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MRS. MAY BANKE ANDERSON,
Great Woman and Pioneer.



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Acting Aus. President W.C.T.U.
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Prohibition Movement.



MISS ROSE SCOTT,
Humanist and Feminist.

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HELEN KELLER.

By ONE WHO KNOWS HER, for "Grit."

"Amid the whispers of Spring and the thunder, her portion is one long unbroken silence."

In the summer of 1904, Helen Keller, who at the age of nineteen months, was stricken deaf, dumb and blind, received her degree of Bachelor of Arts at Radcliffe College. Consider for a moment the height and depth of tragedy, of ceaseless endeavor, of tireless struggle, of glorious triumph that lie behind this summary of the miracle of life. Is it any wonder that the story of that life is circling the globe, bearing comfort and encouragement to thousands who shrink from the pain, the sadness, the fear of living; bearing, too, its message of reproof and reproach?

It is a story which compels a man to examine himself and his work, a story which supplies the searching light for such an examination. Is it any wonder that great and good men preach Helen Keller to an age that hates to ask itself questions?

Helen Keller is more remarkable than her book, or, rather, it is when you visit her that you realise in some measure of fulness the significance of her achievement. I knew the story of her life as she told it in her autobiography, but as I sat opposite her in the home she shared with her teacher, Miss Sullivan, at Cambridge, I felt I was only beginning to understand. For one thing I had not pictured her so utterly bereft as this of sight and hearing. She sat with us, but was not of us. When I heard those around me talk as if she were not present I felt at first as if we were guilty of something mean, unrefined, as if we had invaded the sanctities of life. Her face was blank, not witless or dull, but almost without expression, quiet, peaceful, as if she had entered into her secret chamber and found rest in the immense silence of her soul. It is not a sad face, but, in repose, it is unearthly, reflecting a world of which we can realise nothing; where it is always night, where sound is dead, a land peopled with dreams.

And then suddenly it is transformed. Helen Keller comes back to the world, our world. With an uncertain and most pathetic gesture she feels for Miss Sullivan's lips to discover if she is talking, touches her cheek lightly to feel, as it were, her mood. If you think how much we depend upon the tone of voice and the expression of the face you will understand how difficult it often is for

Helen Keller to obtain any adequate idea of the lights and shades of conversation.

Her animation is wonderful, slightly exaggerated perhaps by constant gesticulation, which to a great extent takes the place of any other means of expression, for she talks automatically, without modulation or accent or inflection.

It is a nice point whether if Helen Keller had possessed all her senses she would have achieved so much, whether she is endowed beyond the ordinary. Personally, I think she has won because she has not known how to be beaten. She has fought fearlessly, and she owes her victory not to some innate genius that had to force its way through the silence and darkness of her being, but to her indomitable courage, her pluck, her determination, in spite of her loss, to be as others are, and, above all, to her teacher and friend, Miss Sullivan.

Since she took her degree Helen Keller has been living with her teacher in Wrentham, a village twenty-five miles from Boston. She has written two books since her life, "Optimism" and "The World I Live In," and many magazine articles relating to the welfare of the blind and the deaf. At present she is planning a book about blindness and the blind, part of which consists of the article on blindness which she is preparing for the "Encyclopedia of Education," to be published under the auspices of Columbia University. For a year and a half she was a member of the Massachusetts Commission for the Blind, and her letters and addresses have been instrumental in causing the establishment of societies for the blind in several American States. The range of her activities is indicated by a recent letter she wrote on some new evidence for the Baconian authorship of the works of Shakespeare. For several years she has been studying the writings of Swedenborg.

Miss Keller seldom appears in public. So many demands were made upon her to attend meetings and speak in behalf of philanthropic movements that she has been obliged to refuse them all.

She has on several occasions addressed large audiences; the most notable occasion was at the Exposition in St. Louis in 1904. Her voice is indistinct, and cannot be heard beyond the front rows, and is probably not understood by most of those who hear it.

She stays quietly at home and reaches her audiences through her letters and books.

SHOULD ONE SPEAK TO A STRANGER?

How often one feels that one could really help complete strangers, if only convention had not made it an impertinence to address them.

I was travelling up in the train the other morning. Opposite me sat a young woman, whose dark, long-lashed eyes and pale amber coloring suggest Spanish or South American descent. I watched her covertly, for she interested me.

The upper part of her face was entirely charming, but the lower was ruined by a heavy growth of dark hair at the corners of her mouth. Apart from this dreadful disfigurement her mouth was pretty, with red curved lips and white teeth. But this only accentuated the horror of the real "moustache" which spoilt her so entirely.

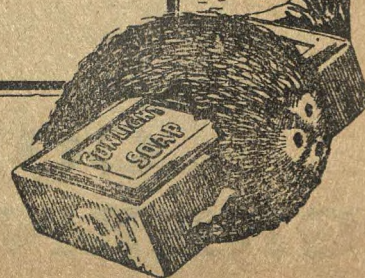
In half an hour I could have transformed that girl into the beauty Nature intended her to be. If only I could have told her to buy a package of powdered phemol at the next chemist's shop she passed! The action of this drug when mixed with a small quantity of water and applied to superfluous hair is almost miraculous. In a few minutes the latter is bleached and loosened, and comes away absolutely painlessly from the skin, which is left clear and smooth.

I watched the little Spanish girl regretfully as she got out at her station. Will her pretty face remain disfigured for life?

SUNLIGHT SOAP

The whole thing
in a nutshell

The
Coconut Oil
blend is the
secret of
Sunlight cleansing



YOU HAVE TO DO WITHOUT

Something else if you pay big fees for your dental work.

MY FEES ARE VERY FAIR.

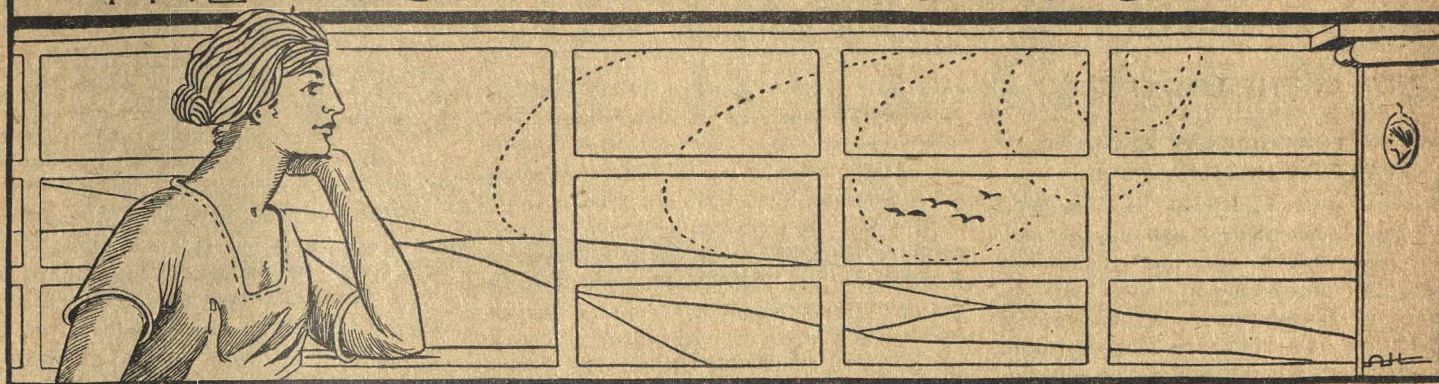
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THE WOMAN'S OUTLOOK



CONDUCTED BY MISS M. PRESTON-STANLEY.

AN APPEAL TO WOMEN.

By MISS PRESTON STANLEY.

THE SONS OF WOMAN.

French or Russian, they matter not,
English or German—as one begot,
We bore them all, and we bore them well,
We went for them to the gates of Hell—
We are the makers of flesh and bone.

Come, let us stand in the Judgment Place,
And take an oath for the human race,
An oath our daughters and theirs shall take,
An oath no trumpet or drum can shake,
That peace may not rest on the mothers
of men
Until Alcohol passes from human ken.

MOTHERS.

Are you prepared to take this solemn oath,
realising that Alcohol, blighting everything
it touches, has destroyed more character,
defiled more beauty, dethroned more reason,
stained more spirituality, murdered more
souls and blasted more innocents than any
other single agent in the world; will dedicate
yourself to the attainment of Prohibition,
the greatest charter of human liberty in the
whole realm of practical politics to-day?

Science has demonstrated that Alcohol is
the greatest cause of social sickness and
human decadence; and therefore national
Prohibition is the supreme issue of our time.

MOTHERS, do you know that as a causative
factor in the destruction of human character
the ravages of Alcohol are the deadliest?

These, your sons, are your noblest, most
enduring works of art. Will you not crown

your own great fashioning with a splendid
and heroic stand worthy of the mothers of
men—against that which makes countless
numbers of your glorious sons just waste
products for the human scrap-heap?

Will you not stand against this death-
dealing enemy which sends them often before



MISS PRESTON STANLEY.

they have even reached life's noonday to
the prison, the madhouse, and the grave?

Do you, a mother, put thoroughbred horses
and dogs, sheep and wool, before thorough-
bred men? By your tacit acceptance of
present conditions you do; because to-day in
this State every safeguard is taken to pro-
tect and improve our stock, cattle, sheep,

horses and dogs. Every effort made to im-
prove our great staples, wheat and wool;
but man, the real wealth of the nation, we
allow to destroy himself and to produce de-
generate stocks, which in their turn produce
an endless chain of human defect.

Are you a mother—instinct with vision,
ennobled by suffering, capable of sacrifice—
a great mother, or just a mother? If you
are a great mother we call on you to help
us to help those who are fighting for your
sons—to help those who dream and plan,
work and talk—organise and energise, year
in and year out, to make possible a race
of thoroughbred men through the banishment
of Alcohol.

