

Grit.

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IS ALCOHOL A FOOD?

(By ALLEN JOB.)

Dr. Purdy answers "Yes" (rather emphatically), but proceeds to carefully define the term "food." He uses the term scientifically, and not as it is understood by the man in the street. Consequently, there is a danger of him being misunderstood, and his words quoted in support of a position that cannot be maintained. As the doctor quoted, in support of his statement, from "Alcohol—Its Action on the Human Organism," a few further sentences from the same work are of interest. They might save the unscientific from error:

"None of the alcohol is known to be converted into any substance which the body can retain.

"The whole food value of alcohol is due to its use by the body as a fuel.

"There are other substances which the body oxidises as completely as it does alcohol, such as citric and escetic acid.

"It undoubtedly has a food value, when regarded exclusively from the point of view of its capacity to act as a fuel in the body. . . . It may, therefore, be useful as a constituent of the diet in cases of emergency, as in acute disease. . . . But it is a food suitable only for such emergencies."

It is also interesting to note that the above statements of the D'Abernon Committee were based on experiments of Atwater and Benedict, as published in 1903. Now, according to Hobson, in "Alcohol and the Human Race," these experiments have since been continued under the direction of Dr. Benedict in the Carnegie Nutrition Laboratory with instruments of greater precision than were previously available. And the result is that Dr. Benedict now holds that alcohol is not a food, but a poison. If this is true, the foundation on which the D'Abernon Committee built its modest claim for alcohol as a food has been destroyed.

Professor Atwater has also qualified his earlier statements by saying:

"Alcohol is a food within very restricted limits. Likewise arsenic, belladonna, and other poisons contain nutritive elements and can, equally with alcohol, be called foods."

The following quotation might also assist in getting a correct conception of the food value of alcohol:

"It (alcohol) is not food in the sense that bread and meat are food." (Kelynaek, quoting Atwater.)

"Chemically it has been sought to define

a food stuff as something that is oxidised in the body. . . . This, however, cannot be accepted as a proper definition. . . . Many poisons are so oxidised. For instance, morphia and phosphorus are oxidised as far as possible by the tissues." (Horsley and Sturge.)

"The fact that some of the alcohol appropriate part of the oxygen of the blood and in burning produces necessarily a proportionate amount of heat, led early investigators and latter-day apologists for liquor to maintain that alcohol, therefore, is a food. By the same reasoning, chloroform, strychnine, prussic acid, and other poisons would be foods. Alcohol, no matter how taken, or even in small quantities, is always a poison, a narcotic poison." (Hobson.)

"Alcohol fails to fulfil the conditions of a food by its incapacity to nourish the body. . . . When it is stated that alcohol is a food the meaning of the word 'food' has been specially narrowed down to include alcohol and certain other less important substances. Only in a partial and restricted sense can alcohol be regarded as a food.

"It does not follow because a substance is oxidised in the living tissues that the results of its oxidation are of use to the body; on the contrary, many poisons, such as morphia, phosphorus, and ether, are so oxidised." (N.Z. Education Department Syllabus.)

PROHIBITION AND INSANITY.

Fillmore Condit, Expert in Insanity, Shows Prohibition Has Checked Big Increase in Mental Aberration and Turned the Scale Downward Despite Imperfect Enforcement.

(NATIONAL PROHIBITION BEGAN JULY 1, 1919.)

Illinois hospitals had 279 insane patients for each 100,000 population, July 1, 1918, and 261 on January 1, 1921.

California had 322, seven for each 100,000 population on January 1, 1919, and 290 on January 1, 1921.

New York had insane for each 100,000 population: 1889, 255.2; 1894, 288.8; 1899, 321.6; 1904, 339.7; 1909, 352.0; 1914, 373.2; 1918, 395.7; 1920, January 1, 374.6.

Authorities: Illinois Department of Public Welfare; California Commission on Lunacy; National Committee on Mental Hygiene; World Almanac (1921). (Data furnished the World Almanac by the Committee on Mental

Hygiene of which H. M. Pollock, Statistician of the New York Lunacy Commission, is chairman. The figures for January 1, 1920, were furnished direct by above committee.)

Mr. Condit presents further statistics relative to insanity in the following letter to the Los Angeles "Times" under date of March 15:

March 15, 1921.

Editor, Los Angeles "Times," Los Angeles, California.

Sir,—The "Times" this morning reports Dr. James Whitney Hall testified that insanity has increased 25 per cent. in Chicago in the last year and a half and attributed it to Prohibition.

This statement seems singular. On March 2, 1921, the Illinois Department of Public Welfare stated there were 16,728 cases of insanity in the hospitals of the State on January 1, 1919, and 17,204 on January 1, 1921.

From 1904 to 1919 insanity increased in Illinois 3.5 per cent. annually, or much more rapidly than the general population, and only 1.3 per cent. annually since Prohibition went into effect.

Insanity in Illinois is now increasing at a much slower rate than the general population of the State.

For many years prior to National Prohibition insanity increased in California at the rate of 5.6 per cent. annually. The increase from January 1, 1919, to January 1, 1921, was only 59 cases, or 1094 less than the number there would have been if the normal increase from 1904 to January 1, 1919, had continued.

The California Lunacy Commission recently stated the maintenance cost of the insane in 1920 was 1832 dollars per capita.

It appears the taxpayers of California are being saved by National Prohibition, in the care of our insane, about 1904 cases at 1832 dollars each, or about two million dollars annually.

FILLMORE CONDIT.

In an article printed recently in the "Journal of the American Medical Association," Dr. George Kirby, one of the most widely-known alienists in the United States, and medical director for the pathological institute at Wards Island, Manhattan, New York, stated that the number of insanity patients had decreased rather than increased. In the article statistics were quoted from the Bellevue Hospital in which the same condition was shown.

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BRISBANE'S ARCHBISHOP.

Anglican Synod Reaffirms Belief in Prohibition.

Speaking to a motion favoring Prohibition, His Grace the Archbishop of Brisbane said that the reference to Prohibition in the Lambeth Conference resolution was due to him. He hoped that his friends who agreed with him about Prohibition would not consider those who were opposed to it morally wrong. If there was one thing which had injured the cause of temperance it was the bitterness of the temperance people against their opponents. Good arguments were to be obtained on both sides. The difference between his view and that of Canon Batty was that Canon Batty wanted to judge by results, whereas he (his Grace) preferred to go by principle in this matter. It was impossible to judge by results, as the results supplied were conflicting. Let them look at the case fairly and squarely. If the world was an ideal place he would certainly drink alcohol, but the time had come for an heroic remedy. The sale of poison such as opium was forbidden by the law. The argument about the liberty of the subject had been used long enough. The question was: Did the State demand the control of the liberty of the subject in regard to alcohol? He believed such control was justified. The world had come to believe that the evils of alcohol were irremediable, but they did not know what they would feel like after they had got the whole nation clean of the taint of it. "If thy right hand offend thee cut it off." A man with a limb missing did not have a complete life, but it might be a safe one. "Let us ask the world," he concluded, "to try this thing and see whether, when we have tried it, we have not got it for keeps because of the wonderful change in our lives."

The following motion, by Rev. G. L. Hunt, was carried on the voices:—"That this Synod records its appreciation in the work of the Strength of Empire movement in the campaign for Prohibition, and expresses its determination to continue to assist in the campaign to the best of its power."

DON'T FOLLOW THE KING.

By THOS. E. SHONK.

Let us, you and me, forget this hard commercial world of clanking trams and carefully trained faces. We'll live in the year 337 Before Christ. We'll live with men of passions and of prowess, at the court of Philip, King of Macedon, and father of Alexander the Great. It is hardly possible that a man with such unlimited power as Philip possessed will even again be known. The aims of the German Emperor have been scotched, and more and more power is being taken by the mass of citizens, and less and less left for crowned and uncrowned heads. But here to-day, 337 B.C., at a great banquet given by Philip, we see a mighty soldier, flushed with victory, in command of a mighty army, and who sees no insurmountable opposition to his great ambition—to conquer both Europe and Asia!

There, at his side, is Olympias, his wife, not a Macedonian like Philip, but from Epirus. A curious woman, an unusual woman, one who is intensely jealous of her husband's victories, and hardly able to hide her jealousy. See how she bends over and talks to Alexander, her son. Never a reference does she make to Philip, but she slights his character. A tragic happening—a mother incensing a son against his father!

A magnificent banquet—a bridal banquet—Philip is marrying a second wife, a Macedonian this time, one of his own people—Cleopatra.

See that heavily-bloated man, with one

hand continually on his sword and the other around the wine cup. That's Attalus, father of the bride. He's heavily drunk, the pitifully futile, babbling hulk. S-sh! Look at Alexander! What is Attalus saying?

"Hic, I—er hope that this marriage anyhow will give them a truly Macedonian heir!" Phew! He has betrayed the hostility of Olympias!

"What then am I?" cries out Alexander, taut for such an insult. "Am not I a true Macedonian?" and hurls his cup at Attalus.

Look at Philip! He's red with anger. He stands up, draws his sword and—falls helpless in a drunken heap! A tremendous scene—Olympias, Cleopatra, Attalus, Philip of Macedon—and now Alexander, blind with rage and jealousy, taunts and insults his father. "Macedonians!" he cries. "See there my father, the General, who would go from Europe to Asia! Why, he cannot go from one table to another!"

Let us come back to our commercial world of clanking trams and carefully trained faces. The world has progressed since 337 B.C. A new King is setting out to conquer the world. King Prohibition already reigns over two-thirds of the English-speaking race—and his empire ever grows.

