

Grit.

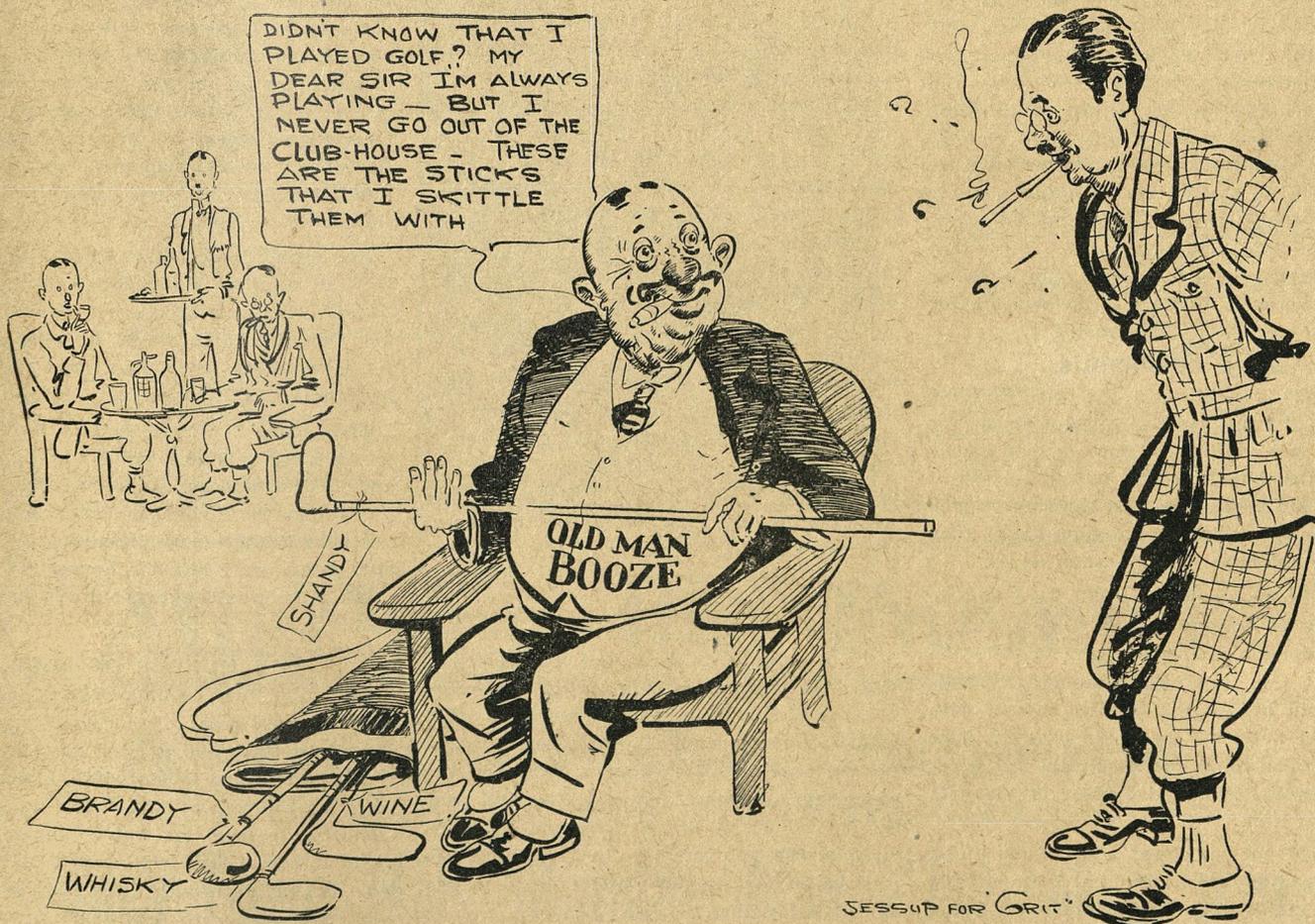
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MIKE.**I'M STILL BEATING MY CHEST.**

By JACK CREAGH.

By JACK CREAGH.

The pub and the pay envelope had had many struggles in the past, and the pub often won over Mike's pay envelope. Mike, until he lost out to booze, was a three-horse man, and proud he was of his team, and many of his pals envied him his pay envelope. Mike was one of those men who were assisted downward through the experience of having a boss who paid his men every Friday night in the back parlor. This was a cunning stunt of Bung to get a good start on a man's earnings and many a boss was given financial consideration so that the envelopes were thus given out.

The Governments in many parts of the world were compelled to pass laws making such pay distribution illegal. In handling men trying to get back to decent life the period when the pay was due was, and still is, a danger point. So when Mike's pay day came round I was always a bit nervous, and when I met Mike on the evening of his third pay, and he was sober, I was more pleased than ever with him. But a greater pleasure came when he handed me a one-pound note saying, "Here's the address of the wife and kids; take this along to them." Sure that was progress, and I lost little time in going to the address in Redfern, Mike waiting for me at the corner of the street.

WIFE SUSPICIOUS.

I thought how pleased the wife will be, but when she met me I received a shock, for although she needed the money, she point-blank refused to take the money, saying if she took the money the next thing to happen would be Mike wanting to come back; then the same old misery would start again.

I tried to persuade her that Mike had no intentions of forcing his way back, that I would protect her wishes in the matter. She looked at the note with hungry eyes—it would help her—but I left the house with the pound note still in my pocket. I dare not tell Mike about the result, so I did not put him wise to the false ideas of his wife concerning him.

Mike had not suggested going back, and I found out later that he thought it impossible to do so. While he thought this, his heart longed to one day take charge of the place he sure had forsaken. Mike's immediate idea was to do a square thing, and it was backed up by a little money—a good and sure sign that he meant business.

**CHURCH AND CHEST BEATING
CONTINUED.**

Mike looked better every day. His boss gave him a rise in pay, giving him a two-horse turnout. He still went to church and he had gained confidence sufficient to go alone. It was always a pleasure to meet him on Sunday. Sometimes together we

took a meal. Sure the church-going and chest beating was doing him good.

Every week he gave me money to take to his wife, sometimes backed up by a special gift for the kiddies, but the wife refused the money, and six weeks after I first called on her I had £7. I was getting anxious.

Mike's questions to me, such as "Was she pleased?" "How does she look?" "Are the kids alright?" "How's the place look?"—these and other questions began to give me an anxious time, for I felt sure Mike would be hurt if he knew how things stood.

I made it my business to visit Mike's wife twice a week, and I soon got to be pals with the children. I was waiting for something to happen that would change the idea in her mind.

I noticed that the woman's instinct began to work. Her inquiries for Mike became more numerous. I sometimes parried her question with the remark that it did not seem to matter how he looked, she not being interested much in him. This one told, for I noticed tears come into her eyes. Sure I knew Mike's chest beating was winning, so I began to worry less. As each payment was made I offered it. On refusal I put it with the little roll, taking out a separate account in the Savings Bank.

I thought something would come along to help us out, and it sure did. The first break came when I questioned the wife's right to stop the father in his attempt to help the children. I also put up some good word pictures of Mike—how smart he looked, how he was in church, the good times we were having together, and how sincere was his inquiry about her. And I began to break up the ice-coating that booze had put around her heart.

Sure it was the conduct of her man that made it—"the ice"—form, but it was booze, with the deceitful pub influence, that provided the frigid air and atmosphere that made the man's conduct brutal, thus bringing the coldness on a love that was true in the early days, and now again is warm and true, thanks to Mike's brave fight, and particularly to the help of his church. Sure the message of love is good, just as good in one church as another.

GOSSIP IS SOMETIMES GOOD.

An incident happened to give the patching up a boost. A neighbor who knew Mike in

his early married life, and still visited the wife, called, and she had a real mouthful about Mike—in this case good news. She told of seeing Mike in church. "Sure," says she, "Mike looks like his old handsome self." Just how much, also what was said, I cannot tell, but it certainly made a difference, and I noticed it on my next visit. I also got in some good work, for I began my offensive, bringing out the bank book to aid me.

For the first time I told I had not given Mike back the money. I had £18 in the bank in her name, also the children's. "Would I give it back to Mike? How could I deceive him any longer? What would be the effect of my telling Mike of his wife's hardness of heart? How would he treat her unjust statements about him wanting to get back? I was in great form.

I picked up my hat, and in a severe manner asked her how I was to face one of the best and bravest men I had ever known, and how would he take her severe attitude in regard to his right "for another chance." Chuckling up my sleeve I demanded another chance, promising all the help I could give, also the help of the Rev. Father who tinkled the bell that made Mike beat his chest. Over a good cup of tea we talked and talked. For once a woman had to take a back seat, but I noticed what I said was music to her ears.

She nearly broke down when I told her of the bad food in restaurants and the conditions of a roaming life for her man. If she did not look out Mike would be picked up by some less deserving woman than she was, or perhaps go to drink again.

That night I worked so fast that when I left I suggested she mind the bank book, and if Mike was agreeable, "which I thought he wouldn't be," would he come along to tea, say next Friday—pay night. I laughed good and plenty as I left the house. "I did not think Mike would agree, but I would do my best"—my last words.

THE HUNGER OF LOVE.