If you are a great mother you are the
trustee of humanity's welfare, and all that
you have to give of energy, enthusiasm or
money you should give in its fulness to the
great cause of destroying the Liquor Traffic
which makes of your children defectives,
delinquents, dependents and parasites, which
are a blot on our national escutcheon.

We want your help.

We want workers.

We want drawing-room meetings arranged.

We want donations.

We want regular subscriptions to our fund,
however small.

We want members for our Business Wo-
men's Prohibition League.

We want subscribers to "Grit," our Pro-
hibition newspaper.

We want the idealism, vision, courage,
dynamic spirit of woman to drive, push,
promulgate the Prohibition idea until we win.

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For dainty women

SAVE THE CHILD.

If we save the child, we shall save the man.
If we save the men, we shall save the women
and children and the nation.

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NOT IN THE LIMELIGHT.

WORK THAT COUNTS AND THE FACTORS IN THAT WORK.

In every great movement the limelight shines upon some figures, and in the background many work unseen and oftentimes unknown. Yet those unseen workers are the strength of the movement. Others express its purposes and ideals on the platform; these are the personal workers, who complete the effort of the orator in convincing the ones and twos who were not converted in the public gathering.

In this work, away from the limelight, the human factor is largely supplied by the women—in the Prohibition Movement they are a bigger factor than elsewhere. The reason for this is probably its humanitarian purpose; its effort to help the victims of alcohol and safeguard the children of the community. Such a movement would never fail in its appeal to the women of our nation, and from its inception they have been where work was most needed, and often rendered service which others more responsible refused to give. This has meant much, particularly in the days and in the places where to be temperance workers, not to mention being Prohibitionists, was to arouse the scoffers. But that only made resolution stronger and activity greater.

And the women leaders in the movement have given the lie to the statement, glibly made, that the temperance advocate has only one idea. The work of women in the fight against alcohol was led by those who were the leaders in the fight for the enfranchisement of their sex and who blazed the trail for those wonderful movements which meant so much to the world during the past 20 years—Mrs. Euphemia Bowes, Mrs. Sara Nolan, Mrs. Pottie, Mrs. Masterman, Mrs. Courtenay Smith and others.

Many women have given powerful service for the Prohibition cause on the platform; many more are giving it to-day. To them be all honor for what has been and is being done. And behind them works a great army. Without sound of drum or bugle these latter carry out their job, in the rank and file of our great army. The campaign for 6 o'clock closing was a wonderful illustration of what women can do. An army of canvassers was formed by them, and during the months of that remarkable effort to arouse the public conscience their work was tremendous. It was an emphasis of the service always rendered in this particular sphere of activity.

Canvassing! Who would take the job from choice? It is arduous; it is drudgery; it is discouraging. Yes, it is that, and more. Still every time the call for volunteers never fails to find response. There is in one of our northern towns a little woman who canvassed 500 houses during the 6 o'clock cam-

paign. It is done because they know the value of the work, and the importance of the "doorstep meetings." In the home one is more likely to get down to "essentials" from the home point of view, and a woman knows these, and knows how to put them forward with the right emphasis. In a recent campaign one woman undertook to travel through the sparse population of a country district, 40 miles long, and visit every home, travelling by bicycle. When the New South Wales Alliance inaugurated its lending scheme, in-

FIELD DAY APPOINTMENTS.

SATURDAY, APRIL 21.

8 p.m.: Methodist Hall, Millthorpe.

Rev. R. B. S. Hammond.

SUNDAY, APRIL 22.

11 a.m.: Presbyterian Church, Orange.

3 p.m.: Methodist Church, Springhill.

7.30 p.m.: Anglican Church, Orange.

Rev. R. B. S. Hammond.

11 a.m.: Methodist Church, Bathurst.

3 p.m.: Country Service.

7.30 p.m.: Anglican Church, South Bathurst.

Mr. Francis Wilson.

11 a.m.: Congregational Church, Naremburn.

Ex-Senator Watson.

7.15 p.m.: Lane Cove Congregational Church.

Mr. W. D. B. Creagh.

7.15 p.m.: Hurstville Church of Christ.

Mr. A. J. Fisher.

MONDAY, APRIL 23.

8 p.m.: Town Hall, Blayney.

Rev. R. B. S. Hammond.

8 p.m.: Centennial Hall, Cowra.

Mr. Herbert Carroll.

TUESDAY, APRIL 24.

8 p.m.: Hurstville Parents and Citizens' Association.

Mr. Francis Wilson.

THURSDAY, APRIL 26.

8 p.m.: Gerrington Temperance Hall.

Mr. Herbert Carroll.

tended to get Mr. Hammond's fine propaganda book, "With One Voice," into as many homes as possible, some hundreds of women linked up, pledging themselves to half-a-day a week to pass the book on from door to door. One result was that about 7000 copies were put into circulation. This represented one of the finest pieces of educational work carried out in connection with our campaign. And only the fact has been recorded: the names of those who did the work are known only to a few. But those who made the effort successful are satisfied because the opportunity for service was given; the movement is the stronger by that service.

The service rendered has been given in many ways. There comes to mind the name of one woman, as she went about doing a unique work. She might rightly be called a "knight-errant" of the cause. Determined of purpose, sometimes grim of visage, yet with a wonderful store of human sympathy—Mrs. Courtney Smith would in the years of 11

o'clock closing go round from hotel to hotel and to wine bars trying to counteract the fearful attraction these places had for girls and young women. More than one publican threatened to throw her out, but it was no more than a threat! Many a publican had to stand before the crowd in his own bar and take the words of scorn and condemnation which the valiant friend of those endangered felt constrained to utter.

When the big educational effort of the Alliance was on in 1921 the work of the women was tremendous. In one of the mining towns on the Maitland field a little band of them would stand nightly outside the big picture theatre to hand leaflets to those going inside, which they might read before the lights went out. Simple! Yes, but not everybody would do it. Across in Lithgow a number of women workers carried out a literature distribution campaign covering that important industrial centre.

These instances are given only as illustrations of the splendid work done everywhere, with more or less zeal and effectiveness.

The future of our campaign depends largely upon the same kind of work—quietly done, away from the limelight, and all the grander because there is none of self in it. To educate a million voters is a tremendous task. Part of the work will be done in the pulpit—where women sometimes stand; some of it will be done on the platform—where woman has already established her right and demonstrated her fitness; the bigger part of it will be carried out, as of old, by the big band of personal helpers who will talk to the ones and more, as they go on the task cheerfully taken up. Amongst the children and young people there is another place for their valuable help. Already this is being given, and there is no doubt that as the campaign makes a bigger claim upon them it will be quite readily met.

To the women of our State the Prohibition Movement owes much; let us see that due acknowledgment is made and full honor conferred.

BABY'S FIRST PORTRAIT.

Let it be worthy of the occasion—a picture to be admired in years to come. We are specially equipped to make happy portraits of children.

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455 Pitt St. 3 Macquarie Place
172 King St. (opp. St. James')



THE NORTH SHORE FETE.

Wahroonga, Warrawee, Turramurra, Pymble, Gordon, Killara, Lindfield, Roseville, Chatswood, Willoughby, Artarmon, Lane Cove, Hunter's Hill, and Greenwich.

The idea of holding a combined North Shore District Prohibition Fete is proving attractive to our friends from Wahroonga to Greenwich, and churches and other organisations are now appointing delegates for the organising meeting, which will be held

IN CHATSWOOD COUNCIL CHAMBERS ON TUESDAY, APRIL 24, AT 8 P.M.

We particularly urge all residents in this area to see that their church or kindred organisation appoints delegates for this meeting, and to urge as many individuals as possible to be present.

* * *

BOTANY AND MASCOT DISTRICT FETE.

Although the requests for appointment of delegates for the preliminary meeting were only recently sent out, the names are already being received, and a good representation should be seen at the meeting, which is to be held

IN BOTANY TOWN HALL ON THURSDAY, 26th, AT 8 P.M.

Unite the churches and kindred organisations in this effort.

* * *

HORNSBY FETE.

Mr. Crittenden, our local Secretary, now back from the North Coast, is confident that we can organise a good Prohibition Fete at Hornsby, so arrangements have been made

for the organising meeting to be held

IN HORNSBY SCHOOL OF ARTS ON THURSDAY, MAY 3, AT 8 P.M.

Hornsby friends, please note! See that delegates are appointed from your church—and come personally and bring others.

* * *

BANKSTOWN-PUNCHBOWL DISTRICT FETE.

Bankstown has a very solid body of opinion in favor of Prohibition, and a Fete should be a decided success.

Various local friends are enthusiastic, and the first meeting is to be held

IN BANKSTOWN COUNCIL CHAMBERS ON THURSDAY, MAY 10, AT 8 P.M.

Appoint delegates. Come. Bring others.

* * *

HURSTVILLE DISTRICT FETE

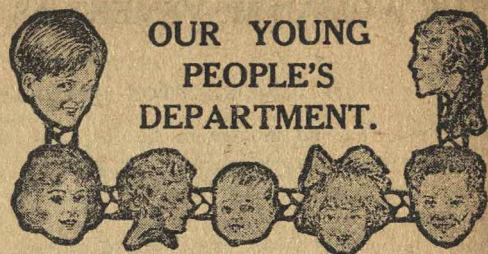
to be held in Masonic Hall, Hurstville, August 10 and 11. Hon. Secretary: Mr. A. Saunders, 99 Woronora-road, Hurstville.

NEXT MEETING: CHURCH OF CHRIST, HURSTVILLE, MONDAY, APRIL 23, AT 8 P.M.

Competitors for the Queen Competition in connection with this Fete are already being selected. Each church or organisation taking charge of a stall or activity at the Fete is entitled to select a candidate.

A MAGNIFICENT AUSTRALIAN FLAG will be presented to the successful candidate for her, if she wills, to present it to her church or organisation.

OUR YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.



AMONG YOUNG PEOPLE'S SOCIETIES.

Alstonville.—Rev. H. Skuse has enthusiastically conducted a B. of H. in this far-off district. Upon his removal to Coopernook his last act was to preside over a Band of Hope meeting and to affiliate two Societies with the Union.

