

56 ELIZABETH-STREET, SYDNEY.

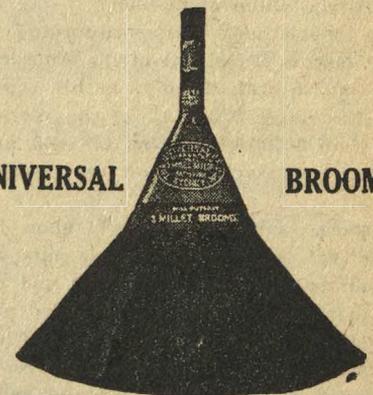
W. E. WILSON, Hon. Secretary.

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MY FEES ARE VERY FAIR.

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OPP. GRACE BROS.

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M1420

A Personal Chat with my readers

At least 10,000 people a day see
THE SIN a deplorable sight in this State.
OF They are saddened by it. They
SILENCE. think it shocking.

They, however, remain silent. If 10,000
letters a day went to the newspapers, pro-
testing against their hiding the facts about
drunkenness and making light of the hor-
rors of drunkenness, it would soon begin
to impress them.

You would strongly object to a man or
woman bringing a bottle of whisky into
your home and extolling its supposed good
qualities to your children.

Yet you allow, without protest, your daily
paper to do so.

To sin by silence when we should protest,
Makes cowards out of men,
The human race has climbed on protest.
Had no voice been raised against injustice,
Ignorance and lust,
The Inquisition yet would serve the law,
And guillotines decide our least disputes.
The few who dare must speak, and speak
again
To right the wrongs of many.

With the skin of a dear
CRUELTY TO little squirrel round her
DUMB neck, she cuddles a small
ANIMALS. dog and calls the man a
brute who would put the
animal in the back yard where it belongs.

He is a brute for putting it in a yard
where it can be normally happy—then what
is the lady herself, who would kill and skin
it to gratify a whim of fashion?

In the last three years, according to
Henry F. Osborn, President of the American
Museum of Natural History, in his report
on "The Vanishing Wild Life of the World,"
no less than 107,689,927 skins of wild ani-
mals have been sacrificed on the altar of
fashion.

Mr. Osborn says: "To properly show the
slaughter that is taking place, one must al-
low for animals which were killed and not
sent to market, and also for wounded ani-
mals. . . The final cause of the Close
of the Age of Mammals can be arrested
only through the creation of sound senti-
ment and education of the children and of
women, in the same manner in which the
National Association of Audubon Societies
has arrested the destruction of birds."

When folk start to economise
CAN'T and cut off their twopence a
AFFORD week for "Grit," I wonder how
IT. far they have gone in elimina-
ting their twopenny a week
"extravagances." I suspect some of them
are like Jake, who was a worthless and
improvident fellow.

One day he said to the local grocer: "I
gotta have a sack o' flour; I'm all out, and
my family is starvin'."

"All right, Jake," said the grocer. "If you
need a sack of flour and have no money to
buy it with, we'll give you a sack. But, see
here, Jake, there's a circus coming to town
in a few days, and if I give you a sack of
flour, you are sure you won't sell it, and
take your family to the circus?"

"Oh, no," replied Jake, "I got the circus
money saved up already."

I receive some queer
THE EDITOR'S "copy." I find it difficult
OPINION to read, impossible to use,
OF SOME and very hard to return
MSS. with a suitable comment,
but the following reply
appeals to me:

The following is the rejection form used
by a Chinese editor, according to the Lon-
don "Fishing Gazette" (and the publication
of it, uncredited, in that journal suggests
the question: Did its editor receive the
slip after sending a fish story to the polite
Celestial?): "We have read your manu-
script with infinite delight. Never before
have we revelled in such a masterpiece. If
we printed it the authorities would ordain
us to take it for a model, and henceforth
never print anything inferior to it. As it
would be impossible to find its equal within
ten thousand years we are compelled,
though shaken with sorrow, to return your
divine manuscript, and for so doing we beg
one million pardons."

Every one who does
APPRECIATION. things is subject to the
irritating criticism of
those who do not do things. The pathetic
failures in life's battle who polish a bench
in the park with a hard luck story know
and state fluently how the world may be
improved, and how the failure of the world's
big men could have been averted. "He ought
to have, etc.," is frequently heard from the
park seat bencher.

Folk who know little of the facts and
less of my limitations of opportunity have
"roasted" me of late, believing that the
"Brewers Bill," passed by the Parliament,
is largely my fault. It makes me smile,
but the smile covers a heavy heart.

For the last five years I have given on
a very modest estimate £3000 worth of ser-
vice, and raised £30,000 in Australia for
Prohibition, and have not received one
penny for my services.

It is only human to feel discouraged when
a ten and sixpence a year subscriber to

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**NATIONAL EFFICIENCY
AND PROHIBITION**

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

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Assistant Editor—R. J. C. BUTLER.
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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, JAN. 17, 1924.

"The Great Cause," who does not even take
the only weekly Prohibition paper in Aus-
tralia, feels it fit and proper to fulminate
against the leader, who only leads because
no one else will take on such a thankless
job. However, there is another side to the
question, and to those loyal friends who
have written me kindly letters of apprecia-
tion I am truly and sincerely grateful.

One friend who is loyal in the hour of
treachery is worth 1000 critics, and thank
God I have many such friends.

The Editor

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PLEDGE TO BETRAYAL

THE STORY IN CORRESPONDENCE.

(Continued from last issue).

In all the negotiations it will be noticed that I have maintained an unshaken confidence in Mr. Ley. I have made every kind of generous allowance for him. Have accepted his statement that the Cabinet was entirely hostile, and that he had to make generous concessions to get the Bill before the House at all.

Had Mr. Ley been an enemy and a man to be distrusted, the negotiations would have early been broken off. His friendship disarmed and tempered criticism. His constant assurance that much good lay hidden in the Bill, and even more could and would be yet put into it, all kept me hoping against the ugly facts.

MR. LEY TAKES RESPONSIBILITY.

Sydney, N.S.W., September 27, 1923.