The next few evenings Mike and I had together were great. I really had some difficulty in getting him to agree to take his own weekly allowance to his wife. I won—or at least the hunger of love won. It was just beautiful to see his heart-hunger develop again into real love. He longed to clasp his wife and children with his strong arms. He wanted a chance to tell them how changed he was, and by the time Friday night came round Mike had developed a feeling of joy

(Continued on page 10.)

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A FRENCHMAN VISITS U.S.A.

THE IMPROVED STANDARD OF LIVING.

It is almost an article of faith in Europe and elsewhere that American Prohibition is a dead letter and that one can procure as much alcohol as one likes in the United States. This is not the opinion of an eminent Frenchman, M. Lucien Romier, who has recently written a remarkable book on the United States. M. Romier is an adversary of Prohibition, but he is a keen observer and has the courage of his opinions. He writes in the "Depeche" of Toulouse as follows:

"Let us set aside two erroneous impressions which have been recorded by hasty travellers. The first is that Prohibition is not enforced; the second, that the American people are in latent revolt against the system.

"It is certainly true that one has only to pass a few days in New York or in some other Atlantic port to realise clearly the activity and the ingenuity of the smuggling traffic. This traffic is equally active at the principal points of the frontiers of Canada and Mexico. In all the great cities of the Eastern States your hosts may tell you, if you wish to know, how to procure alcoholic drinks. Some of them will extend their hospitality or their vanity so far as to do you the honors of their secret cellars.

"But to conclude from these facts that Prohibition is not enforced in the United States is equivalent to judging the way of living in the whole of France from the

customs of certain quarters of Marseilles or the cabarets of Montmartre.

"In reality, fraud presents too many risks and liquor is too expensive to be accessible, not merely to the masses, but to the well-to-do American. Even in New York the greater number of people who could procure



alcoholic beverages refrain from doing so; still more is this the case the farther you go from the ports. . . . In the immense territory of the United States, covering 3,000,000 square miles, the zones of fraud represent an insignificant surface. Only in certain secret clubs and in some universities a restricted number of idle people indulge in alcohol as, in our country, they indulge in forbidden games, in cocaine or opium. . . . The man who lives normally, attends to his business, works or travels, does not meet with the temptation unless he deliberately seeks for it.

"Does he seek it? In other words do the Americans of the people and the Americans of the middle class really suffer from Prohibition?

"Let us be frank enough to recognise that they do not.

"The truth is that Prohibition is upheld by a combination of extremely powerful influences which dominate public opinion. This combination unites the innumerable organisations and churches of Puritan or Protestant inspiration, the female public as a whole and the political or social forces at the disposal of the great industrial concerns."

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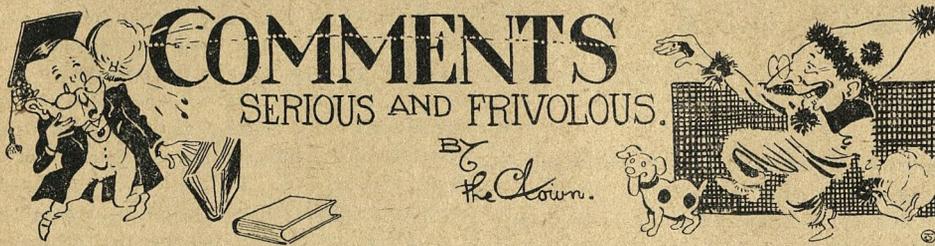
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"Woe unto you.....hypocrites! for ye pay tithe of mint and anise and cummin, and have omitted the weightier matter of the law, judgment, mercy and faith: ye blind guides which strain at a gnat and swallow a camel."—Matthew xxiii-24.

EUCCHARISTIC.

PEA-SHOOTING BY THE CLOWN.

Hats off! Eucharistic procession! Columns in the press. See—the Orangemen roar like young lions! Gloomy Churchmen make speeches. Reverend doctors write reams (on both sides), and Bruntnell is reported to be unable to shave in safety—so agitated is the hand of the Brigadier.

* * *

I take no sides. I just hold 'em, my own sides—ashake with laughter. Why all this pother about the Host, about a brief wonder of pomp, incense and ecstasy?

For see—this other Eucharist, and ITS procession!

* * *

The Royal Progress of Bung, that is to say, with his Bottle. Behold Him enthroned, incensed, feted. Each day in black and red, with fiery monsterness He parades, from the rising of the sun to the going down thereof. In every street, town, hamlet, city, town hall, His procession! Bow the knee, bite the dust, ye lieges!

* * *

Fall down and worship your Bottled God. Throne him on gold; form a bodyguard, politicians; bring out Censer; beat the cymbals, O corrupt and venal press! Print lies of flattery over this God; refuse to hear His accusers; blast them with silences and contempt. Silence to his crimes; silence on that like the Grave, O Press; tell it not in Gath, the Sin of Appetite. Gather up his victims; hustle them to hospital and asylum; hush the cry of widow and orphan; hurl his prey to jail. Blare, brass! Peal, trumpet! Honor the Eucharistic march of Bung, the bloody and golden Moloch that the Press doth worship.

* * *

And there be some priests and parsons, preaching aloof so mightily on the journeys of Paul, the strange fate of Enoch, the true meaning of the Scarlet Woman, who dissect Theosophy, analyse Spiritualism, hold harvest festivals and Sunday school picnics, glory in Church cricket clubs and garden parties for the "Costa Rica Mission." Such look the other way. They take no sides, fearing the distiller's curse.

* * *

Yea! Look the other way. Lord Bung is passing in pomp. You must not see him;

you must ignore him; you dare not look upon that Medusa glare. To do so would make you think, start and revolt; you must not that! What would the People say, the wine-tasting, liquor-tolerating, brewery share-holding People? It cannot be. Silence! Silence! This is the New Eucharist; you may not praise IT; you dare not condemn it; you must ignore it. Leave the arena to Hammond and his fanatics.

* * *

I, the Clown, lean against the post and laugh—a modern Touchstone. What! to roar and bellow at the Bread-and-Wine, carried a furlong with doffing of hats and kneeling of devotees, and then to be silent, or complaisant, or tolerant, or respectful, or cowed, or praiseful, or even a champion to Bung, Minion of Hell, adored of politicians, feared of "churchmen," Bung the 'Cancerous King'. May, this is food for mirth. Let me crow like Chanticleer.

* * *

Ho, ho! There are Eucharists, and Eucharists. To one, the faithful few bow in true reverence—honor them; to the other do Press and Cowards stoop and lick his slimy boots. The Dragon spits, and they kiss the spot! He still goes strong.

* * *

If you don't believe me, try this test: Write a letter to any daily newspaper against Licker, and see if it be printed. Quote the statistics of crime, pauperism and misery attributable to Bung. See if they print it. Or write to your local member and ask what

he proposes to do about the question of "No money for roads, schools, and hospitals, and Twelve Millions a year for Bung." See what he says. He won't say anything—not he. Or write to your Minister or Priest on any old phase of the pestilent subject, and ask: "Will his Church give sixpence to Temperance out of every pound spent by its members on tobacco or tea parties? See what he says, or doesn't say. Then giggle with me.

* * *

Indeed, and you will join me, in wild, hysterical sobbing—ha, ha!—glee over this new God, made out of brandy and soda, not of bread and wine. Such glee, teeth-gnashing, heart-beating glee, as full of hearty mirth as the midnight owl's cry to the desert pine!

* * *

Lowly and blessed One, forgive any faint abhorred shadow of a gibe! Not aimed is this at Thy true Eucharist, Thy Emblems, Thy Sacrifice. Hail, O Nazarene! To Thee Love and Infinite abasement—Thy just meed. "Eucharist"—blessed word! Forgive, that one presses out of the mystical glamor of that sound virus to tip arrows shot at this murderous, false, Alcohol-Lord, who flaunts it in our midst. Forgive! For, lo, we burn that for one who bows at Thy chalice, a hundred congee to the Bottle, with its ulcered mouth.

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By GEORGE ELLIS, Mortlake Public School.

The most valuable properties of alcohol are its solvent powers and the rapidity with which it evaporates, and chemists are constantly using these powers for research purposes.

A solvent is something which makes a thing dissolve, and here it is a very useful thing. If we mix water with castor oil, for instance, the castor oil collects as a separate layer on the top. Castor oil will not mix with water.

But if we mix alcohol with castor oil, the castor oil dissolves in it.

Thus, with one instance, we see that, next to water only, alcohol is perhaps our most valuable solvent.

Another valuable use of alcohol is as a fuel; it burns with little or no production of smoke. It may be used in spirit lamps. During the Great War alcohol was used to produce heat and power, as in motor engines. It is sometimes used as a source of light.

Its solvent properties make it an excellent cleanser, removing stains from porcelain baths, metals, and other articles. It is regularly used for heating purposes, as in crimping irons and spirit stoves.

It is a valuable agent in first aid, as long as it is applied to the outside—not the inside—of the body. In wounds, scratches or scrapes it cleanses the skin, and helps to kill the germs around the wound, as well as taking away much of the stain of the iodine.

Combined with other substances it may be used as a liniment to rub the skin, and it may be used as a cooling lotion to a sprained ankle during the stage soon after the swelling takes place.

However, the main thing to remember about alcohol is that its uses are confined to the outside of the body, and not the inside.