Broken Hill.—Y.P. rally was an immense success. Crowded meeting, standing everywhere—many turned away. Splendid addresses by Rev. J. Gilding and Capt. Hill, with singing and elocutionary items. Mr. A. Hancock is enthusiastically working for young people, and writes: "We are out to win."

Stroud.—Rev. C. G. Walkom reports the B. of H. steadily growing in membership, with more interest in the meetings.

Armor - Bearer—I.O.G.T. (George-street West).—This Juvenile Temple won the competition banner for choir singing at the Model Temple of the Grand Lodge. If the banner is won two years in succession it becomes the possession of the Temple. Mr. A. C. Hammond, the Supt., has been appointed State Supt. of juvenile work.

Marrickville.—C. of C. Society reports good meetings under the leadership of Mr. Creswick. The last meeting was a "pound night," when adults helped and children gave recitations.

Stanmore Methodist.—B. of H. had a good meeting when Mr. F. Wilson attended as our representative speaker. Songs and recitations brightened the evening. Mr. R. Nimmo is an active secretary. The Society is joining the procession in May.

Paddington.—C. of C. enjoyed the lantern lecture, "Prohibition at Work." The scholars are marching on May 12.

Rose Bay has organised a new Society, under the leadership of Mrs. Mason, with Mrs. Ingham as secretary. Their first meeting was a big success—building crowded.

Rockdale C. of C. had a Temperance black-board address at the Sunday school. Good interest was shown, and many enlisted as Crusaders.

Lakemba Cong. Y.P. Temperance Society continues to grow. A full attendance recently enjoyed a "Crusade" lantern lecture.

SPECIAL NOTE.

Mother's Day buttons are now ready for sale at 3d. each. Get a supply early.

Crusade envelopes are available at 6d. per packet. Order now.

Leaflets for May 12 are ready for distribution. Get a supply and pass them on.

Reserved tickets for May 12 are available from the Alliance or from Mr. W. Tyas, 558 George-street. They admit to the Town Hall gallery, and cost 1/- each.

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PASS "GRIT" ON

THE WOMAN MOVEMENT AS A GREAT SPIRITUAL FORCE.

By MISS PRESTON STANLEY, President, Feminist Club.

I believe that no movement of our time is fraught with larger meaning or greater potency for human good than the woman movement.

The woman movement of the world wants much the same thing in whatever language it is expressed. In more or less unconscious co-operation the women of civilised nations are working for similar ends and common interests.

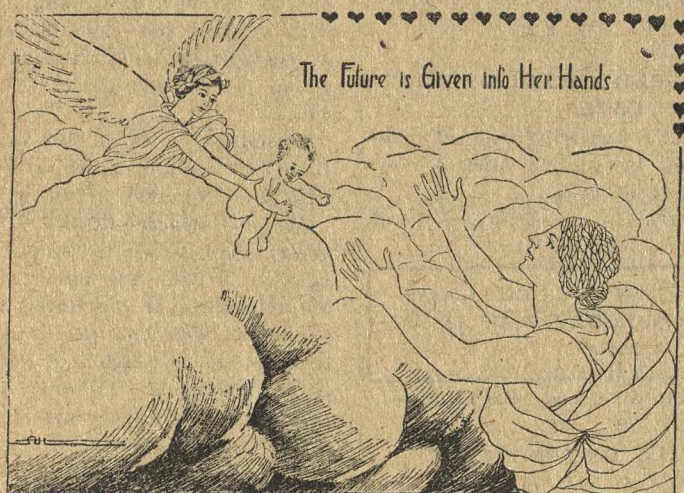
And they are working towards human co-operation—towards the development of a sympathy between the sexes more deeply founded, and more indestructible than any of the world has seen.

The contribution which woman can make

incipient decay, at which the women of other civilisations are beginning to secure it.

The golden age of the women of Egypt comes about 1500 B.C., but all the ancient records establish the fact that her position was one of ease and dignity from the beginning of the race.

Maspero, the historian, says that "the Egyptian women of the lower and middle classes was more respected and independent than any other woman in the world." In no class in the community was there a trace of the dominating tendency of the male. The children of the Egyptian were the children of women—they took her name—and inheritance was through the female line.



to human culture by reason of the path she has had to follow in the course of her evolution is necessary for the completion of man's work.

However, it is supremely necessary, if we are properly to understand the part which the woman's movement is destined to play in the future of humanity, that the narrative of women's heroic struggles shall be again told.

Many superficial students of the evolution of woman fail to see the relationship between the modern demand for freedom and the 3000-year-old struggle of the women of past ages, which has but reached its fullest fruit age in our day.

EGYPT.

Egypt, the first and most enduring of civilisation, has a proud page in the calendar of womanhood.

In no other nation until quite recent times has woman enjoyed so much power and prestige. The development of woman's position in Egypt is in many respects singular and the reverse of the general rule.

Strange to relate, there appears to have been no heritage of subjection from a barbaric past, but from the first we discover woman in a position of honor and influence. Through the long ages of Egypt's power she retains that prestige, and she finally loses it when the nation is at the very stage of

The social liberty of the Egyptian woman was very remarkable.

As a matter of fact it is only in comparatively recent times that a British woman has had an equal social status. True, her political status was not enviable, but as the political system of Egypt was an absolute and sacred autocracy, and the lower and middle classes held no political power whatever, woman suffered no disadvantage as compared with her husband, brother or son.

Above the whole of the people were the castes of priests and the nobles, and, above all, the monarch.

However, excellent as was woman's social position in ancient Egypt, this must not blind us to the fact that she was considered ineligible for the three supreme branches in their system—the priesthood, the army, and royalty. Royalty and the Army were male offices, and though woman could enter the priestly caste as ministers to special goddesses, she never wielded the power of the priesthood.

Before the Egyptian woman sank into a position of inferiority she, for centuries, rose higher than ever. For a thousand years, although Egyptian civilisation was surely declining, woman maintained her social status. But in 650 B.C., with the development of the commerce of Egypt, came woman's downfall.

Across the Mediterranean was the Greek nation which had risen to civilisation with a tradition of a subject womanhood. When commerce brought the Greeks to Egypt, they showed their scorn of men who were being ruled by their weaker wives.

The splendid Egyptian ideal of social equality took long to die, but it finally came to an end with the coming of a Greek ruler to the throne.

He passed a law that no woman could part with property except by the consent of her husband, and he changed the line of inheritance from the female to the male line. Thus woman sank slowly into abject economic dependence.

ASSYRIA.

Let us turn to the second great civilisation whose history can be traced to nearly 5000 years before Christ. Woman, here, neither rose so high in social status nor fell so low.

Somewhere about 4500 years before Christ woman enjoyed an independence second only to that of the Egyptian woman. Her social position was good. In the law courts men and women were on an equal footing.

The Hammurabi Code, dating back to more than 2000 B.C., contains pages regulating the relations of men and women with a general sense of justice which has no parallel in legislation until the most recent times.

Curiously enough the women of the lower and middle classes were freer than were those who were more highly placed. The women of the lower and middle classes brought dowries to their husbands upon marriage, and they kept control of their dowry, increased it, and had perfect freedom of trade.

In the clay tablets of Nineveh it is found that married women were very commonly interested in trade and commerce.

In Assyria, as in Egypt, the political system was an absolute monarchy. Political power was in the hands of men of the highest class, and, above all, again were the priests and warriors. Here we have the two most ancient and the two most enduring of ancient Empires, and yet Maspero has said: "In Assyria woman was equal, or nearly equal, to man."

PERSIA.

Persia, whose Empire life was brief, was also a monarchy, neither men or women having any political power. Here woman's position is less certain. She seems to have been held in fair respect wherever the religion of Zoroaster penetrated.

GREECE.

This brings us to Greece, and there are many indications that woman had a better position at the beginning of Greek civilisation than she did later. There is much evidence to suggest that, though the political power with the Greeks as everywhere was in the hands of men, they began their career with woman in a fair position.

By the golden age of Greece, however, women were not only rigidly excluded from the public life, but were regarded contemptuously in literature.

(Continued on page 15.)

SPLENDID CLARION CALL.

By one of the World's Greatest Women Orators—

MISS EVANGELINE BOOTH ADDRESSES WORLD CONFERENCE ON "SHALL AMERICA GO BACK."

Shall America go back? Shall we temporise, shall we compromise, and thereby jeopardise all for which we have fought for God and home and land? Of intention I make use of your glorious slogan, "A dry world" for I refuse to localise the effects of this legislation or circumscribe them even with such broad confines as the Atlantic and Pacific seaboard! America, with the eye of the world upon her, has accomplished this thing by the votes of free men and free women. She has erected a new statue of liberty with which to enlighten and lead the peoples of every land. Is there one with hand ruthless enough, or with eye blind enough, or with heart selfish enough, to dare the attempt to extinguish that light and bring this noblest monument low? From the advanced moral standard taken among the nations, shall America go back? All the vile foes that have ever trailed their bloody tracks across street, or vale, or plain; all the cruel instruments of war, ancient and modern, that have drawn blood, torn flesh, maimed bodies and slain life; all the destructive powers that have ever sunk ships, devastated cities, plundered homes, and brought down kingdoms—all in their massed aggregate have never occasioned one-half of the sorrow, the breakage, the ruin, the death, and self-destruction that has poured from the cauldron of this red-eyed, fire-mouthed, gory-handed, hydra-headed, diabolical monster—Alcohol!

My God, Thou knowest it! My God, Thou knowest it! Shall America go back?

Drink has drained more blood, hung more crepe, sold more homes, plunged more people into bankruptcy, armed more villains, slain more children, snapped more wedding rings, defiled more innocence, blinded more eyes, twisted more limbs, dethroned more reason, wrecked more manhood, dishonored more womanhood, broken more hearts, blasted more lives, driven more to suicide and dug more graves than any other poisoned scourge that ever swept its death-dealing waves across the world.