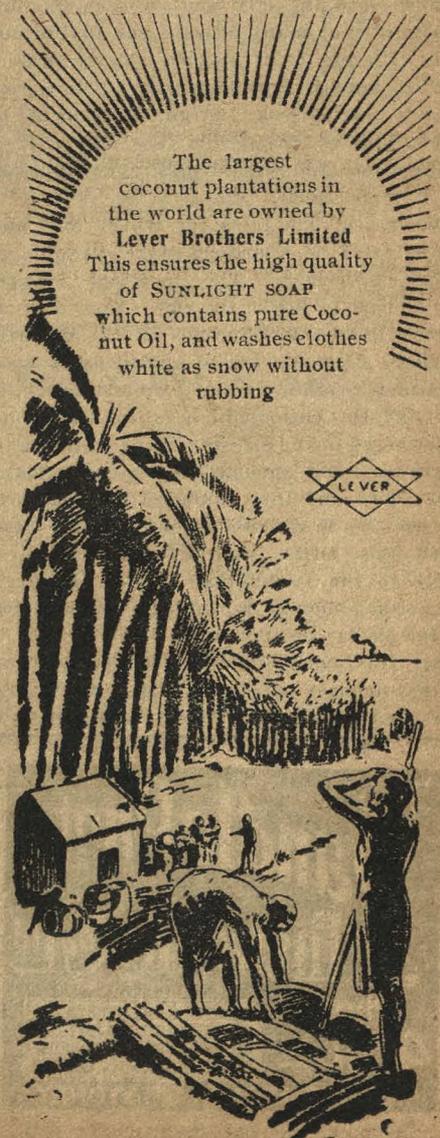
Philip of Macedon did not conquer Europe and Asia, neither will anyone conquer in their world of ambition if they follow King Philip, for he who drinks drops out of the fight.

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FIELD APPOINTMENTS.

SUNDAY, JULY 10.

11 a.m.: Wahroonga Methodist Church.

7.15 p.m.: St. Paul's, Wahroonga.

Mr. Francis Wilson.

11 a.m.: Killara Congregational Church.

7 p.m.: Lindfield Presbyterian Church.

Rev. H. Allen Job.

11 a.m.: Lindfield Methodist Church.

7.15 p.m.: Gordon Methodist Church.

Rev. Fred. C. Middleton.

11 a.m.: Roseville Congregational Church.

7 p.m.: Hurlstone Park Congregational Church.

Mr. Thos. E. Shonk.

11 a.m.: Gordon Congregational Church.

7 p.m.: St. Ives Methodist Church.

Mr. W. D. B. Creagh.

TUESDAY, JULY 12.

8 p.m.: Methodist Hall, St. Ives.

Messrs. Bruntnell, M.L.A., and Francis Wilson.

NEWCASTLE CAMPAIGN.

Ten days of enthusiastic campaigning left an impression upon Newcastle. Facts were dropped into the city and suburbs in such a manner that many citizens see Prohibition in a different light to-day. There was a stirring among Prohibitionists. They were given a new outlook, and got a vision of the possibilities of Prohibition that stirred their imagination, and should mean increased activity in the cause.

During the ten days for which the campaign lasted 64 addresses were given in as many gatherings. The meetings covered every phase of life in the city. Most of them were delivered in churches at the ordinary services. Others were to audiences of business men, workers, women, ministers, children, and the cosmopolitan crowd that could be gathered in the streets. Some of the latter meetings were amongst the most valuable held. Two and three hundred men gathered on two days in the lunch-hour near the Newcastle Post Office, and listened very attentively to the Prohibition story. The questions asked showed how much alive they were to the great question.

Mr. Hammond's address to the company at the business-men's lunch was sane, practical, and convincing. He stressed the value

of Prohibition as a business proposition, and his presentation went home to the minds of the thoughtful, hard-headed man of business.

Amongst the women there were signs of a greater interest and a practical spirit that means much for the future. It is being more and more impressed upon us that there is great need for more efficient campaigning amongst women. They can become a much greater factor in deciding the issue than they are at present. Over 70 attended the women workers' meeting. Such a number represents a big campaigning force, and the near future will show its value.

The people of the Churches showed their earnestness in the campaign by the generous financial support given. This is a true indication of the faith that is in us, and whilst a few hesitated over the permission for the appeal, it was only because it was an innovation, not because of any lack of interest in the cause. That so many became shareholders in the financial burden of the campaign showed that the permission given had general support.

Newcastle will remember this campaign. The information given will bear fruit in a healthier sentiment and more active propaganda. Our workers have been uplifted, and will be more effective, because they have been given this wider view of a great movement that has proved a success and can be equally successful here.

OPPOSITION TO LICENSES.

This continues with even greater keenness, and with cheering success. During the past week one application was withdrawn—apparently because of the opposition.

Guildford is working up a strong case against the application for a hotel license there. This is one of the thriving suburbs on the metropolitan edge and is without a license. Feeling is running high against this attempt to spoil the place. A public meeting of protest is to be held.

There is an application for a spirit merchant's license at Bexley. This also will be strongly opposed.

BOOKS OUT WEST.

Rev. A. J. Keeling, of the Methodist Far West Mission, who is located at Wilcannia, acknowledging a parcel of "With One Voice," writes that he was about to start out on a big trip into the north-west, and would take some of the books with him. He promises that he will see that all the good possible for them to do in his widely-scattered district should be done.

Other parcels have gone to Nyngan, Canbelego, Cobar, and Lake Cargeligo. In this and other ways is the good news of Prohibition being spread.

AMONGST OUR WORKERS.

Mrs. Ross reports work begun in Goulburn. Church workers have been met, their co-operation being readily given. Employers have opened their factories for lunch-hour talks, and she had been heartily received by the employees.

Mr. Middleton met the helpers in Christ Church parish, Enmore, and, after a practical explanation of our educational scheme, six joined up for work in connection with the lending of "With One Voice."

Miss Lucas, of the Congregational Women's Committee, has added Petersham, Sutherland, Epping, and Dulwich Hill to her groups of workers.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

A NEW TOAST.

We commend the following to all who rightly value the young folk as an asset of the country. It is taken from "The Call," a sporting paper from Western Australia:

"It would not be out of place if at every public function the toast of 'The Kids' came next in importance to that of the King. For the kids constitute a kingdom of their own, often neglected, often ill-considered, but nevertheless a real kingdom in which are enthroned all the world's hopes for a glorious future. Youth is the first victim of the inherent intolerance in the adult make-up; it is given scant credit when it succeeds, crushed with blame when it fails. Civilisation has given us many devices for treating the young folk, for testing their sight, registering their weight, and gauging their percentage of mental efficiency. But until humanity teaches human beings to recognise adequately the kids as the nation's insurance against decadence and decay, and to love them and cherish them as such, the children's courts will always be busy and the reformatories full."

A SPLENDID TESTIMONY.

We listened with pleasure to an address on Prohibition, given to a meeting of business men by Mr. Chas. Francis, the accredited representative of the U.S.A. Department of Labor and head of a large firm of New York printers. He said that he started his Prohibition work at the age of 12 as a Rechabite in New Zealand. He is now 73 years of age, and, as he said, "a pretty good specimen of a Prohibitionist."

(Continued on page 16.)

BABY'S FIRST PORTRAIT.

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"The Daughter of a Hundred Earls."

A PIONEER BRITISH ARISTOCRAT.

By EVELYN C. STRANG, for "Grit."

The recent death of Lady Henry Somerset has removed a prominent worker from the ranks of British philanthropists, an English noblewoman who endeared herself to thousands during the days of her public activity in the fight against the liquor evil, and who reigned as a sort of queen to the end of her seventy years of life in the comparative quiet of the village settlement on her favorite estate of Duxhurst, Reigate, Surrey. There she made her Australian visitors welcome, with all the magnetic charm which was part of her wonderful personality, on a day of late autumn sunshine a few months ago. Her mind seemed clear and active as ever, her smile was just as sweet, her rich voice just as expressive as in her platform days, though she spoke of the loveliness of her life, since the loss of her "special" sister, the Duchess of Bedford, a few months previously, a death which had made a greater difference than any since the passing of Frances Willard, who was Lady Henry Somerset's closest friend and campaign comrade for many years.

The settlement at Duxhurst was begun nearly 30 years ago as a farm colony for inebriate women, and was fully occupied, indeed crowded, until war-time restrictions on the sale of liquor in England had been enforced for some months. "Then," said Lady Henry, "the demand for our accommodation began to fall off very rapidly, dropping from an average of 50 per month to an average of two, and very soon we found it advisable to close the inebriate colony altogether." This is a conclusive reply to the objection that "men and women will always drink in spite of all restrictions." The inebriate homes were re-commissioned (1) as a reformatory for girls who would otherwise have been sent to prison, (2) as a refuge for destitute children, who are housed and educated at Duxhurst, and a third section is now a home for motherless babies. Thus "the daughter of a hundred earls," as Lady Somerset was described when campaigning with Frances Willard, became "the mother of many a hundred girls," whose lives have been purified and

sweetened by her gracious influence, and who will mourn for her with passionate love and sorrow. Hers was the true spirit of the pioneer, who worked to clear the minds of her contemporaries from prejudice against total abstinence and from many other prejudices, just as the pioneer bushman works to clear the ground of stumps before planting the seed which will bring a golden harvest.

The "Union Signal" says of this remarkable woman:

"For many years she devoted herself to bettering the conditions of her tenantry in the several counties where she had estates, signing the temperance pledge at her castle gates, with forty of her tenants. In the famous Herefordshire country, where Eastnor Castle is situated, meetings were held in the farming districts, Lady Henry going often on cold stormy days over the hills to the cottage gatherings of her people.

"For years a mission was supported by Lady Henry in one of the poorer districts of London, and here it was that she came in closer touch with the degradation caused by the liquor traffic. She personally visited house after house, going among the criminal and the outcast, helping, comforting, and cheering them with a love and patience which brought to them life and hope.