Even after the first drink or two, if we could, as scientists have done, apply delicate tests, we would find that already little mistakes were occurring, and confusion in action and thought evident. Especially we would notice how pleased the drinkers were at what they said and did, thinking they were doing wonders, when more and more errors were being made.

The first effect of the poisoning is that they lose the power of knowing when they make mistakes, and of controlling what they do.

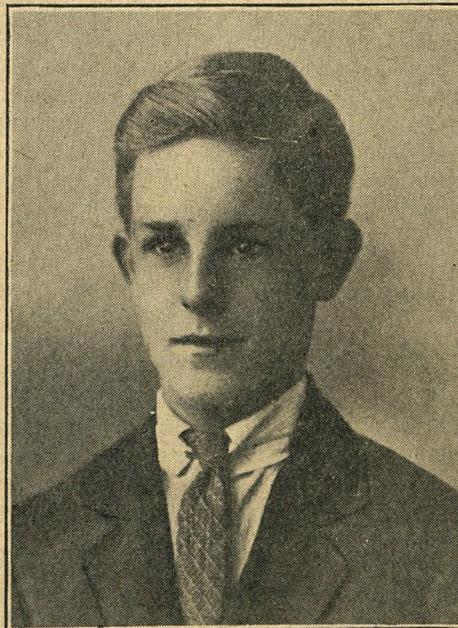
To think the first doses helpful is just as reasonable as to believe that by poisoning a man of a high position or the postman and the postal and telegraphic men even a little would obtain a better delivery of messages and good work.

As to the nervous system, the idea that you get warm when you have a drink of beer, etc., of course is absolutely incorrect. The internal action may make the person feel more comfortable, but his loss of heat is increased by the drug, and he will stand the cold much worse than if he had done with-

out it. That is why many Polar explorers who took alcohol have succumbed to the cold. Of course, now a Polar explorer is forbidden to touch alcohol.

During the Boer War Lord Roberts, the great British Field-Marshal, was the first man to discover what the evils of "shouting" meant to a soldier, for he saw that men who had sworn to defend their King and Empire could not do so, because of the steady, persistent poisoning by the drug. The army doctors showed him how alcohol spoilt men's lives, and less resistance to diseases; in fact, they showed him how it shortened their lives by as much as 15 years! They also showed him how often alcohol was associated with crime, disgrace, and even dismissal.

As one of his first attempts at improving matters, Lord Roberts set his face sternly and strongly against "shouting."



GEORGE ELLIS,
Mortlake Public School.

And what is "shouting"? One person suggests and pays for a group of others for a glass of beer. Once this happens, everyone in the group is expected to pay for a round of drinks in return, and from that has arisen the common Australian habit of "shouting."

One remedy is that each person should pay for what he himself drinks. It is better still to keep clear of any conditions which may lead up to it, for no custom whatsoever should force anyone to drink something which is a luxury (and a very dangerous luxury at that), a poison, and a drug, and which, from the health point of view, is a nuisance to the individual and the community.

"Ventilation" is a term meaning to allow air to enter a room ("ventilators," a kind of window to allow air to enter the room).

It is necessary to have fresh air, and if we do not have air we cannot live; it is vital, an absolute necessity, and city children must have somewhere to go to obtain it, away from the dirty, dusty, grimy, smoky city. And for that purpose "the lungs of the city" have been established by all metropolitan councils (that is, the parks).

Here the children (and adults) may come and receive some fresh air, as well as romp and play away from their crowded streets. So we see how important it is to have fresh air; it's a necessity.

Milk, unlike all alcoholic liquors, contains a vital substance—vitamines—which is so needed by school children.

It contains also certain substances which repair the body, build the body, develop a hardy, strong body, make it to a certain degree disease resisting, a food; unlike alcoholic liquors. The vitamins are its principal properties, and should be drunk by all children in considerable quantities.

For a Foreign Body in the Eye.—First prevent the patient from rubbing the eye, and if necessary (as in case of a small child) tie hands behind back. Then draw upper eyelid over lower one, and get the patient to look from side to side, the lower lid acting as a brush. Failing this, with a match, preferably, put it on the upper lid and roll the match upwards. This lifts the upper lid; and then, with wet silk handkerchief, try to get the body out of the eye with the corner of it.

For a Burn.—First send for doctor if at all serious, and then proceed as follows: Sprinkle some flour on the burn, so as to allow no air to reach the wound; then, soaking enough cotton wool in the common caron oil (a mixture of equal parts of lime-water and olive oil), lay on burn, and (as is often the case) treat for shock.

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SUCCESS OR FAILURE.

ECONOMIC AND INDUSTRIAL EFFECTS OF PROHIBITION IN AMERICA.

THE "MONITOR"-FELDMAN IMPARTIAL SURVEY.

ARTICLE XVIII.—REAL ESTATE VALUES, THE SALOONS AND THRIFT.

In concluding a review of the available evidence regarding the effect of Prohibition upon real estate values and the savings of the people, Professor Feldman makes the following extremely significant remark:

"In concluding this discussion of real estate values as affected by the closing of saloons, we cannot avoid making a comment which, whilst somewhat aside from the main purpose of our series, has some bearing on our present discussion. In the large number of letters, questionnaires and interviews, representing sharply divergent views on many aspects of Prohibition, we have many records of people who want repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment and of others who want modification of the Volstead Act, but there is almost universal repudiation of the saloon. One may feel quite safe in saying that the condemnation of the saloons is so general that people don't care how much it cost to abolish them."

Under these circumstances, as Professor Feldman suggests, a discussion of the effect of Prohibition on real estate values becomes somewhat academic. Nevertheless, the matter is one of so much interest, and the facts so contrary to the gloomy prognostication of the "wets" in pre-Prohibition days, that the figures may be given and attention directed to some aspects of the position which are frequently ignored in every-day discussion.

REAL ESTATE VALUES.

Official Government figures of the value of real estate show a big increase, the assessed value of real property in cities of over 30,000 population in the United States having risen from 27 thousand million dollars in 1915 to 51 thousand million dollars in 1925.

No intelligent reader will attribute this increase to Prohibition alone. A great many factors contribute to a rise in the value of real estate, just as many other factors, having no relation whatever to liquor, might conceivably produce a slump.

As a result of extensive inquiries, Professor Feldman draws the following conclusions:

(1) Saloons were assets to one type of real estate, and decided detriments to others.

(2) Whatever might have been the effect of Prohibition if poor economic circumstances had prevailed in the country, the tremendous increase in prosperity has greatly enhanced the value of real estate in general, and has, on the whole, over-balanced the losses that occurred to some saloon sites.

(3) The added impetus to saving and insurance has made more money available for financing construction, thus adding to the total of improvements on real estate.

(4) The availability of the better located property among the stores vacated by saloons has been a boon to retail business.

(5) In the main, only the saloon located where no other service could be performed profitably except the dispensing of drink has suffered a decline in values.

(6) Taking the situation as a whole, these past seven years have seen an adjustment of real estate values to the situation which makes it appear that the abolition of the saloon has, at the very least, had no ill-effect on real estate values as a whole, and perhaps has helped to increase them.

As is the case in Australia, public-house locations in America before Prohibition varied infinitely—from "the costliest corner in the heart of the business district to the dreariest outpost near the garbage disposal plant." Such being the case, no general proposition regarding the effects of Prohibition can possibly be applicable to all these sites.

A saloon might be highly profitable to the saloon proprietor, and yet have detrimental effects by its mere presence upon adjacent sites. This often was the case, as the presence of a saloon tended to restrict the uses to which neighboring stores could be put owing to prejudice among women and others against such locations. If a saloon was part of a tenement, this often meant that the floors immediately above had a low rental value and that the number of tenants willing to occupy such premises was strictly limited. Again, saloons often resisted new construction, and their going out of business furnished the opportunity for effecting improvements.

The World League Against Alcoholism made a survey of New York City, which showed that 2173 saloons which had gone out of business had made places for 3899 stores and concerns of other types, whilst inquiries made by Professor Feldman of the mayors of small towns show that, in the great majority of instances, real estate values have increased enormously since Prohibition.

"Some real estate men," Professor Feldman writes, "see many other improvements in the present situation which they attribute to Prohibition. They recall the days when because of the existence of a saloon on every corner it was a question whether they would encounter a tearful wife appealing for help or actually get the rent. They say that the tenement dweller or the occupier of the poorer properties has become a better tenant because the rent is not so frequently squandered in the saloon, and that tenements have become better stabilised as an investment."

Of course, when all is said and done, the tremendous increase in real estate values must be chiefly attributed to general prosperity and the unprecedented volume of trade

in recent years. Owners of real estate have been able to dispose of saloon sites at a premium to other business undertakings, and "vacated saloons renting at lower prices during 1921 and 1922 have mounted to far above their former rental to-day."

THRIFT OF THE PEOPLE.

A factor which has had a reflex action upon real estate values is the greater amount of money made available by the banks and the insurance companies to finance new construction as a result of the greater thrift of the people.

