

# Grit.

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**GETTING AT THE FACTS.**

William E. "Pussyfoot" Johnson, who recently arrived in America for a temporary trip, sends the following statement of the situation as to criminal prosecutions in New York as they are affected by the Yankee dry laws.

Mr. John F. Tremain, Secretary of the New York State Commission of Prisons, has just compiled from the official records of that body comprehensive statistics of crime in that State which show the real facts in regard to the effect of Prohibition on crime in that State. The official statistics do not at all justify the snake stories that have been cabled to European papers during the past few months. Instead of there being a great increase of crime as has been so repeatedly claimed the official statistics show that in the whole history of the State there has never been such a marked decrease in crime as there has been since the adoption of the dry policy. The official record shows that on June 30, 1919, the last day of the license regime, the population of all the penal institutions of the State, including county penitentiaries, State prisons, reformatories, county jails, and the New York City penal institutions, numbered 11,016. On June 30, 1920, the end of the first year of Prohibition, the population of these same institutions numbered 9145, a decrease of 1871, instead of a great increase as the liquor propagandists claimed. The total number of commitments during the first year of Prohibition numbered 59,033, a decrease of 26,142, as compared with the last year of license.

The number of commitments annually and

the population of the various institutions reporting to the Commission at the close of the fiscal year since 1905 is shown in the following table:

Year ending June 30.	No. of Commitments during year,	Population at close of fiscal year.
1905	101,466	12,793
1906	94,677	11,595
1907	97,619	12,277
1908	118,647	14,734
1909	11,642	13,889
1910	95,444	13,280
1911	102,922	14,116
1912	97,295	14,791
1913	101,611	14,861
1914	118,027	16,678
1915	121,110	17,171
1916	178,235	15,342
1917	129,352	14,977
1918	89,382	12,195
1919	85,175	11,116
1920	59,033	9,145

x Commitments during 9 months due to change of fiscal year.

These official statistics show that for the last fifteen years of the license system there had been a steady increase in these commitments to New York penal institutions up to 1919, when the restrictions of the war followed by complete national Prohibition more than cut in half the commitments, thus absolutely demolishing the outcry of the "wets" about the alleged increase of crime when there was no such increase.

The official statistics for offences more directly attributable to drink in New York State show an even more marked decrease. The following table, compiled by the Commission, giving the number of admissions to

county jails in New York State for the last four fiscal years, ending June 30, shows an astonishing decrease in these offences:

Year ending June 30.	Intoxication.		Drunk and disorderly.	
	Male.	Female.	Male.	Female.
1917	12,945	569	738	74
1918	7,481	403	272	20
1919	5,715	451	119	13
1920	1,537	114	37	2

Instead of the vaunted increase in commitments for drunkenness to the county jails of New York State, the number has actually dropped from 13,514 in 1917 to 1641 in 1920, while the number of such commitments for drunk and disorderly has dropped from 812 in 1917 to 39 in 1920.

The reports of the Commission show a similar decrease in commitments for tramps and vagrants. The official statistics for such commitments are as follows:

Year.	Tramps.	Vagrants.
1917	675	3,302
1918	357	2,220
1919	423	2,450
1920	133	1,839

The Commission's statistics show that during the year 1917, 15,474 persons were admitted to the county penitentiaries, while in 1920 the number actually dropped to 3574.

It is true that there have been violations of the dry law, plenty of them, but the Prohibition law is enforced better than the old license laws ever were, and the people are now beginning to enjoy the benefits of the no-license policy in the most remarkable decrease in crime and drunkenness ever known in the history of the State.



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**N.S.W. Alliance Annual Meeting**

**ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING--- May 12th, 8 p.m.**

**CONVENTION--- May 13th, Morning, Afternoon & Evening**

**HARBOR PICNIC--- May 14th.**

**SUNDAY DEMONSTRATIONS--- May 15th.**

# Impressions of the A.L.P. Conference.

## A REPORT OF NOTHING DONE.

The Conference which controls the destiny of the Labor Party in this State, has, after a stormy passage, adjourned for 12 months. The agenda paper was crowded with hundreds of resolutions, some important and many trivial, and only a very small percentage were dealt with by the delegates. The question of allowing the people to decide for or against Prohibition was not dealt with—in fact, the question of Prohibition was entirely lost sight of, and no opportunity was given to delegates to make a pronouncement on the subject. It may be as well if we explain the working machinery of the Conference, and so enable the readers of "Grit" to understand why the subject which is of such vital importance was not dealt with. There were 275 delegates present, as well as a similar number of alternate delegates. The agenda paper was so crowded that it was quite impossible for Conference to deal with all the resolutions and, as is usual, an agenda committee was formed, and this committee decided the order of resolutions and also decided which resolutions should be discarded. The resolution which dealt with the referendum, which, according to an Act of Parliament, should be held to decide for or against Prohibition, was crowded out, with hundreds of others, by this committee. For this primary reason the Conference did not voice an opinion one way or the other. Over and above the action of the agenda committee was a question which overshadowed all others, and was of such importance to the Labor Party that urgent matters of policy were set aside, and the question of administrative control was the one big fight. The result of this debate does not concern us here, but we wish to emphasise this point, that the Conference did not pick out the question of Prohibition and cast it aside. We are convinced that no undue significance attaches to the action of the Conference in not dealing with the question of Prohibition. The fact that the one resolution which would have given delegates an opportunity to discuss the question was crowded out, does not point to any organised attempt on the part of anybody connected with the Conference to prevent discussion of this question, which, from the point of view of the readers of "Grit," is of such importance.

Although no official notice was taken of

the matter, it should be mentioned that Mr. George Shearer, that well-known advocate of Prohibition, was able at one stage in the proceedings to voice his objection in respect of the indefinite postponement of the referendum, which the last Government had decided should be held.

Mr. Shearer is the Electoral Superintendent of the I.O.G.T., which body was in Grand Lodge session at the time of the Labor Conference, and a telegram was sent from the Grand Lodge to the Labor Conference, urging the Conference to give consideration to the question of allowing the people to express their opinion upon the all-important subject of Prohibition at the ballot-box; but, unfortunately, the Conference did not have time to deal with the telegram, and it was simply "received." Although all the circumstances surrounding the Conference were not favorable to us, we were able to do good propaganda work by the distribution of a leaflet which was published by the Workers' Prohibition League. Every delegate was given one of these leaflets, and was thus able to have in a concise form the true position as it exists to-day between the Liquor monopoly and the Labor Party explained.

So far as we were able to form a general impression of the Prohibition sentiment represented at the Conference, we would say that it was good, but this fact should be mentioned. Party politics are to-day so clearly defined and so inseparably bound up with certain personalities, that the agitation for a referendum which has been led by several well-known Nationalists, has had the effect of alienating certain sympathy which otherwise we might have reckoned on within the ranks of the Labor Movement. We recognise that such a state of affairs is unfortunate, but we are all very human, and very apt from our own point of view to believe that "no good thing can come out of Nazareth."

We regret we have to report that no definite progress was made at the Conference, but we are hopeful that the sterling Prohibitionists within the ranks of the Labor Party will be able to wield such an influence as will cause the present Government to, if not adhere to the Act already on the Statute Book, amend it in a way which shall meet the approval of Prohibitionists generally.

gaged a bed for the night. Witness knew that the defendant had told a constable that he was going to the hotel for a bed.

Counsel argued that the case should be dismissed on the ground that his client was a lodger.

Mr. Crane, S.M.: The fact of a man taking one bed does not mean that he is a lodger. He is a guest, and therefore is not entitled to a drink. A lodger is entitled to a drink, but a guest is not. Any man could go into an hotel and say, "What price for a bed?" He might be told 1/-, and then ask for drinks for his friends. One bed doesn't constitute a lodger.

Mr. Henlen (for the defence): Is he not an inmate?

The S.M.: Not in my opinion. An inmate is a relative of the licensee or a servant. Defendant was fined 10/-, with costs.

### CAUSE AND EFFECT.

The following despatch comes from Wausaukee, Wisconsin:

"Joseph Jejois to-day bought the Wausaukee jail for 30 dollars, and will use it for a woodshed.

"City officers, in explaining the sale, said that since the advent of Prohibition the jail, which has been in service for thirty years, has been idle."

Enough said!—"San Francisco Examiner," February 8, 1921.

### ANZAC DAY.

The following request has been made by the Rev. R. B. S. Hammond to the Hon. W. M. Hughes, Prime Minister:—

"On behalf of my Association I wish to congratulate you on your decisive request to all State Governments to preserve the distinct national moral character of Anzac Day. I would respectfully submit, however, that the closing of all liquor bars upon that day would do even more than the suspension of horse racing to maintain the special and national glory of the Anzac achievement. Everyone is aware that the only thing that has ever dimmed the individual glory of the bravest things God ever made has been liquor, and with great deference I urge that you should take a step to protect this day from anything unseemly, even though it be confined to very few of those whom we would delight to honor on this occasion. In taking this step to close all liquor bars as part of the commemoration the sacred character of our Anzac Day the whole nation will be with you, and every man and woman worthy of the name of Australia will applaud."

## ECHOES from EVERYWHERE

### WHAT IS A LODGER.

Bed For Night Insufficient: Opinion of Magistrate.

Bathurst, April 1.—The question whether a man who calls at an hotel and engages a bed for the night is a lodger or a guest was

raised in the Bathurst Police Court. The case was one in which a local resident was charged with being on licensed premises at 2 a.m. without lawful excuse. Sergeant Jenkinson stated that he discovered the defendant and the uncle of the licensee drinking in the parlor at that hour, and when questioned the defendant stated that he had en-



3/6 PER DOZEN.

# New South Wales Alliance

Offices—Macdonell House, Pitt Street, Sydney.  
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## FIELD DAY APPOINTMENTS.

SUNDAY, APRIL 24.

7.30 p.m., Methodist Church, Forbes.

8.30 p.m., United Church Rally.

Messrs. Wilson and Little.

11 a.m., Methodist Church, Parkes.

3 p.m., Country Service.

7.30 p.m., Presbyterian Church, Parkes.

Rev. H. Allen Job.

11 a.m., Methodist Church, Molong.

3 p.m., Gavia Methodist Church.

7.30 p.m., Presbyterian Church.

Mr. R. J. C. Butler.

11 a.m., Barry.

3 p.m., Hobby's Yard.

7.30 p.m., Neville.

Mr. Thos. E. Shonk,

MONDAY, APRIL 25, 8 p.m.

Town Hall, Forbes, Messrs. Wilson and Little.

School of Arts, Molong, Mr. Butler.

Parish Hall, Blayney, Mr. Shonk.