Dear Mr. Hammond,—Thanks very much for your note of the 26th instant. It is very kind of you to promise to submit your Monday's speech to me, but I feel that the responsibility for it ought to be left entirely for yourself.

Believe me, that it is my wish not to escape criticism that is levelled at the Government, because, as a member, my fair share must be taken of whatever just criticism there may be. At the same time, let me say, that in my opinion the Government has made concessions that in the future must be of great value to the Prohibition movement and, so far as compensation is concerned, has met the position equitably.

Reciprocating your kind regards.—Yours sincerely,

(Signed) THOS. J. LEY.

Following this letter the Alliance held its monster conference on Eight-Hour Day, October 1. We adjourned from the conference to the conference to meet Mr. Ley, who received a deputation. The result was discouraging. I went back to the conference still prepared to defend Mr. Ley, and determined to be hopeful about what was so evidently a Brewers' Bill. When I assured the conference Mr. Ley was to be fully trusted I was met with angry protestations. The Hon. Arthur Griffith declared "the State had been sold to the Brewers for five years and the people had been muzzled."

THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE.

The National Conference followed, and Mr. Ley made a speech lasting over an hour, in which he pleaded, coaxed, and used veiled threats as he urged the conference to accept 1928 and a poll every five years.

This speech shook my faith to its foundations. Whatever Mr. Ley argued for in theory, it was painfully evident that in fact the Brewers obtained unlimited protection, and the Prohibition party were told they did not know what was good for them, and that we were all wrong. Mr. Ley and the Brewers, whom he protected, were alone right.

The conference refused his plea and voted in favor of a referendum in the life of the Parliament and a triennial poll. The Government defied the party as it defied the Alliance.

THE WILLINGNESS TO COMPROMISE.

October 29, 1923.

My Dear Mr. Ley,—I am disturbed a little that two folk who have at different times been in consultation with you assure me that you consider I am impossible, that I do not stick to things which we decide on in discussion. I am sorry to convey to you the idea of being vacillating. The fact is, I am still sticking to the Seven Points—willing, however, to find some way of compromise, but in this I am, like yourself, not always able to carry my colleagues.

I would give up a day other than election day for a poll in the life of the Parliament.

I would give up Local Option for a provision conferring on localities the result of a State-wide vote, if it was carried in their locality.

I would give up a triennial poll if a provision is made to give the people a fair chance to call on a referendum every two years if 50,000 demand it by petition or some other real provision.

I would give up my fight against the compensation clauses I hate if a three years' time notice, as provided in the 1905 Act, is inserted. I hate this, but either that or let the people say whether they will pay, otherwise I won't live long enough to see Prohibition.

Again, my friend, let me assure you I have never had any doubts of your sincerity. I suspect you can't get much of your own way, and that the other side have more power to enforce their conditions than I have, but I would not mind a scrap wrecking the Government if I could come out of the wreck with even a 10 per cent. better chance of a fair fight, and a promise of another fight if beaten. We have never been beaten in a fair go—always there has been a trick or a handicap.—Yours sincerely,

(Signed) ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.

MR. LEY DISCLAIMS RUMOR THAT HAMMOND IS IMPOSSIBLE.

Sydney, N.S.W., October 29, 1923.

My Dear Mr. Hammond,—Your letter of even date is to hand. It is not correct for anyone to say that I have found you impossible. What has been expressed by me is my regret that we have not more clearly and definitely understood each other.

I note that you are sticking to the Seven Points, and so am I, and as willing to help you as you appear to be to help me.

I note that you say that you will give up a day other than an election day for a poll in the life of the Parliament. That is hardly the question at issue. Are you prepared to put the referendum day before the completion of the reduction work or after? If before, it involves, if Prohibition is lost, the immunity for the trade until Prohibition is carried.

I also note that you will give up Local Option for a provision on the lines indicated

(Continued on next page.)

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by me. This is satisfactory. (The lines indicated by Mr. Ley were those urged in my letter of April 10, and which he refused to embody in the Bill, but now claims as his.)

You also say that you will give up the triennial appeal if provision is made to give the people a fair chance to call for a referendum every two years if 50,000 demand it by petition or some other real provision. This is similar to a proposal you made some time ago to me after the Seven Points Campaign started. Is it not better, if you are prepared to give up a triennial poll, to have a quinquennial poll definitely provided for than to let it rest at a chance of getting 50,000 to sign a petition?

I notice you also say that you will give up your fight against the compensation clauses if the three years' time notice can be provided for. While there seems to me no chance whatever of this being carried, yet if we can come to some amicable understanding on other points, these will be submitted by me to my colleagues and the party with a view to seeing what can be done.

With regard to the penultimate paragraph of your letter, let me say that if unanimity can be obtained it is my belief that much more than you anticipate is possible, but it is in disunity that we are likely to lose.

As a matter of courtesy I enclose copy of a statement I propose to make showing the Government's attitude towards the Seven Points for to-morrow's press.—Yours sincerely,

(Signed) THOS. J. LEY.

WHAT DISTURBED MR. LEY.

The following letter appeared in the "Sydney Morning Herald":

Sir,—Being one of the supporters of Mr. Ley when he became a candidate for Hurstville electorate some five years ago I would ask a space in your columns to refer to his failure to carry out his written pledge of an immediate referendum. Mr. Ley, during his canvass, announced himself a Prohibitionist, and I ridiculed the idea of compensation, believing at the time that he, as a Prohibitionist, would not approve of it. Mr. Ley interrupted me, and said, "Seeing that compensation would only mean one year's expenditure on liquor, it would be better to let them have it, and so wipe the thing out at once." He was careful to say that he did not believe in it, but only as a means of getting rid of the trade quickly. I fell in with his views, and gave him all the help I could. Your readers will be able to judge of his anxiety now when he proposes the year 1928 for a referendum. His speech shows him to be most anxious about the solvency of the hotelkeepers; but as I have pointed out in a letter to him, what about the unfortunate women and children, to say nothing of the men, who are being ruined financially and physically by the trade during the next five years. Then there is the written pledge given by Mr. Ley. He hardly takes the trouble of defending himself in this, but treats it as a matter of no consequence. I am old enough to be able to look back upon forty-seven years of New South Wales Parliamentary life, but I cannot draw to mind such a flagrant breach of a pledge, not only by Mr. Ley, but every member of the present Ministry, who have all signed it. When Mr. Ley was first elected I ventured to prophesy that in less than five years he would be a Minister of the Crown, and it has come to pass. I venture another. It will take twenty years of his life to wipe out the stain of his betrayal of the Prohibition cause. Mr. Ley is now playing the part of the politician, not the statesman, as I had hoped. But he will find that it will not pay, even in politics. Sir, I feel strongly on this matter, and I trust you will allow me to give expression to my feelings, as it is the feeling of hundreds with whom I have spoken.—I am, etc.,

A. NIXON.

Miranda, October 31.