The increased savings of the people are beyond dispute. The figures of the United States Post Office Savings Bank show an increase per depositor from 111.82 dollars in 1914 to 336.03 dollars in 1926. But the Post Office only pays 2 per cent. interest, and it is when we turn to the figures of private savings banks that we discover the full strength of the position. The American Bankers' Association reports that the average number of depositors increased from 12,379,809 in the five-year period 1912-16 to 39,155,499 for the period 1922-26, whilst the actual number in the latter year was 46,762,240, the highest number ever recorded. The number of schools participating rose from 2736 in 1919-20 to 10,163 in 1924-25. Almost one-fourth of the gain in number of savings accounts may be attributed to the growth of schools savings alone, yet the per capita average deposit increased from 90 dollars in 1912-16 to 188 dollars in 1921-25.

Amongst employers generally this increase in thrift is partly attributed to the favorable influence of Prohibition, and the majority of the banks are very certain that Prohibition has aided in increasing their business, "but some are in doubt and inclined to credit the increase to other factors."

The insurance taken out by the wage-earner, known as industrial insurance, and collected by an agent at his home in weekly premiums, has increased considerably. The average annual amount in force in the years 1914-1919 was less than 5250 million dollars, while that for 1920-25 was almost 11,750 million dollars. A questionnaire was sent out to 520 insurance agents by one of the largest insurance companies in the country. Over 400 of the agents stated that it was much easier to write industrial insurance and collect premiums, and 226 explained that the abolition of the saloon was the chief cause or one of the causes, mentioning various other reasons also, of course. "Their answers," says Professor Feldman, "included vivid testimony of cases in which the agent had to call promptly at 1 o'clock on Saturday to get the weekly premium before the head of the household had spent his pay in the saloon."

(To be continued.)

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* * *

Be pleasant in the morning until 10 o'clock—the rest of the day will take care of itself.

* * *

You can never do more than pick up a few grains of truth from the sands of time, and each grain you do pick up is a gem of pleasure and help.

* * *

Do what you are paid to do; if your interest is not in your work get another job.

* * *

Gilt is found in pretty settings; gold is hidden in the rough, hard, obstacle rocks.

* * *

The sweetest language in the world is kind deeds, not so much words.

* * *

Wishbones never bring success. It is backbones that do.

* * *

If you do right, act right, think right, and talk right, your reward will be happiness, content and peace.

* * *

Help build up character in the ones you love, and the action will help build your own.

* * *

Kindness will soften sorrows, sweeten joys, give hope and courage, and make the world better.

* * *

Believe absolutely in your own God-given power to overcome anything and everything, and you will.

* * *

Despondency is one phase of immorality. It is blasphemous, and an insult to the Creator.

* * *

WHAT IS WORTH DOING IS WORTH DOING WELL.

You were not sent into this world to do anything into which you could not put your heart. You have certain work to do for your bread, and that is to be done strenuously; other work to do for your delight, and that is to be done heartily; neither is to be done by halves or shifts, but with a will; and what is not worth this effort is not to be done at all.

THERE IS NO TRUST WHERE THERE IS WORRY.

He who in truth trusts God cannot worry. He who loves God and mankind will not become dried and withered at fifty, for love will re-create his blood, and renew the fires of his eye. He who understands his own divine nature will grow more beautiful with the passing of time, for the God within will become each year more visible.

IT COULDN'T BE DONE.

Somebody said that it couldn't be done,

But he with a chuckle replied
That "maybe it couldn't," but he would be one

Who wouldn't say so till he'd tried.

So he buckled right in with a trace of a grin

On his face. If he worried, he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done—and he did it.

Somebody scoffed: "Oh, you'll never do that—

At least no one ever has done it,"
But he took off his coat, and he took off his hat,

And the first thing we knew he'd begun it.

With a lift of his chin and a bit of a grin,

Without any doubting or quiddit,
He started to sing as he tackled the thing

That couldn't be done—and he did it.

There are thousands to tell you it cannot be done,

There are thousands to prophesy failure;

There are thousands to point out to you, one by one,
The dangers that wait to assail you.

But just buckle in with a bit of a grin.

Then take off your coat and go to it;
Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing

That "cannot be done"—and you'll do it.

Grateful acknowledgments are given to "Forbes," "The Silent Partner," "Unity," "Christian Business," "Science of Thought Review," and "Trotty Veck Messenger."

Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.

* * *

A cheerful temper is as the sunshine of Paradise.

* * *

Conversation enriches the understanding; but solitude is the school of genius.

* * *

A sneer is the laugh and the act of a demon.

* * *

You will find yourself happiest in communicating happiness to others.

* * *

Life is a sea and hope is the anchor which makes you stand steady in a storm.

* * *

It is easier to pretend what you are not than to hide what you really are.

* * *

Impartiality strips the mind of prejudices and passion.

* * *

A day lost is something precious lost forever. Have you done your good deed to-day?

* * *

There is no strong inward thought that does not betray itself in the countenance.

* * *

The best fashion is to do all the good we can to individuals and society.

* * *

Wonderful is the strength of cheerfulness; together past calculation its power of endurance.

* * *

Prohibition is the biggest contribution we can make to overcrowded hospitals.

* * *

Prohibition has proved itself to be the kindest thing we can provide for children.

Good manners are the actions of good minds and good hearts.

* * *

A smile is the deaf and dumb language that all can understand and appreciate without a word being spoken.

* * *

LIFE IS ONLY WHAT YOU MAKE IT.

If someone wrong you, cheats, misuses, or insults you, let it pass as one of the lessons you have to learn, but do not imagine that you are selected by fate for only such lessons. Keep wholesome, hopeful and sympathetic with the world at large whatever individuals may do. Expect life to use you better every year, and it will not disappoint you in the long run. For, after all, life is what you make it.

EVERY THURSDAY, MACQUARIE PLACE, 1.15,
REV. R. B. S. HAMMOND WILL SPEAK.

A Personal Chat with my readers

OUR SUPERIORITY.

If we are as superior as we claim to be and the shrieking press asserts we are, why do we fear "foreigners"? We can whip them at sports, we know how to dress, we are the unconquerable incomparables, and they are the "nobodies" who leave their own country unmissed, and since they have little money and are handicapped with language difficulties, why do we fear these "foreigners"?

The fact is we fear their industry, thrift and serious purpose to progress. Few face this fact.

We do not want such competitors. They want to make good; we only want to have a good time. Such "foreigners" are the skeleton in the cupboard in Canada, South Africa and Australia.

While it is true they have not our religious ideals, our law traditions, and our personal and social habits, they will accept such things from us, being surprisingly ready to accept them if—and this is an important if—we demonstrate them to be effective for collective progress and personal welfare. The chaos of our politics, the lifelessness of our religion, the moral laxity of society and the warfare in industry afford them no encouragement to accept our ways, and so they cling to their own.

We have not a "foreign" indigestible mass as they have in either Canada or South Africa, but we will have. It is inevitable. We cannot meet "peaceful penetration" by anti-immigration laws for any great length of time, but only by putting our own house in order and proving our superiority to be the genuine gold and not just brass.

Last year 143,991 immigrants entered Canada.

Of these, 73,000 were Ruthenians, Poles, Finns, Magyars, Jews, Germans, Norwegians, Swedes, Italians, Jugoslavs, Dutch, Russians and Croats. Of the remainder, 21,025 came from the United States. Only 49,784 came from the British Isles.

Ask the first ten people you meet who the Magyars or Croats are and they will hand you back a fine sample of superior ignorance. Ask the average Australian to demonstrate that intellectually, physically or morally we are class for class superior to the "foreigners" we resent and they will be hard put to it.

The time for a good time has passed. We can no longer slouch along and say, "Remember Waterloo or Anzac." It is on the shoulder of the "average man" to make an

effort, sustain the effort and improve the effort, or we will be among the also rans.

Thank God on September 1 we can start in like all others who make great efforts and cut out the booze.

* * *

I say with full knowledge of
SEPT. 1. all the facts that the Prohibition cause is in worse shape to-day than when the little handful of Contemptibles fought the first no-license poll in 1907.

If we do not make a supreme effort in the next seventeen weeks then we will not only suffer a humiliating defeat, but it will be years before we ever get past the barriers the liquor protecting politicians will place between us and another referendum.

It seems inconceivable to me that every reader of "Grit" cannot at once dedicate a definite sum of not less than one pound to be paid before September 1 to the fund I need to put up a fight against the biggest, wealthiest, best organised and cruellest evil in our midst.

In the last five years we have spent in drink £59,928,000, and 161,154 convictions have been recorded against drunks.

Prohibition can, and will, divert all those millions into the legitimate channels of trade and will reduce the drunks by 100,000.

What will you do?

* * *

Some years ago the small child
HELLO! of a parson friend of mine came to the door of his study when he was very engrossed in his work. The little lady said, "Daddy, I hurted my finger." Without looking up, he replied, "Well, run away now, daddy is busy." She lingered for a few minutes and then said, "Daddy, I hurted it bad." He said, "Well, run and show it to mother."

After a minute's hesitation, she said, "Well, you might have said, "Oh!"

I try to recall this when in a great rush some folk come to me with their "sore fingers." Maybe I am not the only one who needs to recall it.

Alice E. Copley has a nice thought in her lines:

I look through my sitting-room window,
And just across the way
I can see a youthful figure
Resting apart from play.

He gives me childish greeting,
A wave of the hand alway,
And I know, if only I heard him,
"Hello!" I should hear him say.

GRIT

A JOURNAL OF
NATIONAL EFFICIENCY
AND PROHIBITION.

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

Editor—ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.