Workers' Meeting, Parkes, Mr. Job.

TUESDAY, APRIL 26, 8 p.m.

Princess Theatre, Parkes, Messrs. Job and Little.

Coobang, Mr. Creagh.

Workers' Meeting, Forbes, Mr. Wilson.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 26, 8 p.m.

Trundle, Mr. Creagh.

THURSDAY, APRIL 27, 8 p.m.

Borenore, Mr. Job.

Workers' Meeting, Bathurst, Mr. Wilson.

SATURDAY, April 23.

Open air meetings at Forbes, Parkes, Molong, Blayney.

## ON THE PLATFORM.

The campaign speakers were widely scattered at last week-end. Mr. Hammond and Mr. Shonk were at Armidale and adjoining centres. Revs. Yeates and Davies, Messrs. Wilson, Job, Butler, and Macourt were giving addresses at North Sydney and Mosman. The churches visited were Methodist and Presbyterian at Mosman, Methodist at Neutral Bay, Methodist, Presbyterian, and Congregational at North Sydney, Methodist at Crow's Nest. There were generally large audiences and generous responses.

Mr. Creagh went out to Condobolin and found it tough. No one seemed interested. Of some people he thinks their conscience is as unwrinkled as some of the merino sheep he saw there. He expected his to be as bad if he stayed long, for if he missed the train on Tuesday he was likely to shoot some one.

## HOT PIES.

Over 200 people, including a hot pie man, attended Mr. Shonk's open-air meeting at Tamworth on Saturday.

"On what are we going to spend the 10½ million pounds now spent on drink when Prohibition comes into force? More picture shows, more boots, more clothes, more —"

"Hot pies, all hot!" aptly interjected the pie man.

"Sure thing," said the lecturer. "Instead of shouting a pint you'll shout a pie!"

"Garn," interjected a cynical critic. "We know Pro'bishun will shut the doors of hotels and open the doors of churches.

Pro'bishun will make more people go to church!"

"Well, friend," came the reply, "it's better to put threepence in the collection plate than a pound in the publican's pocket, ten bob in the police court, and yourself in 'clink!'"

"D'you think as 'ow a Bible puncher is any better than a man who drinks?"

"That's a matter of opinion, but the Bible puncher stops at Bible punching, whereas the drinker punches his wife and his children, punches a hole in his wages, punches the clothes off his back, punches his house down, punches a policeman, and then loses his punch altogether."

"What drinks will you have to take the place of beer and whisky?"

"Sure, drinking will result in abolishing the surplus of fruit and the shortage of sugar. We'll have more lemonade and orangeade and passion fruit syrup. We'll support Australian orchardists and let Johnnie Walker walk in the country he comes from. We'll stop the destruction of sugar in the manufacture of alcohol, and give the kiddies their fair share of the sweet stuff in the non-intoxicating and non-sugar destroying drinks!"

Questioning flagged! Was there nothing with which they could floor the speaker?

"It's all very well," volunteered a disheartened interjector, "telling us to go to Hammond's meeting, but if yer ask him a question he can't answer he gets yer thrown out of his meeting. I saw it done!"

The lecturer called the bluff. "What was the question—we'll answer it here."

It was sufficient—the opposition took the count, and willing hands helped the lecturer and sturdy Canon Fairbrother, our enthusiastic Tamworth president, to wheel the lorry platform back to its yard.

A good meeting; a live meeting, and a well-attended one, and a well worthwhile propaganda effort.

## YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

The value of work amongst and on behalf of the young people of our State is daily receiving added emphasis. We were reminded of this when reading our papers recently. Dr. Purdy, the Health Officer, reported upon the rapid increase of infantile mortality in Sydney, which in last December amounted to 127 per 1000 births. Then there is the splendid plan to establish an Australian Branch of the famous Dr. Barnardo Homes. Scarborough House, Sandringham, has been secured, and soon English children from 8 to 10 years of age would arrive here to become later on sturdy Australian citizens.

Let us never forget that the liquor traffic is responsible for the death of many infants, and that if we wish to give these Barnardo children the best chance we should welcome them to a "Dry Australia." Therefore, for

the sake of Australian-born children and the Barnardo immigrants, let us work for Prohibition.

## IN THE COUNTRY.

Mr. Fisher is spending some time in the Manning and Macleay districts, and reports increasing interest in the work. At Taree a Band of Hope is being formed which has its first meeting this week. Kempsey has an active Junior Rechabite Society. At Newcastle special attention is being given to this work, and already a regular Band of Hope meets at Merewether. Before leaving the district lantern lectures will be given as follows: Tuesday, April 26, Cundle; Wednesday, April 27, Wingham; Thursday, April 28, Taree. We look forward to the time when in every town and village definite temperance teaching will regularly be carried on—either in the Sunday schools, junior lodges, Bands of Hope, C.E. societies, or other temperance organisations. All friends interested in this work are urged to write to the Y.P. Department, N.S.W. Alliance, 321 Pitt-street, Sydney.

## FOR THE CONVENTION.

Preparations are going on for the annual meeting and the Convention, May 12-14. Already several committees have sent along the names of representatives. Others are urged to give the matter their attention, especially country branches. The providing of hospitality will be an important item, and it cannot be attended to until the number of visitors is known.

Various sub-committees have been engaged upon various parts of the programme, which promises many interesting features.

Help make these gatherings the best yet held.

## "GRIT" SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Received to 13/4/21, and where not mentioned the amount received is 10/: Mr. George Arthur, 29/1/22; Mr. H. D. Beer, 9/4/22; Mr. W. C. Harris, 3s., 15/4/21; J. Duncan, 28/2/21; Mrs. Sigston, 11/4/22; Mrs. G. Kilpatrick, 8s. 6d., 9/3/22; Rev. F. Walkden Brown, 20s., 30/12/22; John Lawton, 8s. 1d., 30/12/20; Mr. H. McClosky, 5s. 3d., 30/9/21.

The following are paid to 30/12/21: Mr. J. Keith Ross, Mr. R. Manttan (N.Z.), 11s. 6d.; Mr. McAlpine, Mr. J. S. Adams, R. Bell, Mr. L. G. Dyson, Thomas Spangler 1s. 6d., D. Davies, John Rice, Mr. Bartram 17s. 3d., Miss Richards, T. V. Olver 18s. 6d., Mrs. Coleman, Rev. Cannon Charlton, P. T. Hayne, Mr. Pollard.

## THE MARION MEMORIAL.

Mr. and Mrs. Pfeiffer, Mr. A. C. Cocks, M.L.A., £5 each.

Blacktown Band of Hope, £4.

Mr. W. H. Hill, £3/3/-.

Mrs. Brixey, £3.

Mrs. E. Vickery, £2.

Dr. T. G. Campbell, Mr. C. Mudge, Mr. S. J. Walters, £1/1/- each.

Mr. John Moore, Rev. H. C. Foreman, £1 each.

Mrs. Gunn, Mr. B. Corbett, Miss G. C. Penfold, 10/6 each.

Mrs. S. Godson, Miss K. Cornish, Mrs. McKay, Mrs. H. Gardner, 10/- each.

Miss Foss, A Friend, Mr. J. J. Blackmore, 5/- each.

Mr. A. F. Graham, 4/9.

Mrs. Parker, 2/6.

Total to date, £271.

# EVERYBODY WANTS GRIFFITHS BROS. Special Afternoon TEA

## An Englishman Convinced.

### PROFESSOR GOODE AT GRIPS WITH ALCOHOL IN RUSSIA.

"If you want to get hold of the main thread in the pattern of recent Russian history, begin with the Tsar's rescript, abolishing the Liquor Traffic in Russia, and follow it down to the present day. The Bolsheviki, whatever mistakes in other directions they possibly may have made, have never erred in regard to that. Under the new regime they have enforced Prohibition most absolutely and comprehensively, with the result that Russia, in spite of all that hostile and bitterly prejudiced critics may say against her, is the strongest moral — and consequently the strongest political—force in the world to-day."

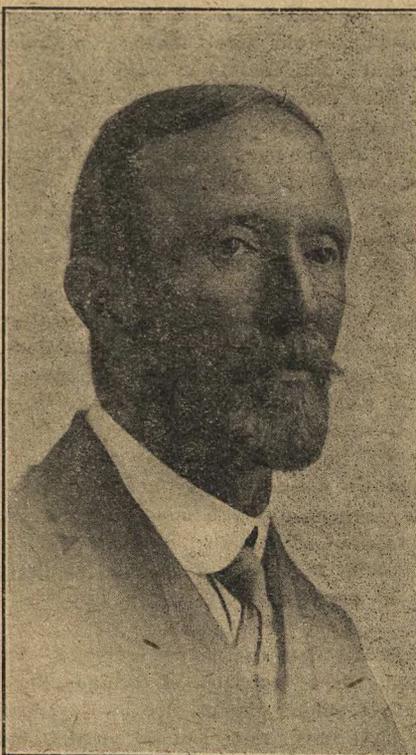
With these impressive words, Professor W. T. Goode, at the business men's luncheon tendered to him by the Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, in the Pitt Street Congregational School Hall last Tuesday, summed up the tremendous part that Prohibition has played in remaking Russia, and in creating out of a decaying Empire a true world-force for the needs of the present age.

"Without Prohibition," he said, "there could have been no such thing as an effective Russian evolution. Prohibition, in Russia as in Finland, has proved the essential stepping-stone to national moral progress. And I see no reason why Prohibition should not play the same part in advancing the evolution of Australian national character and Australian national welfare here."

These words sank deep. Plain, without one single charm of voice or gesture, using no artifice except a shining soul of passionate truth-devotion, there is something very remarkable about the personality of Professor Goode. He has simply discovered, I think, the essential law that, in order to become a world-force, a man requires no swank. Only requires, in short, to discipline his own soul to the patient and sacred obedience, allowing the Lord God Almighty to speak through him, as He ever speaks, when any man stands up and tells the truth.

#### THE CHAIRMAN'S INTRODUCTION.

Chairman Hammond, after the Dean of Sydney had consecrated the great gathering of city men with a word of invocation, said that he had been glad to have the privilege of



PROFESSOR GOODE.

inviting that distinguished audience to meet Professor Goode. His unique opportunities in Russia, together with his magnificent credentials, made their guest a man who should be heard. There was no sense in flat, uncontroversial hostility. To his (the Rev. Hammond's) mind what they were witnessing in Europe in general, and in Russia in particular, now were simply the growing-pains of

progress. Men, the world over, were simply trying to find their way out. (Applause.) Those who were gathered there, representative not only of almost every church but of every branch of commerce, were in the presence of one who had seen much of the doings in a great country. It was a thing of great value to the city of Sydney, and indeed to all Australia, to have a visitor like Professor Goode diffuse the light of his opinions. Personally, it gave him great pleasure to be able to call his own circle of enlightened, fair, and courteous-minded friends together, in order that they might hear the truth about Russia, as seen by Professor Goode. (Hear, hear).

