

Grit.

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Twopence.

SYDNEY, MAY 5, 1921.

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"DRINK IS DIRECTLY RESPONSIBLE FOR EIGHT OF THE NINE MURDER CHARGES AT PRESENT AWAITING TRIAL — AND INDIRECTLY, FOR THE NINTH —."

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Children Thrive as Liquor Goes
LARGE DECREASE IN COMPLAINTS IN CHICAGO.

In spite of the crime wave that has swept this city, Prohibition has resulted in a vast decrease in the number of families with children requiring the attention of the courts, according to Albert E. Walker, acting superintendent of the Juvenile Protective Association, in submitting his annual report.

Complaints against fathers and mothers fell off 74 per cent. during the year, Mr. Walker reported, while prosecutions for non-support were one-fifth fewer. Complaints of disorderly conduct were about half, while no complaints were received of drug addicts. In all, Mr. Walker reported that there has been noted a decided improvement in conditions affecting children since Prohibition went into effect.

The report, in part, is as follows:—

"In view of the practical anarchy that has prevailed this year in reference to the liquor business, there was some question as to whether the gains noted would be sustained or only temporary. It is a matter of considerable interest, therefore, to be able to report that in spite of the general lawlessness that has existed, even nominal Prohibition has resulted in decided improvement in certain conditions affecting children.

FEWER COMPLAINTS.

"These changes here are briefly stated:—

"First: Complaints of adults contributing to the delinquency or dependency of children on account of liquor decreased 74 per cent. Two years ago there were 443 of these cases; last year there were only 112. The first half of the year was more favorable than the last half, for during the last six months 72 complaints were received.

"Assuming that there was an average of four children to each family, this means that there were over 1300 whose parents presumably gave them proper care, but who, under former circumstances, would have been subjected to such mistreatment or neglect in the home as to need protection from an outside agency.

"If a partial enforcement of the Prohibition law could produce so favorable an effect on family life, a genuine attempt at law enforcement would without doubt be of inestimable value in providing that home environment and care to which every child has a right.

BETTER CARE FOR FAMILIES.

"Second: Prosecutions for non-support de-

creased 20 per cent. Even during prosperous seasons, when employment is steady and wages are good, intemperance has always resulted in many prosecutions for non-support. Last year there were only 40 of these cases. With real law enforcement this number would be radically reduced.

"Third: Adult delinquency, which includes every aspect of mature misconduct menacing children, decreased about 6 per cent.;

"SOUND THE WARNING, TOM, that other girls may be saved"

Those were the last words of Prof. Faulkner's beautiful sister who died at the tender age of 18, a victim of dance-hall lust.

It was in obedience to her death-bed request that Mr. Faulkner gave up his career as a dancing master and wrote his famous books against the dance, now reaching millions in circulation.

This originator of many modern dances now believes the dance to be the worst evil that invades the home, the church, and the lives of our young people.

This book is endorsed by the WORLD'S PURITY FEDERATION, and by most eminent Leaders in Social Reform. The most valuable and authoritative book yet published on the dance evil.

The Australasian edition of THE LURE OF THE DANCE includes a chapter on The Dance in Australasia, to be ready in May.

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the respective figures are 1466 and 1380. When one recalls that this list embraces almost all crimes, some of which would be little affected by intemperance, a decrease of 6 per cent. in one year is not without significance.

"Fourth: Complaints of disorderly conduct decreased about 50 per cent. In this familiar category are often placed persons whose actions are occasioned by intemperance.

NO BAD AFTER EFFECTS.

"Fifth: The association has not noted any of the disastrous mental effects of Prohibition which were so freely predicted by certain individuals. On the contrary, complaints involving insanity dropped nearly 60 per cent.—from 56 to 30 cases.

"Sixth: No complaints of drug addicts were received this year."—The N.Y. "Evening Mail," December 9, 1920.



Fill in and cut out this COUPON TO-DAY.

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Please send me a copy of THE LURE OF THE DANCE, for which I enclose 2/9.*
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*If you will send us the names and addresses of ten persons you think would, or should, be interested in this book we will send it for 2/6 post paid.

"Grit."

ECHOES from EVERYWHERE

THE AUSTRALIAN CRICKETERS.

Mr. Sidney Smith, manager of the team, says that with two exceptions the team on its way to England were teetotallers, and one of the two so rarely touched liquor that he was practically a teetotaller.