A BLACK PICTURE.

Can it be that men and women are so bewildered by selfishness, and beset by appetite, that they will take again into their national life, into the bosom of their homes, this baneful, loathsome, reeking, wrecking abomination?

Shall America go back?

Let me ask you to step back to the days of the wide-swung doors of the saloon. Let me tear the film from the eyes of men who are blinded by mercenary gains and selfish appetite. Let me point the mothers and fathers of every status of life to the handwriting on the wall of the nation, and bid you read what is written there. Such trembling strokes—such weak, shaky characters—such long spaces between the words; words ill-formed—words ill-spelled—words ill-placed. Such simple little sentences, but vastly comprehensive—such faint impress, but never to be obliterated. Whose are the fingers that have wielded the trembling pen—the thin fingers—the misshapen fingers—the twisted fingers? Whose is the writing? Why it is the handwriting of the children—the handwriting of the children, across the wall of the nation—stretching from sea to sea.

THE PRICE IT PAYS.

Ah! You can hush to silence all other voices of national and individual complaint; you may make mute every other tongue, even of mothers of destroyed sons and daughters, of wives of profligate husbands; but let the children speak—the little children, the wronged children, the crippled children, the abused children, the blind children, the imbecile children, the nameless children, the starved children, the deserted children, the beaten children, the dead children! O my God, this army of little children! Let their weak voices, faint with oppression, cold and hunger, be heard! Let their little faces, pinched by want of gladness, be heeded! Let their challenge, though made by small forms—too mighty for estimate—be reckoned with! Let their writing

upon the wall of the nation, although by tiny fingers, as stupendous as eternity, be correctly interpreted and read, that the awful robbery of the lawful heritage of their little bodies, minds, and souls may be justly laid at the brazen gate of Alcohol!

SHALL AMERICA GO BACK?

I hear the answer this afternoon coming as the voice of many waters from thousands of homes rehabilitated, from thousands of wastes reclaimed, from thousands of half-damned souls redeemed, from thousands of drunkards with manhood regained, from smoking flax and bruised reed, the chorus thrills on and on and on until it is caught up by ten thousand times ten thousand voices of faith and hope and love and liberty. Still on and on in jubilant song it wings its way. Mothers in the cottage sing it, the sick in the hospital join in it, the children on the school bench lift it, the convict in the prison cell catches it, the striplings of new character in this new day, shout it:

AMERICA—AMERICA SHALL NOT GO BACK!

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PASS "GRIT" ON

A PROHIBITION HOLIDAY.

THE GREAT ELECTION.

(By THE WANDERING EDITOR.)

On November 7th the country went to the ballot-box. This is most bewildering. The vast variety of cross currents, the confusion of complicated questions; the political parties, frankly self-seeking; the returned soldiers clamoring for hundreds of millions as a bonus; the liquor gang, ever subtle and corrupting, having no politics but "the trade"; the foreign element, sometimes a deciding factor; the women in many instances voting for the first time—it was a modern Tower of Babel.

The one evident thing is that different sections of the country are mad about different things. There is a good story told of a politician. He was a stranger to the neighborhood; he hurried nervously into a grocer's shop and said: "Sell me all the stale eggs you have." "Well, I don't usually sell stale eggs," said the grocer, "but I could let you have some if you—"

"I must have all you've got."

"I suppose you're going to hear the political speaker to-night," said the grocer, knowingly.

"Hush!" said the stranger, glancing round nervously, "I am to be the speaker."

THE DEVILISH INGENUITY.

The first three reports of striking interest, and I am convinced they were all cabled to Australia, were: California has defeated the "dry" law; "Wets" win many seats in Parliament; Evanston, the birthplace of the W.C.T.U., has voted "wet."

Following these it was given out to the press that President Harding had written a letter, saying the people had evidently decided for a more liberal interpretation of the "dry" laws.

ALL FOUR STATEMENTS ARE UNTRUE.

California two years ago defeated a "dry" law by 65,000; this month it approved of a more drastic law by 60,000.

I sent the following cable to New Zealand: "Summary results election. 'Dry' re-elected 224. 'Wets' re-elected 79. 'Dry' new members 72. 'Wet' new members 54. 'Drys' gain three votes in the Senate. Congress still emphatically 'dry.'"

Most papers had in large type, and enclosed in heavy lines, the following statement:

"Birthplace of W.C.T.U. Votes Beer and Wines. Evanston, birthplace of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, is on record as approving modification of the Volstead Act.

"According to the count announced yesterday by County Clerk Sweitzer, the suburb cast 4811 votes for light wines and beer, and 4297 against. One precinct is missing, but it is too small, it is said, to alter the result.

"The 9000 votes cast indicate a large majority of Evanston's citizens expressed themselves on the subject."

There are two facts missing. First, Evanston gave a majority of 346 against light wines and beer; and secondly, as the vote was only a "mock one," since it could not alter anything, and was unconstitutional, the Prohibitionists refused to take any part in it other than issue many tens of thousands of appeals not to vote.

The election result was certainly not wet enough to make the peppermint candy trade pick up.

REFERENDUM VOTES SHOW ENORMOUS INCREASE IN PROHIBITION SENTIMENT.

This is a record of State-wide wet and dry votes in Ohio:—

In 1914 Ohio voted wet by a majority of	84,152
In 1916 Ohio voted wet by a majority of	55,408
In 1917 Ohio voted wet by a majority of	1,137
In 1918 Ohio voted dry by a majority of	25,759
In 1919 Ohio voted dry by a majority of	41,853
In 1922 Ohio voted dry by a majority of	

This is the record of State-wide wet and dry votes in California:

In 1914 California voted wet by a majority of 169,245.
In 1916 California voted wet by a majority of 101,561.
In 1918 California voted against two dry amendments (figures not available).

In 1920 the Harris Bill for Prohibition enforcement was defeated by a majority of 65,062.

In 1922 Wright Bill for Prohibition enforcement was passed by a majority of 29,621.

TOO LATE FOR DISGUISE.

The "New York Times" comments, with editorial regrets, upon the fact that the cause of Volstead law modification made smaller gains than its friends had anticipated in the recent election.

It points sadly to the persistence of the Ohioans and the new zeal of the Californians in support of unmitigated dryness. "These are two notable defeats," it says truly, "for those who hope and labor for the permitted use, not in the saloon, of beer and light wines."

It laments with the "amiable watchmen on the towers of the Association against the Prohibition Amendment," because the signs of returning wetness which they discerned in the early returns have been obscured by final results. Then it offers the disappointed organisation this advice:

"If the above-named association, which is said to number among its members 450,000 persons, desires to do something for the relaxation of the Volstead Act, the very first thing it should do is to change its ill-chosen name."

The New York "Evening Post" says: "The

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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.

Editor—ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.

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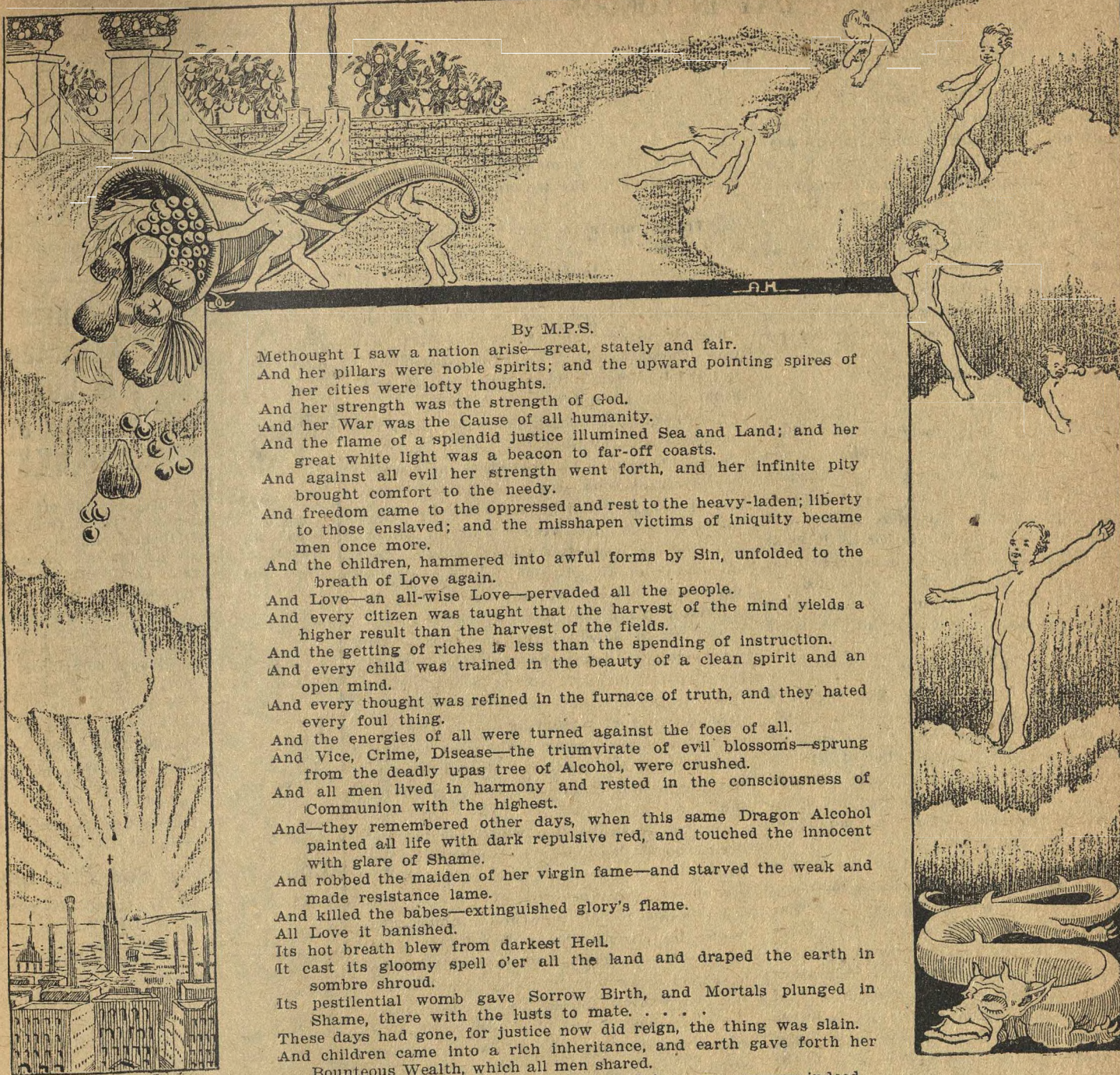
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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1923.