#### AN UNSHOCKABLE COMMUNITY.

Many people did not realise, the chairman continued, that what was true of an alcoholic individual, was equally true as an alcoholised community. They all recognised that the alcohol-poisoned individual was boastful, offensive, and ineffective, and it was necessary, apart from the consideration of such debauched and morally degraded individuals to recognise that they were confronted with the direct menace of an alcoholised community. They must face the fact that the whole community was alcoholised by the economic and political poison of liquor money and methods. Such a community lost the best of its civic ideals. An alcoholised community, as Professor Goode would probably tell them, was one that was satisfied with less than what was possible in the way of social advancement and economic progress. Let them then consider the effect upon the moral fibre, in New South Wales—a community of two millions, whereas Russia contained no less than 120,000,000—of an annual tribute to Liquor of ten and a quarter million pounds. What was the result? Such a community perforce accepted a lower standard—a lower and a most unworthy standard of national Australian life. To a large extent, indeed, they were becoming an unshockable people. That was a sure sign that the national conscience, if not already dead, was in grave danger of dying. Providentially, Professor Goode had come, with his message concerning what Prohibition had achieved in Russia, to wake that conscience into action. (Loud applause).

(Continued on page 14.)

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# Australia's Moral Pioneers.

## SOME MEN WHO MARCH WITH THE AGES.

### IV.—C. J. DE GARIS.

Young men, in this as in every other age, have much to be thankful for. Not alone for the work of their fathers, but for the work and achievement of ten thousand thousand fathers, all of whom bequeath to us an epoch of opportunity in which their hearts and bones are literally the true foundations of this world.

To no young man does this fact more clearly and more closely apply than to the subject of this character-study—Mr. Clement John De Garis. While he stands apart, in Australian commercial life, as one distinguished by his courage and directness in employing, for trading ventures, all the most daring inventions of modern science, yet have gone before. He is the apex, as it again he stands shoulder to shoulder with the common mass in his indebtedness to all who were, of a great Mildura pyramid. But the hidden base is also there: the basic effect of ten thousand men, upon whose general and collective work he stands. Great humility, therefore, should be his predominant characteristic, both in planning for the future and in looking back along the brilliant records of the past. To-day, as never before in history, Australia is calling for the services of great young men. Of men, young in years and mighty in ambition, who have learnt to be humble towards the passing generation, which has done so much to give us scope. Cultivate perspective, young man! With that text pasted in our hats, and with the constant fear of the Lord God Almighty within our hats, we of this younger generation should go far.

In my possession, I am glad to say, I have a most interesting photograph. It is the earliest known photograph of Mr. C. J. De Garis extant. Characteristically, it shows him in knickerbockers, riding into Mildura, up from the wharfside, upon the riding-seat of a big gang-plough. Characteristically, again, his hands are grasping the steering-wheel. And so he looks like a knickerbocker young Caesar riding into his realm.

The child, we know, is often the father to the man. And so, whenever I think of the Publicity-Director of the Australian Dried Fruits Association, my mind goes back subconsciously to that ancient portrait taken in Mildura's early days. Not that the photographer then had any idea that he was preparing an historic portrait of the coming C. J. De Garis. Far from it! The camera-man's objective on that day was to prepare an impressive picture of the Chaffey Brothers' engineering works. And merely by an apt coincidence as it were the youthful Clement John climbed into the steering-seat of a great Mildura implement, and got himself photographed behind the old General—perhaps the most famous of Mildura's bygone traction-engines—riding into town.

In that portrait there is a wealth of meaning for me. Riding into town I believe behind the old General has become to a tremendous extent this younger generation's business. We are content to let our fathers pull us somewhere: our sole ambition being to ride there finely in the steering-seat. And the most singularly great and splendid feature about Mr. C. J. De Garis, I think, is that he has had energy enough to fly. Not content with plodding along on wheels behind old General, he has devised other machines for another epoch, and has flown, literally, where ninety-nine per cent. of this younger generation are satisfied to ride while others plod.

Some people hate other people who have a capacity for getting into the limelight. Personally I like them. It shows the possession of great natural force of character, in this case for instance, that Clement John Garis should be the first man to discard the automobile along with the railway-train, and to fly from State to State at the pace of one hundred miles an hour. That kind of limelight is worth while. Because the glow of its radiance is cast, not upon one individual alone, but upon that forward path which beckons to the whole of this younger generation. "Come on!" that light says. "Get off the beaten track! Get out of the riding-seat that an older generation fashioned. Come on! And follow me!"

To look at, Mr. Clement John De Garis is no Colossus. He is merely a slim, bright-eyed, keen young man, who as he grows older will increasingly resemble his father. He is one of those men, physically, from whom all surplus tissue has been eliminated. In a word, the human racehorse-type. And when I first saw him in Mildura, now a little more perchance than two years ago, I had the sense of something very fine that only required external weight and ballast—the contra-thrust, if you like, of another and a stronger personality—to make him a potential world-man, capable of running up right

into the class of the Northcliffes and Strathconas.

The greatness of so many men has sprung from precisely such a circumstance as this. They have had behind them, somewhere, more or less out of sight, some strong, heavy-bodied, iron-resolved man, who has provided all the dynamic thrust and energy requisite for the external operations of a first-class commercial or political brain. And what Mr. Clement John De Garis requires in order to reach that seat in the British House of Lords which, under certain conceivable circumstances, is within his reach, is precisely such a man. To burn out, like an electric wire, through the sheer kilowatt force of one's own personal thrust and energy, may be spectacular and fine. But Australia requires to-day of her ablest young men not that they should burn themselves out with sheer excess of effort so much as that they should have continuous sanity and ballast. And that, however hard they work, or however high they aim, they should pay strict attention to the well-known Helmholtzian laws of the conservation of force.

Given due attention to such laws, I prophesy things greater than any other Australian man imagines for Mr. Clement John De Garis. To-day, obtaining a seat in the British House of Lords is within any man's scope. It is within the possible ambit of the writer of this article, and it is also in yours. You, whoever you may be, that are now engaged in reading this character-glimpse—you will do well to remember that. To-day the doors of the Imperial House of Peers are wide open. And any man who wishes to become a lord has merely to select his special aim, his own particular field of effort, and go to it. Such an one, however, will do well to take the Ten Commandments with him, and to study them constantly by the way. He should also travel with the Old Testament in

(Continued on page 10.)

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## Prohibition as the Sociologist Sees It.

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

(Continued from last issue.)

From the hygienic point of view it is a great pity that the people of this country are overwhelmingly of northern extraction. It is certain that there would be no liquor problem here, ergo no Prohibition, if sober Neapolitans had landed on Plymouth Rock, if abstinent Portuguese had settled Virginia instead of hard-drinking English, if temperate Wallachians had planted themselves in Pennsylvania instead of thirsty Germans and Scotch-Irish, if coffee-sipping Turks had peopled the West instead of bibulous Hibernians and Scandinavians. Had we Americans only the anti-alcoholic inheritance of Cretans, Syrians, and Armenians, we might dispense with "restrictions on personal liberty."

But, being what we are, there are open to us just two solutions of the drink problem. Stoically, we may submit ourselves to alcoholic selection—a process in our case made trebly devastating by the modern cheapness of manufacture of alcoholic beverages and the facilities for keeping them at every man's elbow all the time. In anguish we may endure the loss of perhaps a million lives a decade from intemperance as result of the hurricane of temptation the uncurbed liquor interests would let loose upon us. With aching hearts we may tolerate the wrecking of perhaps half a million homes in the same period. We may steel ourselves while myriads of wives and mothers have their lives poisoned by worry lest some of their dear ones fall a prey to the insidious drug. Well, the reward for consistently keeping our hands off the agent of havoc would be that by the end of this century we should have passed the peak of our suffering and by the year 2100 A.D. our descendants might be as constitutionally resistant to alcoholic beguilements as are the Portuguese to-day!

The alternative to this dismal prospect is Prohibition—i.e., wringing the neck of the liquor business so that our unfortunate temptables, no longer teased and baited and snared for the sake of the profit to be extracted from their weakness for alcohol, will be left free to pursue the normal interests of life.

What social effects—other than the lessening of crime and pauperism, which are too obvious to be worth discussing—may be anticipated from the banishment of strong drink?

For one thing, it is bound to improve the position of women, especially in the lower levels of society. Liquor has been the great enemy of the abstinent sex. No thoughtful woman finds anything captivating in a drinking song or takes "John Barleycorn" as a joke. Usually deep potations let loose the satyr in man and put attractive women at the mercy of lust coupled with superior physical strength. The female vampire, of course, will lose one of her means of making infatuated males submit to her blood-sucking, but decent women, who have to trust their brains and character to command from the more muscular sex the respect to which they feel entitled, know that their moral and intellectual merits are never at greater discount than in the eyes of intoxicated men.

If we succeed in making an end of toping there will be one stone the less in the way of Cupid's car. Machine industry and certain other economic developments, by opening to the weaker sex countless opportunities of self-support, have relieved capable young women of the economic necessity of marriage. Working girls now scoff at taking husbands "for the sake of a meal ticket," and are more inclined to consider whether life with the wooer opens a prospect of happiness. With the spread of this critical attitude toward marriage no doubt there must be a growing number of young women who remain single rather than tie themselves to a man whose drinking habits arouse their distrust. So far as this is the case, the change we may look for in social customs ought to promote matrimony by increasing the number of eligible young men and diminishing the risks of the self-supporting girl who marries.

In Prohibition the home scores a signal triumph. It is a matter of common knowledge that among the masses in Europe the sexes have never gone asunder in their pastimes to the extent that they have in our wage-earning population. Among us the taboo on woman's sharing of vinous delights (which came to be considered the exclusive prerogative of the male) set up as counter-attraction to the home the male drinking resort, in which, unlike the German Biergarten and the English "public house," a decent woman was never to be seen.

Thereupon began a silent but determined duel between the American wife, seeking to retain the companionship of her mate and

have his co-operation in rearing their children, and the keeper of the male resort on the lookout for profitable patrons. The wife lured her husband, and later her sons, with the comforts and charms of home—rugs and curtains, the easy chair, the trimmed lamp, games, books, music, and the society of good women. The saloonkeeper lured with bright lights, the shining bar, the brass rail, glistening glass, huge mirrors, sensual paintings, privacy for "a quiet game," and (sometimes) the society of loose women.