PITTSBURG CRIME CUT IN TWO BY PROHIBITION.

Only half as many persons were incarcerated in the county jail, Pittsburg, during 1920, the first full year of constitutional Prohibition, as during 1918, the last full year of license, according to the annual report of Warden Edwin Lewis.

During 1920 there were 4721 prisoners committed to the jail, while during 1918 there were 14,684; while in 1919, which was half wet and half dry, there were 10,588 persons housed in the jail. According to Warden Lewis, if the present rate of decrease continues the county commissioners will be able to have a large section of the jail remodelled and used for other purposes.

THE PARSON AND HIS PAY.

When one considers the work of the ministers of religion it becomes plain beyond argument that they are as a rule grossly underpaid.

There is a utilitarian class of person who regards the man who produces shoes or wheat or jam, who lays brick upon brick or rivets iron plate to iron plate as the only one who matters—the one producer.

This type of materialist cannot see that the man who produces thought and brotherly feeling, and lays precept upon example to build character, is really a far more important factor in the progress of mankind. A good loaf of bread is a basic necessity for our bodies, but a great ideal, a beautiful and arresting thought is a heritage to all mankind. The thinker, the poet, the philosopher, the artist, and the ethical teacher are working not for the material benefit of this generation, but for the eternal progress of the human race, and it is a shortsighted and purblind view which denies them their value as producers.

The history of mankind is full of the names of great divines, philosophers and artists of all periods, periods from which the baker and the bricklayer do not survive.

The parson of most denominations is, as a general rule, a highly educated man, a University graduate. In small towns and villages he is often the only ethical rallying point. Whether a man is a church-goer or not, whether he believes in the spiritual dogma of the parson, or disbelieves, he must believe in the ethical side. In our primary schools this is not systematically taught. Practically all man's duty to his brother is taught by the parson. To some this appears even more important than the geometry taught in school. To some it is of more value to know the golden rule than to know that the square of the hypotenuse of a right-angled triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two sides.

When you come to consider it—it is of infinitely more value.

Let us not, then, in assessing the value of an educated, unselfish, and hardworking minister of religion, forget this fact, and forget that he is the man upon whom the teaching of this rule primarily rests. He is there to remind mankind always of kindness and charity and hope, and he does that work as a rule in a very efficient manner.

To churchgoers and non-churchgoers the parson is an asset. He helps to make a better world of it, and to those who are too sorely tried to see the beauty of this world he teaches resignation and hope.

It is really, therefore, a big work that he does, and he is entitled to see that his wife and children live as comfortably as those of the manual laborer. More he does not ask, being as a rule of those blessed people who are content with little.—Sydney "Sun," 23/4/21.

WEST AUSTRALIA.

Local Option Poll This Month.

A local option poll with peculiar conditions is to be taken in West Australia on April 30. There are seventeen different kinds of licenses granted in the State, but only five of them (viz., those under which liquor is sold by the glass) are to be submitted to the will of the electors. Those subject to the vote are publicans' general, hotel, way-side house, Australian wine and beer, and Australian wine licenses. Those exempt are: Wine bottle, railway refreshment room, railway refreshment car, spirit merchant, two-gallon, gallon, eating-house, club, State hotels, occasional, temporary, and packet licenses. Thus it is only possible to close 685 out of a total of 1585 licensed premises by the coming poll. And these can only be closed by No-License securing a three-fifths majority over Continuance, Increase and Reduction, and 30 per cent. of all electors on the roll.

PERKINS' BREWERY PROFITS.

The 28th annual balance sheet of Perkins

and Co., Ltd. (brewers of Queensland), which is to be submitted to a meeting of shareholders on April 27, shows that for the 12 months ended February 28 the company made a net profit of £27,441/0/5. An interim dividend at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum for the first half of the year, together with duty, absorbed £9915/17/11, leaving a balance of £17,525/2/6. The directors recommend that £500 be allocated to the cash suspense account; £500 to the employees' benefit fund; £1000 to the credit of the Too-woomba barley and malt insurance suspense account, to declare a dividend at the rate of 8 per cent. per annum for the half-year ended April 28, and to transfer the balance to the credit of the rest account.

DRUNKENNESS IN W.A.

The report of Commissioner Connell, Head of Police in W.A., gives the following figures under drunkenness and offences attributable to drunkenness:

1917: Charges, 5759; 46.63 of offences in all classes.

1918: Charges, 5101; 43.25 of offences in all classes.