"In 1889 she was elected President of the British Women's Temperance Association, which office she held until 1903. Much of the progress made by the Association is due to the wise, liberal and forceful policy which she inaugurated. No speaker in England drew larger audiences than did this gifted orator. Her logical reasoning, keen analysis, vast fund of information, and full understanding of political conditions, made her of all speakers the best equipped to present the great theme of total abstinence.

"When the Royal Licensing Commission to investigate the conditions of the drink trade in Great Britain was in session, the strongest, clearest, and most direct testimony given before this body was hers, its thoroughness eliciting from the Commissioners the highest commendation.

"The World's W.C.T.U. in 1890 made Lady Henry Vice-President, and on the death of Miss Frances E. Willard in 1898 she succeeded to the presidency, which she held until 1906."

"Let her own works praise her."

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EVERYONE'S FRIENDS.

(By 'ARRY.)

Their names are known from Profiteer right
out to Lambing Down;
They're known from Comeandavadrink to
Prohibition Town.
They know them in Macquarie-street, and all
the Shearers' Huts—
Their names, my friends, are Heenzo and
Hean's Nerve Nuts.
They calm the politician's nerves and
straighten up the crook;
They keep the drunk from needing beer, and
help the shearers' cook;
They cure the coastal sailor's cold, and
always soothe the boss;
They travel in the motor car of Mrs. Buster-
Cross.
So when you're coughing up your corns in
camp, in cold, and rain,
Or when you get that feeling that you've
lived your life in vain,
Don't put it off and travel in the same old
ruts,
But stop your cough and calm your nerves
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Heenzo, the famous money-saving treat-
ment for coughs and colds, and Hean's Tonic
Nerve Nuts, the reliable builders of health
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"SHALL."

"On a day to be proclaimed by the Governor, being a day not later than one year and six months after the coming into force of this Act, there SHALL be taken a vote by ballot on the two following questions: (a) Whether Prohibition with compensation shall come into force throughout New South Wales . . ."

LAW BREAKERS OR LAW MAKERS?

No guff. That par. is "statute law." And as much in force in New South Wales as the Constitution. Really? Yes, it is Section 37 of the Liquor Amendment Act, 1919. Not the law of a bowling club, or the "directions" on a patent medicine bottle this, but cold, inflexible Parliament-made law of this State. And disregarded, despised, and spat upon by John Storey and his merry men.

"NOT A CHANCE FOR IT."

Now look on this picture, a cold-drawn newspaper cutting of recent date:

"The Toronto correspondent of the 'Winnipeg Free Press' (writing under date May 22), and referring to Premier Storey's visit to Toronto, says: 'He was questioned concerning the probability of Prohibition in Australia. The Premier is reported to have made the following reply: 'Not a chance for it. Reduction of licenses is as far as the matter will go, with compensation for extinguished licenses.'"

Exactly! Not a chance for it, John!

THE SAVED BALLOT.

Then consider this: In the same newspaper article reference is made to an address given by Mr. Storey while in London to a joint assembly of members of the House of Commons and House of Lords, on the aims of the Labor Party in New South

Wales. In this address (paving the way for a £5,000,000 loan) he stated that the Labor Party placed reliance upon the ballot for the settlement of all public issues, and was opposed to strikes.

So the logical mind must dash itself against these dilemmas, to wit: (1) Is there "no chance" for Prohibition because the people won't have it, or is it that the people can't have it because Storey won't obey the law and give the ballot a chance? Also (2) is Prohibition a "public issue"? Or why does not the Labor Party let us have a ballot?

Are the public asses? Are they deceived by all this rattle of words, statute-words, Storey-words, "Grit"-words? Not much! The public know the truth. And the truth is that John Storey and his fellows are so under the heel of that most gorged and capital-bossed gang, "the trade," that it will not, dare not, give us the ballot. A child knows it.

"HOTEL ACCOMMODATION.

"SYDNEY DOMITORIES.

"BATHURST.

"Giving evidence before the Licenses Reduction Board in Bathurst one hotel-keeper admitted that his accommodation takings were very small in relation to the bar trade. In 1920 his takings were £3864, but the house receipts averaged £15 a week, the remainder of the takings coming from the bar. Another witness stated that at the hotel in which he was interested travellers frequently were unable to get accommodation.

"Mr. S. B. Gunn, a member of the Board, remarked that many of the Bathurst hotels were not as modern as they might be. There

seemed to be an idea among the owners, he said, that what was good enough sixty years ago was good enough to-day; but, even as things are, I would rather have a single room than sleep in a dormitory, as one is obliged to at many of the Sydney hotels."

We quote this from a Sydney daily. That daily was surely nodding! Otherwise it could not have allowed to stray into its purged and censored columns an admission that the pubs. do not really represent the last word in public comfort! Let us rather cut camouflage. Let us rather address ourselves to the silly cacklers who, between beer-stained whiskers, say, "Abolish the pubs, and verily how now shall the travellers be accommodated with bed and breakfast!" Oh, cacklers, is it not a fact that the pubs. exist for booze? That's where the money is. All else—bed, breakfast, and so forth, all the apparatus of attention to travellers—is, to Bung, merely so much nuisance. Cut out the beer, pin Boniface down to his legitimate job, and we shall see an excellence, a competition, an improvement in the standard of hotel comfort, which will make the average pub. appear to memory what it really is. What's that? A smelly, alcohol-smelly location where the eyes and ears of decent travellers are afflicted night and day by the intolerable affronts of drink—to which the traveller and his wants plays dummy.

"NEAR-BEER."

The brewers, when 6 o'clock came, established about Sydney a number of shops where "near-beer" (under various fancy names) might be consumed. Not "nice" shops. Is a brewery likely to start anything nice? Writer walked into one to see the thing for himself. Staged very like a bar. Drinks pulled by a bar-pump, frothy, smelly of hops, well-calculated to keep a thirst till the "real stuff" be tapped, next morning. And the room . . . little marble tables, with rather doleful, rather frowsy persons sipping "near beer" and puffing cigarettes. I had four pennorth of froth and hops. Not so bad. But once was enough. The scene was lighted and staged and acted rather like a second-rate drama, "The Ghost of Booze," unhappily, with poor actors and down-at-heels "properties."

JUVENIS, IS THIS FOR YOU?

The age of chivalry is NOT dead. Still trumpets blare for the knight in armor, for Arthur with Excalibur. A giant strides the earth, who calls for Lancelot in complete steel. Young man, who reads this, do YOU feel the need of a Mission? Is life drab and humdrum? Is there within your nerves the call for virile action—you, without a field for action visible? Do you want to do the brave and splendid thing before age withers that
(Continued on page 15.)

Pass it on! to friends and neighbors,
All who ail with cough or cold,
Truth owes nought to fears or favors,
Tell its worth to young and old,
Other remedies may please them,
But there's none so good and sure.
If you mean to mend and ease them,
Mention Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

A Sane and Useful Society.

THE WHITE CROSS LEAGUE.

A Year of Good and Sadly Necessary Work.

The annual report of the Australasian White Cross League says:—

"The year which has just closed has been one of much usefulness, and we thank God for what has been accomplished, but only wish the work had been doubled, as its necessity has more than ever been brought under our notice from the many letters from youths who have suffered from ignorance, but who have at length been helped by receiving some of our literature. That we have been enabled to place the booklets and leaflets published by our League in the hands of

MR. BLIGH IN NEW ZEALAND.

Mr. Bligh for over 20 years has devoted himself in the most self-sacrificing way to teaching boys on the subject of purity. The record of his work in New Zealand is most interesting, and the testimony given by school teachers and parents is very valuable.

The report goes on to say:—

"We want to have Mr. Bligh back in Australia, but we require money to pay his expenses, even should he be willing to give his services free. This is our chief want—who will help us? We want two or three promises



many thousands of young people of both sexes within the year under review, is no exaggeration, but we feel the aims of our League ought to be to reach every boy or girl whose parents have, in the majority of cases, either deliberately or ignorantly, withheld the information that each has a right to know from a clean source. Will you, the reader of this report, if a father or mother, pause and ask yourself this question: 'Have I done my duty to my own family in this special way?' If you can answer in the affirmative, you can then turn to your neighbors, and ask them similar questions, and we venture to say, in the majority of cases, the answer will be 'No,' and in many cases, 'Neither did my father do his duty by me.'

of £50 each. Let some grateful father or mother answer this call, and then others will follow. Among our other requirements are funds to provide free literature, and postage to forward same to much-needed country districts in Australasia. A few of the letters quoted in this report shows the value of booklets given in various quarters, which have borne fruit far beyond the expenditure of £184. It may be that your own boy or girl has got a helping hand, or if not, it is your neighbors, so do not grudge the cost, but send along at once something towards the League.

A NATIONAL WORK.

"We want many to take sufficient interest in the young people as to work up meetings

in their neighborhood. We can supply a speaker, or a lecturer, who can explain the work of the League, and distribute literature. Remember that you can expect to pass through this world but once, so any good you can do to help the boys and girls who will be the fathers and mothers of the future, **Do It Now**, for you won't pass this way again. Rouse up, and help us, for this is a national work. 'Better guide well the young than reclaim them when old.' Remember, 'when a man is rescued from evil, you save a unit, but when a child is prevented from evil you save a multiplication table.' Is it worth while? What do you say?"

THE ANNUAL MEETING.

Dr. Richard Arthur, M.L.A., presided at the annual meeting of the League, and Mr. W. E. Wilson, to whom the League owes so much, presented the annual report.

The Executive officers were re-elected—Dr. Arthur, president; W. E. Wilson, hon. secretary; and W. Cooper, hon. treasurer. A small advisory committee was appointed, consisting of the Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, and Messrs. G. E. Ardill and Newell.

NEVER MORE NEEDED.