The duel went on with varying fortunes. It turned out that in most cases the American women of the "middle" class had the time, means, and ingenuity to create for their men a domestic environment which possessed greater attractiveness than the male drinking resort. Among wage-earners, however, overcrowding, poverty, and want of knowledge too often thwarted the wife's pathetic endeavor to tempt her man to spend his time and money in the home rather than in the saloon. Now, happily, Prohibition comes to the assistance of this much-enduring woman and opens to her the means to build a home which will give her and her daughters an opportunity to exert a refining influence upon the coarser natures of her men folk.

Says a report from Richmond: "Hundreds of men are taking the pay envelope home now and spending their evenings there, men who had not done so before in twenty years. Without doubt, one of the first things that drinking men do when the saloon is no longer open to them is to move back into their homes, and then to move themselves and their families into better homes." In Denver, the gas company found that under Prohibition, in spite of the shutting down of the saloons, its business steadily increased because more gas was being used in the homes.

When one wearies of the home it is now not the male resort—pool room, men's club, coffeehouse, or other "substitute for the saloon"—that is likely to be visited, but rather some recreation place which men and women, parents and children, can enjoy together. It will be the park, the "zoo," the soda fountain, the motion-film theatre, or the social centre. With the ending of the sociability institution built up about the absorption of alcohol the members of the family are encouraged to have more of their pleasures in common.

(Concluded next issue.)

### BABY'S FIRST PORTRAIT.

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## An Englishman Convinced.

### PROFESSOR GOODE AT GRIPS WITH ALCOHOL IN RUSSIA.

"If you want to get hold of the main thread in the pattern of recent Russian history, begin with the Tsar's rescript, abolishing the Liquor Traffic in Russia, and follow it down to the present day. The Bolsheviki, whatever mistakes in other directions they possibly may have made, have never erred in regard to that. Under the new regime they have enforced Prohibition most absolutely and comprehensively, with the result that Russia, in spite of all that hostile and bitterly prejudiced critics may say against her, is the strongest moral—and consequently the strongest political—force in the world to-day."

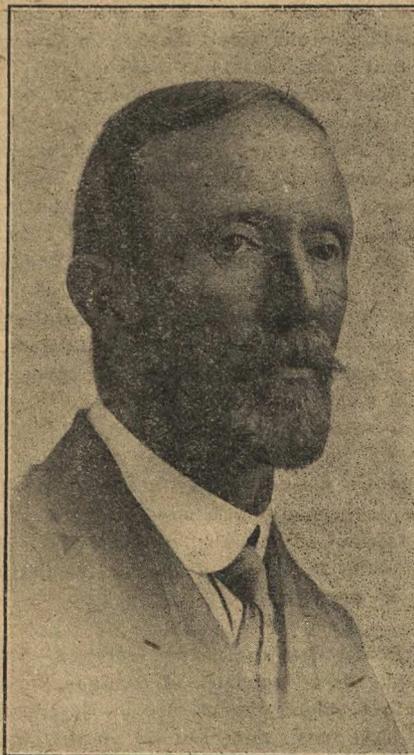
With these impressive words, Professor W. T. Goode, at the business men's luncheon tendered to him by the Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, in the Pitt Street Congregational School Hall last Tuesday, summed up the tremendous part that Prohibition has played in remaking Russia, and in creating out of a decaying Empire a true world-force for the needs of the present age.

"Without Prohibition," he said, "there could have been no such thing as an effective Russian evolution. Prohibition, in Russia as in Finland, has proved the essential stepping-stone to national moral progress. And I see no reason why Prohibition should not play the same part in advancing the evolution of Australian national character and Australian national welfare here."

These words sank deep. Plain, without one single charm of voice or gesture, using no artifice except a shining soul of passionate truth-devotion, there is something very remarkable about the personality of Professor Goode. He has simply discovered, I think, the essential law that, in order to become a world-force, a man requires no swank. Only requires, in short, to discipline his own soul to the patient and sacred obedience, allowing the Lord God Almighty to speak through him, as He ever speaks, when any man stands up and tells the truth.

#### THE CHAIRMAN'S INTRODUCTION.

Chairman Hammond, after the Dean of Sydney had consecrated the great gathering of city men with a word of invocation, said that he had been glad to have the privilege of



PROFESSOR GOODE.

inviting that distinguished audience to meet Professor Goode. His unique opportunities in Russia, together with his magnificent credentials, made their guest a man who should be heard. There was no sense in flat, uncontroversial hostility. To his (the Rev. Hammond's) mind what they were witnessing in Europe in general, and in Russia in particular, now were simply the growing-pains of

progress. Men, the world over, were simply trying to find their way out. (Applause.) Those who were gathered there, representative not only of almost every church but of every branch of commerce, were in the presence of one who had seen much of the doings in a great country. It was a thing of great value to the city of Sydney, and indeed to all Australia, to have a visitor like Professor Goode diffuse the light of his opinions. Personally, it gave him great pleasure to be able to call his own circle of enlightened, fair, and courteous-minded friends together, in order that they might hear the truth about Russia, as seen by Professor Goode. (Hear, hear).

#### AN UNSHOCKABLE COMMUNITY.

Many people did not realise, the chairman continued, that what was true of an alcoholic individual, was equally true as an alcoholised community. They all recognised that the alcohol-poisoned individual was boastful, offensive, and ineffective, and it was necessary, apart from the consideration of such debauched and morally degraded individuals to recognise that they were confronted with the direct menace of an alcoholised community. They must face the fact that the whole community was alcoholised by the economic and political poison of liquor money and methods. Such a community lost the best of its civic ideals. An alcoholised community, as Professor Goode would probably tell them, was one that was satisfied with less than what was possible in the way of social advancement and economic progress. Let them then consider the effect upon the moral fibre, in New South Wales—a community of two millions, whereas Russia contained no less than 120,000,000—of an annual tribute to Liquor of ten and a quarter million pounds. What was the result? Such a community perforce accepted a lower standard—a lower and a most unworthy standard of national Australian life. To a large extent, indeed, they were becoming an unshockable people. That was a sure sign that the national conscience, if not already dead, was in grave danger of dying. Providentially, Professor Goode had come, with his message concerning what Prohibition had achieved in Russia, to wake that conscience into action. (Loud applause).

(Continued on page 14.)

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# Australia's Moral Pioneers.

## SOME MEN WHO MARCH WITH THE AGES.

### IV.—C. J. DE GARIS.

Young men, in this as in every other age, have much to be thankful for. Not alone for the work of their fathers, but for the work and achievement of ten thousand thousand fathers, all of whom bequeath to us an epoch of opportunity in which their hearts and bones are literally the true foundations of this world.

To no young man does this fact more clearly and more closely apply than to the subject of this character-study—Mr. Clement John De Garis. While he stands apart, in Australian commercial life, as one distinguished by his courage and directness in employing, for trading ventures, all the most daring inventions of modern science, yet have gone before. He is the apex, as it again he stands shoulder to shoulder with the common mass in his indebtedness to all who were, of a great Mildura pyramid. But the hidden base is also there: the basic effect of ten thousand men, upon whose general and collective work he stands. Great humility, therefore, should be his predominant characteristic, both in planning for the future and in looking back along the brilliant records of the past. To-day, as never before in history, Australia is calling for the services of great young men. Of men, young in years and mighty in ambition, who have learnt to be humble towards the passing generation, which has done so much to give us scope. Cultivate perspective, young man! With that text pasted in our hats, and with the constant fear of the Lord God Almighty within our hats, we of this younger generation should go far.

In my possession, I am glad to say, I have a most interesting photograph. It is the earliest known photograph of Mr. C. J. De Garis extant. Characteristically, it shows him in knickerbockers, riding into Mildura, up from the wharfside, upon the riding-seat of a big gang-plough. Characteristically, again, his hands are grasping the steering-wheel. And so he looks like a knickerbocker young Caesar riding into his realm.

The child, we know, is often the father to the man. And so, whenever I think of the Publicity-Director of the Australian Dried Fruits Association, my mind goes back sub-consciously to that ancient portrait taken in Mildura's early days. Not that the photographer then had any idea that he was preparing an historic portrait of the coming C. J. De Garis. Far from it! The camera-man's objective on that day was to prepare an impressive picture of the Chaffey Brothers' engineering works. And merely by an apt coincidence as it were the youthful Clement John climbed into the steering-seat of a great Mildura implement, and got himself photographed behind the old General—perhaps the most famous of Mildura's bygone traction-engines—riding into town.

In that portrait there is a wealth of meaning for me. Riding into town I believe behind the old General has become to a tremendous extent this younger generation's business. We are content to let our fathers pull us somewhere: our sole ambition being to ride there finely in the steering-seat. And the most singularly great and splendid feature about Mr. C. J. De Garis, I think, is that he has had energy enough to fly. Not content with plodding along on wheels behind old General, he has devised other machines for another epoch, and has flown, literally, where ninety-nine per cent. of this younger generation are satisfied to ride while others plod.

Some people hate other people who have a capacity for getting into the limelight. Personally I like them. It shows the possession of great natural force of character, in this case for instance, that Clement John Garis should be the first man to discard the automobile along with the railway-train, and to fly from State to State at the pace of one hundred miles an hour. That kind of limelight is worth while. Because the glow of its radiance is cast, not upon one individual alone, but upon that forward path which beckons to the whole of this younger generation. "Come on!" that light says. "Get off the beaten track! Get out of the riding-seat that an older generation fashioned. Come on! And follow me!"

To look at, Mr. Clement John De Garis is no Colossus. He is merely a slim, bright-eyed, keen young man, who as he grows older will increasingly resemble his father. He is one of those men, physically, from whom all surplus tissue has been eliminated. In a word, the human racehorse-type. And when I first saw him in Mildura, now a little more perchance than two years ago, I had the sense of something very fine that only required external weight and ballast—the contra-thrust, if you like, of another and a stronger personality—to make him a potential world-man, capable of running up right

into the class of the Northcliffes and Strathconas.

The greatness of so many men has sprung from precisely such a circumstance as this. They have had behind them, somewhere, more or less out of sight, some strong, heavy-bodied, iron-resolved man, who has provided all the dynamic thrust and energy requisite for the external operations of a first-class commercial or political brain. And what Mr. Clement John De Garis requires in order to reach that seat in the British House of Lords which, under certain conceivable circumstances, is within his reach, is precisely such a man. To burn out, like an electric wire, through the sheer kilowatt force of one's own personal thrust and energy, may be spectacular and fine. But Australia requires to-day of her ablest young men not that they should burn themselves out with sheer excess of effort so much as that they should have continuous sanity and ballast. And that, however hard they work, or however high they aim, they should pay strict attention to the well-known Helmholtzian laws of the conservation of force.