THE BIRTH OF THE UNITED APPEAL.

Mr. H. M. Hawkins, with me, saw Mr. Ley and found him greatly distressed by this letter and the continued stream of letters and telegrams accusing him of pledge-breaking and being more concerned to protect the public than the public. Accepting his assurances and believing our only hope of a Bill was to continue to negotiate and find a way out of a tragic situation, we asked Mr. Ley what he wanted. He asked for a public statement that would justify his tenacious belief in the Reduction Board.

November 7, 1923.

My Dear Mr. Ley,—If this is sufficiently satisfactory I think it would possibly be advantageous if we had it signed by Alliance, Business Men-Women. This could be done to-day, I feel sure.

Please let me know at your earliest.—Yours sincerely,

ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.

A UNITED APPEAL.

The various organisations seeking Prohibition are concerned to urge the friends of the Movement to avoid any confusion of thought through which they may misunderstand the intentions of the Government.

We regard the decision to make the closing of 300 liquor-selling places, if brought about immediately by the operations of the Reduction Board, antecedent to the taking of a referendum as in no way a breach of the pledge given for an immediate referendum or opposed to the best interests of the Prohibition cause.

The completion of the work of the Reduction Board before the referendum is desirable so long as that does not deny the people their right to express themselves at the ballot box at an early date.

A reasonable time must be allowed, but we look to the work being greatly speeded up, thus bringing the date for a first vote under the proposed Act very much nearer.

Mr. Ley accepted this statement, the keywords of which are:

"If brought about immediately."

"So long as . . . an early date."

"Bringing the date . . . very much nearer."

LADIES—

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WHAT EVERY WOMAN OUGHT TO KNOW.

The premiere was over. It had been a successful evening, the play had been not too bad, and the production and lighting excellent. However, the greatest success of all had been that of a young and hitherto unknown actress who had given a brilliant interpretation of her first big role.

Among the many critics who were discussing her over the supper tables were two girls of her own age. Said one: "I'm glad she's made such a big hit. I always knew she had it in her."

To which the other replied: "Oh, yes . . . I knew she had it in her to act. But I never realised she was such a beauty!"

"She did look lovely," agreed her friend. "I suppose she always had good features, but with that dull, sallow skin she looks insignificant, even plain off the stage. But—made-up—she is ravishing!"

"She'll have to paint off the stage as well," laughed the other. "A famous actress must keep up her reputation for beauty in private life as well."

"I can't think why she hasn't discovered mercialized wax. Nearly every pretty actress I know uses it. Marie Hemingway . . . Gertie Millar . . . oh . . . and heaps of others. Someone ought to tell her of it."

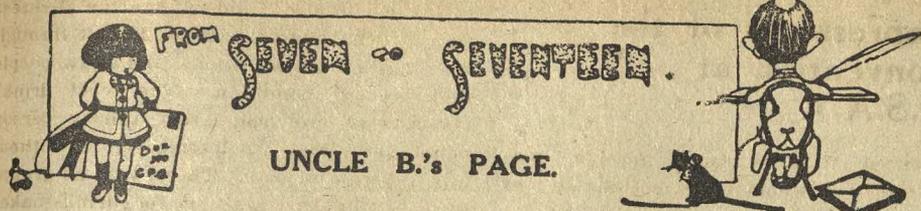
"Isn't it marvellous stuff?" exclaimed the first girl. "I couldn't live without it. Directly my skin shows the least sign of getting sallow or blotchy, I use mercialized wax for a night of two and gently get rid of that soiled outer skin. Really, I must tell X— about it. The wax would absorb that ugly outer skin of hers and give the nice clear complexion underneath a chance to show itself. She wouldn't need any paint off the stage then; it would be 'painting the lily.' Why, every woman has a lovely skin underneath if she only gives mercialized wax the chance of revealing it!"

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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 390 G.P.O., Sydney.

MAGNANIMOUS.

Do you know if "magnanimous" is an animal or a medicine, or something to eat?

Well, it is a mouthful of a word, isn't it? It is really one of the most beautiful, wonderful and rare things in the world.

When Saul told David, "Thou shalt both do great things, and shall surely prevail," it was because Saul had discovered that David had this rare and wonderful quality called "magnanimity." Read the first book of Samuel, chapter 26.

Saul was trying to injure, hurt and kill David. He was doing it without reason or provocation.

David had a wonderful chance to kill Saul. His friend offered to do it for him. But David was magnanimous, that is, he was "great, noble, generous," and he refused to hurt Saul who was trying to hurt him.

To be magnanimous is to be Christ-like. Pray for it, practise it, set your heart on it, and you will "both do great things, and shall surely prevail."

UNCLE B.

OUR LETTER BAG.

POOR DUCKS.

Beryl Eslick, "Poplar Grove," Spring Hill, writes: I suppose my name is on the scallywag list by this time. If so, please cross it off, as I will try and keep it off. My father is very busy harvesting. We have a good crop of both oats and wheat. Dad is cutting most for hay and some he will leave to get ripe to thresh for seed. We have twenty young ducks. We will have five left to kill, so we can have some for Xmas.

(Dear Beryl,—Glad to hear from you again. Do you ever feel sorry for the ducks when you are fattening them up?—Uncle B.)

NELUNGALOO.