Boys and girls are not getting much of a chance these days, for they enjoy greater freedom and have less restraint placed on them than perhaps has ever been known. To make matters worse so many parents are ignorant, some cowardly, and others overbusy that the child gains the most important part of its education in "the gutter," as it were, or from other children. Books are available to the young to-day that are devilish in their power to poison the mind and drag down the moral standards. Many of the pictures of the movies are without a redeeming feature, and are responsible for much of the moral flabbiness that is characteristic of to-day. All these things combine to make it easier for quite young children to go wrong, and harder for them to go right. Not only is there no fear of God before their eyes, there is no sound advice ringing in their ears.

The White Cross League is doing a unique work, and literally thousands bless God for it.

You should send for some of its literature, and a donation from you would increase the power of the League to help others.

Write to Mr. W. E. Wilson, 56 Elizabeth-street, Sydney.

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A personal chat with my readers

THE FAILURE OF THE CHURCH.

Malcolm Spencer, M.A., has just published his book, "The Social Function of the Church." He concludes that "the failure of Christianity to work itself out to its ultimate meaning in industry and in public affairs may largely account for the present state of deadness and the present reputation for ineffectiveness to which the Church must plead guilty." It is open to question whether it was spiritual deadness and lack of courage to sacrifice that produced the failure that Mr. Spencer refers to, or whether it was the failure that produced the ineffective Christianity. There are those who will say it is "six of one and half a dozen of the other," but my conviction is that a low spiritual tone is responsible for a failure in social endeavors. Mr. Spencer goes on to say: "The great mass of men are too busily and fearfully preoccupied with their own affairs, too little trained to see how their actions hurt or help the community at large, too greatly lacking in the energy and courage needed for reform." The fact is, Christianity has not failed; it has been found difficult and never tried. The Church routine of services and work seems to be as harmful to the moral fibre as Parliament is to politicians. The clergy are very largely responsible for the fact that so many are "hearers of the Word and not doers also." We have too often given our energy to the formulating of creeds and the observance of religious forms when:

What care I for caste or creed?
It is the deed, it is the deed!
What for class, or what for clan?
It is the man, it is the man!
It is of love and joy and woe,
For who is high and who is low,
Mountain, valley, sky and sea
Are for all humanity.

What care I for robe or stole?
It is the soul, it is the soul!
What for the crown or what for chest?
It is the soul within the breast
It is the faith, it is the hope,
It is the struggle up the slope.
It is the brain and the eye to see,
One God and one humanity.

MR. CANN ON GAMBLING.

The Minister for Labor and Industry, Mr. George Cann, is a member of the Cabinet that proposes to fasten a State lottery on the people, and, like Mr. McKell, he is strong in his denunciation of gambling. Speaking at Mortdale last week he said: "I am pleased to note that the bazaar had no chocolate wheels, raffles, nor games of chance. The best results in life

were got not by chance, but by strenuous effort. Unfortunately many people of today made their lives a quest of getting something for nothing, or else a job to which there was no work attached, or both. But the men and women who stood out as examples of success were not gamblers, but workers."

He went on to say that "working for money is better than gambling for it." Mr. Cann and Mr. McKell had better join forces and clean the tote out and kill the McGirr Gambling Bill and thus make for themselves an enduring name.

WHEN TO LEAVE SCHOOL.

Mr. Cann stated he left school when he was 11 years of age, which was greatly to his liking at the time. But often since he had realised his disabilities in the matter of education. Many children have a mania for leaving school, and it is positively wicked of the parents to permit it. It is not only the best time of one's life, it is the only time in which one can learn the habits that make for real success. The best thing in our life is friends, and the best place to make them is school. The boys and girls who leave school at the earliest possible moment may never know or be conscious of their loss, but it will still be a tragic loss for which there is no compensation. I was fortunately at school until I was 17, and while I did not make the most of its intellectual opportunities, my only regret is that I did not stay another year. What you know is easily carried about, and school-day friends are apt to endure better than any other kind, and they improve with age.

192 BOTTLES OF WHISKY.

Of course U.S.A. is swamped in liquor, and everyone drinks more than ever they did. BUT—and it is a big BUT—it is interesting to notice that they tried to smuggle a few dozen bottles of spirits on a boat at Wellington, N.Z., a few weeks ago, and now they are caught doing the same thing here.

One hundred and ninety-two bottles, costing £229, were taken by the police at one in the morning as someone tried to put them on board an outgoing U.S.A. boat. These bottles cost about 24/- each here, and can be sold for from £5 to £6 in 'Frisco, which, of course, all goes to prove that whisky is mighty scarce in U.S.A., and that it never gets beyond the ports, and much of it gets left in Wellington and Sydney to do its deadly work here.

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 for grindstones—the more grit they contain the better they wear.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, JULY 7, 1921.

NEVER SAY DIE.

It is curious how ready we are to look down on "failures." And yet we have all failed at something at some time. I do not know who wrote these words, but they are worth passing on:

"Failures are stepping-stones to success for strong hearts determined to persevere. Napoleon failed as an essay writer, Shakespeare as a wool merchant, Lincoln as a storekeeper, Grant as a tanner, but that indomitable something in the heart of purposeful men did not permit them to brood over their failures, but gave them courage for other attempts. If you have failed, don't stop to make excuses, any more than when you win you stop to count victories! Keeping eternally at it, through stress and storm, through bitterness and defeat, brings a man at last to the place where success crowns efforts."

The Editor

I SAW YOUR AD. IN "GRIT"

If you say to me, "I saw your ad. in 'Grit,' or send someone, and business results, I will pay 'Grit' 20 per cent. of the commission.

PROPERTIES ALL SUBURBS.

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U.S.A. Commissioner of Conciliation.

MR. CHARLES FRANCIS SEEKS SOLUTION OF THE INDUSTRIAL PROBLEM.

Mr. Charles Francis, born in London 73 years ago, brought up in Tasmania, started business in New Zealand returned to London and married, settling in U.S.A. in 1872, where he has built up a great printing and publishing business.

In the evening of his life, ambitious to add to the sum total of human happiness and progress, Mr. Francis has accepted a commission from the U.S.A. Government to tour the world and gather data that may help to throw light on industrial unrest and point the way to the solution of problems arising from the conflict between Capital and Labor.

CONCILIATION, CO-OPERATION, ARBITRATION.

"I am trying to find out," he says, "the general feeling of employers and workers towards labor legislation, particularly compulsory arbitration. I have not made any exhaustive investigations so far, but from what I have gleaned from the surface it seems that in a general sense the American way of dealing with labor troubles is ahead of your compulsory system here. The basis of the American system is voluntarism. There you've got it in a nutshell. No Union is compelled to submit to judiciary arbitration, but voluntarily enters into agreements with the employers. And in very few instances have we found that those agreements have been broken."

LEAD HIM!

Mr. Francis has a strong opinion about driving a horse and leading him. "If you can lead the workers, and get them to work in with you, so much the better," he says. "It is no use forcing them. They can't be forced. You see, if you've got your men working in with you as friends the article they produce is going to be the best they can turn out—but it isn't if you drive them."

Then an epigram:

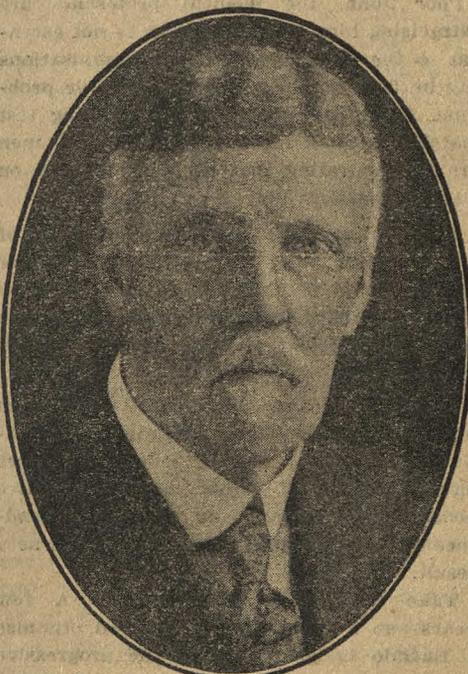
"If there is a man working for me, I don't want him. If he's working with me, then that's the fellow I want."

The American investigator holds set views about the Reds. "One of the big labor troubles all over the world," he declares, "is that we allow too much Bolshevik propaganda, and don't combat it. We should beat propaganda by propaganda. The radical element is not more than 5 per cent. of the whole, but it must be fought. As I said, if the Reds get on a soap box you must get

on a soap box, too. You must bring the great bulk of the workers round to the right way of thinking."

A REPRESENTATIVE GATHERING.

Some 85 business and professional men came at the invitation of the Rev. R. B. S. Hammond to meet Mr. Francis at luncheon on Thursday last. Among those present were the Hon. G. Cann, Messrs. Hickey and Stuart-Robertson, M's.L.A., Dr. Arthur, M.L.A., the Hon. Arthur Griffith, Mr. John



MR. CHARLES FRANCIS.
Commissioner of Conciliation of the Labor
Department of the U.S.A. Government.

O'Brien, Mr. Percy Thompson, Messrs. Wm. Winn, Cresswell, O'Reilly, H. B. Chapman, Captain Marr, and many other well-known city men.

In his welcoming remarks Mr. Hammond said: "It is a very valuable contribution to life's perplexities to meet such men as Mr. Francis, who, in a long and varied life in many lands, has accumulated a wealth of experience, and can thus speak with authority and throw light on at least some of the questions that vex us. So long as we cultivate an open mind, a spirit of independent inquiry, and a courage of conviction so long will we help the progress of our country."

THE VALUE OF PROHIBITION.

Mr. Francis received a warm welcome, and in the course of an interesting speech said, among other things:—

Seven years ago I did not believe it possible that the United States could go Constitutionally "dry." To do so meant that the Federal Government had to be persuaded to submit the question to the States. To do this a two-thirds majority was necessary in

both Houses, the vote being 65 to 20 in the Senate and 282 to 128 in the House of Representatives.