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(Continued on page 10.)

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# A Personal Chat with my readers

I invited a number of City men to meet the Professor—**PROFESSOR GOODE.** because he was a Professor of an English University, because he was the accredited representative of such a paper as the "Manchester Guardian," and because he knows more of Finland and Russia than any other man at present in Australia. They came in goodly numbers, and listened with intent interest to the quiet story the Professor told them. Part of this story, specially written for "Grit," appears on page six. The rest of his story will be told next week. It would be amusing, if it were not so sad to find an intelligent business man writing thus in reply to my invitation: "I do not wish to meet the Professor, and if I did I would not believe a word he said." Such prejudice is unworthy of a sensible man, and such prejudice, if found on both sides of a controversy, creates chaos and blocks progress. That a staid, quiet, conservative Englishman should become convinced of the value of Prohibition is a very strong argument in its favor.

I remarked on a paragraph in the Sydney "Bulletin" in my last issue. I now find that the liquor people are paying for its insertion throughout the country press under the heading, "Admitted Failure." Of course, that is as near the truth as a liquor advertisement ever gets, but it is absolutely false. I never admitted the failure of 6 o'clock closing, nor was I reported as doing so. Will you see that your local editor receives an emphatic contradiction if this "Bully" statement appears in its columns?

## COMMON THINGS DONE UNCOMMONLY.

Rockefeller, the super-millionaire, declares that success comes by doing the common every-day things of life uncommonly well. That gives us all a chance. Concentration on the ordinary becomes extraordinary. Try it. Two men do the same thing with a brush, a pen, a voice, their hands on the piano—they may use the same words—and one is acclaimed a success; the other a failure. Not because one did something the other did not do, but he did what the other did in an uncommon way. So we aim not to do new things, but old things in a new way. Even a "thank you" may mean a great deal or merely be a conventional, heartless, meaningless utterance of two words. The unknown writer of these lines evidently knew what I am trying to say:

"A man there was owed much to a friend,  
And he tried to think how his thanks to send—  
Original stuff with a subtle trend,  
Such as a high brow might have penned,  
So he would understand.

"But the man was stripped of his foolish pride,  
For he saw at last our thanks is tried,  
Not by the words but the thought inside;  
So 'Thank you, my friend,' he simply replied,  
And his friend understood."

**OUR ADVERTISERS.** From time to time I refuse to take advertisements because I prefer to lose money rather than have my readers encouraged to purchase that which I do not consider a fair deal. "Grit" safeguards you. Will you safeguard "Grit"? I mean the advertisers will not continue unless the readers of this paper respond and place business with them. Will you look carefully over our advertisers, and see if you can place at least an order a week with one or other of them, and let them know that you do it out of loyalty, and that you will always support those who make it possible for "Grit" to come each week to your home? This will cost you nothing, and makes all the difference in the world to us.

THE EDITOR.

# 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.

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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, APRIL 21, 1921.

## THE JAMES MARION MEMORIAL FUND.

The untimely death of Mr. James Marion, late General Secretary of the New South Wales Alliance, has, I am sure, called forth the sympathy of every supporter of the Cause to which he devoted so much of his energy. Mrs. Marion and her four children are now entirely dependent on the generosity of those who fought side by side with her husband.

A large and influential committee has been formed, and their desire is to raise £1000, which amount will provide a home for the widow and her children.

An amount totalling £250 has been raised by voluntary subscription. To obtain the remainder (£750) a very big effort is being made, and because the committee are of the opinion that you appreciate the work Mr. Marion did, and would desire to assist the widow in her hour of trouble, WE APPEAL TO YOU ON BEHALF OF THE MARION MEMORIAL FUND.

We also ask you to make this appeal known to your friends, urging them to give support to a most deserving cause.

All donations should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer,

Mr. A. B. PURSELL,

Care of N.S.W. Alliance,

321 Pitt Street, Sydney.

As a final word we would impress upon you the absolute necessity of someone lending a hand to Mrs. Marion. She is thrown upon the world with a family in her care and is without the means of providing for them. We realise the many and varied calls which are made upon your purse, and we assure you that if it were not for the knowledge that Mrs. Marion is in urgent need of our mutual help we would not make this appeal.

# FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF HELL.

(By ONE WHO HAS RETURNED.)

XII.

## WHERE THE BIBLE BURSTS ASUNDER.

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

The Bible is a fake.

At some stage in his life or other every man alive has said that. You have said it. I have said it. All of us have said it, under the strain of some terrific grief or disappointment—and when we said it, we meant it with all the elemental rage and fury that was boiling up within our hearts. The Bible? To the everlasting blank with the Bible! we said. The thing isn't true. It just bursts asunder anywhere you like to touch it. The whole thing is an everlasting lie from the very start.

Ever felt like that?

For men who come out of prison often feel like it. And I—when I came out of the State Penitentiary, on bail, that late January afternoon, I was thinking hard about the Bible, as I looked at those shining tears in the unknown woman's eyes. For the Bible is filled with all sorts and conditions of women, just like life. That is one of the reasons why I think it is true. If the Bible gave us just one sort of woman from start to finish—either the Jezebel kind, or the Mary Magdalene kind, or the Ruth variety—we would know that it was a lie. If there were only the Delilah type of girl to be encountered, either in the Old or the New Testament, we would all know, without any telling, that the Bible was untrue. And if there were only the Esther type to be seen, or the Abigail type, or the Bathsheba type, or the Rachel kind to be met with, anywhere between Genesis and Revelations, you and I would both say, in the fulness of our wisdom, that the Bible was a dud.

Fortunately, we have all looked into the tear-wet eyes of some shining human angel. We have seen that—we have seen that miraculous, involuntary shining of the sheer tears of woman's sacramental sympathy—even as most of us, in other and less wisely chosen moments, have also seen the hard look, the evil look, the money look—call it what you like—in the dreadful, God-denying eyes of Rahab and Delilah. Fortunately, I say, because it is through these simple, common things, this ubiquity of moral experience, that we are able to decide, for our own selves, whether or not the Bible is true. And so, as I got off that tram that night, the shining of those tear-wet eyes went with me. And I felt then, dumbly, but not dimly,

even as I also feel now, that there are angels walking upon this earth—countless thousands of splendid human angels: great women and glorious-hearted girls; even as I also know that there is an infernal and eternal Devil-Whisky, a red-eyed, anti-angelic power and force, whose business is the everlasting nailing of a sad, bad, mad humanity upon the Liquor Cross.

I got off the tram.

I got off, feeling like that, and I forgot that there was such a place as home. Home! What business had I with having a home? Here was the whole world itself bursting asunder! Here were at least one hundred thousand exploded faces, hurrying back and forth, all around me. Wrecked faces! The faces of men and women morally and spiritually blown asunder. People with faces like bombs—with the bomb gone off, and only the reeking shards of flesh remaining. People like that! The streets, as well as the trams, all full of them! Slouching! Crouching! Pouching! There they were, hurrying, scurrying and burying—nine men out of ten with their hands thrust deep into their money-pockets, showing where their souls were; and making me wonder whether or not it was humanity that had burst asunder—whether or not it was that humanity was true.

Is it?

Answer that question. Find out, for yourself, whether or not humanity is true—steering a true track, following a true star—before you begin to announce that the Bible is false.

I got off the tram.

And I got off the earth for a little while. I prayed—oh, I prayed as I walked; I prayed myself forth into the still cleanliness of the coming starlight. I shot my own soul forth, in revolt, from the reeking streets of the Criminal City; and I walked, as it were, head downwards, looking at the earth intently, from afar off, with my feet upon the stars.

I was looking for a vantage point.

"Surely there is a spot somewhere," I breathed to Almighty God. "Surely there is a crevice somewhere—a joint in the scheme of things: a weak joint, where I can thrust in my soul like a human crowbar. A joint O God, where You and I can work together,

and where Your weight—since mine is so puny—will bring down with one terrific crash the infernal Liquor Cross."

And then God gave me the name of a Man.

A still voice said: "A man despised and rejected by all exploded human bombs that, reeking with the powder of the pit, imagine that they are still facts and forces. Amongst these I have a man. I have still a man, of whom thou wottest, amongst these—a man who is a Mender of Broken Men. Go thou and see him!"

I went.

I got on a tram. I got on a tram in George-street, and I rode west, past the flaring signs of a hundred drapers, jewellers, sausage-makers, dentists and moving-picture shows, until I came to a gate. An open gate, set between perpendicular iron bars, that reminded me of a jail.

"Jail everywhere!" I said aloud, as I walked in. "Even the churches are built on the everlasting jail pattern. They proclaim the religion of Jesus Christ like warders shouting at the prisoners through iron bars!"

And then, as I walked along the path, I saw on either side a certain green border, set with palms. Quite small they were, as if but planted yesteryear.

On each palm I saw a label.

"Scientific bunk!" I thought, standing still. "This is where we get told by somebody that this is *Macrozamia spiralis*, or something like that!" But, no! The names that I saw there, in the half-light, were not plant names—not long-winded, Latinised, sesquipedalian palm-denominators—but the names of men. Of dead men! Of soldiers killed in the war. They were the names of men who from that church, and from that parish, had gone out across the world—

To die!

And then the small still Voice spoke to me again from the stars.

"These are the quiet palms commemorative of the souls of heroes," it said. "Of men who fought beyond the seas—and died! Now go in, O son of man, and see this parson, and ask of him where are the palms commemorative of the living. Where are the heroes marching now—marching against that Devil-Whisky whose victims writhe upon the Liquor Cross?"

I saw a light ahead.

A light that shone through an open door, at the end of the long path. And I left the

(Continued on page 12.)

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### JUST A MOMENT !

ANSWER THIS QUESTION:—

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

**DENTIST REANEY**

'Phone M1420.

Opposite Grace Bros.  
MOTTO: NO HUMBAG.

Open Friday Nights.

## Australia's Moral Pioneers—

(Continued from Page 7.)

one coat-pocket and with the New Testament in the other, making himself equally familiar with the Mosaic law and with the later complementary code set down in the Sermon on the Mount by Jesus Christ.

Any man who so equips himself can fly. The Bible itself will become the wings of his aeroplane, and God, should he habituate himself to prayer, will provide him with reliable engines. With better engines indeed than any aeroplaning company of engineers ever constructed for so much gilt. God, also, is an engineer who understands the aeroplane-construction business. And when He provides a man with wings it is as easy for that man to fly into the Divine House of the Lord—which is far greater and more glorious than the immemorial House of Peers in England—as it is for Mr. C. J. De Garis to fly from Mildura to Western Australian.

