

Grit.

A JOURNAL OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY AND PROHIBITION

VOL. XV. No. 6.

Twopence.

SYDNEY, APRIL 28, 1921.

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



THE BREWERS VICTIM GETS THE HANGMANS NOOSE AND

IN A NUMBER OF MURDER CHARGES TO BE HEARD IN THE NEXT FEW WEEKS - DRINK IS ADMITTED TO BE THE CAUSE - (PAINFUL FACT)



THE BREWER GETS THE ROYAL ORDER OF THE PINK GARTER

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The Medical Use of Whisky in 1920.

ONLY 29 OF EVERY 100 DOCTORS TOOK OUT PERMITS.

(By MARTHA M. ALLEN, Superintendent of Medical Temperance for the World's and National W.C.T.U., Forest Hills, Long Island, N.Y.)

The books of the Federal Prohibition Directors show that 33,379 physicians of the United States took out permits to prescribe alcoholic liquors in 1920. These permits were all given in the following States: Iowa, South Dakota, Texas, New Hampshire, Ohio, Virginia, Wyoming, Michigan, Colorado, California, Connecticut, Maryland, District of Columbia, Illinois, Kentucky, Louisiana, Massachusetts, Minnesota, Missouri, New Jersey, New York, Pennsylvania, Rhode Island, Vermont, and Wisconsin. These are the only States which allow permits to be granted. The per cent. of physicians holding permits in these States is 29, which is not very high certainty. It means that of every hundred doctors of medicine in the States mentioned only 29 took out a permit.

The number of physicians in the United States not taking out permits last year was about 120,000. Some of these doubtless would have applied for the permit had they not been hindered by State laws. The following States do not now allow the sale of liquor in drug stores nor its prescription by physicians: Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Indiana, Kan-

sas, Maine, Mississippi, Montana, Nebraska, Nevada, New Mexico, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, South Carolina, Oregon, Tennessee, Utah, Washington, West Virginia. (If any reader finds this information to be incorrect I shall be deeply indebted if she will let me know.)

Some physicians who took out permits wrote few prescriptions, while others were very free in using up their blanks and then clamoring for more. At from two to five dollars a prescription, there was money in it for the man who could hardly make a living out of a legitimate practice.

It is expected that there will be fewer permits by far asked for by physicians this year. The figures for those applying are not yet all in, so cannot be given here.

Some of the better class medical men say that persons addicted to alcohol do not do well in sickness if liquor is denied to them, and these practitioners in administering liquor in many cases have limited themselves to such persons. They declare that now the beverage use of liquor is going to die out there will be absolutely no need for alcoholics as medicine.

HOSPITALS NOT USING WHISKY.

In a recent interview with Mr. Bird S. Coler, Commissioner of Social Welfare (Charities), of New York, he said that all the whisky purchased for the public hospitals of the city in the year 1920 amounted to 700 gallons. This was all the liquor used in the great Bellevue Hospital and its four allied hospitals, and in eleven additional hospitals, as well as in the workhouses, jails, and other charitable institutions supported

by the city. It will easily be seen that the amount used was almost negligible, covering as large a number of patients as would be treated in these many institutions.

It is to be hoped that these items of news presage a time not far distant when the medical use of alcohol will be altogether a thing of the past.

Quebec's Liquor Law.

The Government of Quebec is prepared to stand or fall by its new Liquor Act, and it seems assured that the Act will become law. The basal fact in the new law is that the Government itself takes full control of the liquor traffic, and assumes full responsibility for it. Premier Taschereau declares that the Government will make every effort to stop the export of liquor to other provinces, and this will no doubt help to make provincial Prohibition more effective. The traffic is to be controlled by a commission which will be appointed by the Government. This commission will appoint one hundred retailers, who will be licensed to sell spirits. Apparently these will be the only ones who will be allowed to retail spirits, and no doctor's prescription will be required. Just where these spirit retailers will be placed seems to be in doubt. But beer is to be made stronger, and may contain 5 per cent. of alcohol, while wine may contain 20 per cent., and this intoxicating beer is to be sold by hotels, restaurants, and other places to be licensed for the purpose. The Premier himself says that the taverns would be maintained to permit the working men to get a glass of beer when they feel like it. It looks almost like the return of the bar, and practically unlimited whisky. But there is to be a "black list," similar to Ontario's old "Indian list," and if any one drinks to much, his mother, father, or wife can lodge a complaint, and at once he will be placed upon the "black list" and will be able to purchase no more liquor. It does not seem probable, however, that this will prove very effective. Our sister province is trying a desperate experiment, and we see nothing ahead but a carnival of drunkenness, and possibly a badly-smirched Government. We are sorry that Quebec cannot see her way to follow her sister provinces. This experiment upon which Quebec is venturing is not a new one, and its results in other countries have not been such as to cause it to win favor with those who wish to see a sober people. Quebec has already banished liquor from the greater part of the province, and we trust that the new law will not mean the introduction of liquor selling into any at present dry territory. But even if it only continues the present "wet" belt under Government control it will be bad enough.—"The Pioneer."

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

We are now compelled to charge 2d. a copy, or posted 10/- per annum, IN ADVANCE. New Zealand copies, 11/6 per annum.

Annual Meeting and Convention

MAY 12-15, 1921.

PITT STREET, CONGREGATIONAL SCHOOL HALL.

THURSDAY, 7.30—Annual Meeting.

Presidential Address; Election of Officers, etc.

FRIDAY—Morning Session: Country Problems.

Afternoon Session: Prohibition in Relation to (a) Business Men; (b) Industrialists.

Evening Session: The Political Situation.

SATURDAY—Picnic at Nielsen Park.

SUNDAY—Prohibition Sunday in the City.

Full Programme in next week's issue.

Prohibition as the Sociologist Sees It.

By EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS, Professor of Sociology, University of Wisconsin.
 "Harper's Magazine," January, 1921.

(Concluded from last issue.)

Not only is there prospect of women enjoying greater consideration and influence with men, but with Prohibition a vista of hope is opened for multitudes of hapless children. Since their security lies primarily in their unconscious appeal to the tender instinct and to the sense of obligation, children suffer the most from the drinking habits of the breadwinner. Liquor soon blunts the parental sense of obligation, while, by setting aside ordinary every-day inhibitions, it opens a freer course to the instincts. This unbridling of the primitive self seems to favor the more elemental instincts, such as pugnacity, lust, and self-assertion. In general, the man under the influence of liquor tramples brutally upon the rights and claims of his children. Occasionally a man is actually more generous and tender in his cups than when sober, but the rule is the other way. Now that, on top of free public education and the banning of child labor, the saloonkeeper's till will no longer jingle with the money which should feed and clothe the wage-earner's children, we may look for a generation of young people practically all of whom will have had their chance.

Those in whom the glass is wedded to good fellowship and good fellowship is wedded to the glass will have trouble in finding new means of bridging the gulf that has resulted. Still, substitute thawers will be found, for nobody has ever pretended that, on the whole, abstainers are less sympathetic and brotherly, more self-centred and shut up within themselves, than drinkers. If it requires potations to set up a genial current of feeling, how hedges and lonesome must be the Roumanian, the Arab, the Gypsy, the Syrian! And, on the other hand, what a loving expansive wight the Russian, the Norwegian, the Scot must have been half a century ago, before the desiccation of northern Europe began!

The fact is, whatever social custom bids men do together in token of friendliness will presently become charged with significance and set up a flow of good feeling between the participants. To "get next," Near-Easterners drink coffee, while Far-Easterners drink tea. Our ancestors hit upon the custom of touching glasses and swallowed beverages of high alcoholic content. There is no reason to suppose that sipping "soft" drinks together, or smoking together, or playing backgammon together might not serve equally well as symbol of amity.

Then, too, much of the crude maudlin gregariousness that comes after the third glass is a temporary, deceptive thing—fools' gold. You can't build anything on it. Is there any continuing good work—Red Cross or Belgian relief, or the reclamation of the "down and out"—which has relied on the social feeling evoked by alcoholic drink?

The wine cup has played a part in relieving ennui, banishing care, and helping men forget their troubles. Many of long-established habits will therefore be hard put to it to open fresh sources of solace and inspiration. Still, such sources will be found, let no one doubt it. In Kansas a generation has grown up without recourse to liquor, and one hears more young people singing of an evening in a Kansas town than one hears in the lands of the vine. In the eighteenth century much hard toying went on among American college students. The custom has passed away, but in its place have sprung up many varieties of "high jinks" unknown to the college of olden time—"rushes" and hops," "song fests" and "circuses," athletic "meets" and football "rallies." With wassail or without, the spirit of youth will sparkle and foam.

In all previous wars it has been considered inevitable that men removed from home and exposed to the frightful boredom of barracks and camp and trenches should drink in order to brighten a black existence. One of the most glowing chapters in the history of the World War will be the story of the successful efforts to provide for the social recreation of our soldiers overseas and in the training camps. A really marvellous ingenuity and insight into human nature has been shown by the religious agencies working to supply our soldiers at home and abroad with recreation which will banish tedium and outpull the allurements of vice. It is not too much to say that the problem of satisfying the social instinct of segregated men without the aid of intoxicants has been solved and—we may be proud of the fact—solved by Americans!

That the closing of the saloon will go a long way toward purifying politics nobody will deny. The wholesale use of free drinks to sway the electorate is one of the blackest chapters in the history of political democracy. The defenders of governing dynasties and classes love to point to the role of liquor in the elections which register the will of the "sovereign people." Long before any other curb was imposed on the liquor sellers the American Commonwealths closed the saloons on election day in order to prevent scandalous scenes of orgy and riot about the polling booths. Money will continue to be used illegitimately in politics, and under Prohibition men will be found who will sell their votes. But it is safe to predict that fewer votes will be corruptly swayed and that they will never again be sold at such bargain prices as in the days when no limit was imposed on the role of liquor in politics.