Association against the Prohibition Amendment represents frankly in its name the goal sought by many who are less open in admission. Its anti-Volsteadism is merely a step in the direction of repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment, and indicates clearly the danger in yielding ground to the so-called modifiers. It is to be commended for honesty. If it accepts the advice of our contemporary it will lose its one virtue, and to no advantage because it is now too late for disguise."

For Supper
INGLIS'
Coffee Essence
Is Delicious

Ask Your Grocer



By M.P.S.

Methought I saw a nation arise—great, stately and fair.
 And her pillars were noble spirits; and the upward pointing spires of
 her cities were lofty thoughts.
 And her strength was the strength of God.
 And her War was the Cause of all humanity.
 And the flame of a splendid justice illumined Sea and Land; and her
 great white light was a beacon to far-off coasts.
 And against all evil her strength went forth, and her infinite pity
 brought comfort to the needy.
 And freedom came to the oppressed and rest to the heavy-laden; liberty
 to those enslaved; and the misshapen victims of iniquity became
 men once more.
 And the children, hammered into awful forms by Sin, unfolded to the
 breath of Love again.
 And Love—an all-wise Love—pervaded all the people.
 And every citizen was taught that the harvest of the mind yields a
 higher result than the harvest of the fields.
 And the getting of riches is less than the spending of instruction.
 And every child was trained in the beauty of a clean spirit and an
 open mind.
 And every thought was refined in the furnace of truth, and they hated
 every foul thing.
 And the energies of all were turned against the foes of all.
 And Vice, Crime, Disease—the triumvirate of evil blossoms—sprung
 from the deadly upas tree of Alcohol, were crushed.
 And all men lived in harmony and rested in the consciousness of
 Communion with the highest.
 And—they remembered other days, when this same Dragon Alcohol
 painted all life with dark repulsive red, and touched the innocent
 with glare of Shame.
 And robbed the maiden of her virgin fame—and starved the weak and
 made resistance lame.
 And killed the babes—extinguished glory's flame.
 All Love it banished.
 Its hot breath blew from darkest Hell.
 It cast its gloomy spell o'er all the land and draped the earth in
 sombre shroud.
 Its pestilential womb gave Sorrow Birth, and Mortals plunged in
 Shame, there with the lusts to mate.
 These days had gone, for justice now did reign, the thing was slain.
 And children came into a rich inheritance, and earth gave forth her
 Bounteous Wealth, which all men shared.
 AND WOMEN—Wise, deep, reverent and free—were queens indeed.

A SUBSTITUTE—NOT A DEFEAT.

A good deal has been said about Volstead being defeated. His victor is a Lutheran preacher, who went to the poll claiming to be "drier than Volstead." Not much joy in that for the "wet" gang. The Brooklyn "Eagle," in an editorial under the heading "a far cry to a wet congress," says:

"The fact is that the people generally have not risen up in arms for the right to buy and drink what they like. There is no revolution in sight. Eventually, the provisions of the Volstead law as to possession of liquor, not mentioned in the amendment; as to culinary use of liquor, not mentioned; as to the non-intoxicating liquors over half of 1 per cent. and other provisions going beyond the powers conveyed to Congress by the amendment, may be receded from. We see no prospect that the saloon will ever come back, or that the Eighteenth Amendment has not come to stay."

GRIFFITHS BROS.'**Signal Cocoa****is a Real Food.**

AUSTRALIA DAY IN LONDON.

(By AN AUSTRALIAN, for "Grit.")

LONDON, January 26, 1923.

London has been wearing her customary wreath and veil of dirty, smoky fog all day, and at three o'clock in the afternoon it was already growing dark. The haze was even inside the church, and the lamps gleamed through it mistily. Appropriately we sang "Lead, Kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom."

And somehow with the scent from the sprays of wattle, worn by the people in the church, the old tune took many of us far across the sea—

"For I am far from home."

I saw a little creek running swiftly, noisily over a rocky slope between two hills, covered with wattle. Some children played near the creek, and there was a billy hanging above the fire on the bank. And the children's fingers and mouths were sticky with wattle-gum. . . . Sydney Harbor as it looks on Saturday afternoons—shimmeringly blue, dotted with yachts like white butterflies. . . . A garden with a flame tree. . . . Some dearly-loved faces. . . . I'm afraid that some of us had wet eyes.

* * *

It was the Australia Day service which is held annually at St. Dunstan's in the East. Near the church door stood men with huge baskets of wattle—"mimosa" they call it here—brought from the South of France. Everyone in church was wearing or carrying some. No Australian could pass that mound of fragrance without buying.

The sermon was preached by the Bishop of Salisbury, who was in Australia for many years. His text was Isaiah, lxi, 11: "The earth bringing forth her bud, and the garden causes the things that are sown in it to spring forth." His theme was migration, and the collection was taken up in aid of the Child Emigration Society of Western Australia. And as he spoke, and as we sang, one saw a splendid vision—Australia as she might be!

One saw great railways stretching from coast to coast carrying mighty freights of wheat, fruit, meat, cotton and wool to feed and clothe the peoples of the world; mighty freights of coal, metals, timber, hides, which were to find their way to the uttermost corners of the earth. One saw good roads, faithfully built, carrying to the railways the produce of countless farms and settlements. One saw the spires of many wondrous cities without slums scattered over the face of the whole continent. One saw all the fine harbors round our coast opened to the world's commerce instead of lying idle and wasting as so many of them do to-day. And in the roar of a million factories, the thunder of a million trains, and the humming of the engines in a million ships, one heard the Song of the Conqueror: an Epic of Adventure and Achievement.

And one saw a great people, striving

mightily for the future of their own country and their own race.

* * *

And then in a moment it was gone—the Splendid Vision! For we sang:

"I do not wish to see

The distant scene—one step enough for me."

One realised indeed that this was the ghastly truth, and wondered whether some sub-conscious recognition of it had led to the choice of the hymn. For this is Australia Day: the subject of the service was migration, and inferentially the preservation and building up of the British Empire.

But speak to a British nation of the perils of social diseases and the fertility of the unfit; but remind her that other more wonderful civilisations than ours—Rome, Egypt, Greece, Assyria, Carthage—have fallen into decay through these very causes; but show her that the same fate threatens us at the moment—and the British nation, with a gesture of distaste, will say coldly, "We do not wish to see the distant scene."

But try to show her that in peopling her own overseas dominions with the best of her available men and women, instead of her discards, lies her greatest—indeed her ONLY—opportunity of preserving the British nation as a power among the world's nations, and she will say testily: "I do not wish to see the distant scene—one step enough for me."

But tell Australia that whilst she has indeed a goodly heritage, she owes more to the future than to the past; more to her children than to her ancestors; that to-day she must decide for all time in the choice she makes of citizens whether her future is to be splendid—or ignoble: whether we are to be a subject or a ruling people: that any sacrifice is worth making—if it secure her children's freedom. And Australia will reply casually: "I do not wish to see the distant scene."

And Great Britain and Australia chant in unison, "Lead Thou me on," when they open their Parliaments with prayer, and invoke the Divine blessing on political chicanery and the dishonoring of the Empire. With a mental marginal note to the effect that this relieves them of all responsibility in the matter, and that the prayer is offered as a doctor gives placebo to a patient—not looking for any direct result, but hoping it will turn out all right on general principles. And they stopped their ears with wax to shut out—not the call of the syrens—but the cries of tortured children born into the world blind, crippled, or epileptic.

* * *

And so because "one step" is enough for England, disease will continue to fester in her cities, and poverty, dirt, and degeneracy will flourish like the green bay tree.

And because "one step" is enough for Australia disease will fester in her cities also,

and poverty, dirt, and degeneracy will breed more degeneracy, dirty, poverty. "The garden causes the things that are sown in it to spring forth."

* * *

And one day a powerful nation, turning covetous eyes towards us, will send a huge army to our shores; we shall not be able to hold our own against them; and we shall be a conquered people—conquered by disease.

"I do not wish to see the distant scene!"



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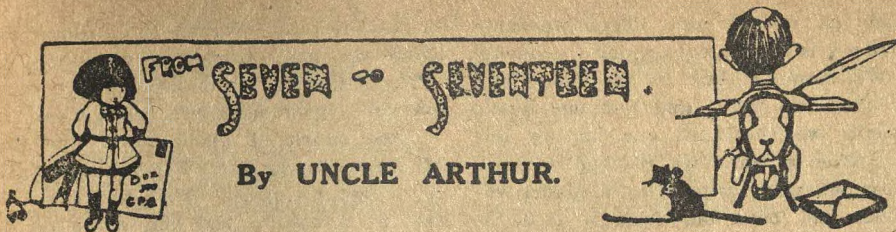
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WHO IS UNCLE A ?



He is the leader of a large family of children, aged 7 to 17, who write to this page. There is no fee to pay. Write on one side of the paper in ink. Send your age and date of birthday.

All who do not write for three months are "scallywags." After 17 you become an "Hon." Ne or Ni, and write either at Christmas or your birthday. Grand Uncle B.'s birthday is celebrated by a picnic for all Ne's and Ni's. Address letters to Uncle A., 321 Pitt-street, Sydney.

BOYS, HATS OFF!