These words are expressly written in order to give to a certain young man pause. Success in business is not enough. Flying to Western Australia and back again is not enough. I, who have seen so much of the sadness as well as of the gladness of this world—I sense the spiritual danger of flying high. Of a mere mechanical passion for flying high. Once I flew rather high myself. And when I came down I hit the earth hard. So hard, indeed, that I am still busy collecting some of the pieces even yet. Therefore it is that I stress the imperative need of all who would fly high and fly safely to be very humble: to be not ashamed of kneeling in a low place before the Almighty God. That is the way to fly in safety. And so, as man to man—as one who has flown high and fallen—I would appeal to all that is best and biggest in the soul of Clement John De Garis, urging him to lay in a full stock of the divine petrol, which can alone be purchased through humility and prayer at the great Garage which is run free gratis for the benefit of all humanity by Almighty God.

Then, again, there is the issue of direct participation in national welfare-work. Any man who wishes to fly high, and to fly safely, must play his part in that. He must remember the imperative claims of his weaker brother, and must never allow himself to become absorbed and spiritually blinded by business success. This indeed applies with special force to any one, ambitious of great things, whose personal base is fixed upon Mildura. For in that settlement lies the whole future of the Prohibition question in Australia. It was there, in that irrigation-settlement, that the first sane and deliberate social experiment in Prohibition was definitely made in Australia. And it is there, again, at the confluence of the River Murray and the Darling—it is there, again, that the Prohibition cause, betrayed and abandoned in the latter-day Mildura rush for wealth, must be vindicated again; the distilleries and licensed houses destroyed, and the high original Chaffey standard set up.

Mr. S. J. De Garis is a man whose best services are urgently needed in the Prohibition cause. The services, indeed, of all young men, no matter whether their names are known or are obscure and humble, are needed in that cause. But he, in particular, since he so largely understands the rudiments of publicity, is required to come forward and to take his rightful place in the Prohibition ranks. The A.D.F.A. as a whole should invest in the Prohibition cause. In the manufacture and distribution of dried fruits, it plays a worthy and a useful part in the building up of a truly great Australian industry. And the sooner Australia becomes a whole-hog Prohibition country, the sooner will the home-trade and general business of that industry expand.

All young men, I repeat, have much to be thankful for—C. J. De Garis perhaps above all. Before he could achieve, the Chaffey Brothers had to come to Australia from America; the journalistic McKays and the commercial Bowrings had to strive; whilst thousands of others had to save and sweat. To-day, Mildura is potentially a great town. Planned by the brothers Chaffey to become a great Australian city, it has streets that stretch away for fifteen miles far into the bush. As yet, Mildura is merely a hub. It is but the germ of the great city of the Australian interior that yet may be. Before it can become great, before Magnolia Avenue and Deakin Avenue can grow and surge with prosperity to their fore-planned limits, Mildura must retrace its steps. The proud and pure ideals of its founders must be re-established, and Mildura must aim to become the governing centre of a prosperous Australian inland State. A Prohibition State. Mildura is destined, in my opinion, to become the Kansas of Australia. It can only realise that destiny by mobilising all that is best in its own young men. When the war-call came, Mildura mobilised no less than thirteen hundred Australian soldiers, and sent them abroad. To-day the call rings pure and silver-toned once more. Wanted: An army to save Australia. A Peace Army, no longer wielding bomb and bayonet, but driving the national furrows deeper and following the plough. And to the young man Clement John De Garis, who rode into Mildura so long ago upon the steering-seat of a symbolic gang-plough of the Chaffeys, to him I would say: My friend, it is at home that opportunity awaits you. Look for the things that are lasting. In the name of God take hold of that Prohibition steering-wheel which was grasped so well by Mildura's Pioneers!

GRANT HERVEY.

Down in New Orleans, La., the house of detention is to be closed. Prohibition has reduced the average number of its inmates from 72 to three daily, and the old 100 to 120 intoxicated persons usually to be found there on Sunday and Monday mornings now seldom exceeds five, and has not reached 10 in the past six months.

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**WINNS LTD.**  
PRICES ALWAYS THE LOWEST  
18-20 OXFORD STREET SYDNEY



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.

**WON A BURSARY.**

B. Brock, Leeton, writes:—  
Dear Uncle B.,—I am afraid I am a scallywag by now, but I have been too busy to write. We have lost over half of our peach crop through the inability of the N.C. and I.C. to supply cases. I see by Saturday's paper that I have been granted a bursary, tenable at Fort-street High School, so I am busy getting ready to go down to Sydney. I must close now, with love to yourself and all "Grit" cousins.

(Dear B.,—Sorry to hear of the loss of so much of your crop; but the joy of winning a bursary will more than compensate. I and your cousins will always be pleased to hear of your future progress.—Uncle T.)

**GRAPES!**

Addie Hamilton, Spring Valley, Wallace-town, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—My birthday is on the 28th December, and I will send my photo, as soon as possible. We had a lot of fruit, but it is nearly all gone now. We were giving grapes away to our neighbors nearby every day, but they are just about finished now. Well, Uncle, I hope you had nice holidays, because I did, and am still having them, because we have no way of going, and it is too far to walk; it is four miles. I am glad, in a way, I am not going to school, because my mate is away on holidays. Well, Uncle, as it is nearly mail time, I will have to go, so good-bye for this time.

(Dear Addie,—What a lot of people I know would liked to have been your neighbors when the grapes were on. I am pleased to know that your holidays passed happily.—Uncle T.)

**A NEW NI.**

Werna Collingwood, Concord, writes:—  
Dear Uncle B.,—I would like very much to become one of your Ni's. My birthday is on the 14th March, and it is to-morrow, and I will be nine years of age. I go to the Methodist Sunday school and the Concord public school. I went to Lower Portland during our holidays. With best wishes to "Grit," yourself, and my new cousins.

(Dear Werna,—I welcome you to the "Grit" family circle. You must beware of

the scallywag list by writing regularly, being obedient, attentive, and kind to all who are your teachers.—Uncle T.)

**A BAD TIME.**

Mabel Binks, "Fern Bank," Cambewarra, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I think I must be on the scallywag list by now; but if you will cross my name off I will promise to write more regular. The Governor came to Nowra today and then went on to Jervis Bay, where the big boats are having gun practice. We all have the whooping cough, and I can tell you it isn't very nice, but we are all getting better now. We can't go to school for six weeks while we have got it. Well, this is all the news this time, with love to all "Grit" cousins and yourself, from your loving Ni.

(Dear Mabel,—I am very sorry to hear that you all have had the whooping cough. I know what it is, and how distressing it is. However, we all hope you and yours will soon recover. You are forgiven.—Uncle T.)

**A NEW NE.**

Selwyn King, "Woodside," Waverley, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Will you kindly accept me as a new member of your family? I am seven years of age and was born on August 5. I attend the Clovelly Public School, and go to St. Luke's Sunday school. When I am eight years of age I am going to join the Rechabites at St. Luke's. We used to live at Kurrajong, and have only been at Clovelly for a few months, but we like the place very well. With best wishes.

(Dear Selwyn,—You are welcome to the "Grit" family, and I know that if you become a good Rechabite you must also be a sturdy "Gritite." Write regularly.—Uncle T.)

**STILL RISING.**

Dorothy Frowley, St. Kilda, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I think it is time I wrote to you again. I have been put up to the eighth grade at school. I am having a birthday party on Saturday. It has been very cold and dusty to-day. They are going to have one of the windows in the church darkened in memory of the soldiers who fell in the war. About a fortnight ago we went to see the Governor-General arrive at the St. Kilda pier. Just before he came the cannon went off 17 times. Our garden is looking nice just at present. I went down to Luna Park on Friday, and when you go in you pass a good number of looking-glasses; one makes you fat and another skinny, and so on. It is very funny to look in them. Then there are slides and racehorses and other things there. There is no more news at present, so I will close now. With love to all "Grit" cousins and yourself.

(Dear Dorothy,—I am always pleased to hear of the progress of my Ne's and Ni's, and endeavor to inspire them to greater efforts, not only for personal benefits, but to bring blessings to others. That is the real joy.—Uncle T.)

**A HOME WORKER.**

Myrtle Green, Dural, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I suppose I had better write to you again, unless I want to be on that awful scallywag list. I have left school now and am helping at home. We have been very busy making jams and preserves and pulling fruit. We have been sending in over forty boxes of passion fruit a week. On February 12 we went to the Castle Hill Show, and had an enjoyable time and a long wait for the coach; we waited from 4 o'clock till 9 o'clock, and when we got home it was after 10 o'clock. Well, Uncle, we are having a terrible lot of rain. I was sorry to hear of Mr. Marion's death. He was such a great temperance worker, and will be missed greatly by Prohibition workers. I hope you will like my brother's photo; it was taken in our backyard by my cousin. Next time she comes up I will ask her to take me by myself. I have two or three photos of myself, but they are all in groups. With love and best wishes to all "Grit" cousins and yourself, also Uncle T.

(Dear Myrtle,—I congratulate you on your progress from a scholar to a home worker. The photo is O.K. We will always be pleased to hear from you.—Uncle T.)

**A GROWING TOWNSHIP.**

Noel George Weaver, "Weavers," Maroota, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I hope you are as well as I am. You cannot imagine my pleasure when seeing my letter in "Grit." Maroota is growing immensely. There are a lot of passion plantations and orange orchards in Maroota. There are a good lot of fowls in Maroota. Dad has got about 140 or 150 hens and two roosters and four little chicks. I have a bicycle, and I like riding, so it is very useful at times. We are getting a hall built for dancing and amusement. I have a little brother who is nine years old, and is as full of fun as a young kitten. Love to all "Grit" cousins and yourself.

(Dear Noel,—Your pleasure is mine also. As you grow up with the township, always strive to live that Maroota will be benefited by your having been in it.—Uncle T.)

**PASS "GRIT" ON**

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## First Impressions of Hell—

(Continued from Page 9.)

quiet palms to stir their pendent fronds beneath the moonlight, and I followed the gleam. Into a crowded hall I followed it, standing first at the doorway, which gave upon the hall immediately in front of a curtained platform, and I saw a Man—a man, weary-eyed, and almost shabby in raiment—a man in a clergyman's collar, but with the unclerical voice and gestures of a human piledriver—confronting one hundred and fifty exploded human bombs.

Bombs!