It was then necessary for 36 States out of the 48 to satisfy the proposal submitted by the Federal Government. Here again a two-thirds majority was necessary. The astounding thing is that no less than 45 out of the 48 States did this.

It is inconceivable that liquor should ever again be legally sold among the 105 million people of the U.S.A.

Mr. Francis then gave some very convincing figures showing the marvellous increase in the savings bank accounts under Prohibition, and the consequent benefit to all kinds of business.

A SUMMARY.

A survey of the newspaper issues in your State during the past few months shows that a tremendous amount of misrepresentation of American affairs has been made. We citizens of the United States are represented as being excessive lawbreakers and drug-addicts, and it is inferred that we are a nation of fools for having bitten off the mouthful of Prohibition before we were capable of chewing it.

Permit me to emphatically refute the main contentions of the anti-Prohibition and anti-American-inspired articles, and to state that—

(a) 1917 was the last "wet" year in U.S.A. During 1920, the latest "dry" year, arrests in the States have slumped over 130,000 cases. My figures are from official sources.

(b) As an employer of over 400 operatives, and being in close touch with public life generally, I assert that sly grog-selling and drug addiction are no more pronounced than before Prohibition.

(c) That savings bank deposits in Chicago increased 26.7-10 per cent. in one year after Prohibition, and that Chicago is typical of other cities.

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BEER AND BANQUETS.

JOHN BARLEYCORN EXPELLED FROM THE FESTIVE BOARD.

(By FRED C. MIDDLETON.)

Good fellowship is one of the things that is essential to the harmony and happiness of the genus homo. Seizing upon this fact the liquor traffic makes it an excuse for encouraging the drink habit; it knows what an asset the "come-and-have-a-drink," "have-one-on-me-boys" custom is.

So closely have good fellowship and drinking been associated that many people seem to think there is a necessary connection between the two, and that if Prohibition were to be enacted here, most of the joy would be taken out of life. The "social glass" is in their judgment essential if the ordinary human is to be happy himself, and be able to give expression to his feelings of goodwill towards his friends.

Discussing this matter, a professional man, highly esteemed in this city, said to me a while ago: "You know, while I recognise and acknowledge the evil the drink habit does because of over-indulgence, yet absolute Prohibition would be a great hardship. Think, for instance, how dull and uninspiring the average banquet or social would be if the 'sparkling wine and foaming ale' were replaced by 'effervescent pop,' or, worse still, plain unadulterated water."

My friend, perhaps, spoke half in jest; yet many people do think that good-fellowship and booze rise or fall together.

Well, let's see how it works out in places that have enacted Prohibition. Good-fellowship—"goodwill among men"—is surely in need of encouragement rather than curtailment, and if Prohibition is going to spoil good-fellowship, then there is a genuine argument against it.

But, does the coming in of Prohibition mean the going out of "goodwill among men"? Surely not.

Business men visiting Canada or the United States are struck by the enthusiasm that is shown by the members of the Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs that are so popular in the cities there. What good times men have at the monthly luncheons of these organisations! Dr. Morris Muller, of Tasmania, recently returned from an extended visit to America, commented upon the hilarity shown at these gatherings. "Why," he said, "staid business men bubble over with mirth and

good-fellowship, while the younger members become like schoolboys. I was continually amazed at the jolly times they had, at the sparkling wit and ready repartee in evidence at their luncheons."

And all this without the aid of John Barleycorn!

Poor John, the medical profession are ostracising him, science says he is not essential to the food supply, Labor organisations say he does not help them solve their problems, Australian cricketers are winning test matches without his aid, and now club men are demonstrating that he is not needed on festive occasions.

Surely this is the "most unkindest cut of all." It may, indeed, prove the final factor in the complete undoing of the licensed liquor traffic, helping to bring about the ignominious defeat of King Alcohol and all his cohorts.

Indeed, the leaven is already working in Australia. Many fraternal organisations, including individual Masonic lodges, no longer have intoxicating liquor at the "festive board." And, strange to say, the attendance of real "he men" does not languish as a result.

Take one concrete illustration: A few years ago a friend of mine helped organise a Buffalo Lodge in one of the progressive towns of South Australia. Although not a total abstainer himself, he suggested that no intoxicating liquor be allowed in the lodge room. This was agreed to by the other charter members, and became a by-law of the organisation. Other lodges laughed at the attempt to bring in the "dry canteen," and prophesied that one month would see the end of it. "The brethren won't attend," they said, "if you don't have something strong to drink." That was four years ago, and that Buffalo Lodge is still going strong—indeed it takes first place in that town as regards membership, attendance, and financial standing.

Yes, we can do without beer at our banquets; here, as elsewhere, it has occupied pride of place too long. We can well afford to dispense with it; and it's going will not detract from, but add tremendously to the sum total of human happiness.

WINNS WINTER SALE NOW ON!

HERE'S A NEW STANDARD IN
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GA15.—A Special Line of Fine White Longcloth, nice soft finish, 34/35in. wide. Usual Price, 1/6 yard. Sale Price, 1/- yard, 11/6 dozen.

GA16.—34/35in. Heavy Quality Medium Calico, a good strong cloth. Usual Price, 1/9. Sale Price, 1/4 1/2 yard.

GA17.—34in. Fine White Longcloth, pure finish, an excellent cloth, with good-wearing properties. Usual Price, 2/2. Sale Price, 1/7 1/2 yard.

GA18.—An Exceptionally Good Medium Calico of Heavyweight and Pure Finish, suitable for Pillow Slips and hard wear usage, 35in. wide. Usual Price, 2/2. Sale Price, yard 1/7 1/2

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All Pure-finished Cloths of Fine Texture.

GA19.—36in. wide. Usual Price, 1/6. Sale Price, 1/3 yard.

GA20.—36in. wide. Usual Price, 1/11. Sale Price, 1/7 1/2 yard.

GA21.—36in., very fine make. Usual Price, 2/6. Sale Price, 1/11 yard.

GA22.—35/36in., very good quality. Usual Price, 2/11. Sale Price, 2/3 yard.

WHITE TABLE DAMASKS.

GA41.—57in. wide. Usual Price, 5/6. Sale Price, per yard 3/11

GA42.—A Special White Damask, with fine satin finish, good designs, 63/64 in. wide. Usual Price, 7/6. Sale Price, per yard 4/11

NATURAL-COLORED MOLLETON FLANNELETTE.

GA10.—27in. wide, a good line for Children's Bloomers, etc. Usual Price, 1/6. Sale Price, 1/4 yard.

GA25.—A Special Line of Heavy Quality White Twill Sheeting, showing a big reduction. 54in. wide. Usual Price, 4/6. Sale Price, per yard 3/3

UNBLEACHED TWILL SHEETING. In a good heavyweight Twill.

GA34.—54in. wide. Usual Price, 4/6. Sale Price, 2/9 yard.

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JUST A MOMENT !

ANSWER THIS QUESTION:—

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DENTIST REANEY

Opposite Grace Bros.
MOTTO: NO HUMBUG.

Open Friday Nights.

'Phone M1420.



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.

DOLLY AND THE FAIRIES.

Dolly: "Pray, tell me, King of the Fairy Band,

Is strong drink good for this fair land?"

The Fairy King: "Strong drink, my child, is the breath of hate,

It will lead you on to the rebel's gate,
That rebel chief who fought and fell
From glory, where the angels dwell.
Oh, mortal, will you try to think
What the end must be for a slave to drink?

Just try, if you will, to count the cost,
The price is a soul forever lost."

Dolly: "Pray, tell me, Queen of the Fairy Band,

Is strong drink good for this fair land?"

The Fairy Queen: "Strong drink, my child, it will make you boast

Like the rebel chief to his gathering host.
On, drunkard, on to a nameless grave,
Where never a hand in the world can save.

And the rebel chief laughs louder still
At his army marching down the hill
On a broad smooth road with a downward grade,
But the end lies hid in eternal shade."

Dolly: "Pray, tell me, Fairy Prince, so jolly,

Is it wise to drink, or the greatest folly?"

The Fairy Prince: "Strong drink, my child, is a hard, false friend,

Who will lead you on to the saddest end.
When your heart is wrung with a deep despair
He will hasten away and leave you there."

Dolly: "Arise, ye brave, who fought and bled
Where the big guns blazed and steel turned red,

There's a cruel foe in our own bright land.

Strike, comrade, strike with your strong right hand."

WILL WILD.

Parkes, June, 1921.

BIRTHDAY GREETINGS.

Many happy returns of the day to my July Ne's and Ni's:

1st, Lindsay Brown, Edna Rein; 2nd, Essie McDonald, Gertie Williams, Douglas Ashby,

Roy Adams; 3rd, Leonore Wingfield, Maurice Southwell, Edgar Black; 4th, Vera McCarty, Leonard Gartner, Geo. Phillips, Mary Griffiths; 5th, Jean McCoy, Rosamond Pickard, Sid Narramore, Mabel Wilson, Una Pickard; 6th, Erlston Jarman, Alice P. Wells; 7th, Kathleen Trenchard; 8th, Dorothy Lee, Doreen Benjamin; 9th, Winifred Knapp, Florrie Storey, Keith Pearse, Olive Butters; 10th, Margie McNeil, Eva Waterson; 11th, Kathleen Howard, Frank Foy; 12th, Ada Barnes, Nancy John, Charlotte Mackie; 13th, Dorothy Morris, Revill Shepherd; 14th, Maud Andrews, Kathleen Rushworth, Norman Macindoo, Daphne Ashton; 15th, Norma Begg, Jane A. Trevaskis, Violet Dunkley, Harold Tuckwell, Jack Hema, Ruth Davies; 16th, Leon Hughes, Stella Wallis, Desmond Creagh; 17th, Myrtle Luxton, Roy Foulcher; 18th, Trixie Butterick; 19th, Edna Cummings; 20th, Dot Moore, Ernest Binding, Dave Williams, Edgar J. Smith, Geoff Hughes; 21st, Phyllis Hawkins, Nancy Oaks, Jean Henry, Ivy Rains; 22nd, Esward Rutledge; 23rd, Leonore Charleston, Jean Gibson; 24th, Maggie Roddan, Winnie Morgan, Laura Hackney; 25th Doris Thompson, Mabel Muller, Nancy Uphill, Alma Rains; 27th, Russell Mann, Christina Steele; 28th, Ruby Godfrey, Amy Cowen, Maxwell Blackburn; 29th, Ruth Willard Nixon, Ida Rein; 30th, Gladys Riseborough, Jean Waffles; 31st, Marjory Langworthy, Beryl Anderson, Agnes McDonald, J. M. Merrington, Josephine Walsh.