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Postal Address: Box 390F, G.P.O., Sydney.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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New Zealand Postal Notes and stamps cannot be cashed in New South Wales.
You may send your subscriptions c/o Secretary, N.Z. Alliance, 114 The Terrace, Wellington, N.Z.

Remittances should be made by Postal Notes payable to Manager of "Grit," or in Stamps.

SYDNEY, THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1928.

We are nearing a wiser, friendlier world,
When youth with age can meet,
And the years between are but a dream,
Like the passing of summer heat.

For there's nothing more sweet than friendship

Betwixt the young and old,
And I'd just as soon have a boy's "Hello!"
As meet with a bag of gold.

* * *

I will make "Grit" available
YOU at a penny a copy for those
HELPERS. who will distribute it among
those they contact with.

Your milkman has a vote; your tradespeople will listen to you.

Your neighbors may be won. Give them a course of "Grit." Twelve consecutive weeks of "Grit" will win any person of average intelligence to vote for Prohibition on September 1. Be an educator. You send the cash. I will send the converting ammunition.

The Editor

"After the Storm," the wild wind and the rain,
The sun shall shine in its glory again;
"After the Storm" and the terrors of night
Gladness will come with the dawning of light.
After the stress of bronchitis is past
The peace of repose will be yours at last;
And a waking thought of gratitude pure
For priceless Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

**HOW TO WIN PROHIBITION.
THE FORCES AT WORK AGAINST US.**

By ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.

In four short months, seventeen fleeting weeks from when you read this, the chance we have been waiting for since 1913 will have come and gone. There are in N.S.W. the following licenses to sell liquor:

	Metropolitan Area.	Rest of the State.
Publican	530	1668
Spirit Merchant	122	134
Australian Wine	165	275
Brewers	3	9
Packet	10	—
Total	830	2086

Add to these 79 club licenses, two distillers, 29 railway room bars, and you have a total for the State of 3026 places fighting for their business lives on September 1 next.

There are only 1247 people employed in the 12 breweries, and 32 in the two distilleries.

The financial interest involved is out of all proportion to the number of people employed.

It is not a fight for jobs, but a fight for dividends.

The brewery shareholders, representing nearly £10,000,000, are the ones who will fight with blind fury to keep their "blood money," and will use every devious means for mobilising the stomach brigade to further enslave themselves. The 3026 liquor-sellers, with £13,220,000 passing through their hands, will put up a real fight to retain this turnover.

FOR OUR ENCOURAGEMENT.

In 1917 there were 22 breweries in N.S.W., employing 1003 people; now there are only 12, employing 1247.

In the last seven years 460 publicans' licenses have been wiped out. Our progress may be slow, but it is progress. The liquor gang have been in retreat now for many years.

It is true that the liquor expenditure has grown. In 1917 it was £6,667,000, or £3/10/5 per head; in 1927 it was £13,222,000, or £5/12/6 per head.

In 1917 there were 21,867 drunks; in 1927 this had mounted to 34,981.

This provides us with a double reason for insisting on Prohibition.

First, as a debt-burdened people we cannot afford to throw away £13,222,000; it is economically dishonest.

Second, 34,981 convictions for drunkenness and ten times as many near drunks, or drunks whose good fortune gets them past the policeman, challenge the best efforts of all who would extend the kingdom of God.

We hear much of bootlegging in U.S.A. We call it sly-grog selling in N.S.W.; and I often wonder how the anti-Prohibitionists explain the fact that, in spite of licensed liquor places every few yards in our metropolitan area, there were 158 convictions re-

corded in the city Courts last year for sly-grog selling.

WHY WE NEED MONEY.

Educating people is a costly business. We cannot hope to win if people do not know the need for Prohibition and the results of Prohibition.

There are nearly 500,000 homes in N.S.W. It is not enough to reach them once; they ought to be reached at least twelve times. This at a cost of a penny each would equal £2083 for postage each time, and another £1000 for the printed matter. To do it properly would cost £40,000 in three months. We have not got £40.

The newspapers, the Railway Commissioners, and the picture people are all tied up by the liquor gang, so that we cannot get the facts through the press except at great cost, and cannot get them at any cost through the pictures or the railway advertising spaces. Speakers and canvassers are

which applies to 10,000 workers in Chicago and vicinity. This 50 dollars scale is increased by commissions, for the milk men, like the laundry and tea-and-coffee men, have become commercial travellers who ride in waggons instead of pullmans. Last year the Union paid more than 150,000 dollars to its members in sick and death benefits, and in its 25 years of history it has never had a strike.

COMMANDER EVANGELINE BOOTH.

The "War Cry" of March 24 last among other things quoted Evangeline Booth as saying:

"With all emphasis, I declare there is less misery in the home of the poor in America to-day because of the disappearance of saloons. I have cited the case of one here, another there, as illustrations. The difficulty I faced was in making selections, for I know that tens of thousands of drunkards have been reclaimed, tens of thousands of homes re-established because through Prohibition—some Americans have stopped drinking.

"The purposes of the Salvation Army are named in its charter as the spiritual, moral,

FIFTH ANNIVERSARY

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WEDNESDAY, MAY 16th, 1928.

12.30 to 3.30

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W. CAIRO BRADLEY will preside.

available, and good ones, but they must be paid, and in addition hall hire and advertising. **Is it worth it?**

The "Chicago Evening Post" of November 9 says better labor conditions for home-building and other major industries are indicated by the fact that fewer strikes were registered in 1926 than in any year since the war.

The "Chicago Evening Post" of October 19 says:

"If paid in gold, a Paris bricklayer would have to work nearly ten times as many hours to earn an ounce of the precious metal as a Philadelphia bricklayer. A man in the same trade in London, England, would have to work nearly 28 hours for every eight hours worked by the Philadelphia man; a bricklayer in Berlin, Germany, would have to work more than 40 hours for every eight hours put in by the Philadelphia man."

What Philadelphia bricklayer would be foolish enough to trade his high wages for "the personal liberty" to drink booze accorded his fellow-worker in Paris, London, or Berlin?

The "Chicago Daily News" of October 28 says that the milk men of Chicago have a minimum weekly wage scale of 50 dollars,

and physical reformation of all who need it; the reclamation of the vicious, criminal, dissolute, and degraded; visitation among the poor and lowly and sick, and the preaching of the Gospel. People of all faiths are willing to admit that we keep to those purposes. They who dwell in the slums, who loiter in bootleg dens, and those who suffer in prison will testify that we of the Salvation Army have not drifted from the course set by my father. Surely we ought to know whether the poor have been hindered or helped by Prohibition.

"Sincerely, then, I say they are being helped."

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Mike—

(Continued from page 2.)

that turned to timidity as the hour of meeting drew nigh.

I had been busy also. I saw his wife often. I had won a chance for Mike, and I planned that the evening meal be a good one, the place to look its best—his wife particularly so. Friday evening came and Mike put on his glad rags. I was not there in the room when Mike made ready, but I was in the room soon after he left. I had fixed Mike in the room, and I felt that I had a perfect right to cheque him out, and his landlady thought so too, after I had told her part of the story.

I left the room just one hour after Mike, and carrying his belongings I made my way to the place of reunion.

Meanwhile, Mike had arrived in the street where his wife lived. He turned the corner about sixty yards from the gate. Sure he looked straight ahead, and, looking ahead, he saw one of the best sights he had witnessed in his life. There at the gate was the wife, his old sweetheart, decked out in a new pinnie and with a face somewhat saddened by past experience and hardship, but carrying a glow, the one that love and expectancy put on any face that is about to confront a lover who has been away on a long journey. And sure Mike's journey had been a long, also a painful, one.

"COME IN; TEA'S READY."

When Mike saw his wife at the gate, he told me after, he paused, but soon recovered himself and walked up to the one he had deserted. I had them both repeating many times just what happened. It was music to me, but harmony to those two reunited pals. The wife broke down with her arms around his neck, and the words, "Come in, Mike; tea's ready," were the first words spoken. Then the children, who had hungered for their father, got their share.

Oh, boy, just what was in that first meeting no one but they will know, but I feel the great Creator has every word down pat

and nicely ruled off as a special classic in the doings of this little bunch of humans that His Love had brought together again.

"Come in; tea's ready," is a slogan between Mike and me. It has to take second place to "I'm still beating my chest." Mike never left that home any more.

THE BUNDLE SAFELY HOME.

Mike did not know I was following him. He had no idea of our plans, so when I turned up just as tea was finishing and I landed the bundles—his bundles—plump on the floor, he nearly had a fit, but it was a fit of joy. He gripped my hand, and I carry the pleasure of that grip right along. Would I have a cup of tea? Would I? And what a cup of tea it was!

I stayed only about one hour—something very important I had to fix up. As a matter of fact, I had the evening off. I wandered around the Redfern streets. I took in many of the open bars—the six o'clock closing had not then come about.

I saw many Mikes; I saw them in the making. Every morning in the yard of the Central I saw the finished product—a little success here, a dud there. But when most disappointed at failure, of which there was and is a lot, I long to get the vision of Mike, of the home I saw improve week after week.

I saw Mike often. My visits to his home now became pretty frequent. His home is happy. Mike never broke his pledge. I feel he never will.

I often picture his plight when he was down. I often feel the misery his wife felt when they were parted.