Since it has been the element with the fewest wholesome pleasures and recreations, the wage-earners rather than the business

men, the professional men, or the leisure class, which has been hardest hit by alcoholism, we may anticipate that the banishing of strong drink will result in accelerating the economic and political advance of labor. The free drinkers among the wage-earners have furnished few resolute or intelligent fighters for the workingmen's cause. They have been so many weak spots in Labor's phalanx. In a dry society it will be harder to fuddle and befool the worker into voting for policies which are in the interest of another class and against the advancement of his own class.

One of the great surprises of Soviet Russia has been that it has not dissolved in chaos. Contrary to what we expected, the "man-on-horseback" has not taken charge and the Russians do not think he is coming. That a workers-and-peasants' regime did not result in anarchy leading to a military dictatorship is largely owing to the heavy hand the leaders laid on liquor. Warned by the scenes of demoralisation which followed access of the Red Guard to the wine cellars of the Winter Palace, the kommissars went about to destroy the numerous hidden stocks stored for the refreshment of the Petrograd well-to-do. In December, 1917, I beheld sights which would have cheered the heart of the royal author of the proverb, "Wine is a mocker." I saw men in wrecked wine cellars wading up to their ankles in the ruddy liquid and the snow of a street stained rich red where fire hose was draining the contents of the cellars into the sewers. Here, perhaps, is the secret of why the Russian proletarian revolution has not followed the course which history led us to expect.

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FIELD DAY APPOINTMENTS.

SUNDAY, MAY 1.

SUNDAY.

11 a.m., Presbyterian Church, Gulgong.
3 p.m., Tallawang.

7.30 p.m., Methodist Church, Gulgong.
Rev. H. Allen Job.

11 a.m., Presbyterian Church, Mudgee.
3 p.m., Country appointment.

7.30 p.m., Anglican Church, Mudgee.

8.30 p.m., United Church Rally, Mudgee.
Messrs. Wilson and Little.

11 a.m., Methodist Church, Rylstone.

8 p.m., Methodist Church, Kandos.

Mr. T. E. Shonk.

11 a.m., Anglican Church, Portland.

3 p.m., Meadow Flat Methodist Church.

7.30 p.m., Presbyterian Church, Portland.

Mr. W. D. B. Creagh.

Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist Churches,

Lithgow—Rev. T. Davies, Mr. R. J. C. Butler.

Friday and Saturday nights—Open air meetings at Gulgong, Mudgee, Rylstone, Kandos, Portland, Lithgow.

MONDAY, 8 p.m.

Town Hall, Mudgee, Messrs. Wilson and Little.

Angus Hall, Kandos, Mr. Shonk.

Prince of Wales Theatre, Gulgong, Mr. H. A. Job.

TUESDAY, 8 p.m.

Town Hall, Coolah: Mr. Allen Job.

Temperance Hall, Rylstone: Mr. Shonk.

Crystal Hall, Portland: Mr. Creagh.

Hall, Lithgow: Mr. Butler.

WEDNESDAY, 8 p.m.

Mechanics' Institute, Coonabarabran: Mr. Allen Job.

THURSDAY, 8 p.m.

St. Mathias Hall, Botany: Union of the Churches.

Though they may be shy of the basis of union, and jealous for features of ecclesiastical government, the Churches are showing themselves to be of one mind regarding Prohibition. Ministers and members display the same readiness to lend a hand to the plan of campaign, and already there is a greater confidence regarding the strength of support and the possibility for greater schemes of education and agitation.

High Church, Low Church, Broad Church—Anglican, Presbyterian, Methodist, Baptist, Congregational, Church of Christ, Salvation Army—all have linked up. Their sympathy was given, then services were opened, and then their money was put up to help get Prohibition. The Churchmen have ever led the real forces of reform, and they are going to lead this greatest of reforms.

The last week-end was spent in Chatswood and Mosman. The next found the speakers in Parkes, Forbes, Molong, Blayney; on the coming Sunday they will be in Gulgong, Mudgee, Rylstone, Kandos, Portland, and Lithgow. Then back to Newtown and District.

These meetings are reaching a large number of people. Many may be keen Prohibi-

tionists, and few who do not believe in it. But the propaganda value is big, while the inspirational value is even greater.

Rev. R. B. S. Hammond had most encouraging receptions at St. Paul's, Chatswood, and St. Clements, Mosman.

THE RIVERINA AWAKES.

Have you ever been over a stretch of country in the grip of a drought?

Have you marked the dried-up nature of the surroundings? And then you have come on an oasis—a bit of green that lifts the heart, and seems ever so much more beautiful for the contrast.

A few months later the place is re-visited. The clouds have dropped their precious freight. What a change!

Now the whole area presented to the view is one great oasis.

In 1916 the Riverina suffered from a drying up of Prohibition efforts. Then came the early-closing campaign. A few oasis came into being—just a few, and dried up nearly as fast as they came. It seemed impossible to enthuse the South.

And then enthusiasm rained and reigned.

The desert became one great oasis. Strangely enough, its new condition was born of a drought—a drought caused by six o'clock closing of liquor bars.

It awoke some, others it re-enthused so that when a call was heard from headquarters suggesting a District Conference a ready response ensued.

The writer represented headquarters. The Rev. Miller and our enthusiastic friend, Mr. Chas. Sangster, represented Leeton. Culcairn sent the Rev. Biddle and Mr. Moss; and Wagga had a good contingent present.

There had been some doubts as to the value and probable success of the Conference. The Conference dispelled them.

They were dispelled by the flood of eager story and galvanic urgings of Mr. Sangster; the enthusiasm of Mr. Sanders of Wagga, and the optimism and push of Mr. C. McKay of Wagga. The tactful chairmanship of Mr. Chas. Hardy of the same town, the earnest attention of all in attendance to all the suggestions thrown out, the unanimity of resolution and agreement for future effort; these all spoke of the earnestness of the representatives in attendance. They spoke with no uncertain voice of the keen desire to put an end to the domination of King Alcohol!

Make no mistake about it, the Riverina is out to make Prohibition history.

Wet conditions on Saturday night operated against the full success of the open-air meetings, for Jupiter Pluvius seemed determined to prevent Wagga going "dry," but the timely drunken interjector saved the day—or, rather the night—for us.

The services in the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches on Sunday were well attended, and the meeting in the afternoon with our Salvation Army friends was marked by the enthusiasm of those present.

A united rally after church was an inspiration.

"Well worth while," was the comment of those attending when summing up the value of the first Prohibition Conference in the Riverina, and "well worth while" will be more such conferences in other districts of our State.

ARE YOU COMING?

The Annual Convention, Thursday and Friday, May 12 and 13.

The programme is now ready, and every metropolitan committee at any rate should be represented. Delegates are being appointed. Several secretaries communicated on the matter during the week.

This is an important year for our work, hence the value of the annual gathering.

Particularly is it desired that country committees should be represented. The discussion of country problems will be a feature of the Convention, affording an opportunity of making that link between city and country which is absolutely essential for a strong campaign.

ONTARIO GIVES ITS VERDICT.

Last year, after three years' trial of Prohibition, the people of the Province of Ontario, Canada, voted by a remarkable majority to continue to prevent the manufacture and sale of liquor.

Another step has, according to the cables, been taken during the past few days. The vote upon what is known as "bone-dry" Prohibition has been emphatic. It will mean that the importation of liquor must now stop. This is good home-made testimony to the value of the experiment in Prohibition, and illustrates the nature of the liquor propaganda now being carried on here as elsewhere. "The Trade" says Prohibition is a failure. The people say it is a success. We leave it there, knowing the commonsense of Australians.

The vote on "bone-dry" Prohibition has now been taken in New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta, and in each instance the majority in favor was substantial.

British Columbia, where the enforcement of Prohibition had been most unsatisfactory, voted in favor of Government control in special shops.

Quebec, outside the cities of Quebec and Montreal, is practically all under local Prohibition laws. Yukon is dry.

Well done, Canada!

PERSONAL.

Miss Southwell, the acting secretary, has resumed duty after a holiday, which was spent on a trip to New Zealand, where she went after the death of Mr. Marion. Mrs. Marion and family returned with her.

(Continued on page 7.)

ECHOES from EVERYWHERE

TRIBUTE TO PROHIBITION BY HOTEL HEAD.

A high tribute is paid to the morally uplifting effect of Prohibition by S. W. Straus, head of a syndicate of capitalists who own the Ambassador Hotels System, operating Ambassador Hotels in New York, Atlantic City, Los Angeles and Santa Barbara, Cal. The "Brooklyn Eagle" quotes him as saying:

"Without in any way attempting to go into the political or moral questions involved in the constitutional adoption of Prohibition, the change has placed the hotel business on a higher plane than it occupied before. In the old days the hotel business, generally speaking, was under a certain moral cloud. It was recognised that the average hotel depended on its bar and upon its profits from drinks served to its guests in their rooms and in the cafes and restaurants for a considerable part of its earnings. This brought a certain odium upon the entire business, which has now been entirely removed.

"The high-class American hotel to-day is, in all essentials, a commercialised home. To succeed it must bestow upon its guests the refining influences of a real household. It must supply the home environment. Above everything else, there must be a clean and wholesome moral tone which could not have been entirely possible before the establishment of Prohibition in the United States.

"We believe that the next few years will witness quite an era of new hotel construction because of the fact that now, as at no former time, can a man live in a hotel with his family and feel that the surrounding influences conform to his highest ideals in comfort as well as in wholesome standards of living."

DIVIDENDS KNOCK OUT WET THEORY.

The Penn-Harris Hotel of Harrisburg, Pa., from the day it opened in December, 1918, has been operated on an absolutely dry policy.