Percy Hawke, "Lynton," Gunningbland, via Parkes, writes: I am writing to wish you a merry Christmas and a happy New Year. I hope it is not hot for Xmas Day. On Boxing Day we are having our Sunday school picnic at Nelungaloo. In the evening there will be swimming and games. We have planted tomato plants in, and we irrigate them with bore water. They are bearing. I passed "Permit to Enrol" exam., and I am very

pleased. It is a very poor season for fruit this year.

(Dear Percy,—I am sure very few of your cousins know where Nelungaloo is. I am curious to know if it is a native name and what it means.—Uncle B.)

MORE THAN THIRTY BIRDS.

Norman Hawke, "Lynton," Gunningbland, writes: You asked me if I ever counted up all the birds in my district. I found out thirty, and there are a lot more that we don't know the names of. We started carting wheat on Thursday. Father takes 30 bags on the waggon and I take 30 on the lorry. The first morning I went down I broke the pole of the lorry, and father fixed it up enough to go down and back, and then when we got home we put the shafts on and two bars on so that I put three horses in. It has been very hot here the last few days.

(Dear Norman,—I am very interested to hear you know 30 different kinds of birds. They are such lovely little creatures and so wise. The way they build their homes is wonderful, don't you think so?—Uncle B.)

GETTING ELSIE TO HELP.

Vera Crawford, Uralla-road, Alstonville, writes: Elsie read your answer to her letter in "Grit" where you said for me to write to you when I was big enough. I am big enough now, but I can't write yet, so I got Elsie to write for me. I saw a live camel and a live elephant. The elephant was pulling bags off its back with its trunk and throwing them away and putting them on again. We have a baby. It is a fortnight old to-day, and it has little tiny feet and little tiny toes, and it has fluff off the shawl on its feet. The baby has warm feet, and it has little tiny hands and fingers. I feed the fowls and I nurse my little Black Orpington.

(Dear Vera,—I am so glad you got Elsie to write that interesting letter. Now that you have begun sending to "Grit" you will soon be able to write yourself. I was so glad to receive your two shillings for the poor.—Uncle B.)

LEXICOGRAPHICAL.

"Ever notice the French word 'etats'?"

"No. What about it?"

"Take it backward and you have its meaning in English."

"Well, if you've got to have a foreign language, that's the way to have it. Why can't all French words be like that?"

A snake was discovered in the wings at a Paris theatre. The poor reptile probably thought it had found its way back to the Garden of Eden.

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AUNTIE HELPS.

The sectarian issue is not unknown in Australian politics. The story is told of a British politician who went down to a constituency with a view to being selected as its candidate for a by-election. He addressed a meeting of the electors, and sought, through his speech, to discover the prevailing religious tendency of the constituency. "My great-grandfather," he said, "was an Episcopalian" (stony silence), "but my great-grandmother belonged to the Presbyterian Church of Scotland" (continued silence). "My grandfather was a Baptist" (more silence), "but my grandmother was a Congregationalist" (still frigid silence). "But I had a great-aunt who was a Wesleyan Methodist" (loud applause), "and—and I have always followed my great-aunt" (loud and prolonged cheering). He got in.

Lack of patronage is assigned as the reason why the Commissioners of Essex County, Mass., are offering for sale the house of correction at Ipswich, with its jail, master's house, stables, bakery, shop boiler house, and 10 acres of land. Prohibition, increased school attendance and the general good conduct of the citizens are the reasons given by the Commissioners for the falling off in inmates. Essex, a small county territorially, has a population of nearly half a million. It contains the industrial cities of Lynn and Lawrence, and Gloucester, largest fishing city in the United States.

* * *
"Ask God for temperance; that's the appliance only which your disease requires."—Shakespeare.

* * *
"Nothing can be politically right that is morally wrong."—Bejamin Rush, M.D.

The British President's Impressions of the International C.E. Convention at Des Moines (U.S.A.).

A visit to the United States alters the visitor's ideas concerning many things, substituting truth for supposition, and that is of great educational value. Sometimes in reading the liquor-controlled section of the press in Britain, even ardent Temperance reformers are almost persuaded that there is something wrong with Prohibition in the United States. This, of course, is just the feeling which the liquor people are wishing to create. They are pouring out millions of dollars every year in America, and hundreds of thousands of pounds in the British Empire, to propagate lies and to discredit Prohibition, so that the foothold of the devilish drink traffic may be retained in Britain and its Dominions. They also hope that at last America will be so discredited in the eyes of the world, that the opinion of the world will force her to go back to liquor dealing. So money is poured out, and newspapers which ought to lead in righteousness and truth become the vehicles of ghastly untruths, for they have sold their souls for filthy gain, even though thousands of human souls may be ruined thereby.

LONDON AND NEW YORK—A CONTRAST

I have travelled more than two thousand miles by train and motor car in the ten days I have been here, and a great sense of relief comes as it is realised that there is not a single liquor advertisement disgracing the landscape anywhere. I was in New York one hot night when the streets were crammed with people as the London streets are on a Bank Holiday. If ever there was a night when a thirst was created it was that hot, steamy night. I could not help just comparing things. I remembered what I had seen in London on Easter Monday, when the most glorious weather imaginable prevailed, tempting people away into the flower-decked fields or on to the river, or to the seaside. I passed through London twice on that day, just a few weeks ago, and what sickened me was to see the men and women thronging the public-houses, while the footpaths were thick with little children, and babies in perambulators, waiting outside the bars for their parents to come out to them.