Will I ever see them again? Will I ever see Mike as he drives up Sussex-street, proud in the fact of a new manhood, his big hairy chest, and his massive arms holding the reins of a three-horse team?

Will I ever catch him thus; see his quick move as he lifts his hands to his mouth, the better to bellow across to me the words I whispered in his ear as he knelt a trembling sinner? Those words, "Jack, I'm still beat-

ing my chest," mean much to him. His God, his home, are built on them. Those who started and still carry on the pledge-signing at the Central Court are, with God, responsible for them. Mike's case is only one of many that have benefited by their efforts.

GRIT SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"Grit" subscriptions received to 5/5/28, and where not mentioned the amount is 11/-: A. G. Parnham, 6/-, 30/10/28; Miss E. M. Welch, 30/10/28, and 9/- don.; F. W. Platts, £2, 30/7/29; Rev. F. H. D. Peryman, 30/-, 12/5/28; Miss B. Dyer, 6/-, 30/6/28; C. R. Furner, 6/6, 30/10/28; Miss Milliner, 19/4/28, and 9/- don.; Mrs. MacLaurin, 17/3/29; Mrs. C. E. Rennie, 10/4/29; C. J. Westcott, 6/-, 30/10/28; Mrs. Henderson, 4/-, 15/9/28; Miss M. A. Holmes, 4/5/29, and 9/- don.; C. Smith, 6/-, 30/10/28; Miss J. C. Davis, 12/6 and 10/- don., 30/7/29; Miss O. M. Prince, 5/-, 15/11/28; Miss Smith, 30/4/29.

The following are paid to 30/12/28: C. M. Clark, J. C. Ironmonger, W. Killinger, W. Muscio (12/5), Mrs. Nicholas (8/5), W. A. Clark (25/6), J. Treloar (£3/2/6), Mrs. Stillwell (9/-), A. C. Collier, R. Smith.

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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.

THIS IS SERIOUS!

Boys and girls, I need you. I never needed friends as badly as I do now. The Railway Commissioners who accept liquor advertisements refuse to accept any advertisement against drink or for Prohibition. The Movie Picture people in Sydney refuse to accept any advertisement to be shown on the screen that is opposed to liquor or in favor of Prohibition. Now the Country Press have decided that they will charge five shillings for each one inch of space that we take in favor of Prohibition. There are 227 country newspapers in N.S.W. To put seven lines in each of those papers would cost £56/15/- each time you did it. In seven lines you could not say anything worth while. If we took six inches, then the cost would be £340/10/-; to do that twice a week for eight weeks before the Referendum would cost £5448. Now, you know why we don't contradict the lies you see in the papers. I need your help. Will you distribute "Grit" for me? I will make you my agent, and send each week, without cost to you, copies of "Grit." Will you help? Write to me at once, and I will fully explain.

UNCLE B.

OUR LETTER BAG.

HURRAH!

Lawrence Hughes, 18 Lumsden-street, North Sydney, writes: I have just arrived from New Zealand. I was a great friend with the stewards. I came over on the Maunganui. It is a very good seaboat. When I got here I saw nothing but hotel bars. I hate the sight and the smell of them. There was none in Masterton. I have joined the Cubs over here. I will be in to see you soon.

(Dear Lawrence,—I am glad you have come to Sunny N.S.W. We are not a patch on Wonderful Masterton, but when we kick old man Booze out we will make the rest of the world sit up. I will be delighted to see you.—Uncle B.)

ADIEU.

Ruby Connor, Richmond Main, via Pelaw Main, writes: This is my last letter now, as I will be 17 to-morrow, and your family is only opened for those from seven to seventeen. One of my brothers has been to camp, and he liked it very well. The school up here has been closed, but is now again re-

opened. Well, Uncle B., I am glad I was not a scallywag the short time I've been in your family. I will close, and say adieu, with love and best wishes to you and all "Grit" cousins, and I thank you very much for the stamps that you sent me.

(Dear Ruby,—I am sorry to hear you say adieu, but you are now an Honorary Ni, and have to write once a year. I hope, when you come to visit Sydney you will come to see me, and pick out some more stamps for yourself.—Uncle B.)

A NEW NI.

Ronald Holliday, Ray Garth, Downside. Wagga, writes: May I become one of your Nes? I am 11 years old, and my birthday is on the 27th of May. It is very wet here to-day, and I was not able to go to school. Mother remembers you preaching at Downside, and hopes you can come again some time. I am collecting stamps, but only have a few. I have a bicycle that I ride to school on, a distance of three miles. I am in sixth class, and hope to pass my Q.C. at the end of the year.

(Dear Ronald,—I welcome you to my family. I am sending you some stamps. I do not think there is much chance of my paying you a visit, but perhaps some day you will come and see me.—Uncle B.)

LIKE A GOOD UNCLE.

Mary Lumley, Government Savings Bank, North Sydney, writes: You will have to excuse me for not writing for such a long time. Thank you very much for the nice little card you sent me. Douglas Fairbanks is my favorite actor. I hope my name is not on the scallywag list; if it is, please cross it off like a good Uncle.

(Dear Mary,—So you want me to cross you off the scallywag list. I have worn a pencil out doing that for your cousins. My "goodness" in this respect gets no chance of rusting. So you like Dug. Fairbanks best. I never get a chance of seeing any of them nowadays, and would not recognise Dug. if I saw him.—Uncle B.)

FROM W.A.

Violet Thorn, "Thorndale," North Dandalup, writes: I hope I am not a scallywag. If I am, please cross my name off your bad-books. It is Easter, and yet it seems no time since Christmas. We need rain, as a lot of the tanks around here are empty, and the gardens are very dry. We have a nice lot of cosmos coming out, but the roses are done for a while. Most of the fruit trees and vines have begun to lose their leaves, so winter is coming round again. We are milk-

ing eight cows and feeding three calves. We get about ten gallons of milk a day. I separate night and morning. We have a new separator now; it is a "New Era." We are making butter three times a week. I am very fond of reading lately. I have read "Sister in Chief," by Dorothy a'Beckett Terrell, "Kidnapped," by Robert Louis Stevenson, and "The All-conquering Power," by Joseph Hocking. On Wednesday evening we gave our minister, Mr. Burt, a farewell social. He is going up to Meekatharra, which is 600 miles from Perth and about 650 from here. It is a mining district, on a branch line from Geraldton.

(Dear Violet,—I am always pleased to hear from Dandalup, and would love to pay you a visit in the Spring. A month in such a place would give me a new lease of life. So you are separator in chief. I wonder how much cream you get from 10 gallons of milk? —Uncle B.)



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Hope is the lubricator that keeps the machinery of the mind running smoothly, and with greater surety of reaching a desired goal.

THE "POOR" BREWER.

Chester's Brewery has just issued £156,500 ordinary bonus shares to rank for dividend as from April 1, 1927. Starkey, Knight and Ford, Ltd., are paying 32½ per cent. for the year ended September 30. Nalder and Collyer have declared an interim dividend of 25 per cent.; Huggins and Co. are paying 10 per cent. and 5 per cent. bonus; Brandon's Putney Brewery are paying 26 2-3 per cent.; D. Watney and Son pay 15 per cent.; Robert Younger, Ltd., 15 per cent.; F. Leney and Sons, 15 per cent.; Mappin's Masbro' Old Brewery, 12½ per cent.; Mann, Crossman and Paulins, with a profit of £496,126, are paying 40 per cent.; Peter Walker and Son, Property Corporation, Ltd., in the distressed Lancashire and Cheshire area, pay 40 per cent.; and the No. 2 Company, 25 per cent.; Showell's are distributing 20 per cent.; Tadcaster Tower Brewery, 12 per cent.; Robinson's Brewery, 40 per cent.; Chester Northgate, 17½ per cent.; J. Hey and Co., a Lancashire company, 25 per cent.; Ashby Stainee, 15 per cent.; Benskin's Watford Brewery, 20 per cent.; Birkenhead Brewery, 15 per cent.; Hall's Oxford Brewery, 17 per cent.; W. Butler and Co., of Wolverhampton,

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15 per cent. free of tax; Alton and Co., 25 per cent.; Stroud Brewery, 17½ per cent.; Bentley's Yorkshire Breweries, 15 per cent.; Chesman Brewery, 20 per cent.; Gates' Castle Brewery, 20 per cent.; Cheltenham Original Brewery, 15 per cent.—are some of the dividends recorded in the current "Brewers' Journal," drawn from the earnings of the working classes in these hard times.

HERBERT HOOVER.

In the "Outlook" for February 22, "Herbert Hoover, a Political Portrait," is discussed by Silas Bent. In the analysis of the candidate the author states that Mr. Hoover's approval of Prohibition is economic. "He (Mr. Hoover) attributes the country's recovery from the shock of the World War in part to abstinence from alcoholic liquors. His pronouncements have been made in two public speeches and a newspaper interview, from which I will set down passages:

"It (the improved standard of living) is due to the increased skill, to the advancement of science, to temperance, to the improvement of processes, more labor-saving devices—but most of all it is due to the tremendous strides made in industrial administration and commercial organisation, in the elimination of waste in effort and materials.

"The application of the many discoveries in the physical sciences, the increase in efficiency both of workers and executives, the elimination of industrial waste and the advent of Prohibition have raised our standards of living and material comfort to a height unparalleled in our history and therefore in the history of the world.