Dear Ni's,—This is a special issue of "Grit" and it is in honor of "The Ladies." Now this includes a big part of the people of our land. It includes all our Ni's, all our sisters, mothers, aunties, grandmas. So we remember that these form a big part of the community and a big part of our life.

The girls can do a lot to make life worth living, and I want you all to remember that the Temperance and Prohibition work needs the help of all. It is a big, manly job for the boys to tackle, and it is a splendid, noble task for girls to undertake. Remember Joan of Arc, Frances Willard, Florence Nightingale, Grace Darling. These were among the world's heroes, who nobly served humanity. I want my Ne's and Ni's to remember that to-day there also is a call for heroic self-sacrifice in the cause of Prohibition, which also is the cause of humanity.

UNCLE A.



HAVE YOU WRITTEN TO UNCLE A ?

OUR HONOR LETTER.

Each week we give pride of place to one letter. It may be the shortest or the longest the best written or the funniest, the most interesting, or most newsy. Write what you wish in the best way you can. Try for this honor and become a good letter-writer.

UNCLE A.

HONOR LETTER ON MAKING OTHERS HAPPY.

Faith Phair, 24 O'Connor-street, Haberfield, writes:—

Dear Uncle A.,—I am sending you a short essay about Easter with this letter. I spent a very quiet Easter, as mother has been sick. I did not go out anywhere except to church on Easter Day. The church looked very pretty decorated with white flowers and ferns. I always enjoy singing the Easter hymns and hearing the beautiful story of the resurrection. Do you like Easter eggs? I received one. When I was a little girl we used to get one each from the kindergarten on Easter Day. Once I took one with a little chicken peeping out of it to an old blind lady in the Old Folks' Home in our parish. Mother found her there one day spent with crying because her son had hired a cab, telling her he was taking her out for a ride, but instead he had left her there, for he did not want her in her blindness. She liked the egg very much, and felt the chicken's little soft head, and it helped to cheer her up a little. We also took her some flowers to smell and some little cakes. She had five children, but none of them wanted her because she was blind. We are so glad we have Uncle B. back once more; he loves helping poor folk and those who have no friends, doesn't he?

(Dear Faith,—What a sad thing it is to lose eyesight! Let us cheer the blind people up as much as we can. Your essay is splendid.—Uncle A.)

"EASTERTIDE."

Having come from another State here it seemed a very sad thing to find the Sydney Show open to the public on Good Friday. I would not like to go anywhere for my own amusement on the day that commemorates the death of our Lord. When we remember His suffering and death for us on the cross at Calvary, how can we pass the day in pleasure-seeking? I would far rather go to

church and learn how to love better the One who died for me.

Someone had to redeem the world, so Jesus did it on the first Good Friday, and Christians have kept that day a holy one ever since—a holy day, and not a holiday. Easter Day is the day for happiness and rejoicing, because on it Christ proved to all that death had no power over Him or any who believe Him to be their Saviour. The empty tomb is like God laughing at our enemy Satan. Death is only the doorway for us to pass through into Heaven; as the Bible tells us: "Absent from the body and present with the Lord." Moses' body was buried, but Peter, James, and John saw him alive talking to Jesus on the Mount of Transfiguration, showing that he wasn't dead; and he knew about Jesus' coming crucifixion; and talked with him, and Elias about it.

I would like to go to England at Easter time, and see the rebirth of plant life, the ugly bulbs, so dead looking when buried, blooming out into lovely Easter lilies, snow-drops, daffodils, and other beautiful flowers. It would make the resurrection seem so real. Death is the farewell to the world and its temptations, and the going Home to Everlasting Life.

FAITH PHAIR.

WHERE IS THAT FOX?

Frank Playford, Merrylands, Glenreagh, writes:—

Dear Uncle A.,—We broke up for the Easter holidays last week. I went to Coramba Show, but it was wet. We exhibited a lot of stuff and took a good many prizes. I went to the sports on Easter Monday and got second prize for running. Last night a fox took a little pig, and to-night we are going to set a bait. The fox took the bait, but we have not found him. My father has gone to Coolamon to see our relations, the Higmans.

(Dear Frank,—What a pity you can't catch that fox! Tell me if you get him. You must be a good sport, doing so well in the race.—Uncle A.)

HURRAH FOR CAMPSIE.

Jack Cleland, "Albion Villa," First Avenue, Campsie, writes:

Dear Uncle A.,—Will you please enrol me as one of your Ne's? I am ten on January 3. I am in 4B at Campsie Primary School. I have been reading pages 11 and 12, and have been delighted with the letters from different



WHY SHALL WE ABSTAIN.

THE A.B.C. OF TEMPERANCE.

A

BSTINENCE

B

RINGS

C

LEANLINESS
OMFORT
ASH



HOW PROHIBITION HELPS US.

PROHIBITION CHILDREN ARE

WELL FED
CLOTHED
HOUSED.

children. A hotel was to be opened in Campsie, but the Magistrate said, "There is to be no hotel in Campsie, for there is already one in every suburb near Campsie." We were pleased to be "no hotel." I like Campsie with its long avenues and nice cottages. With love to yourself and all "Grit" cousins.

(Dear Jack,—Welcome! What a fine thing that Campsie has no bar-room! Let's all work to get rid of them from all Australia.—Uncle A.)

A BADGE FOR US.

Elizabeth Small, 583 Wyse-street, Albury, writes:

Dear Uncle A.,—I have signed the "New Day Crusade," and I am enclosing it with a penny stamp, and I expect to receive a Crusade Seal. I am also enclosing a pattern for your Ne's and Ni's badge. Some day, perhaps, if I ever go up to Sydney, I will come and see you. We have not had much rain down here, and we need it badly. I have not written for quite a long time, and I hope I am not on the scallywag list, but I am sure you wouldn't be so cruel as to leave it there. I would like to know who you are, and won't you send me your photo, or are you trying to keep who you are a secret? If you are, I will come and find out who you are some day.

(Dear Elizabeth,—Your idea for a badge is very neat, and I will keep it till we decide. Who will send other ideas? It's an open secret who I am so you can come and see me if you wish.—Uncle A.)

A PROPER SCALLYWAG.

Albert Gerlack, Brentwood Avenue, Mt. Eden, Auckland, N.Z., writes:

Dear Uncle A.,—I expect I am a proper scallywag by now, but I hope you will cross my name off as I forgot all about you. I did not see my name in the January birthday list, but I suppose you thought I had dropped out. For Christmas I went to Brown's Bay and Pukeatua. New Year's Day being wet spoilt the gala that was being held. I went in for a swim nearly every day and enjoyed it, too. When we arrived at Te Awamutu we were driven to Pukeatua. Before we got there a heavy shower came on and drenched us. However we arrived there safely and spent a most enjoyable fortnight. We had picnics into the country. One day we made up our lunch and set of in a gig for a picnic to the Arapuni rapids in the Waikato River. We passed through Pukeatua, which consists of one post office and store, and on through

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bushlands for fully a mile. Then we came out on to a great plain, over which we quickly sped. We came at last to the river, and here "boiled the billy" and had our lunch. Afterwards we continued our journey onward. After a while we reached a Maori whare, which was occupied by a Maori woman who had been our friend's guide at Roturua, her husband, mother, and two boys. Here we had a good feed of Christmas plums, and then returned to the river, where we made afternoon tea. I am in

up 240 tickets, so then their Queen won. There was great excitement about it.

There were a lot of people there, nearly everybody from our church being there.

(Dear Marie,—I gladly cross your name off the scallywag list. Write soon, and never let it get on again. That was a splendid fete at Ashfield. Did you go to the display, "Fairies at work"? I wonder if I saw you there.—Uncle A.)

COME to the UNIQUE DISPLAY

"FAIRIES AT WORK"

Given by 40 Young People

and representing

WHAT LIQUOR DESTROYS

and

PROHIBITION SAVES.

APRIL 23—BALMAIN TOWN HALL

MAY 1—PETERSHAM TOWN HALL

MAY 8—CAMPSIE MASONIC HALL

at 7.30 p.m.

See the Spectacular Display of Queen of Fairies, Fairy Workers, Crusaders, Herald, Miners, Students, Airmen, Workers and Attendants, etc.

Community Singing.

Collection. Admission Free.

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Remember Saturday, May 12:

2.30 Procession and Pageant from Sydney Domain.

3.15 Rally and Demonstrations, Sydney Town Hall.

Standard V. in school, and so go to manual training. We are going to Waihi at Easter and Russel at Michaelmas holidays. My dad visits Sydney in October.

(Dear Albert,—You are indeed a proper scallywag, forgetting all about our family, but now you make up for it with a proper letter. Tell your father to call and see us when he visits Sydney.—Uncle A.)

A SUCCESSFUL FETE.

Marie Dougan, 9 Carlisle-street, Ashfield, writes:

Dear Uncle A.,—I am afraid that I am on the scallywag list, so please cross off my name. We had our Prohibition fete, and it was a great success.

I saw Uncle B., and I think he enjoyed himself.

Mother helped in the refreshment stall, and the stall was decorated with brown and yellow papers.

I had several dips in the fish pond.

In the Queen Competition our Queen was first nearly to the end, and then a man sent



WHAT SHALL I RECITE

RECITATIONS FOR THE GIRLS.

THE TWO DOLLIES.

To be recited by two little girls carrying dolls dressed to represent the part.

I.—THE DRUNKEN DOLL.

Oh, dolly, you're a naughty girl,
All your hair is out of curl.
To me you certainly appear
As though you had been drinking beer.
Dolly, see your face is red,
All your beauty, too, has fled;
Your clothes are torn, you're dirty too,
Oh, dolly dear, what shall I do?
Oh, dolly dear, we now must part,
Although I know 'twill break my heart;
Unless with me the pledge you'll sign,
All vile liquors to resign.

II.—THE TEETOTAL DOLL.