Dire predictions of financial failure were made by wet hotel men when it became known that this million-and-a-quarter-dollar hotel was to operate without a bar, for be it known, it began business in the "good old wet days."

Contrary to these dire predictions it was a money-maker from the first day, and has been going strong ever since, so that for 1920 the operating company declared a dividend to stockholders of 25 per cent.

It is continually filled to capacity with guests, and next spring an annex will be built with 250 rooms to take care of its increasing trade.—"American Issue."

At the request of Mr. Bruntnell, M.L.A., Mr. Mowle, the Chief Clerk of Parliament, reviewed the whole of our Liquor Acts with a view to finding out the position of six o'clock closing in the light of the Government's attitude on the referendum.

He points out that section 2 of part 1 of the Liquor Amendment Act of 1919 provides: "Subject to the provisions of part 3 of this Act relating to Prohibition with compensation, the period during which, in pursuance of the referendum taken under the Liquor Referendum Act, 1916, all licensed premises and registered clubs shall be closed at the hour of six o'clock, is hereby extended until a closing hour therefor has been certified and published in the 'Gazette' in pursuance of the referendum to be taken as hereinafter provided."

His opinion is that if a referendum is not taken the Government cannot certify any other hour than that existing at present, and that, therefore, six o'clock must stand.

DR. PURDY AND ENVIRONMENT.

In an address delivered to the Health Society of New South Wales, its newly-elected President, Dr. Purdy (Metropolitan Medical Officer of Health and City Health Officer) spoke vigorously of the effects of environment on the race, of the housing problem, and of the need for reform in various directions.

It was more and more recognised, said Dr. Purdy, that while disease and death were to a great extent dependent on environment, the main factor was the health of the individual. Eighty per cent. of children were perfectly normal at birth. The two chief causes of defects in the small proportion which suffered at birth or soon after were alcohol and syphilis. But a people tended to recover in a new environment, from the evil effects of an old one, as was seen in the general health of Australia. We had recovered from the effects of our ancestors' drunkenness; as a matter of fact, there was seldom degeneration in a child unless both its parents were drunkards.

We owe the preservation of the British race to the fact that the women of England, Ire-

land, and Scotland were not addicted to drink.

TASMANIAN BISHOP'S VIEW.

Hobart, April 13.—Dr. Hay, Bishop of Tasmania, in his charge at the annual Synod of the Anglican Church, said that the drink question called for special notice as an evil demanding immediate and adequate action. He could not refrain from saying that temperance reform did not seem to have received from members of their church generally the attention it deserved. He was prepared to give Prohibition a trial. He knew it was said, the Bishop proceeded, that such a policy was a gross interference with the rights and liberty of the individual citizen. This objection commanded respect; yet in ordinary practice, how far were the rights of the individual concerned when the safety and good of the community were at stake? The question resolved itself into this: Was the community so convinced of the evil that it was prepared, by an act of national self-denial, to get rid of it when it had power to do so?

PENAL INSTITUTIONS REDUCED IN POPULATION SINCE PROHIBITION.

Boston, Massachusetts.—Consolidation of the county jails and houses of correction in Massachusetts, which have been emptying rapidly since Prohibition became effective and since the scope of the probation office has been extended, has become an issue which is expected to play a considerable part in the early days of the incoming State administration. Ten years ago the county institutions had a total population of 3583 persons, while last summer the number was 955.—"The Christian Science Monitor."

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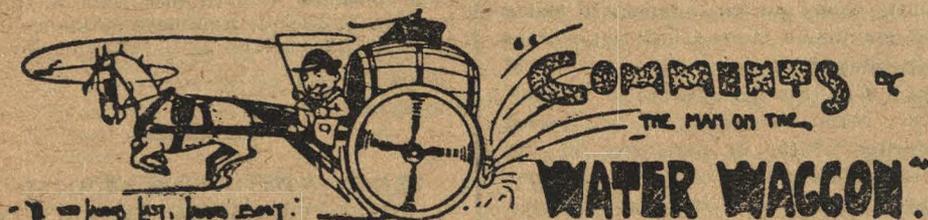
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There are fifteen pubs and five doctors in Albury, N.S.W. If there were less pubs there'd be less doctors, perhaps. At any rate, the five doctors would not have their hands so full of cases whose whole medical "history" is due to drink and its results, and concomitants such as venereal disease, broken limbs, and victims of violence. They would then be able to devote their lives to the true aim of medicine—not the repairing of the human frame, but the prevention of disease. We all know that "prevention is better than cure," just as Prohibition is better than a reformatory.

In the old days they had a test that works very well in the reception houses for the insane. They turn a "subject" into a room floored with tiles, and with a tap running water as fast as it can pour. They tell the subject to mop the floor. If he first turns off the tap he is certified sane.

Some of us don't pass that test. We want to mop up all the jails, and all the reception houses for the insane, and all the hospitals, and all the reformatories, but we don't first of all want to turn off the drink tap that keeps them full to overflowing.

Although in Albury it takes five hotels to keep one doctor going, yet don't let us forget the hospital and the police force and the jail that they also keep well supplied.

"I say, therefore, whoever marches with the flag of alcohol, whoever supports it—I would almost say whoever will not raise his or her voice against it, is marching under a flag that is heading our country to racial ruin."—Dr. Saleeby, at World Conference.

Under which flag are you marching?

What are the "reasons" for voting against Prohibition? What are the reasons

animating those who speak and write against it?

First of all there is Fear. Fear has always been the keystone of every reactionary movement against Reform. Fear that "vested interests" in crime and misery, in the damnation of this age, and the pollution of the next through the inherited taints of drink and its child, disease, will suffer annihilation. Aye, let the brewer and his friends fear indeed.

It is good to see them weakening at the knees. They have had their day. Let them fear.

And, secondly, there is self-indulgence. Many a man thinks more of giving his throat a thrill than he does of saving money for his home, and wife, and children. Many a man thinks more of his own petty self than of his country's shame, of helping to mount the drink bill than saving it to the country. Such a man will vote against Prohibition.

But the greatest fear is of slavery. The great slavery is self. He who owns not self is owned by self. No individual and no nation can be said to be strong if self rules them. Rome when self-contained and self-controlled was strong. Rome in time became self-indulgent. Rome fell. The British Empire became strong only through self-control. What has made the United States one of the greatest nations the world has ever seen? The self-control that closed her liquor bars. Now is Australia's chance to bring herself into line with the great nations. Will she take it? We believe she will.

One big reason against Prohibition, and how to meet it. It is often urged that in the interests of fair play, the brewer should be compensated, and the country could not afford to pay the bill.

In the first place, it can be answered that the bill can be, and would be, paid out of the money saved to the country that is at present lost to it through drink.

In the second place, we deny any need for compensation; especially "in the interests of fair play" do we deny that. We do not "compensate" the burglar when we close down on his business. Why "compensate" the burglar who steals away our sons' and daughters' characters and filches away their wills? We do not "compensate" the ravisher; why "compensate" the trader whose stuff inflames men and incites them to such acts of violence? Does the publican compensate the man who's "sacked" on account of drunkenness? Does he even pay his victim's fine when he's up before the "beak"? What compensation is there for the man who murders his wife or sweetheart when "under the influence"? What compensation in the name of Heaven should we pay to the brewer even in the interests of fair play? Fair play demands we mete to the publican and the brewer the same compensation they measure out to their victims. The State coffers would never miss it; nor would any sleep be lost in counting it.

"The Prime Minister," by Harold Spender, is a book from which we reprint the following:

"During the struggle over the Licensing Bill of 1908 Mr. Lloyd George received numerous postcards written in what was intended to be blood, but looked suspiciously like red ink. These documents generally threatened him with instant death, probably combined with torture. They came, or professed to come, from enraged publicans fearful for their livelihood. These postcards got curiously on his nerves. 'I don't mind so much being killed,' he said one day, 'but I should hate being killed by a publican.' There seemed to him something curiously unsatisfactory in such a way of going out."

"Public Opinion," February 4, 1921, says:

At Manchester a well-to-do Didsbury resident was recently charged with being intoxicated and damaging a cell door. His solicitor pleaded that a fine might prejudice his chances of entering Parliament or the City Council, and the defendant was allowed to pay the costs, and £1 for damaging the cell door, and place a contribution in the poor-box.

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THE DEATH OF A BRAVE AIRMAN.

All the world is interested in human bravery. During the great war the Australian soldiers buried a German airman with full military honors because they knew that while living the German airman was a brave and honorable foe, and they did a splendid thing. Even as all the world loves a brave man so does the death of a brave man call forth the sympathy of all men and women. Australia has no dearth of men who are prepared to take big risks—indeed, I am of the opinion that, if judged by the numbers of our population, we have more than our proportion—but we can ill afford to lose one. We have now reached a stage in our development when the conquest of the air means very much to us as a nation. There is a gigantic race on among the nations of the earth to become perfect in the science of the flight of heavier-than-air machines. Commerce and defence will in the future depend as much on the facilities for air transit as in the past ocean and land transportation have been the chief factors. Therefore we cannot afford to lose the brains and energy of any of the pioneers of the great conquest before their time of usefulness is past.