"There can be no doubt of the economic benefit of Prohibition. Viewing the temperance question only from this angle, Prohibition has proved its case. I think increased temperance over the land is responsible for good share of the enormously increased efficiency in production which statistics gathered by the Department of Commerce show to have followed the passage of the dry laws."

ABSOLUTELY LOYAL.

A man was making vain attempts to stoop over and pick up a package.

An obliging stranger handed it to him, saying: "What's the mater? Lumbago?"

"No; I bought these suspenders in Scotland, and they won't give."

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AND THEY ALL SMILED.

A builder who was speaking in public for the first time said: "I am unaccustomed to public speaking. My proper place is on the scaffold."

* * *

"Did you call Edna this morning?"

"Yes, but she wasn't down."

"Why didn't you call her down?"

"'Cause she wasn't up."

"Then call her up now, and call her down for not being down when you called her up."

* * *

Bobbie: "I'll bet you don't know how much milk one girl can drink."

Tommy: "No, I don't and I'll bet you don't either."

Bobbie: "Yes, I do; the arithmetic teacher says four quarts to one gal."

* * *

A GIVEAWAY.

Wifey: "Mrs. Harkins said her husband disgraced her on their honeymoon."

Hubby: "That so? How?"

Wifey: "Well, she wanted the other passengers on the ship to think an ocean voyage was an old story to them, but as soon as they were on board her husband pointed to a row of lifebuoys and asked the captain what was the idea of all those extra tyres!"

A salesman unable to land any orders sent the following telegram: "Am the world's second best salesman. Prize goes to the man who loaded you up with these goods."

* * *

ALL WET.

Judge: "Did the accused give you the impression of a drunken man on the night of the affair?"

Witness: "Yes, he was wearing a watch with an illuminated dial and was trying to light his cigar by it."

* * *

LAW-ABIDING CITIZEN.

Not long ago Deacon Miller bought a horse and buggy and took his wife out one Sunday for a drive. They came to our neighboring town of Osseo and saw a sign which read, "Speed limit, fifteen miles per hour."

"Here, ma," said the deacon excitedly, "you take the lines and drive, and I'll use the whip. Maybe we can make it."

* * *

AFTER THE ROUND-UP.

In the early days of the World War the officer in charge of a British post, deep in the heart of Africa, received a wireless message from his chief:

"War declared. Arrest all enemy aliens in your district."

A few days later the chief received this communication:

"Have arrested seven Germans, three Belgians, four Spaniards, five Frenchmen, a couple of Swedes, an Argentinian and an American. Please inform me whom we are at war with."

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IT WON'T BUY BOTH.

Governor Zimmerman was a guest at a banquet given by the Motorists' Association of Illinois where good roads were discussed. Cermak, as President of the Board of County Commissioners, pointed with a great deal of pride to the road construction work done in his county. He then launched into a tirade against Prohibition, a favorite theme with him. Governor Zimmerman replied that Prohibition is the real reason that the public is now able to finance highways and parks.

"Here is a ten-dollar bill," he proclaimed, producing one. "This is lawful money of this country. It will buy booze or it will buy roads, but it won't buy both."

"I want to call attention to the fact that before Prohibition you did not have millions for roads and millions for parks and millions for public buildings and more millions for public works. Since Prohibition there has come a period of great financing of all these things."

"When Prohibition has made it possible for the city of Chicago and for Cook county and the State of Illinois to raise and spend millions upon millions for highways and parks and other things, I say that Prohibition has done something for Chicago and the county and the State."

There is the crux of the whole matter. No man, no city, no State, no nation, can spend money for booze and have that money to spend for other things.

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Sunday School Convention

May 16th to 21st, also 30th,
1928.

in St. Barnabas' Church,
George Street West

to meet the World's Sunday School
Union President,

Rev. W. C. POOLE, D.D.

The President of the British Section,
Sir EDWARD SHARP,
will take part in the Programme.



PROGRAMME.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1928.

- 11.0.—Reception of Dr. W. C. Poole, Mrs. Poole and Sir Edward Sharp at Central Station (Melbourne Express).
- 1.20.—Address by Dr. Poole at United Intercessory Service in Town Hall Basement.
- 2.45.—Reception by the Ministers of Sydney in the Chapter House.
Chairman: President of the Council of Churches.
Addresses: Sir Edward Sharp (President of the British Section of the World's S.S. Association).
Rev. W. C. Poole, D.D., President of the World's Sunday School Association.

- 6-7.30.—Tea Table Conference, St. Barnabas' Church.
Chairman: Rev. R. B. S. Hammond,
Speaker: Rev. W. C. Poole, D.D.
- 8.0.—Young People's Rally, St. Barnabas' Church.
Speaker: Rev. W. C. Poole, D.D.
(Members of all Young Men's and Young Women's Societies, Guilds, etc., are requested to attend.)

THURSDAY, MAY 17.

- 3.0.—Teachers' Conference.
- "The Need for Teacher Training."
Rev. F. A. Walton, M.A., Dip. Ed.,
Director of Education for Sydney Diocese.
 - "Methods of Teacher Training."
Rev. W. W. Roger, Director of
Methodist Young People's Dept.

DISCUSSION.

- 6-7.30.—Tea Table Conference.
Speaker: Sir Edward Sharp. "The Signs of Progress in the Sunday School Movement."
- 8.0.—Public Meeting.
Address: Rev. W. C. Poole, D.D.
Subject: "The Place of Christian Education in the Building of a New World."

FRIDAY, MAY 18.

- 3.0.—Teachers' Conference.
Topic: "The Sunday School as an Evangelistic Agency."
Addresses: Mr. P. J. Pond, B.A.,
Director of Y.P.D. of the Churches of Christ; Rev. N. C. Goss, Director of the Congregational Young People's Department.
- 6-7.30.—Tea Table Conference.
Topic: "Young People's Societies in the Sunday School Programme."
Speaker: Rev. R. C. Barlow, B.A.,
Assistant Director Methodist Y.P.D.
- 8.0.—Public Meeting.
Speaker: Rev. W. C. Poole, D.D.
Subject: "The Place of Christian Education in World Understanding."

SATURDAY, MAY 19.

- 8.0.—St. Barnabas' Church. Teachers' Rally.
Speakers: Sir Edward Sharp: "Survey of Sunday School Work in Great Britain."
Rev. W. C. Poole, D.D.: "The Teacher and His Task."

CONVENTION SUNDAY, MAY 20.

- 11 a.m.—Pitt Street Congregational Church.
3 p.m.—Pleasant Sunday afternoon at the Lyceum, Pitt-street. Speaker: Rev. Dr. W. C. Poole.
- 5 p.m.—St. Barnabas' Church, George-street West. Preacher: Rev. Dr. W. C. Poole.

TEA WILL BE PROVIDED in St. Barnabas' School Hall on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday evenings (May 16, 17, 18). Charge: 1/-.

ORANGE AND LISMORE.

On Monday, May 21, Dr. Poole will speak at a District Convention at Orange; and on Wednesday, May 23, he will deliver an address at Lismore.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR RALLY.

A Great United C.E. Rally will be held in St. Barnabas' Church on Wednesday, May 30. Tea at 6.30. Tariff: 1/-.
Chairman: Rev. H. Smith, President of the N.S.W. Union.
Speakers: Rev. Dr. Poole and Sir Edward Sharp.

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PASS "GRIT" ON.

IN THE TRACK OF THE OUTLAW.

ASHAMED OF BEING LAUGHED AT.

By JOE LONGTON, Special Representative in America for the "Sydney Sportsman," for "Grit."

The State of Georgia has been "dry" for over twenty-one years. During that period it has quadrupled its population. Atlanta, Georgia, jumped from a city of 100,000 to 400,000, and its breweries and distilleries have been erased so thoroughly that, in the day that I was there, I could find no youth grown to age in that time who could direct me to a "murder mill."

I eventually got ashamed of being laughed at as I elicited their whereabouts, and gave the thing up in disgust, being satisfied with the facts that retail stores are in all the old "rat-holes" which did not give way for the skyscraper business houses and factories that were erected upon sites where the United Licensed Viciousness Associations directed the political economy of the State. All that is left of breweries are ice-houses and cold food storage plants. So I will have to disappoint my readers for once. The murderous traffic is entirely forgotten by Atlantans, who now spend their earnings with merchants, who in turn employ other consumers to manufacture the necessities of life upon which America's pay-roll is being spent since Prohibition.

From Atlanta I took highway "Number 9" through Decatur, the college city of "Athens," and Royston to the State line—the Savannah River—which I crossed into South Carolina, where the greatest prosperity prevails amongst the cotton planters, who have witnessed—since Prohibition—the raising of cities from towns of 1000 population to 70,000. Huge textile mills employing as high as 7000 workers have been erected in the cotton belt. People who had to be content with rags when "Bung" and his family were the best-nourished in the neighborhood wear the finest of cotton garments now, and the money they earn in the encouraging of the cotton industry goes over the merchants' counter.

Beautiful schools have been erected. A concrete highway 1000 miles long, 18 feet wide and 6 inches deep runs into New York City, and from it there are laterals that penetrate the State. These roads are paid for by owners of automobiles. Every worker has a car since the days of "Bung," when every worker was fortunate to have a job to walk to on shoes more or less down at the heels, or to the uppers. Since leaving New Orleans I have been in the States of Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia and South Carolina, and I saw ONE DRUNK.