That day I was talking to some of my friends, Australian and English, about the sights to be seen in London streets on such a day, when the lure of deadly alcohol kept people in the crowded city away from the health-giving countryside—the very people who were doomed to live in filthy slums, or in crowded streets, and yet who neglected the opportunity of an outing just because they had in many cases become slaves to liquor. The memory of it was fresh enough on me when I was in New York. The night in that crowded American city was at least 20 degrees hotter than anything London has known for many years past, and New York is the one spot in America where the fiercest antagonism to Prohibition has always been

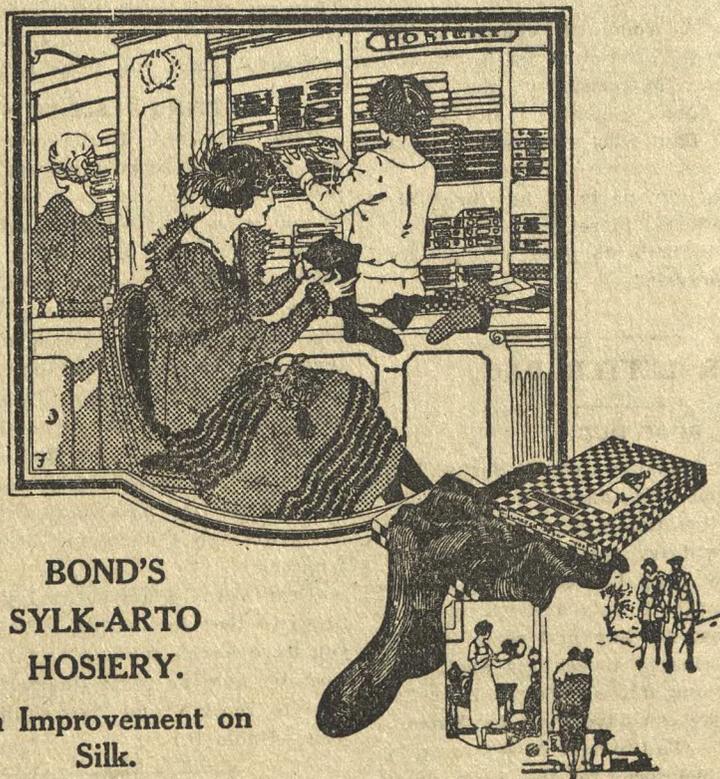
experienced. With its teeming foreign population, most of whom know nothing of any desire to deny themselves anything for the good of others, New York presents the most difficult proposition in the world as far as Prohibition is concerned. I have not yet met one American—"wet" or "dry"—but says that if Prohibition is violated anywhere it is in New York. Well, I was in New York. The night was hot and my own throat was parched, and if there was alcohol about, any habitual user of it would have almost sold his soul to get some. I remembered London with its crowded bars on Easter Monday; I remembered the men and women in their thousands drinking and the little children in their thousands waiting for them outside, and I remembered the drunkenness I saw that night in our own great city, and then I looked at New York, and I knew this: If New York represents the failure of Prohibition, then the failure of Prohibition is far and away more desirable than the success of our present system in Britain. In New York, next only

to London in size, I did not see the slightest sign of drunkenness, and yet I went through the streets in all directions, and I saw people under every condition. The "cool drink" shops were crowded: every thirsty person could get clean, wholesome liquor without any aid from alcohol. There were no groups of little children waiting for drink-soaked parents to come out and take them home; there were no women crowding into bars to blast and damn their womanhood; there were no policemen hustling drunken men and women off to the cells.

IMMORALITY OF BRITISH LIQUOR-RUNNING.

That drink can be obtained in New York is certain, and on the violations of the law in that city the liquor interests of the world depend for their statements of the failure of Prohibition in America. But they forget to say that they themselves are the violators of the law, and if the liquor people were not self-confessed law-breakers, there would be no one else to break the liquor law of this mighty land of America. I have blushed with shame as I have been told over and over again of the surprise of the American people that Britain allows a fleet of ships to take

(Continued on page 15.)



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READY TO OBLIGE.

Judge (to defendant): "Do you want to challenge any member of the jury?"

Ex-Prize Fighter: "Ah ain't feelin' jes' right, Judge, but ah don't mind goin' a couple of roun's with that fat gemmun in the co'ner."

CURATIVE MEASURES.

In an English school the children had been examined, and their eyes tested, according to the education authority's latest decree. Those who were suffering from defects had notes given them to take home. Among the note-bearers was one of the name of Willie Jones, and the note he bore was as follows:—

"Dear Sir,—I wish to form you that your son William shows signs of astigmatism, which ought to be attended to at once.—Yours faithfully, J.W., headmaster."

In the afternoon Willie brought this reply:

"Dear Sir,—I don't know just what it is that Willie's been doing, but I walloped him well this dinner-time, and you can have another go at him if he isn't any better.—Yours truly, William Jones, Senr."

An alumna was helping in the recent drive to raise money for the Radcliffe endowment fund by selling soap. She employed two small boys to take the soap to the houses of some of her friends. Little Johnnie, with the boxes under each arm, marched up to one door and knocked. "Why are you selling the soap?" inquired the lady of the house. "To raise 3,000,000dol. for Radcliffe." "Three million dollars! And are you trying to raise it all by yourself?" "No," came the quick response, "there's another little boy helping me."

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"GRIT" SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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The following are paid to 30/12/24: Miss Pain, Miss M. Searth, John Clout, Mrs. Firpp, Mrs. Holliday, Miss M. Weir, T. F. Locke, J. E. Hellawell, John Berry, C. E. Bellringer, N.Z. (£2 6s.).

HARD QUESTION.

"Carry yer bag, sir?" said an eager urchin to a man on 42nd Street, hurrying toward the Grand Central Station.

"No, thanks!" replied the man shortly.

"I'll carry it all the way for a dime," persisted the lad.

"I tell you I don't want it carried!" retorted the man.

"Don't yer?"

"No, I don't!"

"Then what are you carrying it for?"

SAFETY FIRST.

A lady went into a photographer's to have her picture taken—naturally. While the photographer was adjusting the camera, the lady wrapped a clothesline around her skirts.

"You'll have to take that off, madam," said the photographer, "I can't take your picture that way."

"You can't fool me that way, young man," she said. "I know you see me upside down in that camera."

THE DRAWBACKS OF RELIGION.

A colored woman consulted the village lawyer.

"Ah want to divo'ce mah husband," she said.

"What's the trouble?" asked the lawyer.

"That nigger's done gone an' got religion, and we ain't seen a chicken on de table foh two weeks."

NECESSITIES FIRST.

Jake was a worthless and improvident fellow. One day he said to the local grocer: "I gotta have a sack o' flour; I'm all out, an' my family is starvin'."