The death of Lieutenant McIntosh is a decided loss to the nation. Speaking at his funeral the Rev. J. H. Dabb, B.D., said:

"We have come into this place to-day to worship the God of strange providences and to pay respect to the memory and life of a man, a comrade, one of Australia's best. Our hearts go out in sincerest sympathy to the lonely widow across the seas, to loving hearts at home, and to all who mourn the loss of a comrade, a mate, a brother-in-arms. There is in our hearts to-day the element of tragedy. Lieutenant McIntosh—a man whose whole life has been a typical example of men who do and dare—has been taken from us. But all of us feel to-day that there is something wrong. The fact that here, with no enemy near, and no booming gun; that here, with no flight calling for the daring of intrepid men; here in this land of sunshine and of hope, that in this way the hero of ten thousand miles of magnificent endeavor should come to the last milestone of a honorable life—this fact somehow seems out of tone with the harmony of great lives. If McIntosh had perished in the air of France we should have felt that history had been written fair and true. If in the memorable flight across unknown seas and lands the hero of our Australia had found, as you men put it, that the 'number's up,' we should have said, 'Men of valor always die that way.' But no—as a man of business plying his war-learned calling as one of us who perforce must stay at home, as a civilian amongst citizens, so he died."

HOW THIS BRAVE MAN DIED.

At the inquest which was held to inquire into Lieutenant McIntosh's death it was learnt that on this last flight that he took he had with him two passengers, and according to W. H. Lilley and H. Cousins, who both gave sworn evidence, these two men were under the influence of drink. An eye-witness states that he saw one of the passengers standing up and gesticulating wildly just before the machine dived to the earth.

Mr. Cousins further stated: "My opinion is that the pilot (Lieutenant McIntosh) was interfered with while in the air." This statement, in view of the evidence, which showed that the men who were with Lieutenant McIntosh were under the influence of liquor, is of the greatest importance.

We shall never know exactly what happened while the three men were in the air, but certain facts we do know. The engine of the machine was working satisfactorily and did not cease until some time after striking the earth. The medical evidence proved that Lieutenant McIntosh died from the result of his fall, and that he showed no signs of having died while in the air. The whole evidence points to one conclusion, which, stated frankly, is that this brave airman met his death because he was interfered with by two drunken men. So we record yet another death as the result of liquor, and the traffic is not outlawed for the deed it has committed. The bars remain open, the breweries continue to manufacture the stuff, and only a few care. The question is: What are YOU going to do about it?

New South Wales Alliance—

(Continued from Page 4.)

Miss Grant is making progress towards renewed health. It will be a few weeks before she is able to take up work.

WEST AUSTRALIAN VOTE.

The Local Option Poll will be taken in West Australia on April 30. The vote there can be even less effective than that provided by the Local Option provisions of our own

Act. It can not touch 12 out of the 17 kinds of licenses in existence in the States, meaning that only 685 licenses could be voted out and 1173 would remain. Hotels and wine shops are, however, to come within its reach. A three-fifths majority is required to make No-License operative.

State control is also an issue in the fight, both as regards new licenses and those now in existence.

(Continued on Page 8.)

"GRIT" SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Received to 19/4/21, and where not mentioned the amount received is 10s.: H. R. Helyon, 21s. 6d., 30/12/20; Miss Penfold, 19/3/22; Miss E. J. Walker, 8s. 6d., 15/2/22; P. Eldridge, 28/2/22; Mrs. E. Vine, 9s. 3d., 30/4/21.

The following are paid to 30/12/21: Mrs. J. D. Baker, Mr. H. S. Rishworth, Mr. E. H. Crabb, N.Z. (11s. 6d.), Rev. J. Barker (11s. 5d.), Mrs. J. H. Anderson, Miss Olive Naylor (10s. 6d.), T. H. Pincombe, Rev. A. Fisher-Webster, Mrs. Cherry, E. A. Carey, Mr. D. E. Weir, B. A. Jackel.

THE MARION MEMORIAL.

Mr. J. M. Saunders, £3s. 3s.; Mr. C. E. Rigney, Mr. T. H. Pincombe, £2 2s.; Rev. W. A. S. Anderson, Mrs. Mabel Lillington, Mrs. Ada Ross, £2; Mr. S. J. Hulme, £1 7s. 6d.; Mr. and Mrs. Newmarch, £1 5s.; Mr. W. T. Dangar, £1 5s. 6d.; Mrs. G. Brown, Mr. W. Morphett, Rev. J. Willings, Rev. and Mrs. C. C. Jones, Mr. C. J. Staples, Miss M. Monkley, Mr. J. Dicks, Drummoyne Alliance, Mr. F. V. Richards, Mrs. J. H. Turland, Mr. H. Laverty, Mr. W. Kearsley, £1 1s.; Mr. J. Taplin, Mr. B. Hagon, Mr. D. Southwell, £1; Rev. and Mrs. Riley, 15s.; Rev. Owen Evans, Mrs. Davey, Rev. H. G. Howe, Miss J. Parker, 10s. 6d.; Mr. T. J. Hastings, Miss Webster, Rev. W. Pearson, 10s.; Rev. J. W. Leadley, "A Friend," Mrs. L. Kay, Mr. H. Coleman, Mr. J. McDonald, 5s.; Mrs. M. D. Glasson, 7s. Total to date, £295 2s. 1d.

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A personal chat with my readers

REAL PRAYER. Just saying prayers has a bad effect on any one. Just thinking or desiring on your knees of course is not prayer at all.

Real fellowship with God, a lifting of one's self into the spiritual realm is the most ennobling, revitalising, vision-clearing thing a person can do. I read these thoughtful words the other day and pass them on to you:

"The man who doesn't pray is missing several things out of life which no man can afford to be without. In the first place he is robbing himself of a very much needed corrective for his own thinking and planning. We all know only too well how prone are our ideals and aspirations to sag and drop down into the commonplace and unworthy. Prayer, if it has any vitality and reality about it at all, must act as a tonic and stimulant to the ambitions and hopes and strivings of our life. It must help to keep life tuned to a more aspiring and ennobling note. And then prayer must give breadth to life. The man who really prays must think himself into the great plans of God; his life must have outreach and perspective both in time and space; he must be not only a citizen of the world, but a citizen of two worlds, in both of which he is vitally interested just as God Himself is. Prayer must make us bigger and broader. And then, prayer must also revitalise our life. It must give us power and virility, for it brings us into touch with the great source and centre of all that is vital and life-giving. Surely there isn't a man among us who can afford not to pray."

WHY "GRIT" SUBS. ARE NOT PAID. I often wonder why folk owe money for so long a time, and how it is we receive occasionally a small sum of money with no name and no indication as to the sender's wishes. Just ponder over this incredible fact:

"Money and values to the amount of £132,162 were, says the annual report of the Postmaster-General, found in postal articles sent to the Dead Letter Office as undelivered in the Commonwealth.

"There were 18,175 postal articles posted without address, and of that number 557 contained £5395."

I want a few thousand pounds for great national purposes and can't get it, and yet £132,162 was just thrown away last year, no one worrying over it one mite.

We humans are a queer lot alright. I can quite believe the story of the absent-minded man, who tapped his pipe on the mantle piece and called out, "Come in."

"DRY" AND "DRIER." Mrs. MacLurcan, who spent just 14 whole days in California, has felt justified in giving to the world the following statement:

"The drinks one must pay for with meals are, of course, non-intoxicating," Mrs. MacLurcan says. Which led her to speak of Prohibition. 'Prohibition is having a disastrous effect on the people,' she says. 'It is making thieves and robbers of them. They are drinking vile-stuff. People who bought up stocks of liquor are guarding it as they never guarded their household goods.

"Houses that are known to have a reserve are burgled, and the thief will leave everything but the drink intact."

Ontario, whose 2½ million people have lived under Prohibition nearly four years, said last week by a majority of over 100,000 that the importation of alcoholic drinks which was in a small way interfering with the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating drinks, shall now cease. This makes the Province "bone dry," except for medicinal prescriptions.

PARADISE. Belated figures in connection with the cost of clearing away two trees from the aeroplane ground at Port Darwin are published in the "Darwin Times."

There were two trees only. Twenty men were employed at 5s. per hour, working eight hours per day for 17 days. Two motor cars were hired to take the men to and from the work each day, as the ground is three miles away. The cost was as follows: Wages, £680; hire of motor cars, £87; total, £767.

This is the town that averages £27 per head on drink per annum. Fine possibilities for non-active folk in this town.

PEARLS AND IMITATIONS. A valued friend sends the following comment on a recent statement of mine:

"The Holy Spirit helps one to sympathise and discriminate. Being of Jewish descent I have learnt to value the imitations. The effort to aim at the likeness of the Pearl of Greatest Price is, however, laudable. Here is a concrete example of imitation leading to the dinkum article. A married couple who expressed desires for missionary work abroad spent most of their evenings at the picture show; a suggestion kindly given that missionary work requires self-denial, produced heat, which, in God's wonderful metamorphosis of the spirit, becomes when cooled by faith and reason an asset in the conversion of the imitation to

GRIT

A JOURNAL OF
NATIONAL EFFICIENCY
AND PROHIBITION

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

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Subscriptions may commence with any issue, the paper being posted for 52 weeks for 10/-; outside the Commonwealth, 11/6. Remittances should be made by Postal Notes, payable to Manager of "Grit," or in Penny Stamps.

Editor—ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.
Address: Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

Office: N.S.W. Alliance, Macdonell House, 321 Pitt-street, Sydney.

Change of Address or non-delivery of the paper should be promptly reported to the Manager.

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You may send your subscription c/o Rev. J. Dawson, Westminster Chambers, Lambton Quay, Wellington.

SYDNEY, THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1921.

the real. Moral: Don't discard the imitation; they have a value of their own. Thomas a Kempis is of value to Protestants."

THE EDITOR.

New South Wales Alliance—

(Continued from page 7.)

CONGREGATIONAL UNION.

At the half-yearly meetings of the Congregational Union, held in Gerringong, Rev. A. Deans, on behalf of the citizenship committee, moved the following resolution, which was seconded by Rev. H. Allen Job, who was thus given an opportunity of addressing the assembly on the present position of the Prohibition campaign and the work of the Alliance:

"That this meeting of the Congregational Union enters an emphatic protest against the unconstitutional action of the Government in refusing the electors of the State the Prohibition and Six O'clock Closing referenda this year, and urges that the poll be taken as early as possible as provided for in the Liquor Amendment Act of 1919. Further, that this assembly expresses its approval of the vigorous Prohibition campaign that is being conducted by the N.S.W. Alliance, and warmly commends the cause to the sympathy of all our Churches."