My friends, it's very sad, I think,
When even dollies take to drink;
The specimen to-night you've seen,
Will show how dreadful she has been.
My doll I've bought for you to see,
And tell you all she's quite T.T.;
She's never touched a drop of drink,
And so keeps far from ruin's brink.
Example, friends, it can do much
And so strong drink I never touch;
And thus my doll takes after me,
And wears the blue as you can see.
I ask all parents here to-night
To sign the pledge—the drink to fight;
Example to your children give,
Teach for Eternity to live.

TEMPERANCE BUDS.

(By MRS. S. L. OBERHOLTZER.)

Little Temperance girls are we,
Blossoms on the Temperance tree;
Just the littlest buds you see
On the great big Temperance tree.
Happy little Temperance girls,
Growing, opening up to be
Full bloom on the Temperance tree.

Little Temperance girls are we,
Singing to you merrily,
That we are so glad to be
Buds upon the Temperance tree.
Happy little Temperance girls,
Growing, opening up to be
Full bloom on the Temperance tree.

WOMEN'S INFLUENCE. THE MATERNAL INSTINCT TO PROTECT.

By R. B. S. HAMMOND.

Prohibition does not aim to make people moral by Act of Parliament, but to make them safe.

Every effort for social betterment bears on it the stamp of woman's influence. Back of the men who have done the biggest and best things for the world has ever been the inspiration of a woman's influence. Such men have always generously acknowledged this.

None the less real, but perhaps more difficult to measure, has been the restraining influence of women in tempering powers and personalities that would otherwise have been very terrible. There has never been a time when some women have not placed the world in debt to them by initiative, courage and big heartedness.

A good woman's influence is always greater among bad people than a bad woman's influence is among good people, but at the ballot-box there is no difference in the value of their vote. This throws upon good women the necessity to energetically co-operate lest they be outvoted.

FACE THE FACTS.

In Victoria in October, 1920, a Local Option poll was taken. Just 40 per cent. of the women did not vote.

The total number of women who voted was 272,000. The total vote for No-License was 212,000.

This means that 60,000 women could not have voted for this home and child-protecting reform. It, however, means much more than that. There is no reason for doubting that 100,000 of those voting for No-License were men. This means that only 112,000 women out of 272,000 voting favored No-License.

This is in harmony with the late poll in Sweden, when 335,000 voted against Prohibition. There is a curious and challenging fact in the Prohibition fight in U.S.A.

Maine won Prohibition 73 years ago, and has not given its women a vote yet.

Wyoming gave its women a vote in 1869 and did not get Prohibition till 1918.

In America, women's influence, nurtured in the church, has been the greatest single factor in obtaining Prohibition, but her vote has been negligible.

THE INSTINCT TO PROTECT.

No one will dispute that the instinct to protect is characteristically feminine. Then how are we to account for the disappointing vote for protective legislation?

It is due, primarily, to lack of knowledge and organisation. Women have been too dependent on their menfolk and a biased partisan press for their information. Vast numbers of women are overbusy, and thus have been the victims of many a popular fallacy. They are, by the nature of their home life, less easy to organise than men. In these two facts you have an adequate explanation. Their instinct to protect is not discounted by their failure in the past. It

is, however, explained by the fact that they have not known or realised what a Home, Child and Wage-protecting Measure Prohibition is.

There seems to me to be no doubt that the 40 per cent. who did not vote in Victoria in 1920 were largely those who might have been expected to vote for a home-protecting measure like Prohibition. Hampered with young children, timid of public obligations, doubtful of the whole issue, they did not go to the poll.

It may also be true that women are more conservative than men, and vote more on the principle that it is better to live with the devil you know than the devil you don't know.

THE CALL.

The most imperative call of the day to women is to give themselves to the thing that does best what they know needs most to be done.

No charity, no social betterment scheme, no generosity, no devotion to political ideals can do so much and do it so promptly and effectively as can Prohibition.

I submit that the four following statements of fact provide an irresistible call to women to give, to unite, and to work for Prohibition:—

- (1) Prohibition is proven to be the kindest thing we can provide for children.
- (2) Prohibition makes the biggest contribution to the problem of our overcrowded hospitals.
- (3) It is the greatest promoter of home ownership.
- (4) And last, but not least, it is a guardian angel to innumerable wives and mothers.

SUCCESS.

It's doing your job the best you can,
And being just to your fellow man;
It's making money, but holding friends,
And staying true to your aims and ends;
It's figuring how and learning why,
And looking forward and thinking high,
And dreaming a little and doing much;
It's keeping always in closest touch
With what is finest in word and deed;
It's being thorough, yet making speed;
It's daring blithely the field of chance
While making labor a brave romance;
It's going onward despite defeat
And fighting staunchly, but keeping sweet;
It's being clean and it's playing fair;
It's laughing lightly at Dame Despair
It's looking up at the stars above,
And drinking deeply of life and love;
It's struggling on with the WILL TO WIN,
But taking loss with a cheerful grin;
It's sharing sorrow, and work and mirth,
And making better this good old earth;
It's serving, striving through strain and stress,
IT'S DOING YOUR NOBLEST—THAT'S
SUCCESS.



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DAILY INSPIRATION.

By FAIRELIE THORNTON, author of "Soul Rest," "The Other Side," Etc.

SUNDAY.

"At eventide it shall be light."—Zech., 14-7.

They say "the darkest hour is just before the dawn," and they who have watched for the morning will perhaps have observed the truth of this statement. But it is equally true that the brightest hour is just before the dark. The sun will often suddenly pour forth his golden rays before he finally sinks to rest, sometimes even after a cloudy day.

Winter does not come upon us suddenly, autumn is ever its forerunner and comes to pave the way for this stern monarch. Had not this order of things been wisely observed, the change from heat to cold, from sunshine to dreariness, might also have been a change from life to death to a great portion of the vegetable and animal kingdom. And how beautiful are the pictures autumn paints!

So how gradually does the autumn of life fall upon man. He scarcely notices the snowflakes in his hair. The signs of approaching age are perhaps visible to others long before he perceives them himself. "Grey hairs are here and there upon him, but he knoweth it not." He passes from spring to summer, and from summer to winter almost unconsciously. The ties that bind him to earth are loosened one by one, but if he is a Christian, though the outward man perish the inward man is renewed day by day, and like the sun, which sheds forth its glorious rays before sinking to rest, so is fulfilled in his experience the promise "at the evening time it shall be light" ere he passes to the land where his sun shall no more go down, but where is everlasting light.

MONDAY.

"Unto you that fear my name shall the sun of righteousness arise with healing in his wings."—Mal. 4-2.

Thou art my Sun, O Christ, apart from Thee I have no light nor heat; shine then on me O Sun of Righteousness, let Thy bright beams Reflected on my surface cast their gleams Athwart the drear expanse, and be a light To some now wandering in the realms of night.

Thou art my Sun, O Christ, then let me move Straight in the orbit of Thy light and love. Kept by Thy sweet constraint I shall not stray,

Upheld by Thee I cannot miss my way. Oh, keep me still, then, Christ, for should I leave

This orbit, I might ne'er again retrieve My lost position, I might wander far And farther yet from Thee—a wandering star Lost in the blackness of immensity, For ever and for ever lost to light and Thee.

Oh, Christ, forbid, keep, keep me by Thy power

Within Thine influence from hour to hour.

Brighter and brighter let Thy light, Lord, shine

On this else dark and lifeless form of mine. Still may the circles narrow as each year Maketh one less, so shall my light burn clear, And clearer, till in Thine intensity

I shall be swallowed up, made one for aye with Thee.

TUESDAY.

"Ask and it shall be given you."—John, 16-24.

Have you ever thanked God for the privilege of prayer? If an earthly monarch gave us permission to ask what we would have, how ready we would all be to avail ourselves of his permission. There would be no waiting for a more convenient season, no saying "I have no time." Yet when the King of kings, He who has all things under His command, and who can make all things serve His will, when He tells, nay entreats us to ask what we will of Him and it shall be done, we are ready with any excuse. Even if we do come into His presence as a sort of duty, our thoughts are often far away, and instead of asking for what we really want, we perhaps ask for things we do not really desire, or if we desire them, do not believe we shall get. We begin to cavil and doubt instead of asking in faith. Our hearts are not in our requests. No wonder if such prayers are of little avail. Let us ask in faith, nothing wavering, and we shall prove that prayer is indeed the greatest power in the world.

WEDNESDAY.

"In everything by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving let your requests be made known unto God."

Pray thou in faith, and let not patience weary, Although the answer should be long delayed,

Pray on, the skies to-day so dark and dreary, To-morrow in bright hues may be arrayed. All power, all might is His—the King of heaven,

And thou hast therefore but to ask and have,

For unto those who ask all things are given; Can He withhold from those He came to save?

Ask then in faith, though mountains rise before thee

To block the path that leads to realms of day.

Remember God's almighty love is o'er thee, And prayer can move those mountains from thy way.

We know not all the marvellous resources God has for all use this gift in store;

For He who guides the planets in their courses

Is able to do all we ask or think and more.

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THURSDAY.

"Have faith in God."—Mark, 21-22.

"Without faith it is impossible to please God."—Heb., 11-6.

"For he that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him."—Heb. 11-6.

"He that spared not his own son, how shall He not with Him also freely give us all things."—Rom., 8-32.

FRIDAY.

"Be careful for nothing, but in everything let your requests be made unto God by prayer and supplication, with thanksgiving."

Prayer is always an antidote to care. Do not forget the thanksgiving when making known your requests to God. This will bring to mind past mercies and will help you to cast your present care on Him who has helped you hitherto.

"Hast thou within a care so deep it chases from thine eyelids sleep?

To thy Redeemer take that care, and change anxiety to prayer."