From the South Carolina State line to Spartanburg, where I am resting over Sunday, I drove through the amazing cities of Anderson, Greenville, Gaffney and others. To find an old bar-room in either is a task, as the situation is all new. I did notice where

the Meadows Manufacturing Co. and the Grape Juice Factory are in an old beer-bottling plant in Granville. Here in Spartanburg the beer-bottling plants are encouraging the fruit growers by purchasing their products, which are converted into every fruit-flavored cordial known. Everybody is purchasing everything else but alcohol.

You will experience these conditions in Australia after the very first time the Aussie merchants and unemployed get a chance to "sock" J. B. Korn on the chin with their vote for Prohibition. Then you will see your unemployed begin to dwindle and gradually become better consumers daily. Better consumers demand better consumers, and "better-than-ever" consumers carry the poor, distracted, discouraged, ragged, impoverished unemployed into a fastidious era in which they can feel like real human beings in the clothes they like to wear, in the cars they can afford to own, while the food they sadly need now will be inside their stomachs then.

Of course the degenerate will always be able to get a degenerate's drink. But there is only a small percentage of boozey people—at any Prohibition time—that prefer to be of that rank and file. Once the United Licensed Viciousness Associations become outlawed the source of temptation becomes outlawed also. Unfortunately the "religious fanatic" obtains an opportunity to become as nauseous as "Bung," and he too has to have his wisdom (?) teeth extracted. Old statutes seem to be his goal posts, and while he races for them with his "bone of contention" tucked-up under his arm, like a moron with an inflated bullock's bladder under his, he runs roughshod over everything in sight, until someone laces him up in the strait-jacket of reason.

South Carolina has an executive—Governor Richards—who is enforcing old Puritan statutes. We can't buy gasoline on Sunday in this State. The enforcement laws are about to be repealed, and in order to repeal one the whole lot must be repealed, State Prohibition laws included. As I pen these lines I am reminded of an article I read in an Aussie periodical to the effect that "Australia will never be ready for Prohibition until Australians get religion." Yes! There are some people who think that the best time to give a fellow a bouquet is when he "looks natural" and the villagers forget all about his sins and talk about what a gentleman he was, while the undertaker with his screwdriver whispers, "Gangway, please."

William Gibbs McAdoo, the ardent Democratic "dry," has persuaded Senator Thomas J. Walsh, of Montana, to "throw his hat into the ring" for the Democratic nomination for Presidency. Mr. Walsh is a splendid, honest

man, and a "dry." If he is nominated I will support him in preference to Herbert Hoover, because he is one of our best Prohibitionists. He is a Roman Catholic, and I am a Protestant. But, as "Prohibition embraces all that which is beneficial to mankind," and as "Prohibition is the greatest thing in life" to my way of thinking, I am for the Prohibitionist, be he Roman Catholic, Hebrew or Protestant. Senator Walsh would make a wonderful President, and were I able I would elect him to the Presidency in preference to any man I know. Senator Walsh will get the Roman Catholic vote, the Democratic vote of the South, and he will split the "dry" vote of the nation with Mr. Hoover, if nominated.

Senator Walsh, if elected, would settle this religious controversy that the "wet" Roman Catholic "Alcohol" Smith has brought about, and give the good Roman Catholic priests an opportunity to give vent to their "sincere Prohibition sentiments," and remove the antagonism in America towards Papacy, as a Papist like Senator Walsh threw the lie into Papist mouths that denounce Prohibition because Papacy has stood aloof from the great economic reform so far as to enable it to be labelled "a Protestant reform." Prohibition is right, and it is fast becoming "undenominational political economy" that will remove all the barriers of ignorance and convert darkness into light.

I know Prohibition from "soup to nuts." And rough and uncultured I will come closer to putting Australia's and New Zealand's "liquor murderers" out of business than all of your "white-tied lambs" who approach the situation doubled-up like "Russian top-boot dancers." What Prohibition in the Antipodes needs is publicity, and I am sure that I can, in a bout with the United Licensed Viciousness Associations, get Prohibition all that, and more.

The Latin countries kick like steers at every attempt the social, moral and economic students make at reform. Ignorance squeals at liberators like captured animals. From the beginning of man, and in the in-between until now, the forces of enlightenment have been subjected to the "heels of the wild" it is its duty to enlighten. Alcohol, cocaine, morphine and opium fiends guard their hunger-forming narcotics like dogs do stinking, maggoty bones, and the unnatural desire to protect a detriment predominates. All adverse things get worse until they get better.

Persons will hang on to a mouthful of rotten, decayed teeth until shame, disease or pain causes them to have them extracted. Persons race around a neighborhood in a disorderly manner—like the "devil on horseback"—until the law jerks them into an awakening. Persons with riches at command squander their wealth until dire want explains in no uncertain manner the way in which the outcome could have been averted. Persons who have lived contrary to the laws of decency sailed before the wind like "shell-backs" with stiff breezes on their starboard

(Continued on page 16).

In the Track of the Outlaw—

(Continued from page 15.)

quarters until neglected forces explained in the depths of degradation the way that persons "should not live." Still, like the persons that found solace in the removal of a mouthful of abscessed snags, they find that there is a time when a remedy can be effected. It is never too late to mend. To-day passes into yesterday, and yesterdays can never be placed upon an operation table because yesterdays are dead. To-morrow is the best day, along with the rest of this one. There is an antidote for every evil circumstance, and Prohibition is the antidote for them all. It enables persons to garner the "money that makes the mare go," and money used rightly goes a long way towards warding off the vicissitudes that bring down mourning age in sorrow to the grave.

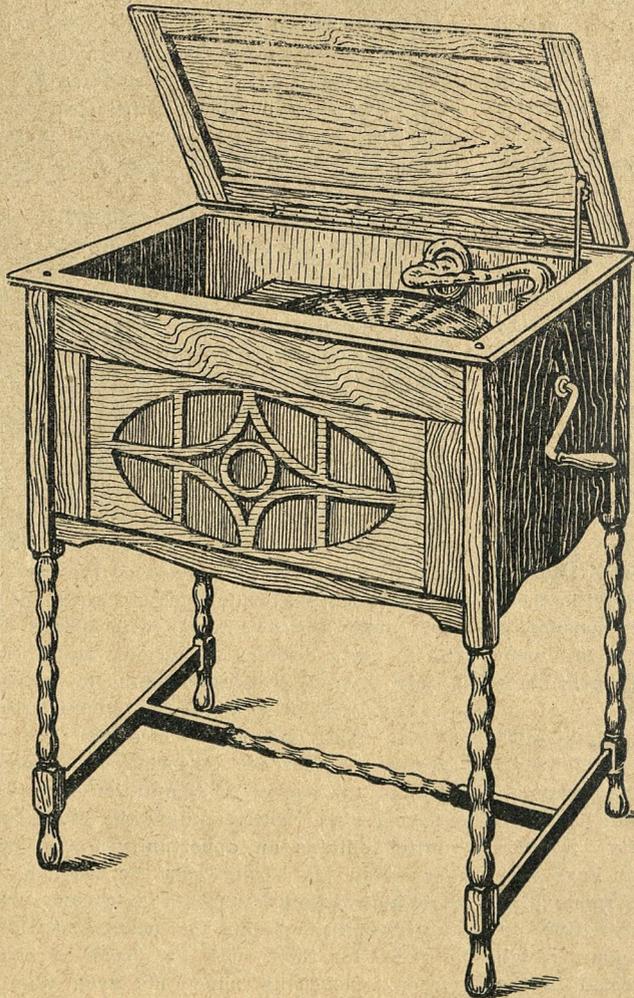
Money will purchase education, food, clothes, medical attention, a set of good teeth, shoes, et al; in fact, an antidote for everything detrimental from birth to the grave. It will go far towards making life worth something from the time persons were worth nothing until they return to nothing but a handful of dust. But while a lifelong detriment such as the "dope" alcohol exists,

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QUESTIONS.**

there will always be a large portion of humanity that will live worth nothing, and the antidote for alcohol is Prohibition.

Alcohol makes its addicts a pestilence that carries everything progressive into the mire of murk and mediocrity until progressiveness prevails and the tide turns in its favor. Alcohol reduces mankind, and when mankind becomes reduced national distress becomes the situation. When alcohol addicts become the majority, the deserving abstainers suffer because mankind lives upon mankind, and relies upon mankind to make its best effort. Cancer, consumption, plagues, leprosy, opium, morphine, heroin, cocaine, murder, larceny, abortion, syphilis, madness, illiteracy and other curses have been fought with more or less success, but alcohol has been overlooked purposely because it is the greatest curse of all and claimed so many victims. Misery loves company, and alcohol had plenty of company until recently when the civilised world rebelled against it. It is the next to go. It has too many unemployed in Australia holding up walls and posts; too many babies tugging at faded and withered breasts; too many of its octopus-tentacles in Government; too many work-providing sources unborn; too many—far too many—pitiful addicts bringing more children into the world to be fed to "Bung" like coals are fed to incinerators. The whole world knows this to be true. That is why it rebels.

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spotlessly clean
& bright?



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look nice but it's
very little trouble
when you use
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