Human shards with the souls shot out of them, piled around the foot of the Liquor Cross. Row on row, they sat there! Ah, the unspeakable solemn tragedy of those faces—the collective Face of all humanity blown asunder; the Face of a whole exploded epoch come to judgment, facing one sad and brave, heroic Man.

"You say that you have no money," I heard him say. "And neither have I, except from day to day. But there is always money enough in the world to go square, my friends, even if there isn't enough to go round. If God raises the cup of success to a man's lips, what price does He exact for it? He makes him sweat blood. He gives him a Cross to agonise upon, if his success is to be lasting and to be real. And so, men, so far as I can see, we have earned success, you and I, tonight, in every sense of the word. You are upon the Cross—upon the sad and bad and bitter Cross of the world's indifference to your suffering—and so am I. What binds us together here? Is it not the throb of our common suffering? Trying to go square, as we are all trying, are we not bound together in this pitiful and God-appealing Brotherhood? Bound by every Christ-like, splashing tear throughout the world that is falling inward—splashing into the silent depths of the human heart?"

There was a chair empty, at this Man's left hand.

I advanced towards that chair, unasked and uninvited, and I sat down. And from the little wooden table, whilst the Man went on speaking I took up a little Testament—the Twentieth Century New Testament—and it fell open automatically at the second chapter of Mark.

"Some days later," the first verse of that chapter said, "when Jesus came back to Capernaum the news spread that he was in a house there. And so many people collected together that after a while there was no room for them even round the door. And He began to tell them His Message. And some people came, bringing to him a paralysed man, who

was being carried by four bearers. Being, however, unable to get him near to Jesus, owing to the crowd, they removed the roofing below which Jesus was. And when they had made an opening they let down the mat on which the paralysed man was lying. When Jesus saw their faith, he said to the man:

"Child, your sins are forgiven."

As I read that, I heard the voice of the Man go on:

"My friends, when a man falls in love with God after thirty he falls with a jolt that you can hear for about nine city blocks. He makes a row about it, I want to tell you, that can be heard all the way from the University buildings to Circular Quay. And, maybe, there is some man here who has fallen in love with God to-night. Maybe there is some man who, even if he hasn't got enough money to go round, has yet found enough will and courage to go square. And if so, I want that man to get up and speak. I want him to start in, square with God and with all humanity, and to say to the rest of us men just how it is with him, so that our hearts may go out to him in loving sympathy, and that we may help God to lever him up by thrusting our own strong and manly prayers beneath his loyal soul!"

I quivered.

"The weak joint!" he went on. "The weak joint that is hidden within every one of us—hitherto the Devil has found it, and has made use of it, to our own undoing, but now we want to turn the Devil out. Any man, then! Is there any man here to tell us how the Devil has treated him? Can any man speak? Is there any man, freshly fallen in love with God, who wants to speak a word to make the angels shout?"

Still quivering within in every leaping nerve, I saw a man get up. A man with an eagle face he was—a strong man, vigorous and powerful, but with the long marks of ten thousand Devil's clawings upon his mouth and brow. And yet the thing significant about that man was strength. Human, bull-like strength, I thought, masking a crippled soul that falls and stumbles into a thousand pits of weakness—a man whose life is one long damnation to himself and to all humanity, because his weakness telescopes his strength at almost any instant; and because his soul is blown asunder and has no central strength.

The man spoke. And upon my heart his voice fell like the hand of a harper, thrilling my soul with a deep celestial music and with the glory of a song, self-singing in the brain, that comes from far away.

"Men!" he cried out. "You know who I am—D.C., formerly a publican in George-st. He says"—and here the eagle-faced, strong harper jerked one thumb towards the bowing, weary Man—"he says that if God raises the cup of success to a man's lips, He makes him sweat blood. Well, what does the Devil make you pay when he raises the bitter cup of failure to your lips instead? I know! He took me out of my pub., and he put a swag upon my back, and he made me a homeless, hopeless wanderer upon the face of the earth.

Into my bar, when I had a bar, I saw the gifted come—I saw the sons and daughters of genius! And how did they fare? Up and down the earth they went, as you and I are going—broken and homeless to-night. Men! Falling in love with God isn't enough, unless you make up your mind to fall out for all eternity with the Devil. No man can serve two masters. Here am I, looking for a gospel that will get under my skin and burn—not a Bible wrapped in moth-balls and put away in a parlor. And I ask you all to pray for me, D.C., and to ask God to help me arise and be a man, reconstructed from the ruins of a Devil-shattered soul."

With his head bowed between his hands, the Man sat at the table. A strong, lean, and muscular man he was, this parson. But he had the sad, weary, psychic eyes, when he looked up, of a man of many sorrows, and of one acquainted with grief. Suddenly he leapt up, with flashing eyes. It was just exactly as if a great electric current had been turned on, spiritually charging and reinvigorating the whole Man.

"Pray!" he cried. "Let us all pray for this poor, brave, heroic, foolish man—for the soul that was once D.C.—and let us ask God to help that soul, done with the Devil's service, that is yearning now to arise!"

We prayed.

Down upon our knees we fell, the outcast and the broken, and we prayed for Dan. A block away the flashing lights of a picture show were shining, and all George-street was illuminated from end to end with glittering trade and pleasure devices; but here there was a deep and a soft and a pure Light shining—the Light that burns on the current that comes from Jesus Christ, and whose carbon-points are the quivering chords of a human soul.

"For all men!" the Man entreated. "Lord God Almighty, look down on all poor men who are trying to follow the example of D.C. Help them to get up! And if there be another man here, sick of the bitter Cup of Failure, help him when we arise. Give him courage to unpack that swag of troubles that he carries upon his back. Help him to speak!"

And when I heard that I knew that it was my call. I saw God, throwing all His weight upon my spirit as upon a crowbar. And He gave me strength to speak.

"Men! The Bible is a fake," I said grasping the open Testament in my hand. "At some

(Continued on Page 16.)

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**WAS A CHRONIC BORROWER.**

Two Columbus people, a man and a woman, neighbors, are telling this story, with slight variations, each as if it were a good joke on the other, when in fact it is a good joke on both of them.

One evening not long before Bacchus was sent to his grave in these parts, the man came home early in the evening, but seventeen sheets in the wind. He negotiated the steps to his front porch on his hands and knees. Finally when he reached the top he fished his keys from his hip pocket without much difficulty, but the keyhole, of course, could not be found.

After several attempts to locate it, in which he failed miserably, he happened to look over his shoulder and discovered the woman next door watching him.

"Wash you wan?" he demanded.

"I don't want anything," she replied, but didn't go away.

The man made another prolonged attempt to find the keyhole, but being again unsuccessful turned around in disgust and asked the neighbor if she had borrowed the keyhole.

"Of course not. I don't know anything about your keyhole except that you can't find it," said she.

"Well, you've borrowed everyshing elsh 'at we got, sho I thought maybe you borrowed our keyhole," came the reply.

After that the woman waited no longer to see what success her neighbor had in gaining access to his home.

\* \* \*

**REASONABLE REQUEST.**

Boy Scout (to night guard): "Halt! Who comes here?"

"Officer of the day."

"Advance, officer of the day, and explain what you are doing out at night."

**NOT ALWAYS.**

"Mother," asked Tommy, "do fairy tales always begin with 'Once upon a time'?"

"No, dear, not always; they sometimes begin with 'My love, I missed my train again.'"

\* \* \*

**NO INSINUATION.**

"And will one collar be sufficient, madam?" asked the haberdasher, politely.

"Young man," replied his untidy customer sternly, "do you insinervate as 'ow I 'ave more than one 'usbin'?"

\* \* \*

**A SURE THING.**

The workman was digging. The wayfarer of the inquisitive turn of mind stopped for a moment to look on.

"My man," said the wayfarer at length, "what are you digging for?"

The workman looked up. "Money," he replied.

"Money!" ejaculated the amazed wayfarer. "And when do you expect to strike it?"

"On Saturday," replied the workman, as he resumed operations.

\* \* \*

**APPRECIATIVE.**

"How wonderful it is to see the sun sink down to rest upon the sea!"

"Yes, isn't it? A fellow could sit here and watch it all night."

\* \* \*

**SPOILING HIS SPEECH.**

He was spouting with great vigor against corporal punishment for boys, which he declared never did any good. "Take my own case," he exclaimed. "I was never caned but once in my life, and that was for speaking the truth."

"Well," retorted somebody in the audience, "it cured you."

Mistress —

Mary, your kitchen is a picture!

However do you get everything so spotlessly clean & bright?



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

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RELIABLE JEWELLERY, WATCHES  
AND SILVERWARE



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DRINK

**KING TEA**  
THE NEW CEYLON

ONE QUALITY—THE BEST

## An Englishman Convinced—

(Continued from Page 6.)

### LOSING THE POWER OF RIGHTEOUS INDIGNATION.

In Sydney recently, the chairman concluded, things had been done by Europeans, under the influence of liquor, that if done by negroes in America would have led to lynchings and the lash. Yet Sydney took no notice. Both morally and physiologically, there was a grave lesson here. In any hospital a doctor always knew that a noisy patient was alright and needed but routine attention. It was the absolutely silent patient, however—the man or woman who lay in utter quietness, past feeling, never stirring a finger—who gave the keen and vigilant surgeon cause for deep concern. So, then, they saw—and indeed all men would see if they were wise—the true condition of unshockable Sydney. It was a sign that the whole condition of Australia's greatest city, in point of population, was very grave. The N.S.W. Alliance was a body, organised, even as in war-time special medical and surgical services were organised, to aid and succor that imperilled patient, and bring the city of Sydney back to moral health and a right use of all the faculties of lusty life. (Applause.) At present their chief weapon was the power of righteous indignation. That power was one of the most priceless possessions of the race. What greater power, other than continuous and intensive education, could they hope to have? In England, and indeed in Europe generally, Professor Goode had a magnificent record as a worker for the cause of education. Therefore, he was welcome. He was most emphatically welcome, indeed. And if he—their guest—could make any of those present feel uncomfortable or uneasy concerning the national-liquor-slavery of Australia, that would undoubtedly be a most splendid achievement, placed to the lasting credit of Professor Goode. (Great applause).

#### PROFESSOR GOODE.

Tersely and briefly, the Professor acknowledged the value of this magnificent opportunity of meeting a representative gathering of Sydney business men. Before such men, who were truly capable of exercising the faculties of analysis as well as those of appreciation, he intended, on that occasion, to submit the case for Russia under two points. Under the first he would deal with the

general effects of Prohibition in Northern Europe generally, as well as in Russia. Under the second he would come down to plain business terms, and would attempt to show them what Australia was losing through lack of proper trading and cultural facilities with Russia to-day.