THE CIRCUS.

Gwen Tasker, "The Bungalow," Mascot, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Last Wednesday I went to the circus and enjoyed myself watching the animals. A monkey played a piano, a bear rode a bicycle, and another bear drank milk out of a bottle, and six geese were trained to march and right and left turn when they were told. An elephant carried a man in his trunk; the boneless wonder performed some wonderful tricks. It would take too long to tell you all about it. The big lion jumped through a burning hoop. There was a monkey rocking itself on a chair. The band music was lovely, and the acrobats were splendid. Did you ever go to a circus when you were a little boy? We were sorry you didn't have a picnic this year. I suppose you were too busy. With best wishes for yourself and all "Grit" cousins.

(Dear Gwen,—I am glad to hear that you had a good time at the circus. Yes, I was always eager to see one when I was a lad.—Uncle T.)

A NEW NI.

Norma Meryl Clarke, "Dalmar," Cröydon, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—We get "Grit" every week

and I like to read the letters of your Ne's and Ni's. If you will have me I would like to be one of your Ni's. I am nine years old, and my birthday is on the 20th of May. I will send you my photo soon. We go to Five Dock school and to North Cröydon Methodist Sunday school. I have two little brothers and two sisters. My little sister Jean often writes to Uncle B., in her writing, but I don't think you could read what she writes. Mamma says I am lazy sometimes, but I am sure I will not be a scallywag. With best wishes.

(Dear Norma,—Of course you can be one of my Ni's. You must become diligent and so wipe off the stain of "lazy." Become a worker for the good of others.—Uncle T.)

THE RIGHT HOPES.

Cecil Macauley, Woodstock, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I think it is about three months since I last wrote to you. I thought I would write a few lines to escape that awful scallywag list. The country is green again after the lovely rain we have had, and the farmers around here are busy sowing their wheat. We have a post office at Camhaning, and my sister Isabel and I take the mail-bag over to the station. Our teacher is going to give prizes. The inspector visited our school last month. He said he hopes to see me at Wagga High School some day. With love to all "Grit" cousins and yourself.

(Dear Cecil,—Thanks for your timely letter. Be careful in all things and you will overcome difficulties and gain your ambition. Above all "be true."—Uncle T.)

A NEW NI.

Beryl Condon, Bairnsdale, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—This is the first time I have written to you. I hope you have a good time. I will be seven years old on the 18th of April. We had Shakespeare day at school and it was nice. We had two songs, "Hark, the Lark!" and a fairy song. Harold and Dave were in "Puck and the Fairy"; Harold was the fairy and Dave was "Puck." Muriel and Frances and myself were in a piece of poetry. My mother could not come because she was not well. Muriel was in a piece of reading. I enjoyed myself very much on Shakespeare day. There were not very many there at first, but others came afterwards.

(Dear Beryl,—I welcome you to our family. Remember that the greatest joys in life come from giving pleasure and help to others. So try.—Uncle T.)

BUSH FIRES.

Eric Williams, Bairnsdale, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I have not written to you

TYPEWRITING.

Do not learn one machine only. We take particular care to see that each student is thoroughly trained in a knowledge of all the standard machines. This is a great advantage—there are so many makes of the typewriter in use in Sydney. Lessons may be had either day or evening; or we can teach you effectively by post, including the use of a machine.

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for a long time. We had a picnic at Belle Vue; we went in Mr. Townsend's motor launch. We celebrated Anzac Day the Friday before last, and last Friday we had Shakespeare day. There was a seaplane here about a fortnight ago. There was also a yacht with it. It came from Sydney, so I suppose you saw it. It is surveying the coast of Australia. I have heard questions answered in "Grit." I have one here: "Do deers lose their antlers each year and get new ones?" Just after Christmas we had many bush fires about; one man lost his house and a dog. There were six sheep burnt in another one. With love to all "Grit" cousins.

(Dear Eric,—Your letter is welcome. I hope some cousins will answer your question. Bush fires are terrible and destructive. Write again soon.—Uncle T.)

ON THE MEND.

An Unsigned writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I think it is quite time I wrote to you again; it seems a long time since I wrote to you last. Thanks for writing to me. I went under an operation last Wednesday. I am all right again now, but my leg is still a bit sore. We have all kind nurses and doctors here and a very nice hospital; there are ten wards, the operating theatre, and a lot of other rooms. I can see part of Sydney, being on the verandah, the big biscuit factory, and a lot of other big buildings, and the people passing along the road. There is a nice big flower garden at the back of the hospital. We saw an aeroplane fly over yesterday evening; we often see them fly over here. Some of the children went to a circus from here yesterday evening and saw all the animals. I am sending you a photo of myself which was taken when I was in the other hospital. I think I will close now, with love to all "Grit" cousins and yourself.

(My Dear Patient,—Pleased to hear of your recovery and hope you will be soon up and about again. Please sign your name.—Uncle T.)

AN IMPORTANT NE.

Desmond Creagh, Annandale-street, Annandale, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I was very glad to see my letter published in "Grit." I am home on holidays now, and will go back on the first of next month. I read "Grit" when I get it, but it is not very often I get it when I am up at college. Dad has promised me a pair of football boots and a jersey before I go back to college. Father took me down to Helensburgh, on the Illawarra line, last Wednesday afternoon. As I have no more news I will now close, wishing all "Grit" Ne's and Ni's the best of luck.

(Dear Desmond,—When I saw your letter was typed I thought you had suddenly blossomed into an important business man. You are the first Ne to employ a stenographer. You are a lucky chap. Hope you will write soon again.—Uncle B.)

A GOOD SORT OF DAD.

Muriel Clapham writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I was very pleased to see

my letter in "Grit" last week. I hope I will never be on the scallywag list. A couple of Saturdays back my father took my brother and sister and I to Berowra Creek for a swim. On the way back I rowed for a while; when dad took the oars he rowed us close to the shore and we heard a beautiful bird singing; it was a pheasant; we watched it but it soon flew away. I go to school at "Abbotsleigh," Wahroonga; we are on three weeks' holidays now. Only for the rain I should be spending my holidays in the country. As news is very scarce this time I will now close, with lots of love to yourself and all "Grit" cousins.

(Dear Muriel,—I like to hear of your father's trips with you and your brother and sister. There is no friend so good as dad; and he knows such a lot of wonderful things and can do such a lot of wonderful things that you will have to be great chums with him and get him to tell you about them. You were fortunate to see that bird, as they are like me—very shy.—Uncle B.)

GOLD MEDALLIST.

Minnie Westerweller, "Ritoria," Gunnedah, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I was very pleased to notice my letter in "Grit" a couple of weeks ago. The Anzac celebrations were held in the school playground, commencing at 11.15 a.m. Many speeches were made by men of the town, and patriotic songs were rendered by the school children with much enthusiasm. Two wreaths were placed on the honor roll, one by a returned soldier and the other by a Boy Scout. The Methodist flower show was held on the 11th and 12th of this month, both in the afternoon and night, and was a great success. The School of Arts looked very nice with the many stalls in it. There were such a lot of exhibits, especially in the school section. I entered two of my school books and got second prize for one (Science). The maypole was lovely, all the children being about the same height and having the same kind of dresses. Besides the maypole children there was a queen and also a train-bearer. A party is to be given to these children on Thursday at the Parsonage, where their photos will be taken. Eight children (under sixteen), of which I was one, entered for the pianoforte solo and played the first afternoon, and then the three best at night. To my great surprise I was the winner of the gold medal; the piece of music played was named "Moon Moths." We expect to clear about one hundred and ten pounds. It is getting quite wintry here now, and is raining at present. Another debate is being held at the church on Monday night—"That class distinctions should be abolished on railways." I must close now, hoping all my "Grit" cousins are in the best of health, as it leaves me at present.

(Dear Winnie,—I congratulate you on your success. It only goes to show that the members of "Grit" family "can't be beat." The results of the flower show are splendid.—Uncle T.)

JAMES MARION MEMORIAL FUND.

£7 5s.—Wahroonga Church of Christ.
 £1 1s. 6d.—Mr. and Mrs. G. A. Somerville.
 £1 1s.—N. E. Savage.
 15s.—Mrs. A. Shepherd.
 12s. 6d.—W. H. Ellery.
 10s.—Rev. N. S. Robinson.
 7s. 6d.—Mrs. E. Carpenter.
 5s.—Miss H. M. Craig, "A Friend."

"GRIT" SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Received to 30/6/21, and where not mentioned the amount received is 10s.: Miss Baileff, 30/6/22; A. E. Maple, 15s. 4d., 30/12/21 (£1 4s. 8d. in advance); H. Macintyre, N.Z., 14s. 11d., 30/6/21; T. W. Reeves, 2s. 6d., 30/9/21; N. E. Savage, £1 1s., 30/12/22; Miss M. E. Creeth, 16/5/22.

The following are paid to 30/12/21: A. E. Francis, M. Slinn, A. E. Spencer (13s. 5d.), P. N. Slade.