The chairman, Rev. W. T. Kench, in putting the resolution, which was carried unanimously, commended the work of the Alliance to the assembly.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF HELL.

(By ONE WHO HAS RETURNED.)

XIII.

THE OXFORD STREET WINTER GARDEN.

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

Is the human soul immodest when, drawn by a force it cannot resist, it seeks a stronger soul? A soul which absorbs its ego as the blue sky absorbs the floating cloud?

Even so that patient, sad-eyed Mender of Broken Men absorbed me and made me his. As the warm earth swells the seed, and as the magnet draws the iron so he acted upon me—by a force that I could not resist. Seed! Iron! And the human soul! For all these are indeed of one quality. The iron, the cloud, the seed and the soul of man are what they are, do what they do, love as they love, live as they live, and die as they die, because they must—they have no other choice. The whole universe, from the humblest blade of grass to that bursting shard of God which men have called the Bible, exists because of that central warmth which stirs the heart of humanity as well as lights the spheres. Not immodest ever is the iron when it creeps to the side of the lodestone, and there forever clings. Not immodest is the seed, when, sinking into the ground, it swells with budding life. Not bold nor yet immodest is the cloud, when, softening into rain it falls to earth and bids the world rejoice. Nor is the Bible brazen, when, daily bursting asunder, it sends up some blady shaft of the living faith, and compels some lonely human heart to seek the field-companionship of some brave human soul.

Even flowers nod together—wild poppies of the field! Stalks of wheat incline toward each other, and make a holy murmuring which is indeed the comrade-voice of God.

And so, O Mender of Broken Men, if I am drawn to thee it is because of the same law. It is because my soul vibrates like the poppies in the field and like the stalks in the wheatfield. It is because the iron and the rain and the cloud and the seed, within the farmscape of my soul, are all stirring and working and growing and striving together. I grow! I grow! Wherefore I am impatient and eager, O Mender of Broken Men; and I thrust against the covering earth, and I also make a murmuring. I sing a deep song, which is the Voice of the Harvest already singing in the ear. Make way for me, O earth! Yield, O solemn soil of the field! For here is a soul that is growing—a soul that is thrusting Godward starkly, silently, concisely, very surely, even as blades of

wheat thrust upward, out of the starry night.

And so from the Garden of the World! From the Garden of God I turned, one day, to the Oxford-street Winter Garden, and I saw the springing of the seed that is sown for the harvest of death. From the green and blady place where all things grow in grace and beauty, I turned to the street called Oxford-street, where all things siege humanity, and where the unsleeping eyes of God look down and behold the withering and the perishing of the human soul.

Oxford-street!

Name, symbolic of learning, perverted the world over to a meaning that flaunts obscenity and the downward rot of grace and beauty in every human core. Oxford-street in London! Blatant with the blare and bang of self—with that religion of rags which has its temple and central shrine in Selfridge's. The religion of fine appearances! Masking the scenes of spiritual and moral death: masking the downward rotting of a great imperial people, how it flourishes in both hemispheres: making this wine-shop a veritable Winter Garden, wherein he who walks, like God, with open eyes in Oxford-street may behold the withering and the perishing of the priceless British soul.

"Christchurch, New Zealand! What do you know about that? Pinched—last night?"

"God sting a lizard! You don't say!"

"Yes. And I said to him——"

So the blast of the Pit came up, hot and furious upon us, as we entered that Winter Garden where the frosts of hell burn fiercely, withering the human heart and soul. It is a slot, that place—simply a slot, forty feet long by twelve, or thirteen feet wide. And that slot is a slot in the soul of Sydney. It is a trap-door in the great Inferno, through which a countless legion goes falling down to hell.

"Port! Hey, Molly! Port for me, and hock and soda for Jessie. Hurry up!"

"Ah, cut yourself a slice of cake, Digger. Go 'way!"

"And so she ups and hits the Chow on the head with a bottle, and that was the end of him!"

In this wine shop, even as in the Hotel Australia's Winter Garden, the conversation is exactly like that. All shot to-

gether pell-mell. Everybody listening to anybody, and nobody particularly interested in hearing anything at all. Marvellous, indeed, is the faculty of human imitation. For what women do in the one place, dressed in silks and satins, that again, exactly, they do in the other, drinking port instead of champagne and cocktails, and wearing tawdry Japanese crepe-de-chine.

There is the imitation of the silk. The shimmering effect. . . . Even so, the dresses of the women in this Winter Garden imitate the dresses of the women in the Winter Garden of the Hotel Australia. The gabble is an imitation. The crowd is an imitation. The joy and the happiness are an imitation. Only the drinking—only the soul-rot is real.

Picture!

Along both sides of the slot are hosts of men and women, packed so closely together that elbows can scarcely bend. Little tables intervene. Waiters bustle and hurry. Molly—a laughing girl in a veil, hatted, and almost good enough in her clothes for the Hotel Australia Winter Garden—amuses herself as a self-appointed assistant, serving drinks.

How interesting she is, this girl, symbolic of all Australia's young womanhood, eager for the tang of action and the swift sensation of life. Here? She is here because where else shall a woman go? In all the length of Oxford-street, what else is there that offers? Nothing but so many rivals of this wine shop. That, and the moving-picture show.

Molly?

This girl, fine-limbed and laughing—she is the problem that confronts Australia. What shall be done for her? What shall be thought of her, laughing and dancing upon that trap-door? Dancing in this Winter Garden, which is the trap-door of hell?

"Took three hundred quid here at Easter," she laughs. "Great, ain't it? Hey, girls, take a walk!"

Signs on the wall hang everywhere:

"Ladies are not permitted to remain in this saloon for a longer period than ten minutes."

Three girls get up.

"Come on, Gert. Let us take a walk as far as Arnold's windows and back," one exclaims. "Back in a minute, Jim!" And off they go.

"Well, that's the law, anyway," Molly said. "They got to go out, now and then, and take a walk. My troubles! They can stay for a year if they like."

"S different at the Hotel Australia and them big swell places," a slattern breathed with alcoholic heaviness at my side. "They

(Continued on page 16.)

JUST A MOMENT !

ANSWER THIS QUESTION:—

As Reaney loses quite a number of intolerant patients through being a Prohibitionist, and considering he gives such excellent value and service to his patrons don't you think you might just wend your way to

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ROURNVILLE LOCOA

Is New South Wales Wicked?

AMERICA QUIETENING DOWN.—UNCO' GUID CANADIANS.
PROHIBITION POLICE.—THE DRYEST SPOT ON EARTH.

By THOS. E. SHONK.

Journalists seeking for lurid "copy" in pre-Prohibition days had little to choose between Chicago and New York. Tragedy and hectic happenings centred in these two big cities. Not so since U.S.A. went dry. Chicago is cleaning itself up, corresponding journalists are now drifting to New York, the stronghold of the liquor interests, and try to make a living in reporting the nerve-twitches of John Barleycorn's corpse. The "Times" correspondent responsible for last week's criticism of Prohibition in America finds it difficult to discover even nerve twitches in the liquor business, for his first paragraph contained not one word of substantial evidence, but flowered with such airy phrases as "it is not believed," and "it is alleged to have been."

His suggestion that Prohibition has led to increased drunkenness does not coincide with the following statements:

"With the introduction of Prohibition, there was during the first six months a decrease of over 40 per cent. of alcoholic patients in the Bellevue Hospital, New York," Dr. Gregory, its director, informed Deets Pickett, editor of the American "Special Series."

"Crime has decreased 34 per cent. in 17 of the larger cities of New York State," says the New York "Tribune" of May 21 of this year, "the greatest decrease being in cases of public intoxication, and there is a decrease in other offences as well."

LESS JOHN HOPS.

The immigrant to this country swears to the London peeler as being the smartest in the world, the Sydney crook swears at the N.S.W. John Hop for being the cutest, and the Yank says he's going to make the U.S.A. Police Force both the smartest and the cutest. He may do it, but jails, police, and Black Maria's will be "has beens" in the future, if the present tendency continues in America, for according to the "Clarion Call" of January 18th Rossi Graves, City Commissioner of Buffalo, New York, says the police force of that city is being reduced 150 because of the salutary effects of Prohibition. In addition, the Marion (Ill.) jail is for sale, the Kankakee jail is empty, the Bridewell (Chicago) jail has only 721 inmates, whereas 12 months ago under the reign of King Booze there were 1249 prisoners, and Pittsburg, the famous steel manufacturing city, has, this first "dry" year, only half as many cases before its courts as it had during the last year, and the country jails, full two years ago, is now half empty. This big reduction in crime-controlling staffs, and the fact that the revenue in New York is two million dollars greater than it was during

the last "wet" years, surely proves the "drys" constant assertion that Prohibition pays!

CANADIAN CRITICISM.

"Say, you claim that Sydney with its harbor is the finest city in the world," said Fred C. Middleton, Social Service man, recently from Ontario, to me. "Shure! Yep! True, Sir-ree," I tried to compress into a vigorous nod. "Then here are some facts which you must face," he said. "Do you know that on a per capita basis Australia, as compared with Canada, has two and a half times the crime, four times the drunkenness, and five times the poverty? If Sydney is typical of your whole Dominion, well, you've got nothing to boast about."