Have you been bearing your own burdens? There is One waiting to carry them for you. "Tell Him all that hinders, and tell Him all the worst." Cares which you could tell to one else, and which perhaps they would not want to know. He will not turn a deaf ear away, whatever the care may be; sins which you cannot conquer, cast them all upon Him for He was WOUNDED for our transgressions, and "He bare the sin of many." He will not refuse to carry them all away and cast them in the depths of the sea of forgetfulness. "If we confess our sins, He is FAITHFUL and JUST to forgive us our sins, and to CLEANSE us from ALL unrighteousness." Or do sorrows weigh you down? "In all their afflictions He was afflicted," "Surely He hath borne our griefs and CARRIED our sorrows." Do you think then He will refuse to carry it now? Do you fear of what the future may bring haunt you? "I will be with him in trouble" is His promise to you. "He shall deliver thee in all troubles, yea in seven there shall no evil touch thee." Whatever it is that worries you be it large or small, just cast ALL your care upon Him, for HE CARETH FOR YOU."

SATURDAY.

"He will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry; when He shall hear it, He will answer thee."

I bring it all to Jesus,

My weariness and woe,
Who knows our human weakness
As none but He could know.

I bring them all to Jesus,

My burdens, griefs, and cares,
And in His great compassion
He all my suffering shares.

I bring them all to Jesus,

The sins which stain my soul,
I leave them all with Jesus,
He makes my spirit whole,

I take it all to Jesus

The guilt which is my own,

I know the blood of Jesus

Can for it all atone.

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The Woman Movement as a Great Spiritual Force—

(Continued from Page 6.)

Before the age of Pericles the women of Athens were stirred with ambition. They revealed great capacity for art and letters. Of the work of Sappho there are very scant remains, but there are sufficient to establish her as one of the greatest lyric poets of all time.

From this there was a steady demand for social equality between man and woman, assisted by Plato, the greatest of all the Greeks. What the influence of such an advocate would have been had Greece lived we can only guess, but decay was setting in and Athens slowly sank. But one of its last and best moralists and thinkers was Epicurus, who preached "No subordination of woman." The last of the moralists, Plutarch (in the first century of the Christian era), held the complete moral and mental equality of the sexes.

Although even later than this we find Queen Olympias of Macedon, 317 B.C., Queen of Sparta 241 B.C., and the famous Cleopatra at Alexandria. But Greece was dead, and its culture passed with diminished lustre to Alexandria.

ROME.

Rome had succeeded Greece, and the history of woman's position in Rome is one of the most interesting chapters in her development. When at length Rome comes within our clear knowledge, woman is in a position of great subordination. There obtained a system of absolute paternal control of woman—from this she passed to the absolute control of her husband. The husband could, and did, dismiss her at will, and she had no right of divorce. She, however, could bear witness and plead. This condition obtained until about 200 B.C. From that time onward the women of Rome continued to enlarge their power and their liberty.

By the beginning of the Christian era, when the Empire had displaced the republic, the position of woman had materially altered. The despotism of the husband was a mere barbaric memory. From Augustus they obtained full control of their dowry. From Hadrian they had the right to make wills without consulting their husbands. Thus they achieved a good deal of indirect influence upon civic and political affairs.

The educational system developed to a height which has only been equalled in the 19th century, and of which it is said many nations have not yet attained.

For the children of the free workers of both sexes there was free and general elementary education, and the girls of the wealthy went on with their brothers to the Grammaticus, the secondary schools of Rome.

It is generally believed that the growing liberty and power of the Roman women led to a general degradation of national character. That fallacy should be very emphatically controverted.

This conclusion is not in accordance with the views of scholars. Before the end of the

first century, under stoic influence, Rome was purged, the feminist movement grew, and it has been stated by reliable authorities that a level of social morality was reached which will bear comparison with modern times. Now the stoics believed in the equality of men and women. They controlled the law courts at this period, and they completed the work of putting women on a level of legal and social equality to man.

Although women in Rome were thus largely emancipated, it need occasion no surprise that they did not advance into political freedom, because since the fall of the republic the men themselves had no political power, and therefore the women were under no sex disability in this connection; and before the ideal of democratic government was again adopted by Rome the Empire decayed, and the cause of woman was again lost.

Rome carried the emancipation of woman to a great height, and had a fresh civilisation succeeded at once to the heritage, as Greece succeeded Egypt, the story would have been completed long ago.

But the civilisation of Rome was followed by barbarism, and all Europe fell into the darkness of the middle ages. Women fell back all over Europe into a state of such subjection, that 1400 years after the fall of Rome there was not a civilisation in the world that would grant her the least semblance of that legal and mental equality with man that she had won 2000 years before.

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"OUR BIT."

'Tis hard to die for country's weal,
And sore we mourn the loss,
But they who live, and love, and feel,
And 'neath life's burdens faint and reel,
They bear the harder cross!

And they need all the patient care,
And kindly thought and deed
That we can give. So let us share
Their sorrow, loneliness, despair,
And succor them, in need.

Come weal or woe, we onward go
To meet our just reward,
Our part to ease the deadening blow,
And Christ-like sympathy to show,
And timely help afford.

MARY L. MOPPETT.

1/1/23.

HOW VOTES FOR WOMEN CAME.

MRS. EUPHEMIA BOWES.

By CANON BOYCE, for "Grit."

The matter of obtaining womanhood suffrage is highly historical, and consequently of great importance. In this State alone three hundred thousand women were added to the electoral roll in one day when the Act was passed. It greatly improved the position of women by giving them an increased influence and an equal share with the other sex in the government of the country. Several disabilities under which they suffered have been removed, and their voice in the land is a potent factor. For years, when such a question was mooted that a woman should have a vote, it was treated with ridicule and hilarity. It was the sport and plaything of young men's debating societies, and looked upon as something that could never be allowed for a moment. The very idea of the equality of women with men was looked upon as outside all ordinary politics. The pioneers had a most difficult time; for long they were never treated seriously, but were objects of contempt and ridicule.

The first to raise her voice in New South Wales was Mrs. Euphemia Bowes, the wife of an esteemed Methodist minister. She became president of the Women's Christian Temperance Union in succession to Mrs. John Roseby. She soon raised the question of getting votes for women in her earnest and courageous way; she was a fearless speaker, and always attracted attention. She could summarise her facts, and put them very clearly before her hearers, and soon gained supporters. At first she seemed to stand alone in the Union, but in visiting branches of it in various parts of the State she had opportunities which she did not let slip of dealing with the question.

I need not here state the arguments that she used; they are generally well known today, as they remain. The point is that she was the pioneer; the heroic and forceful character enabling her to start a great movement on behalf of her sex, and to actively push it forward.

In this matter the dates must be carefully noted. Mrs. E. J. Ward, in her published autobiography, speaks of her as advocating womanhood suffrage in 1887, 1888, and 1889. She became widely known in 1890.

At that time the movement had made considerable headway. Others besides myself had come into it. I can only claim as being a helper in and from 1889, but several other men seemed soon to rally to the cause.

The movement in 1890 had a great and important lift by the fact that Sir Henry Parkes, a distinguished Australian statesman, and probably the greatest, took the question up and inserted a clause in an Electoral Bill that he proposed, giving the women a vote. This step was a very notable and bold one, because he placed the matter at once inside practical politics, and staked the existence of the Government on the measure. It was a heroic step, and one that we can never be

too thankful to him for. That Bill was delayed, and did not come before Parliament, but Sir Henry brought the question up in a non-party resolution in 1891, and, like most efforts in a new movement, it was not carried; but he had so placed it on the platform of his party, and before the whole country, that at this point it was impossible to ignore it. It had to be considered on its merits.

My point here is that the movement began with the W.C.T.U., and that the pioneer was Mrs. Bowes. I am supported in this by letters that have been sent to me by some of those who were working in public matters at the time. One is from Mrs. Nolan, who became Australian President of the W.C.T.U., who had been one of the great women in the Temperance cause. She says as to this question that "when Mrs. Roseby retired from the leadership of the W.C.T.U., Mrs. Bowes, a sensible, courageous Christian woman, bravely stood for the women's vote on all occasions. She spoke at the public meeting for the franchise in Melbourne during the session of the first Australasian Convention with much effectiveness. She also brought the matter of votes for women as a great need, and a department for the franchise was placed on the list."

Many others besides myself who distinctly remember Mrs. Bowes as the pioneer include Mr. E. J. H. Knapp, J.P., an early worker in the movement, who was for 14 years the honorary secretary of the N.S.W. Alliance. He said it is "presumptuous" on the part of anyone to think of anyone else as the pioneer. Mr. G. D. Clark has written me also, giving the honor to Mrs. Bowes. The Hon. J. H. Wise, M.L.C., is another of the same mind. There were various supporters of the movement in the early days connected with the W.C.T.U. who might also be named, such as Mrs. E. J. Ward, Mrs. John Pottie, Mrs. Courtenay Smith, Mrs. G. E. Ardill and Mrs. Masterman.

A leading newspaper has given the report of an interview with Miss Rose Scott, and the claim is put out that she was the one who originated this great movement. She was not heard of, however, until 1891, which was after Sir Henry Parkes had introduced his Bill to give the votes to the women. The time should be noted. She became the honorary secretary of a Woman's Suffrage League, formed, as she had informed me, to support Sir Henry in his effort. Lady Windyey became the president, but later helped on the movement within the W.C.T.U. Miss Rose Scott, a worthy member of the society, was never known publicly as a supporter of the movement until Sir Henry Parkes had introduced his measure. She came late in the day, as the difficult, rough and unpleasant pioneering work had then been done.

It is important before some of us pass away that the true history of the movement should be known. Honor to whom honor is due. I believe the future generation will bless and revere the name of Mrs. Bowes for the great work that she accomplished in dark days, when she dared to stand alone.

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WOMAN.

Claim thy heritage
Sisters of men,
Wake from a sleeping age,
Sisters, pray when?

Thine to be moving
Into the fray,
Loving and helping
Hasten the day.

The world is athirsting
Just for thy touch,
Thy love so unfailing
Valued so much.

Shoulder to shoulder,
Hand, heart, and head,
Shaper and moulder,
Centuries dead.

This age is acalling,
Calling for thee,
Join the advancing
March of the free.

Power, peace, love are thine.
Sighing nor weeping,
God placed a care benign
Into thy keeping.

—Charles W. Chandler.