"It is a moving thought that if the United States succeeds in enforcing the Prohibition Amendment, other nations will emulate her example, and the human race may thus throw off a crushing burden of waste, disease, and suffering."—"The Chicago Evening Post."



Delicious--Healthful Economical

AMONG all the Winter meal-time beverages EMPIRE COCOA has prominence. It is so delicious, so stimulating, and, what is an important consideration, it is most economical, because being Australian-made it is unburdened by heavy duties and freightage charges.

Buy EMPIRE COCOA, and not only have you a quality satisfaction, but an economy worth consideration these days. All grocers and stores sell EMPIRE COCOA—Australia's Standard Brand, with years of reputation behind it.

Prepared in Australia by

HARPERS



MY SALARY.

The hours you spent with me, dear "Mon,"
Are very few, it seems to me;
I count you over, every dime apart,
My salary! My salary!

Ten cents a dime, ten dimes a "plunk."
To earn them is an awful grind;
I count each dime unto the end, and there—
A "dun" I find.

Oh toil, that is so poorly paid!
Oh salary, spent before we greet!
I kiss each dime, and try to find a way
To make ends meet—
Ye gods! To make ends meet!

—Anne Alfreda Mellish.

ONE FOR EACH.

"Five cents' worth of liniment and five cents' worth of cement," asked the boy at the druggist's.

"Want them tied in separate packages?" asked the druggist.

"Yes, I guess so," answered the boy. "One is for mother—the cement, I guess; she wants to mend the teapot."

"And the liniment for father?" coached the druggist.

"Yes," said the boy. "He is what mother broke the teapot on."

FIZZY.

There was a young woman named Lizzie,
Whose beau used to call her "his dizzie,"

When he'd ask the sweet miss,
For a hug or a kiss,
She'd grin and reply: "Sure Get Bizzie!"

CROSSED IN LOVE!

She (cooly): George, darling, you have such affectionate eyes.

He (thrilled): Dearest, do you really mean it?

She (bored): Yes, they are always looking at each other.

SHE KNEW A GOOD THING.

During a dangerous epidemic in a small western town every infected house was put under quarantine. After the disease had been checked the health officers were taking down the quarantine signs, when an old negro protested.

"Why, auntie," said an officer, "don't you want me to take that sign down?"

"Well, sah," was the reply, "dey ain't be'n a bill collectah neah dis house smce dat sign went up. You-all let it alone."

JUST IN CONFIDENCE.

A man got in a cab at a southern railway station and said: "Drive me to a haberdasher's."

"Yaas, suh," said the driver, whipped up his horse and drove a block; then he leaned over to address his passenger: "'Scuse me, boss; whar d' you say you wantar go?"

"To a haberdasher's."

"Yaas, suh; yaas, suh." After another block there was the same performance: "'Scuse me, boss, but whar d' you say you wantar go?"

"To a haberdasher's," was the somewhat impatient reply.

Then came the final appeal: "Now, look-a-here, boss, I be'en drivin' in dis town 20 year, an' I ain't never give nobody away yit. Now, you jes tell dis nigger whar 't is you wantar go."

PERHAPS IN NEXT MOONLIGHT.

A pretty young woman stepped into a music shop in the city the other day. She tripped up to the counter where a new clerk was assorting music, and in her sweetest tones asked, "Have you 'Kissed Me in the Moonlight'?"

The clerk turned, looked, and said. "It must have been the man at the other counter. I've only been here a week."



KERR'S
RELIABLE JEWELLERY, WATCHES
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Solid 9ct. Gold Nellie Stewart Bangle, 37/6.
Others, 25/-, 30/-, 42/-, to 25/5/-

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Splendid for Dyspeptics and Invalids.
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REFUSE ALWAYS SUBSTITUTES.

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DRINK

KING TEA
THE NEW CEYLON

ONE QUALITY—THE BEST

DAILY INSPIRATION

"He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love."
I. John 4, 8.

SUNDAY.

"Love never faileth."—1 Cor., 13, 8.

THE EXPRESSION OF LOVE.

"There are friendships which are true enough, but which are not hallowed by those graceful attentions and tokens of thoughtfulness which cost so little and yet are worth so much. The kindly feeling in the heart ought to find some way to utter itself—a way in keeping, too, with the delicacy and beauty of the sentiment. The affection ought to exhibit itself in amiability, in gentleness, in thoughtfulness. We ought not to be so chary of our kind words."—Green Pastures.

MONDAY.

"Be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind."—Rom., 12, 2.

TRANSFORMATION.

Only a little shrivelled seed,
It might be flower, or grass, or weed;
Only a box of earth on the edge
Of a narrow, dusty window-ledge;
Only a few scant summer showers;
Only a few clear shining hours;
That was all. Yet God could make
Out of these, for a sick child's sake
A blossom-wonder, as fair and sweet
As ever broke at an angel's feet.

Only a life of barren pain,
Wet with sorrowful tears for rain,
Warmed sometimes by a wandering gleam
Of joy, that seemed but a happy dream;
A life as common and brown and bare
As a box of earth in the window there;
Yet it bore at last a precious bloom
Of a perfect soul in that narrow room;
Pure as the snowy leaves that fold
Over the flower's heart of gold.

—Henry van Dyke.

TUESDAY.

"The tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity."
—Jas., 3, 6.

HEART WOUNDS.

"A wound inflicted by arrows heals, a tree cut down by an axe grows; but harsh words are hateful—a wound inflicted by them does not heal. Arrows of different sorts can be extracted from the body, but a world-dart cannot be drawn out, for it is seated in the heart."—Mahebbharata.

WEDNESDAY.

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."—Gal., 6, 2.

A BROTHER'S BURDEN.

The heart grows rich in giving,
All its wealth is living grain;
Seeds which mildew in the garden,
Scattered fill with gold the plain.

Is thy burden hard and heavy?
Do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden,
God will bear both it and thee.

THURSDAY.

"If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."—John, 13, 14.

HAPPINESS.

"The aiming after a happy life is common to philosophers and Christians; but where is the thing to be found? He who is good is good that he may be happy; and he who is bad would not be bad if he did not hope that he would be happy thereby. As touching the good, they are good because they seek a happy life; as touching the bad, if I could say to them, 'Do you wish to be happy?' they would answer, 'We do.' But while they aspire after the reward of the good, they do evil. A happy life is the reward of good; goodness is the work, happiness is the reward."—St. Augustine.

FRIDAY.

"Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me."—Matt., 11, 29.

THE LEGEND.

Our hearts are slow to learn, yet learn we must
The old, old lesson of the centuries:
The legend writ in every empire's dust,
The judgment told in time's supreme decrees.

The patient years shall blot out lives that seek
Through ill to other lives their own success;

The centuries shall lay their silence bleak
On evil nations who the right transgress.

But they shall live whose deeds are right
and good,

Their hearts shall never know the desert's cold;

With them shall come a human brotherhood,
With them a greater age and time unfold.

Such is the lesson that the ages write
In dust of men and empires vanished long;
The hills are glowing with the dawn of right;
The past grows darker with the dusk of wrong!

—Arthur Wallace Peach.

SATURDAY.

"The greatest of these is Love."—1 Cor., 13, 13.

QUESTIONS.

"What is the most profitable? Fellowship with the good. What is the worst thing in the world? The society of evil men. What is the greatest loss? Failure in one's duty. Where is the greatest peace? In truth and righteousness. Who is the hero? The man who subdues his senses. Who is the best beloved? The faithful wife. What is wealth? Wisdom. What is the most perfect happiness? Making a happy home."—Bhartrihari.

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"Sure Cure for Septic Sores."

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Is highly recommended for boils, burns, bruises, carbuncles, abscesses, poisoned or inflamed sores, poisoned bites, gathered sores, whitlows, and septic sores.

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308 GEORGE STREET (Quay side of G.P.O.)

Send for Free Booklet.

The Direst Poverty.

(The Editor, "Grit.")

Dear Sir,—The following will be written with a wish to help, not hinder; to lift, not cast down; to bring forth good feelings, not to arouse enmity. In God's and Christ's cause, therefore mankind's cause.

I believe some will smart, because of guilt, self-righteousness, neglect, hypocrisy, laziness, apathy, egotism—be the cause what it will, but those who do not come under the truth of the following, who are in dead earnest, will read and concur.

I read some time ago of a minister at Synod speaking of poverty, cash poverty, and unfortunately it exists amongst our ministers, the ones above all others, if they are truly doing their duty, we should keep from want.

But there is a worse poverty, and that I am trying to deal with—those who are guilty, as I have inferred, will be up in arms, for truth hits hard. Those who are not guilty will not be. And yet a man or woman will put anything from a threepence in the plate, sometimes a sixpence, because they have not got threepence, and yet the same people may pay their doctor pounds, and say perhaps how little he charged them.

The man who gives directions for the preserving of a perishing body for an uncertain time, a day only, or less perhaps, gets pounds. The man who gives directions for the saving of the soul through the blood of Jesus for all eternity gets PENNIES!

What does 1st Corinthians, 1-18, say?—

"For the preaching of the Cross is to them that perish foolishness, but unto us which are sound it is the grace of God."

It's the grace of God to me now, but a few short years ago foolishness. Reader, what is it to you? It must be one of the two. If foolishness, then you are one that perish; the truth is in your heart to answer one way or the other.

Now I wonder how many ministers, and I believe some do the following four headings: Poverty, Threadbare, Cold, and Ignorance.

1. Poverty. Some of our ministers are so poor in their wish to save souls that they never get one to openly confess Christ.

2. Threadbare. Not in garments only, but in love for their fellow-men, especially the poor, though the rich seem to rank in their affections, judging by the respect and the way they visit them.

3. Cold. Not from the atmosphere, but the heart—cold in prayer, cold in enthusiasm, a thing we all are guilty of when we think of his heart and prayers.