"All right, Jake," said the grocer. "If you need a sack of flour and have no money to buy it with, we'll give you a sack. But, see here, Jake, there's a circus coming to town in a few days, and if I give you a sack of flour, are you sure you won't sell it and take your family to the circus?"

"Oh, no," said Jake, "I got the circus money saved up already."

JUST SO.

Teacher: "What is the meaning of a false doctrine?"

Johnny: "That's when the doctor gives the wrong stuff to sick people."

DITCHED.

Ensign: "And you say you lost control of your car?"

Chief: "Yes. I couldn't keep up the instalments."

HELPFUL CAL.

Lord Balfour praises the waiters that he met in Washington at the conference on limitation of armaments and tells the following story: "I was at a hotel where all the waiters were colored men. On the first evening I pushed away the menu and gave the waiter a coin.

"Just bring me a good dinner, Uncle," I said. He brought me an excellent dinner. I continued this plan for a fortnight. When I left my waiter said to me, 'Good-bye, sah, an' good luck, and when yoh or any of yoh frien's come here what can't read the menu, jest ax foh ole Calhoun Clay.'"

NOT GUILTY.

An old negro went to the office of the commissioner of registration in a Missouri town and applied for registration papers.

"What is your name?" asked the official.

"George Washington," was the reply.

"Well, George, are you the man who cut down the cherry-tree?"

"No, suh, I ain't de man. I ain't done no work for nigh onto a year."

SAFETY FIRST.

The following story was floating round the Devonshire Club the other day:

A hotel manager coming along the corridor saw the "boots" kneeling on the floor and cleaning a pair of boots outside a bedroom door.

"Haven't I told you that you are not to clean the boots in the corridor, but to take them downstairs?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why are you doing it?"

"Because the man in this room is a Scotchman, sir, and he's hanging on to the laces."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

A National City man went to see a doctor.

"Doc," said he, "if there's anything the matter with me, don't frighten me half to death by giving it a scientific name. Just tell me what it is in plain English."

"Well," said the doctor, "to be frank with you, you are just plain lazy."

"Thank you, doctor," sighed the patient, with relief. "Now give me a scientific name for it, so I can go home and tell the missus."

DISCOURAGING.

Mr. Whitmore, in making the closing speech, made a strong appeal for more men to attend church on Sunday. This was followed by a soprano solo, "Idle Words," sung by Mrs. Nelson, accompanied by John Denton on the piano."

DAILY INSPIRATION.

By FAIRELIE THORNTON, author of "Love," etc.

SUNDAY.

"Faint, yet pursuing."—Judg., 8, 4.
 Are you feeling faint and weary, sore discouraged with the way?
 Does your work seem all a failure, struggling on, from day to day?
 Do you sometimes feel that never can you gain the end you seek?
 Are you feeling much disheartened, sad and weary, faint and weak?
 Oh, remember, Christ, your Master, trod this very path before;
 He has been despised, rejected; think of all for thee He bore.
 Yes, the load is sometimes heavy, and you long to lay it down,
 But remember, without struggle none have e'er obtained a crown.
 "He that goeth forth with weeping doubtless shall return with joy."
 Rich reward and fruit immortal shalt thou reap from thine employ.
 Look above, the hours are fleeting, time is gliding fast away,
 Soon shall earth's dark night of shadows merge into eternal day.

MONDAY.

"The kingdom of Heaven is likened unto a man which sowed good seed in his field, but while men slept his enemy came and sowed tares among the wheat and went his way."—Matt., 13, 24, 25.

Has that ever been the case with you? You have attempted to sow the good seed in some way. You have gone forth full of hope, perhaps, thinking that at once it would bear fruit. But the work has proved hard and difficult, and met with nothing but repulse. Snubs, slights, or even worse, may have rewarded your efforts, nothing but discouragement on all sides. An enemy has sown tares among the wheat—that enemy who never slumbers. You wonder why he should be allowed to hinder, but possibly you have not been as wide awake as he. In the parable it was while men slept the enemy sowed the tares, although the seed sown had been good seed. Possibly you have not been watchful enough. You have done your part, so you thought, but there you have left it. You must leave no unguarded place against the encroachments of the enemy. No slumbering is allowed if your efforts are to be successful. You must ever be on the alert, and not think of taking your ease until the harvest is gathered in. Though one door may be slammed in your face, set forth once more with more love to your Master, more zeal in His cause, more faith in its issues, and depend upon it, your work will not be in vain in the Lord. Let past failure only lead you to be more earnest. Put your whole heart into the work, and it shall and must succeed. If one door of hope fails, try another, only be wholehearted, and the Master will accept your service. All who are willing to work Christ is willing to use, but there must be a free will, and no half-heartedness about it.

TUESDAY.

"Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters."—Isa., 32, 20.
 Toiling on for Jesus, though the way be long,
 Toiling on for Jesus, for He makes us strong,
 Toiling on for Jesus, though the path be drear,
 Toiling on for Jesus, for the end is near.
 Toiling on for Jesus, 'neath the noontide heat,
 Toiling on for Jesus, work for Him is sweet,

Toiling on for Jesus, though the work be hard,
 Toiling on for Jesus great is our reward.

Toiling on for Jesus, Who hatif toiled for us,
 Leading lost ones homeward, serving Jesus thus.
 Sweet—how sweet, O Jesus, will Thy welcome be,
 "Well done, faithful servant, all was done for Me."

WEDNESDAY.

"When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child, but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to face; now I know in part, but then shall I know even as also I am known."—1 Cor., 13, 11, 12.