"Believe me, the best part of your city is its water, and the worst part is its booze. "Say, friend, do you know that crime commitments for 1917 in Australia were 155,000, whereas in Canada, with twice the population, there were only 123,000? And that you're not getting better? There was an increase of over 2229 drink cases at your Central Police Court alone last year; your Government had to feed 13,992 Sydney families, while the Benevolent Society fed 1460 families. In my home-town of Winnipeg we had only 86 such cases. Whereas Australia has an average of only £44/10/- per head as Savings Bank deposits, Canadians average over £75 per head."

As a parting shot he hurled these facts at me:

"We've reduced our drunks 65 per cent., our crime list from 183,000 to 123,000; and posits, Canadians average over £75 per head." you still make that claim about Sydney being the finest city in the world?"

A DRY LICK.

Those of us who remember Mr. Jas. Marion, the famous Prohibition lecturer and late Secretary of the N.S.W. Alliance, will appreciate what was practically his last joke, sent across from N.Z. just before his untimely death.

"A man here declares that he received a letter from Ashburton—a dry district—with the stamp pinned onto it. Asked why it was not struck on, the sender replied, 'I'm too dry to lick it.'"

Evasions of the liquor law in Prohibition counties are becoming more rare and difficult.

Attempts to introduce spirits into America per medium of motor car tyres, coffins, and carefully blown eggs, have all been discovered, and even the limits of the Liquor Kings' ingenuity is now nearly reached.

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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 your photo as soon as convenient. Send the date of your birthday. There is no fee to pay. Uncle B.'s birthday is celebrated in April each year by a picnic, to which he invites all his Ne's and Ni's. If you do not write for three months you are a "scallywag." Address all letters to Uncle B., Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

AN EASTERN FABLE.

While I was walking in the garden one bright morning a breeze came through, and set all the flowers and leaves a-flutter. As that is the way flowers talk I pricked up my ears and listened. Presently an elder bush said, "Flowers, shake off your caterpillars."

"Why?" asked a dozen all together, for they were very much like some children I know, who are always asking questions.

The elder said, "If you don't they will gobble you up."

So the flowers set themselves a-shaking till the caterpillars were shaken off. In one of the middle beds, however, there was a most beautiful rose, who shook off all but one, for she said to herself, "That's a beauty; I will keep it for a pet."

The elder overheard her and said, "Don't keep it; one caterpillar is enough to injure you."

"But," answered the rose, "look at his brown and crimson fur, his beautiful black eyes, and scores of pretty little feet. I want to keep him, surely he will not do any harm."

And she kept him.

A few mornings later I passed the rose again. There was not a whole leaf on her. Her beauty was gone, she was all but killed, and had only life enough left to weep over her folly, while the tears stood like dew-drops on the tattered leaves.

This is a very old story, but it has a wonderfully true lesson for us. One sin has ruined many a boy and girl. One glass of wine, one cigarette, has led to a life of misery and a death of shame. When tempted, think of the story of the Rose and the Caterpillar.

Minnie Westeweller, "Ritona," Gunnedah, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I was very pleased to notice my last letter in "Grit" a few weeks ago among very interesting letters. It has been raining for the last few days on and off, and to-day we had the heaviest rain that can be remembered for some time. On Saturday, March 19, there is to be held a district schools' swimming carnival, open for all schools. This will be the first car-

nival that the school has had, and we wish it to be very successful. I was very sorry to notice that Mr. Marion died suddenly in New Zealand in the last issue of the local paper. The last debate held at the Mutual Improvement Society was, "That a man can get rich honestly," and the side that won was that one could not. The next one which is to be held on Monday night, the 21st of this month, is, "That pictures shown at the present time are educational." Our minister (Rev. P. L. Black) is now away at conference, but he will be back for the debate, and I think he will be leading the negative side. We have a very nice French teacher at school now, who came out from France before the war and married an Australian, so we will know the proper pronunciation. I think the Gunnedah Show is to be held some time in August. Well, Uncle, news is scarce, so I must close.

(Dear Minnie,—Always pleased to hear from you. Your debates must be very interesting and instructive. I think the right side won, if "it is easier for a camel," etc., means anything. Mr. Marion's death was a shock to all who knew him, and his loss is great. God knows best.—Uncle T.)

THE LITTLE HALF.

Wesley Green, Dural, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I saw my last letter in "Grit," so had better write again. Since I last wrote I have had a trip to Dusthole Bay, a beautiful spot on Berowra Creek. We had a good time bathing. We had a nice picnic there. Well, Uncle, I am sending my photo with this letter; it was taken in our own backyard; I am nursing baby Joyce; sister Nellie stands on my right-hand side and brother Wilfred on the left, so you see half the family; but the other half is the biggest. I had a good day at the Castle Hill Show. We walked in and came back in the coach, which was two hours' late. Well, it is bed-time now, Uncle, so I must say good night to you and all "Grit" cousins.

(Dear Wesley,—Your thoughts are correct. Always write when the spirit suggests. The photo is fine. I will look forward to the day when Joyce, Wilfred and the baby are also members of "Grit" family.—Uncle T.)

Ron E. Jones, Mayfield, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am writing to thank you for birthday greetings to me. It was very kind of you to remember, as I am undoubtedly a scallywag. Have been getting on at school since I last wrote to you, and I go for the intermediate examination at the end of the year. I hope it is not more difficult than the last one, although I think I would have failed at it. These rain showers should prove beneficial to the country, as it is the kind of rain that does good, the falls

being not too heavy. I would like to wish you success in the great and good work you are doing among the drunkards and others in need of help. I noticed you were referring to various young people's organisations in "Grit," but to my knowledge there is no society, Band of Hope or otherwise in this district. Wishing success to you and your Ne's and Ni's.

(Dear Ron,—Many thanks for your kind wishes. I also send my fond hope for your future success. The fact of there being no society in your district shows that there is need of a leader.—Uncle T.)

WOMANLIKE.

Prudence Thomas, Annandale, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I hope my name is not on the scallywag list; if so, will you kindly cross it off? I have not had time to write, because I have been studying very hard for school (at least for the Q.C.). Mother has just bought me a silk sports coat. It is trimmed with very narrow white silk. Its color is pink, and I have a pink dress to go with it. I look a regular toff in it, so mother says. I go to school regularly, but this week I have been in bed very ill with a cold. Nearly all the girls at our school go to cooking, but as I am only nine I don't go, because you have to be twelve or over. Oh, well, I suppose I will have to go to tea. Good-bye for the time being. With love to all "Grit" cousins and yourself.

(Dear Prudence,—Thanks for your letter. I hope you are successful in your exams. Be patient, and the years will soon roll past, and then you can go to the cooking class. You will find cooking much more profitable than sports coats, and I hope greater to your pleasure.—Uncle T.)

LAID UP.

"Our Patient," Hospital, Kempsey, writes:

Dear Uncle B.,—It is a long time since I wrote to you; I have a very bad leg. One evening when I was coming home from school I was running and fell and bumped my leg on a log and hurt the bone. I was at home with it for about two months, and then dad took me to the doctor, and the doctor opened it up about four weeks ago, and it started to swell up and get sore, so the doctor opened it up on both sides and put a big tube through it to draw it out. I have my leg in a cradle now, Matron has a phonograph going here every day, and it is very nice to listen to; sometimes she has it over

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in the kitchen, and sometimes in the ward. We have a nice big ward to sleep in; it holds twelve beds, besides a big table and a lot of other little tables. Some of the patients sleep on the verandah, and the others in the ward. I sleep in the ward, where it is very hot, but on the verandah it is nice and cool. They only dress my leg once a day; it does not hurt when they are dressing it now like it used to. I cannot write very well lying down. I have just got to do the best I can. I think I will close now, with love to all "Grit" cousins and yourself.

My dear Patient,—Although it is sad to know that you are suffering in a hospital, yet it gives us great joy to learn that you are thinking of us and under great disadvantages take the trouble to write. Yours is a splendid lesson to many of my Nt's and Ne's. Our prayers will remember you.—Uncle T.)

A PRIZEWINNER.

Phyllis Mansfield, Galston, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I was very pleased to see my letter in "Grit." It seems a long while since I wrote last, and I was beginning to think I would be disqualified if I did not soon write. Wasn't it nice to have some rain? It was very welcome, as the orchards were very much in need. The other week we lost our school teacher, and have now got a new one. We were indeed sorry to lose her, as we liked her very much. We gave her a present, as a token of remembrance from the Galston school; and at her farewell ten of us sang "Ten Little Mothers," and with other musical items we had a very enjoyable time. We had our Sunday school picnic on Anniversary Day. I got first prize; the name of the book was "A Happy Comrade." Have you ever read it? We have such a pretty little kitten, white and black. Could you find a name for it? The mother of it is a very nice cat. Every meal time she opens the fly door and comes in and begs for food. She does it so well that it is impossible to let her go without something. I must close now, with love to yourself and all "Grit" family.

(Dear Phyllis,—Delighted to hear from you. I do not think there is another family in the world with as many prizewinners as ours. That is something to be proud of, and you are one that is a helper. Keep on; there are greater victories ahead. Call it "Meow."—Uncle T.)

NOT YET.

Malcolm Edwards, "The Manse," Rose Bay, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am afraid that I am a scallywag by now, and if I am would you please cross my name off the list? I go to the Scots College now, and I have not nearly so far to go to school. I think I had better close now, as it is getting late.

(Dear Malcolm,—Your fears are groundless. It is a strange fact that the troubles we fear most are those that never come. The time saved in going to school should enable you to write more regularly.—Uncle T.)

ANOTHER WINNER.

Ruby Morris, "Sunset," Bournemouth, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I saw my first letter in "Grit" a few weeks ago, and I thank you very much for publishing it. My little sister Arlie goes to school now. She is only six years old, and we have about three miles to walk. Since I last wrote to you we have been for a motor trip to Sydney, staying one day on the mountains, and went to see Wentworth Falls, which I think are most lovely. The next day we went on to Manly, where we spent three weeks' holiday, and I had a very enjoyable time. I am pleased to say I passed the Q.C., but I am still going to school. Six went up for it and four passed, so I can count myself as one of the lucky ones. We are having nice weather up here now. Well, Uncle, I will close now, with love to all "Grit" cousins and yourself.