Stupid prejudice, in the first place, with regard to the effects of Prohibition or any other social experiment in Russia, would have to be swept away. Prohibition in Finland, alone, quite outside of Bolshevikian Russia, afforded a signal lesson to the world. Most northern nations, as a general thing, owing partly to climate, but far more so to malnutrition and bad social conditions, were hard drinkers. And the Finns, as a people generally, prior to the enforcement of Prohibition in 1919, had an unenviable reputation—not wholly true, since it was unfair to condemn a whole nation on account of the excesses of certain classes—as being one of the most drunken nations extant. In that land, they had to remember, the people enjoyed but three short months of summer. All the rest of the year, approximately speaking, and from an Australian climatic point of view, was emphatic winter. Consequently they had a people there fiercely passionate and given to intoxication, of which the drunken Finnish sailor—wielding the knife with a will to slaughter—was to too large an extent the accepted pattern in all the seaports of the earth.

#### THE STIRRING OF A NATIONAL CONSCIENCE.

But there was a scientific and a cultured Finland also, Professor Goode continued. There was a national conscience that had stood at the bedside of silent Finland, to employ Mr. Hammond's striking simile, and which had fully diagnosed the alarming inroads made into the moral and physical fabric of Finland by the national alcoholic disease. So they had decided to cut it out. (Hear, hear). That was the best move for progress that Finland had ever made. Just after leaving Finland, he personally had received fullest confirmation of his own personal impression that in Finland, as elsewhere, Prohibition was working well. Certainly, within a few short months, they could not hope, anywhere, to sweep away the effects of liquor, as inflicted upon generation after generation. But they could prepare the way. (Applause.) Shebeens and sly-drink shops in Finland, he was aware, had certainly sprung

up. In a country two-thirds forest and one-third lake, and with a malignant liquor interest striving for survival, it would be a marvel if such phenomena did not. But all that would die out. Everywhere that comes First, the despairing appearance of the shebeen and the illegal liquor-importer, and then the defensive stirring of the national conscience, eager to maintain the benefits that it had won. (Applause).

(Continued on page 15.)

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## An Englishman Convinced—

(Continued from Page 14.)

### THE ONE ESSENTIAL TO PROGRESS.

In the working of the Prohibition law, then, he saw the one prospect for the advance of Finland—the one chance that that country had of getting back to where it had stood in all cultural and humanitarian matters, in 1914. The effects of the world-war had made that law an imperative national necessity in Finland, if Finnish life and character were to survive. So, in approaching the study of the effects of Prohibition in Russia they had to be vigilant, clearly understanding the pre-revolutionary part played by the liquor business, as monopolised and exploited by the Imperial Russian Crown.

Prior to the signing of the Tsarist rescript, there had existed under the old regime a complete vodka monopoly. In certain districts the Crown had farmed that out. But in all districts throughout Great Russia the sale of alcohol had been pushed by the Crown. The articles of Dr. Anton Goldschmidt, published in "Soviet Russia"—an authoritative magazine, printed in New York—were worth studying in connection with that. Briefly, under the old regime, until the war-pressure forced the Tsarist Government into prohibitional action, the revenue-getting value of alcohol was politically predominant. Hence the crash. Alcohol was something more than king—it was the real Tsar. Throughout Russia the peasant could not get away from it. It was held to be his duty to become its slave. As a consequence, direct and unescapable, the social conditions in Russia, before the general upheaval, were very bad. He, himself,—Professor Goode—had been a continuous visitor to Russia since 1907. And he could say, definitely, as one with some perspective upon the development of Russia, that without Prohibition there would have been no hope whatever of raising the Russian people out of the slough of despond. (Applause).

### A NATIONAL CUSTOM.

They had, in all these questions, to remember the particular habits of the people. Not only were the Russians great drinkers, but they were also great eaters. It was the custom there before a sit-down meal began in earnest to partake of a stand-up meal in which huge quantities of food and liquor were personally stored. He had seen an Englishman, unacquainted with the customs of the country, make the mistake of regarding

this zakouskha ceremony as the real repast, and so, when conducted subsequently to the table, prove incapable of eating or drinking anything at all. But the Russian, when he ate and drank at zakouskha, was simply getting ready for a real eat. He did not know whether Australians were like that at all. (Laughter and applause).

The fact, however, had value. It clearly showed how important it was, in criticising the actions of any race, to look closely into its customs. And so, if they would look deeply they would discover how intense the Russian feeling must have been upon the question of Prohibition—the real, internal national moral feeling that is—before such sweeping changes could be made. To-day, Russia stands dry. The Tsarist rescript, thank God—the Tsar's own historic order abolishing the sale of liquor—had never been taken away. Critics of the Bolsheviks, who imputed to Messrs. Lenin and Trotsky all sorts of imaginary horrors, would do well to remember that.

### DRUNKENNESS GONE.

"To-day," concluded Professor Goode, "all Russia, in so far as I know it, is under the Prohibition sway. All other competent critics, also, with regard to conditions at the south and west and north, pronounce the same opinion. Prohibition is enforced by the Soviet Government there, as well as at the centre. There is a "drought" on in Russia—an alcoholic drought, I mean—to make all thoughtful Australians sit up. Drink is not to be got. I never saw one solitary drunken man or woman during my recent visit to Russia. There is simply no evidence visible there of the use of drink at all. I regret that I cannot say so much with regard to any of my visits to Russia prior to 1917. On those visits I saw the alcoholic slavery of Russia at its worst. But all that was five or six years ago. To-day it is gone. Changing habits are visible upon the part of all the workers and peasants. No longer are they wallowing in the depths. Intellectually, spiritually and morally they have been tremendously improved by the conditions of alcoholic drought. All that, of course, has offered tremendous facilities for all efforts to uplift the people. To-day, the Russian brings to the consideration of national affairs a clear and a sane mind. The peasant, with his eyes brightened, and with his soul once more alive, is able to decide for himself what is best for Russia. Lenin and Trotsky know that, and so they enforce Prohibition everywhere. Why not, since it gives free action to the national mind? Having seen great Russia, both before and after, and having looked most closely into the depths, I affirm distinctly that I am myself a convinced Prohibitionist. And I see no reason, as I have intimated before, why Prohibition in and for Australia should not revivify and promote the clearer action of the national mind." (Great applause).

## Big City Prison Goes Under Auction Hammer.

An ordinance was drafted recently by City Attorney-elect Charles A. Leach, of Columbus, Ohio, at the request of Councilman Westlake, authorising the Board of Purchase to advertise for bids for the old city prison. The ordinance will be introduced in the council at an early date. The building was abandoned last August, when the city prison and workhouse were combined. Since then it has been used only by telephone operators in the division of police. At the time the city prison and workhouse were combined, it was announced that Prohibition had so decreased the population of the two institutions that it was a matter of economy to combine them.

## "Gipsy Smith's" Impressions.

Captain Gipsy Smith, the evangelist, who has just returned from a 12 months' tour of over 40,000 miles in the United States and Canada, gave some impressions of America.

Dealing with Prohibition, Captain Smith said that a year ago he very much questioned its effect, but his opinion now was that Prohibition in America was a real success. Instead of there being three prisons in three States, there was now only one for those States. The Rescue Mission in New York City, which dealt only with drunkards, was about to be closed, because it had now no work to do.

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## First Impressions of Hell—

(Continued from Page 12.)

stage or other in his life we have all of us said that. You have said it, and I have said it. With all the elemental rage and fury of some bitter disappointment boiling up within us, we have denounced the Bible and have said it is not true. Now, here am I, come fresh from jail to say that it is true that the Bible has burst asunder; but it has burst as a seed bursts—in order to thrust forth roots, and in order to send up the soul of poor D.C. like a blade of tender green that seeks the light.

"The Bible burst? Yes, my mates, the living Bible has burst asunder, and this Mission, also, is like a green shoot that springs from God's eternal heart.

"Listen!

"If any man doubt whether the Bible be true, let him turn to the first verse of the second chapter of Mark. There is a story there of four men who wanted to carry a paralysed man into the presence of Jesus Christ. But they couldn't get in. There was too big a crowd around the doorway, hanging on every word that fell from the lips of Christ. So what did they do? Mates, they got up on top of that house. They tore the very roof off that blessed house in Capernaum, and they let down that broken man upon a mat.

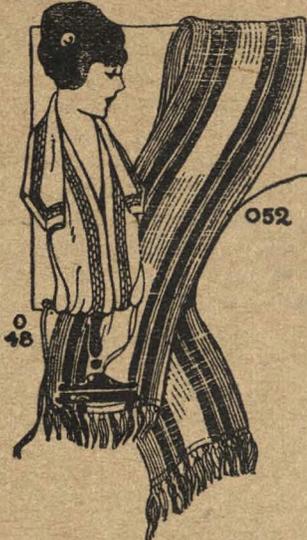
"Men! That is where the Bible bursts for me. That is where the tender blade of Truth comes up, green and pure and beautiful. And that is what I would do, and what you would do, in Sydney to-night. We join together in sad and yet glad and happy, sacramental prayer—we gather together, some haphazard and some by intention, to tear the roof off this crowded city, and to let down our own broken and paralysed souls into the presence of Jesus Christ. Off with it! What are all the glittering things of the street but walls and roofs and curtains, hiding the suffering souls behind? Here, we act like the four poor men of Capernaum—we strip off the roof. The Bible is bursting! In this very act and instance, as we send up the tender faith-shoots of our souls towards the Almighty, the Bible is bursting asunder: spiritual life appears, and throbs and grows within us, and it is precisely because the Bible bursts like this, and at this spot, where it tells the immortal story of Capernaum, that I know, as a man of sense, albeit come to-night from jail, that the Bible is everlastingly true."

The Man listened. The vision of a lonely soul, as of a solitary tree growing in a rocky place in all the golden glory of its wattle-bloom, moved him to tenderness mingled with awe: even as in the presence of a little child we are moved to know that such beauty returns to the earth at each season of the spring. He himself—he had the heart, the appreciation, the seership of a poet—and when he sprang up, with shining eyes, I knew that the parson understood me: that he, too, believed in an ever-bursting Bible, and had the spirit of my thought.

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hearts and evil consciences before Him! Tear off the roof—the reeking shard or covering or lies beneath which you quake and tremble! Do this, and you will do something more than see the Bible burst asunder. You will find Hope springing, and Faith springing, and Love emerging! Thrusting out from the undying Heart of God you will find all green and blady things that make a joy and a fragrance, and you will find God's harvest growing upwards out of the riven Bible into your soul's fresh life."

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