Little Fivie, as she called herself on her fifth birthday, had just seen her poor dog buried, at whose funeral, being the chief mourner, she lifted up her voice and wept, sobbing, "I shall never see my doggie any more." Running into the house to her chief confidante, she cried, "I don't want to be put into the ground when I die." "No," answered her grandma, "YOU will not be put into the ground, only your body. YOU yourself will go right up to heaven. You don't mind having your old clothes off, do you, when you have new ones? And you will have a nice, new body. It will always be clean, for there will be no dirt in heaven." At this she looked rather doleful, and said: "Then I shall never be able to make any mud pies. I shan't like it if I can't make mud pies." Ah, little Fivie, there will be something better than making mud pies there. Are we not sometimes no wiser than little Fivie? We cling to the earthly mud pies, and think we can never be happy without them. Like the man with the muck-rake, we grope amongst earth's dust to find the treasures stored above, whilst overhead the angel holds the golden crown which fadeth not away, which while looking at the things that are seen and temporal we cannot perceive. Many a Christian shrinks from the mysteries of the life to be, because he clings too much to earthly treasures. Do we ever long for the toys of childhood when we have grown to manhood? So, in the life beyond, with the fuller knowledge, grown to the stature of men in Christ Jesus, earth's empty pleasures will seem but tawdry toys; for the joys which have no ending will be ours. "We know not what we shall be, but we know we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is." The contrast from our earthly life will be even greater than that of the life of the babe to that of the man. Who ever longed to be a babe again?

"There shall be no more curse; but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it, and His servants shall serve Him, and they shall see His face."—Rev., 22, 3, 4.
 There will be joy and gladness in the Father's house on high
 When we leave our care and sadness and to those bright mansions fly.
 There will be blissful greeting when we gain the other side.
 Oh, what tongue can tell those meetings just across death's swelling tide?
 Free for ever and for ever shall we be from toil and pain;
 Once passed over we shall never wish ourselves on earth again.
 There will be many thronging those golden streets of heaven
 For whom we with earnest longing craved to have back to us given.

There many an one whom sadly we mourned for here below
 We then shall welcome gladly, and all heaven's rapture know.
 The forms from earth departed we there shall recognise,
 And pains which sorely smarted will heal in yonder skies.

Oh, blissful state of rapture! Oh, realms of endless day!
 As bird let loose from capture my soul would soar away!
 Oh, land of fadeless pleasures, at thought of all thy bliss,
 At thought of all thy treasures we long to fly from this!
 Oh, bliss beyond expression, without the thought of thee,
 What would be our depression! What would our burdens be!

—From "The Other Side."

FRIDAY.

"They that were foolish took their lamps, and took no oil with them. But the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps."—Matt., 25, 3, 4.

Oil in Scripture is taken to represent the gifts and graces of the Holy Spirit. All the sacrifices had to be anointed with oil. So, without faith, no sacrifice is well pleasing to God. The lamp here spoken of may be taken to mean the soul of man, which, without the gift of faith by the Holy Spirit, is dark indeed. It seems these foolish virgins had once had their lamps alight, but through carelessness they had allowed them to expire, and found no fresh supply of oil when awaking to the near approach of the bridegroom. How many have allowed their faith to burn dim while they are slumbering, dead to the things of the spirit, but wide awake to the things of this life! "Faith cometh by hearing, and hearing by the Word of God." "Thy Word is a lamp unto my feet and a light unto my path." But that lamp will give you no light unless you put the oil of faith into it and let it lighten your path and guide your feet. How much have you read of it this day? Have you asked for the Holy Spirit that you may behold wondrous things out of God's law? If not, no wonder if the light that is in thee has become darkness, and you do not even want to think the bridegroom may be near. It will be useless when your call comes to go forth to meet Him, to ask others for the light of their lamps with which to replenish your own. Now only is the time to light your lamp. Daily it needs fresh oil, or it will most certainly be put out with the breezes of temptation, the storms of adverse circumstances, the floods of the enemy which will be poured upon it to extinguish it. How many prefer to read any foolish fabrication made by the servants of the enemy of souls to the Word of God, or soul food written by men whom He teaches.
 "Oh, rise, and, watching daily, ask Him your lamp to trim
 With the fresh oil that He giveth, that it may not burn dim."

SATURDAY.

"Behold, I come quickly, and My reward is with Me, to give every man according as his work shall be."—Rev., 22, 12.

Care ye not, O sleeping virgins,
 That the Bridegroom is so near?
 Care ye not that He hath bid you
 Trim your lamps and keep them clear?
 What, and if while ye are slumbering,
 He, the Bridegroom, should appear?
 Say ye, "Oh, we need no warning,
 We have watched in vain before,
 He is tarrying, and will tarry,
 Yet a little slumbering more."
 Oh, awake! awake! ye virgins!
 He may now be at the door.

FROM UNEXPECTED PLACES.

By FRANCIS WILSON (For "Grit.")

If one is on the lookout for it, testimony proving the value of Prohibition will frequently be found in the most unexpected places.

The slackness of many who believe in Prohibition, in not making the most of information in favor of Prohibition that cannot be accused of coming from biased sources, constitutes one of the weaknesses of our Movement.

An article, entitled "When will taxes be lighter?" appeared in the "Boot and Shoe Recorder" (an American trade journal), of October 6th, 1923. It was written by Edward F. Roberts, who reports an interview he had with Andrew W. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury of the United States.

Mr. Roberts reports the Federal Treasurer as stating: "Federal taxation has dropped from 53.78 in 1920 to 32.49 per capita in 1922." Would that we could imprint that in the memory of every voter in Australia!

What becomes of the lie that Prohibition will lead to increased taxation to make up the deficit caused by the loss of liquor revenue? Again: "In the same three years State and local per capita taxation has risen from 29.88 to 33.24." Federal taxation has dropped 21.29 per capita, and State taxation has risen 3.36.

Even were the State increase due to Prohibition, what a magnificent offset the reduced Federal taxes provide.

Again, the "Sydney Daily Telegraph," in its issue of December 15th, 1923, in its "Financial" column, quotes a Sydney timber merchant as saying "an extraordinary condition prevailed in America, which usually experienced a period of dullness in the winter; but this year domestic trade was very much alive; so much so, that demand in the United States has had a marked effect on the quantity of timber exported."

Here we have a proof that Prohibition is not a brake on industry. In all probability the demand for more building material is a natural consequence of Prohibition. Father will now build for his, and not the brewer's family. The old adage: "Truth will out" comes to mind, and that truth very heavily discounts the inspired press lies, and travelers' tales of the alleged failure of Prohibition.