(Dear Ruby,—Your letter gives great plea-

sure to us, as it conveys much that brings honor to the "Grit" family. I congratulate you, "Go on going on." Life is given us to progress, not stagnate. There are many who forget this. Not "Gritites," however.—Uncle T.)

PASS "GRIT" ON

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

If this strikes you, then send along to

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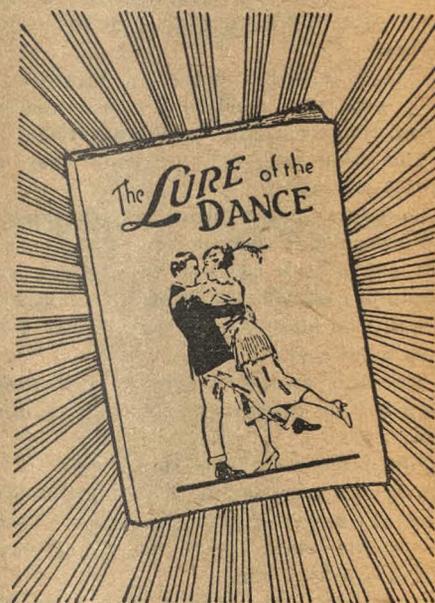
And ask for a Report of work done and literature for yourself and your children.

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"Grit."



OH, THAT'S DIFFERENT.

Burglar: "Don't be alarmed, leddy. I shan't touch yer—all I want is your money!"

Old Maid: "Oh, go away! You are just like all the other horrid men!"

* * *

TRIED TO LEAVE.

Browne: "I told Miss Brooks I could read her like a book."

Towne: "And I suppose she immediately got red."

* * *

HE KNEW.

The North American Indians were being discussed in a rural school, when the teacher asked if anyone could tell her what the leader of a tribe was generally called.

"Chief," answered a bright little girl at the head of the class.

"Correct," answered the teacher.

"Now, can any of you tell me what the women were called?"

There was silence for a minute or two, and then a small boy's hand was held up.

"Well, Andrew?" asked the teacher.

"Mischief!" the boy cried.

* * *

HE WOULD PREFER IT STAYED.

Suitor: "Sir, I ask for your daughter Imogen's hand."

Her Father: "Certainly, my boy, certainly—take the one that's always in my pocket!"

* * *

THE SAD REASON.

Old Lady (to mendicant): "But—my good man, your story has such a hollow ring."

"Yes, missus—that's the natural result of speaking with an empty stummick."

* * *

THE RIGHT TIME.

The new chaplain very much wanted to amuse as well as instruct his men, and, accordingly, on one occasion, arranged for an illustrated lecture on Bible scenes and incidents.

One seaman who possessed a phonograph was detailed to discourse appropriate music between pictures. The first of these represented Adam and Eve in the Garden of Eden. The sailor cudgelled his brains and ran through his list, but he could think of no music exactly appropriate to the picture.

"Please play up!" whispered the chaplain.

Then an inspiration came to the seaman, and, to the consternation of the chaplain and the delight of the audience, the phonograph ground out, "There's only one girl in this world for me!"

* * *

THE WRONG PLACE.

Jack: "Mabel's a funny girl."

Jake: "How come?"

Jack: "I tried to steal a kiss and it landed on her chin."

Jake: "Nothing funny about that."

Jack: "I know it; but after I kissed her she said, 'Heavens above.'"

* * *

QUITE SO.

Mr. Harrison was in a bad temper, and when an acquaintance met him one morning with a question, "'Ow is your 'ealth to-day, Mr. 'Arrison?" he waxed wrathful.

"My name is not 'Arrison," he snapped.

"Well," said the other, "if a haitch, a hay, two hars, a hi, a hes, a ho, an' a hen don't spell 'Arrison,' then what on hearth do they spell?"

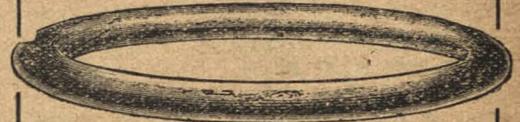
* * *

LICKING THE WRONG PLACE.

Visitor (comforting Tommy, who has upset a bottle of ink on the new carpet): "Never mind, my boy; no use to cry over spilled milk."

Tommy (indignantly): "Any dunce would know that. If it's milk that's spilled all you have to do is to call the cat an' she'll lick it up cleaner'n anything. But this ain't milk an' mother'll do the lickin', is what ails me."

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ONE QUALITY—THE BEST

Mistress—
Mary, your kitchen is a picture! However do you get everything so spotlessly clean & bright?

Yes, ma'am, it do look nice but it's very little trouble when you use
PEARSON'S SAND SOAP

DAILY INSPIRATION

Jesus said: "Peace be unto you; as my Father hath sent Me, even so send I you."—John 20, 21.

SUNDAY.

"Happy is he that hath the God of Jacob for his help."—Psl. 146, 5.

* * *

Let us try to make our lives like songs, brave, cheery, tender and true, that shall sing themselves into other lives, and so help to lighten burdens and cares.—Anon.

It is only a poor sort of happiness that could ever come by caring very much about our own narrow pleasures. We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being a great man, by having wide thoughts, and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as ourselves.—Anon.

Resolve to see the world on its sunny side, and you have almost won the battle of life at the outset.—Anon.

MONDAY.

"God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness."—Gen. 1, 26.

* * *

GOD'S IMAGE.

Take all in a word; the truth in God's breast Lies trace for trace upon ours impressed; Though He is so bright and we are so dim, We are made in His image to witness for Him.

—R. Browning.

TUESDAY.

"Every man's work shall be made manifest: because it shall be revealed by fire."—1 Cor., 3, 13.

* * *

Our Father who seeks to perfect His saints in holiness knows the value of the refiner's fire. It is with the most precious metals that the assayer takes most pains and subjects them to hot fire, because such fires melt the metal, and only the molten releases its alloy or takes perfectly its new form in the mould. The old refiner never left his crucible, but sat down by it, lest there should be one excessive degree of heat to mar the metal. And, so soon as skimming from the surface the last of the dross, he saw his own face reflected, he put out the fire.—A.T.P.

WEDNESDAY.

"Be not moved away from the hope of the Gospel."—Col. 1, 23.

* * *

THE AIM DEFEATED.

Oh, blest is he who has some aim defeated,
Some mighty loss to balance all his gain.
For him there is a hope not yet completed;
For him hath life yet draughts of joy and pain.
But cursed is he who has no baulked ambition,

No hopeless hope, no loss beyond repair;
But sick and sated with complete fruition,
Keeps not the pleasure even of despair.

—E. W. Wilcox.

THURSDAY.

"The fruit of the Spirit is in all goodness, and righteousness, and truth."—Eph. 5, 9.

* * *

To watch the corn grow, or the blossoms set; to draw hard breath over ploughshare or spade; to read, to love, to pray, are the things that make men happy.—John Ruskin.

Let every dawn of mornig be to you as the beginning of life, and every setting sun be to you as its close; let every one of these short lives leave its sure record of some kindly thing done for others, some goodly strength or knowledge gained for yourselves.—John Ruskin.

FRIDAY.

"By a new and living way, which He hath consecrated for us."—Eph. 10, 20.

* * *

DAILY LIVING.

You trod no high, heroic way,
No calendar your name enshrined;
You were but faithful every day,
And tolerant and kind.

Men scorned the limits of your view,
While you in patience, one by one,
The homely duties sought to do
That they had left undone.

—M. Kendall.

SATURDAY.

"Who shall separate us from the love of Christ?"—Rom. 8, 35.

Love is a great thing, yea, a great and common good; by itself it makes everything that is heavy light; and love bears evenly all that is uneven. Nothing is sweeter than love, nothing more courageous, nothing higher, nothing wider, nothing more pleasant, nothing fuller nor better in heaven and earth, because love is born of God and cannot rest but in God, above all created things.—Thomas a Kempis.



3/6 PER DOZEN.

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Love Peeped In.

It was in a little cottage in a Melbourne suburb that Jack and I set up house, and oh! did not love peep in at every window as the sun shone through, and we were so happy! It was just one long honeymoon, but week by week I felt the drain of the weekly wash—so I thought. But it was more than the mere wash; I found later that the common laundry offal that made washing most unhealthy work, and then my hands were being ruined by the chemicals. In fact, I was quite laid up.

I am better now and Jack and I are as happy as ever. No more "cheap and nasty" soaps for me.

I had to find from experience the folly of chemical soaps; though I ought to have learnt from mother that Sunlight Soap is good for the clothes and good for the hands that wash the clothes. I surely know now Sunlight Soap is the best laundry soap.

I again see love peeping in at the window with every ray of sunlight, and with Sunlight Soap I see love even in the wash tub.



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SOMETHING ABOUT AN IMPORTANT WORK.