4. Ignorance. They have read of God and Jesus, but have never been to their knowledge in personal contact, though partaking, as we all do, of their bounty every day.

They can successfully preach a church empty, but through apathy, lack of visiting (especially the poor), lack of love, zeal, prayers, and sincere wish to SAVE souls for God and Christ our Lord.

What is the remedy?

First—Prayer, lasting, sincere prayer.

Second—Enthusiasm, burning and lasting.

Third—Courage, faith, and the greatest thing in God and Jesus, LOVE.—Yours sincerely,

THEO. M. HOOKE.

P.S.—How do I know this about love? I think by the want of it in myself, and the knowledge of it in God and Christ as shown to me a sinner.

Why was the Bottle of Wine Disowned?

By W. D. B. CREAGH.

The following appeared in the "Sun," June 28, 1921. It gave great concern and trouble to the water police:—

FOUND ON WHARF.

WOMAN'S BAG AND HAT.

The North Sydney police are wondering whether or not a woman has committed suicide from the wharf near Langdon and Langdon's timber yards, Milson's Point, as a woman's bag, hat, and a bottle of wine were picked up on the wharf this morning.

The water police are dragging close by.

Next day the "Sun" printed the following:—

MYSTERY CLEARED UP.

HAT AND HANDBAG ON WHARF.

The mystery which surrounded the finding of a woman's hat and bag on a wharf near Langdon and Langdon's timber wharf, Milson's Point, yesterday, has been cleared up.

The licensee of the Westralia Hotel, King and Sussex streets, rang the North Sydney police yesterday and told them that at 1 a.m. a woman got on a ferry boat and complained to the passengers that she had lost her hat and bag.

Now, Sir, why was the bottle of wine not mentioned, and how does it come about that at 1 a.m. a woman gets on the boat complaining she had lost her hat and bag. The same morning at 2 a.m. I saw one of the most disgraceful scenes. At least a dozen men and women, some of them mere girls, all of them very drunk. Their actions and conduct were such that it is unmentionable, and this conduct was no doubt brought about by the drinking of wine. I heard some bottles smash, and going to the place of the orgy in the morning I saw that the broken bottles had the label of a wine firm that has been active lately in the suburbs applying for and, in some cases, getting the wine license applied for.

The licensee of the Westralia, by his message to the police, accounted for the strange conduct of the unfortunate woman, but there is some other story to the strange conduct. Sadness and sorrow, shame and disgrace, crime and immorality, even death, is the portion of thousands of our women who touch the stuff that is called wine.

It is about time the general public did something to check its ravages. It is too late when your loved ones are in wine's grip.

Wake up, women of Australia!

Water Waggon—

(Continued from Page 6.)

arm? The garland immortal, would you win it—garland woven by beauty for the brave? Then behold a mission! Fight thou for Prohibition! Not for fabled Andromeda, shrinking at the bloody jaws of the sea-monster. But for real flesh and blood women, men, and children, perishing at the fangs of Liquor. There is your Giant! Take the lance, make your vows, spend vigil at the knightly altar—then (God speed you) to the giant's lair. Courage, patience, self-denial—even unto death, sharp weapons, high skill—all these, O Knight, you shall need. And you shrink? O not so, for it is now to your ears there comes the far-off wailing of children (like "horns of elf-land, faintly") piercing the heart with sharp pity. God help you hearing the moaning and the mourning of the women and the babes. Drunkards' children, drunkards' wives and orphans. Beaten, starved, diseased, deserted, miseducated, tormented, aborted, deformed, vice-mangled—the child, in the claws of Alcohol, cries, "Save me, O Arthur's Knight!"

"Life is sordid, monotonous, dull, aimless." Not so; to the chivalrous soul it is full of battle, the thunder of the captains and the shouting. Join! Fight for Prohibition, make it your life-work, fight for the weak, carry the war up to the very palaces where Bung hides his blood-stained wealth. Break the spell of inaction. Crusader, assume the Cross! Young man, who reads this, do you feel the need of a mission? Then, if you are henceforth vacant of occupation, write yourself "duller than the fat weed which roots itself in ease by Lethe's wharf."

"My God, I hear it again, the cry of the children. Up and hence!"

✱ *Laundrena* ✱
the Quality
Starch
For dainty women

New South Wales Alliance—

(Continued from page 4.)

AN INTERSTATE VISITOR.

We have been pleased to meet Mr. Whibley, a representative of the South Australian Band of Hope Union. He spoke very optimistically of the work in that State. On Wednesday night he addressed a Band of Hope at Rockdale for us, telling them of the effects of water and alcohol on both plant and human life.

NEWS OF SUCCESSFUL MEETINGS

comes from Bellevue, Bangalow, Mortdale, Rockdale, Concord, Coopernook, and Sans Souci. One feature of the present work is the revival in pledge-signing. Whenever we take pledges with us invariably many children sign for the first time. A new society is being formed at Wentworthville under the energetic leadership of Mr. A. J. Barnes late of Blacktown.

MONTHLY HELPS.

We send out each month a circular of notes, news, and suggestions to workers among young people. If you would like one, write in and your name will be added to our mailing list. A busy Bangalow enthusiast writes: "Your circulars, with their fresh suggestions, have helped me wonderfully, especially at times when I have been feeling the strain of overwork in varying societies, lodges, schools, churches, etc." Write in to the Y.P. Department, N.S.W. Alliance, for further information.

BARS CLOSING TIME.

6 P.M. SATISFACTORY.

LICENSED VICTUALLERS' DECISION.
WON'T FINANCE TEST CASE.

Under the Liquor Amendment Act of 1919 it was provided that a ballot should be taken before June 30, 1921, to determine (a) the question of prohibition; and (b) the hours of closing of hotels.

As no provision has been made by the Government for the taking of a ballot, the suggestion has been raised that publicans would be quite within their rights in reverting to 11 p.m. closing after Thursday.

At Redfern the magistrate last week refused to entertain the point in a case that was before him; but, all the same, hotel-keepers throughout the State are asking the United Licensed Victuallers' Association for guidance.

The secretary of the L.V. Association (Mr. J. D. Durham) issued the following official statement subsequently:—

"With regard to the question raised as to whether hotels can open until 11 p.m. after Thursday, the council of my association has gone into the matter very carefully from all aspects, and, having given due consideration to the provisions of the 1919 Liquor Act, together with the provisions of the Liquor Referendum Act of 1916, are satisfied that 6 o'clock closing must remain in operation until countermanded by legislative enactment or referendum.

"With regard to the suggestion that a test case might be instituted the council of the association has decided that if any test case is instituted by any individual it will not have the financial backing of the association."

Great Words from Great Women.

"We need not despair because good seems as yet to be held down by ill. God can make no failure. But our lives must be in the current of His will, for them only can we develop and help forward His plans and learn the lessons that He would teach us here.

"It is this sense of the evolving process of life that alone can bring us courage—the absolute blind belief that, although we see it not, God is carrying out His plans and purposes, not only for the individual, but for the great mass of toiling, suffering, struggling humanity."—Lady Henry Somerset.

"There is not a force on earth so much like spiritual dynamite as that esprit de corps which comes of touching elbows in a great movement for the exaltation of the race. If one woman's soul is inspired by a great purpose, it transforms not only her-

self, but those who stand next to her. But if one thousand or one million women thus transformed will stand together, they form a battery of power through which the Spirit of God can send immeasurable blessings to all women everywhere; which means to all homes, to everything that lives and moves and has its being."—Lady Henry Somerset.

"We are crusaders as truly as when the outward and visible saloon itself was our objective point; only now we have grown wiser, and carry our crusade straight to the brain, the heart, and conscience of the individual voter, praying him to represent his home constituency, and to stand at the ballot box for Prohibition first, last, and always. What the women of the nation earnestly desire and devotedly strive to attain is as sure to succeed as to-morrow's sun is sure to rise."—Frances E. Willard.

"No cause was ever victorious for which men and women have not lived, and suffered, and died."—Lady Henry Somerset.

"We cannot serve God by accident. We must want to do it, and plan to do it."—Frances E. Willard.

PASS "GRIT" ON

"THE HOUSE OF ECONOMY."

Anthony Horder's



New Values Keenly Priced.

Widths and shades sufficient enough to delight and satisfy the wants of every woman await your inspection. All the favorite colors are quoted at prices which show a reduction assuring you value that is worth while.

RICH GLACE SILK RIBBONS, in Black, White, Pink, Blue, Brown, Saxe, Malze, Vieux Rose, Emerald, Coqueticot, Navy.
Widths ... 1in. 1 1/2in. 2 1/2in. 3in.
Originally ... /6 1/2 /9 1/2 1/1 1/6 1/11 yd.
NOW ... /5 1/2 /7 1/2 /10 1/3 1/9 yd.

GLACE SILK RIBBON, for Hair Ties, Bows, &c., in White, Cream, Pink, Blue, Navy, Saxe, Vieux Rose.
Widths ... 2 1/2in. 4 1/2in.
Originally ... 1/8 2/3 yd.
NOW ... 1/4 1/11 yd.

RICH SILK FAILLE RIBBON, dependable quality in Black, White, Cream, Pink, Blue, Navy, Cerise, Emerald, Saxe, Vieux Rose, Mastic, Jade.
Widths ... 2 1/2in. 4 1/2in. 5 1/2in.
Originally ... 1/11 2/6 2/11 yd.
NOW ... 1/6 1/11 2/6 yd.

RICH HEAVY SATIN RIBBON, Oriental designs, with gold tinsel stripe on borders, 2 1/2 inches wide.
Originally ... 3/11 yard.
NOW ... 2/11 yard.

RICH SILK FAILLE RIBBON, embroidered tinsel, Purple with Silver, Pink with Silver, Geranium with Silver, Light Brown and Silver, Grey and Gold, Beaver and Gold, 2 1/2 inches wide.
Originally ... 5/11 yard.
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