GOOD COUGH MIXTURE.

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Heenzo Cough Diamonds are good. Obtainable almost everywhere.

PROHIBITION REDUCES JUVENILE DELINQUENTS.

National Conference of Juvenile Agencies Testifies of Eighteenth Amendment's Benefits.

CONDITIONS IMPROVED.

We Do Not Want to Return to Old Order, Says President of Organisation.

In connection with the Congress of the American Prison Association which met in annual session in Boston recently there was a meeting of the National Conference of Juvenile Agencies. At this meeting were experts having charge of institutions in which are delinquent boys and girls. These experts agreed that Prohibition is doing much for the betterment of the children. Here are some of the things said by two of the experts:—

Hobart H. Todd is superintendent of the New York State Agriculture and Industrial School at Industry, New York, and is also secretary-treasurer of the National Conference of Juvenile Agencies. Mr. Todd had this to say:

"The industrial school of which I am the head has a capacity of 700 boys. In 1918 there were 326 boys sent to me whose fathers were intemperate. In 1921 there were only 56. In 1918 there were 80 boys sent to the school whose mothers were intemperate. In 1921 there were none.

"On Randall Island there is the house of refuge which can care for 800 juvenile delinquents. Prior to Prohibition it was nearly always full to capacity. Now, however, the figure has been reduced to 300.

"You cannot refute these figures."

Edward J. Henry, president of the National Conference of Juvenile Agencies and superintendent of the Cleveland Protestant Orphan Asylum, gave this statement:

"We do not want to return to the old order. Our problems are simplified, and boys and girls throughout this country are having a better chance for the future because shoes and food and education are being bought today with the money which before Prohibition went for booze. Fathers think more of their families. Mothers get the money for providing those things which in the old pre-Prohibition days were impossible. You cannot have liquor as we had it then and have also a family life capable of giving children a fair chance for the best in life."

It was the general impression of the experts in this meeting that those who had to do with directing great numbers of misguided youth towards better things have found their task lightened by the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act, and that Prohibition can be credited with a widespread decrease in juvenile delinquency in the United States.

"He has paid dear, very dear, for his whistle."—Benjamin Franklin.

THE BRITISH PRESIDENT'S IMPRESSIONS OF THE INTERNATIONAL CONVENTION.

(Continued from page 12.)

in British liquor and sail with the avowed intention of breaking the law of this friendly nation of our kinsfolk across the sea. I wonder who is reaping the benefit from this breaking of America's law. Whoever they are, high or low, titled or otherwise, I have assured the American people, and I shall keep on saying it, that all right-thinking, Christian British people look upon them with contempt, and abhor them with a disgust which will one day hurl any Government from its seat of power which countenances such an act of wickedness. I wonder what Britishers would say if Americans openly ran a fleet laden with cocaine and surrounded Britain, and whenever these ships got the chance they emptied their loads of awful drugs into our cities and thus made fortunes out of the ruin of our people. I am familiar enough with the sentiment of our own nation to know that there would be such a blaze of anger about it, that the very newspapers which now try to discredit American Prohibition, and never by any chance discourage this violation of their law, would be the first to threaten America with all sorts of pains and penalties if they did not cease breaking British law.

THE REFERENDUM—1928.

By T. A. CUSACK.

To those who broke their pledges there are praises being sung

By anti-Prohibitionists who take the side of Bung;

There's joy amongst the barmaids—and the men who make the beer;

There's joy within the heart of every liquor profiteer—

For the Cause of Booze has triumphed, and the people now must wait

For that liquor referendum—until 1928.

There's joy within the liquor trade, which now can rest in peace,

For Parliament has given it another five years' lease.

It's logic that—in every fight—one side has got to lose—

The men we trusted let us down, and helped the side of Booze.

Thus by an Act of Parliament the verdict of the State

On liquor can't be given until 1928.

There's sorrow in the drunkard's home and crime goes on apace,

A sordid stream of liquor still pollutes the human race;

And wealthy brewers wear a smile, and draw fat dividends

From booze that is protected by their politician friends.

But we'll kill the liquor traffic—even if we have to wait—

Thanks to those who broke their pledges—until 1928.

PROHIBITIONISTS, BEWARE!

"THE ACTION OF ALCOHOL ON MAN."

IMPORTANT LETTER FROM REV. HENRY CARTER AND SIR ERNEST LAMB.

To the Editor.

Sir,—In response to inquiries from various parts of the country, we deem it advisable to give publicity to certain facts within our knowledge respecting a new volume on the Drink Question. This volume, published by Messrs. Longmans, entitled "The Action of Alcohol on Man," is written by Professor Starling, concluding essays being contributed by other distinguished scientists.

The publishers' notice states that "In this book Professor Starling . . . attempts to give an impartial account of the effects of alcohol on man." With the scientific exposition of the subject we are not at this moment concerned; that is already being dealt with by scientific reviewers. The point to which we would direct attention is that the volume is much more than a scientific discussion of the subjects of alcohol and alcoholism. It contains statements regarding social, economic, and legislative issues which lie beyond the province of medical science. Some of these statements are advanced without a shred of evidence in support of them. We strongly dissent from certain of the assertions made, and are well assured that many experienced social students and workers will dissent from them with equal decisiveness.

We have felt compelled to inquire whether a volume which, whilst described as a scientific treatise, contains many ex parte affirmations on social, economic and legislative issues, can in these respects be regarded as impartial. Our inquiries have led us to the conclusion that on these points the book cannot be accepted as impartial. We have documentary evidence to justify the assertion that the book was originally commissioned by the Anti-Prohibition League—a body which fights in the liquor interest. Further, it is within our knowledge that another firm of publishers of the highest standing declined to consider the publication of the book because it would inevitably be used for propagandist purposes.—Yours, etc.,

HENRY CARTER.
ERNEST H. LAMB.

Westminster, October 31, 1923.

"Nearly all the crimes of Rome originate in wine."—Lord Acton, Supreme Judge of Rome.

* * *
Five thousand women leaders in civic and welfare work in San Francisco paraded in that city before the recent election as a Prohibition enforcement demonstration.

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