Much of the work of the Alliance is done without any publicity being given it. Few of the supporters of our work know or realise the extent of our activities which are directed against the transfer of old licenses and the granting of new ones, I will therefore draw aside the veil and show what is being done. Sydney is cursed with little wine shops, which are situated here and there all over the city. Much as I object to the ordinary hotel bar I am convinced that when we compare the wine shop with the hotel bar the latter is a clean respectable place by comparison. It is not my business here to give a pen picture of one of these places—another pen will do that—but so absolutely vile are they that the very apologists of the Liquor Traffic are ashamed of them and pretend to wish for their abolition. They are cunningly arranged with little back parlors where girls and women sit and drink the "pink death" these places sell for wine. Men go into the parlors and human nature, which is capable of reaching such wonderful heights, is dragged into the lowest depths of depraved sensuality. Now the proprietors of these places and also hotel bars are allowed to carry on their business because we, the people, through our chosen representatives, grant to them a piece of paper which sets forth that they may sell wine, whisky, beer, etc., within certain hours, to whomsoever will buy. This point must not be overlooked. The more we condemn wine shops the greater the condemnation of an enlightened people who allow the granting of these licenses to continue. If for some reason a wine shopkeeper or a publican wishes to move from one place of business to another the law provides that an application must be made to the court for a transfer. The law provides that when the application is made persons who may object to the transfer shall be allowed to state their objections to the court, and if the court agrees that their objections are valid the transfer is refused and a wine shop or hotel loses one place of doing business. The business of objecting is also allowed if a person applies for a new license, and the court has the power to either be allowed to state their objections to the license or to grant it. Of course the matter of objecting to transfers and new licenses was mostly anybody's job, and the result was that nobody did it, and wine shops sprung up like mushrooms. You see there is no risk for the wholesale house in a wine shop. Unlike other goods, wine increases in value every year it is kept, so the wholesale houses only have to find a fairly reliable person and stock a shop with the goods and business begins. The wholesaler gets big profits and the retailer soon has a fat banking account—if he is worldly wise. . . . And their profits represent so many women's souls.

The Alliance saw the need of the work of fighting against the transfer and granting of licenses was important and necessary, and steps were taken to do it systematically. And the work entails much thought, money, and invariably much worry. For instance, if an application is lodged for a wine license or hotel in a particular district the Alliance must find three residents who are prepared to sign an objection, and then come into the court and state their objection. This sounds very easy, but it sometimes takes many days to find the right three persons, and then to risk it being convenient for them to attend the court.

In the case of new licenses in such districts as Maroubra the applicant has to obtain a petition signed by the residents. These are always "dishonest" petitions because the signatures are often obtained by misleading statements or promises, and even signed by those who have no right to sign. The investigation of such petitions or the getting up of counter petitions is an immense work.

A list of some of the recent cases we have dealt with is appended, and this gives some idea of the scope of the work we do. The Alliance has become the watchdog of the Temperance forces of this State, and the fear of all persons who decide to sneak a new license through the court.

The newspapers do not give us any publicity, and only the few who happen to be immediately interested know of this very important branch of our work. We are repaid for the work we do in this way by the fact that we have prevented many new houses from being opened for the sale of liquor, and prevented many transfers from being granted, and thus we have been able to restrict the opportunities for drinking which otherwise would have been available.

LIST OF LICENSE CASES DEALT WITH.

From January 1, 1921, to April 28, 1921.

Peter Puig.—The removal of hotel license from British Empire Hotel, George Street, Sydney, to Great Western Coffee Palace, Hay and Sussex Streets, Sydney. Objectors.—Alf. Firth, Arthur Chave, and William Roache. Decision.—February 18th granted. Appeal lodged. Appeal dismissed.

A. A. E. Dudley.—Publican's license, Maroubra. Objectors.—Thos. A. Wild. J.P., Earnest Smith, B. A. Mosley. Decision.—Withdrawn.

Antonia Di Losa.—The removal of colonial wine license from 3 Regent-st., Redfern, to 652 Crown-st., Surry Hills. Objectors.—E. L. Benjamin, Rev. Lewis Hurd, and A. C. Hammond. Decision.—Refused.

Wm. A. Hunt.—The removal of colonial wine license from 32 Brougham-st., Glebe, to 200 George-st. West, Sydney. Objectors.—

Alex. Baich, Phillip B. Reaney, and C. Hughes. Decision.—Withdrawn.

Wm. A. Hunt.—For removal of colonial wine license from 32 Brougham-st., Glebe, to 632 Darling-st., Rozelle. Objectors.—Rev. J. Bidwell, Rev. James Colwell, and Frederick E. Pilcher. Decision.—Withdrawn.

Ernest E. Halcrow.—For removal of colonial wine license from the Sunnyside Wine Cafe, Baringbar, to No. 3 Vincent Buildings, Kurunalla-st., Cronulla. Objectors.—Robert Ingleton, Thos. W. Annabel, and E. Seymour Shaw. Decision.—Granted. Appeal lodged. Appeal upheld.

Leslie Thos. Colley.—Application for a wholesale spirit merchant's license for premises situated at 200 Military Road, Neutral Bay. Objectors.—Robert Tate, William Williams, and William Clark. Decision.—Postponed to 21/4/21.

Charles Harvery Best.—Removal colonial wine license from Cafe Continental, 283 George-st., City, to 10a City Road. Objectors.—Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, Phillip Reaney, and William Merrington. Decision.—Postponed to 28/4/21.

Peter Taylor.—Application for retail wine license for premises at Longueville and Lane Cove Road, Artarmon. Postponed to 28/4/21.

Tasman J. Ward.—Application for a wholesale spirit merchant's license for premises situate at Cronulla. Objectors.—Charles Woodhouse, Thos. W. Annabel, and E. S. Shaw. Decision.—Postponed to 28/4/21.

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First Impressions of Hell—

(Continued from Page 9.)

don't make you go out and look at the King-street windows there."

I looked at her with deep, soul-searching eyes. Just the wreck of a woman she was. Tawdry hat and tawdry dress, the former stuck on one side, and the latter held up so that the world might see her one claim to respectability—particularly good, high-legged, grey guede boots.

"How do you know?" I asked. "What do you know about the Hotel Australia?"

"Me? Cripes! Think I ain't used to some-think better than this? Why, before me bloke got pinched I uster go to the Hotel Ostralia Winter Garden nearly every day. Me and Bluey——"

Sloppy Lizzie!

The picture of a red-haired, bullet-headed young man came up before me. Bluey, in chains, on his way to Goulburn! Bluey—in the prison car! . . .

"Me and Bluey," she went on, "we butted right in among that Hotel Ostralia push, and did it fine. Champagne? Huh! Before Bluey was pinched, none of yer measly three-penny port for me!"

Abruptly, she began to cry.

"Pinched!" she sobbed. "My Bluey! I been on the shicker ever since he was convicted, and I ain't been out to see him yet. There he is—out at the stinkin' Bay!"

"No, he's not, Lizzie," I said, quietly. "He's gone to Goulburn Jail."

The eyes of the poor, tawdry, slattern-creature stared at me with a sudden fear and fright. Her tears hung pendulous. All around, the row and clamor went on. And nobody cared.

"Gone!" she cried. "Bluey gone to Goulburn! Are you a blanky John?"

I shook my head.

"Out on bail myself, Lizzie," I said. "And I've got a message for you from Bluey. Listen! We came in from Long Bay together, in the same prison tram . . ."

Outside the street door bagpipes had commenced to play. A man jumped up, seized the laughing Molly around the waist, then commenced to dance. Another girl got up, along with another man. Simultaneously the three girls came back—the three that had gone out for a walk according to regulations. An alleged returned soldier came in with two of them, his arms around their waists.

The third girl had the soldier's collection box. She rattled it.

"Come on! Money for the returned soldiers. Cough up! Cough up!"

"Aw! Go away!" screamed Sloppy Lizzie. "Don't give them nothink. Not a bloomin' bean. Stinkin' soldiers' bands! It was 'cos I listened to a soldiers' band instead of keepin' me eyes open," she explained, sobbingly, "that Bluey got pinched. I didn't see the Johns comin'. Tell me. What did he say?"

I told her. Simultaneously, a tall, grey, cadaverous man pushed through the throng

around the bar partition. His clothes were of the peculiar dark grey jail color. His coat was of the extraordinarily short jail length. And he had the jail look—the look of hopeless greyness and of lonely sadness in his eyes.

He came up to me, proffering a scrap of printed paper.

"Buy a poem, sir. Only one penny! Written by Jack Bradshaw—fourteen years in Bathurst Jail."

I bought one. And the melancholy-looking poet of the penitentiary wandered on. In and out among the hilarious dancers he went, seeking the people—the gaudy girls and the soul-shattered men at the side tables—proffering his wares.

"Poem, sir! Buy a poem. Written by Jack Bradshaw—fourteen years in Bathurst Ja——"

"The Johns! Shut up! Look out! The blanky Johns!"

The music of the bagpipes, outside the street door, had suddenly ceased, as if by magic. Simultaneously, the dancers fell apart. From a pandemonium of sound the place became as silent as a tomb. Solemnly and portentously, two policemen stalked into

this wine shop and walked the length of the room.

Sloppy Lizzie stiffened at my side.

"My Gawd!" she quavered in my ear. "Don't let them take me! I don't want to be pinched."

Solemnly they stalked around. Every eye was upon the policemen, and every eye was full of fear.

They looked, they stared solemnly, they did not speak, they did nothing—the two big men. And then, as solemnly and as portentously, they stalked out.

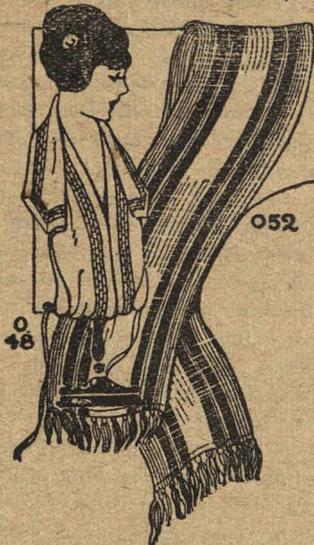
A hundred breaths came quick and hard. Over a score of faces surged first the ebb and then the flowing tide of the blood of guilt.

"My Gawd! I thought it was me they wanted," a woman whimpered. "Quick, Molly, for Gawd's sake bring me a glass of port."

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