1919: Charges, 5101; 43.25 of offences in all classes.

1920: Charges, 4457; 44.73 of offences in all classes.

Nearly one-half of all offences heard in the police courts are connected with drunkenness, as testified by the Commissioner's report; this continues without protest. When the result is murder, or material damage, some allusion may follow and pious regret be heard. Soon forgotten by a newer woe, except by those whose hurt is beyond healing or repair. Well, the monster has paid its license fee. And those who suffer may suffer. Liquor lust is nerveless, and feels no pain.

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New South Wales Alliance

Offices—Macdonell House, Pitt Street, Sydney.
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'Phones: General Offices, City 157; Organising and Public Meeting Dept., City 3944.

FIELD DAY APPOINTMENTS.

Sunday, May 8:

- 7 p.m.—St. Stephens Newtown.
Rev. H. Begbie.
11 a.m.—Tempe Anglican Mission.
7.15 p.m.—St. Peters Church of England.
Mr. Francis Wilson.
7.15 p.m.—Congregational Church, Stan-
more. Rev. H. Allen Job.
7 p.m.—Methodist Church, Newtown.
Rev. F. C. Middleton.
7 p.m.—Tabernacle, Enmore.
Mr. T. E. Shonk.
11 p.m.—Methodist Church, Camdenville.
4 p.m.—Men's Meeting, Christ Church,
Enmore.
7 p.m.—Christ Church, Enmore.
Mr. W. D. B. Creagh.
7 p.m.—St. Peters Methodist.
7 p.m.—Ersleville Methodist.
Rev. Thos. Davies.

Friday, May 6, 8 p.m.:

Open Air Demonstrations—near New-
town Bridge and at Enmore Terminus.

Saturday, May 7, 3 p.m.:

C.E. Rally, Chatswood Town Hall.
Mr. T. E. Shonk.

Monday, May 9, 8 p.m.:

Croydon Park Branch, Annual Meeting.
Mr. F. C. Middleton.
Newtown Workers' Meeting.
Mr. Francis Wilson.
Enmore Workers' Meeting.
Mr. H. A. Job.
Bourke-street Congregational Band of
Hope. Mr. T. E. Shonk.

ON THE PLATFORM.

Our speakers spent the last week-end amongst the farmers along the Orange-Forbes line and at Blayney. There were some inspiring meetings, and many signs of solid interest in Prohibition. There were, too, experiences that depressed.

Blayney was cold—temperature low, and interest very apathetic. Canon Harris and some other friends, however, were warm-hearted, and stood by Mr. Shonk to his encouragement.

Molong was interested in Mr. Butler's presentation of the case. Mr. Crowley was a host in himself, and Mr. Glasson the essence of good fellowship.

Mr. Job and Mr. Creagh had a fine time at Parkes. The churches were hearty in their co-operation, and Miss Bowditch showed what could be done by enthusiastic help. At his evening meeting in the Salvation Army Hall Mr. Creagh was thoroughly happy. He had a big audience, including several drunks. The meeting reached a great point when two young "diggers" came up to the penitent form. So long as he can beat the devil, Mr. Creagh is quite satisfied.

Mr. Francis Wilson and Mr. Marsh Little spent the week-end at Forbes, with good results. Other centres outside were also visited. Workers are feeling more confident and ready for bigger efforts.

AMONGST WORKERS.

The disappointment experienced by workers as the result of the Government's action in cancelling the Referendum is gradually giving place to a revival of interest in the work of organisation and education. Several committees have reorganised to meet the new set of circumstances, and are giving special attention to work amongst young people. This is going to be most valuable in the building up of a healthier sentiment against the liquor traffic. The importance of it is urged upon others.

Educational meetings in association with quarterly meetings of the branches are also being planned, and the services of the Alliance staff availed of for addresses upon the nature, history, and effects of alcohol, and the history of Prohibition. Mr. Allen Job is specialising in this work, and appointments can be made for him, or any other speaker.

Workers are urged to a warm interest in the Annual Meeting and Convention, May 12-13. This has a particular importance under present conditions, and the programme will make it specially interesting.

Then there is the Family Picnic at Nielsen Park on Saturday afternoon, May 14. This should be the happiest item in a programme of good things. Bring your picnic basket, and bring your friends.

In addition to those who will represent the metropolitan branches, delegates already have been appointed from Glen Innes, Lithgow, the North Coast Temperance Council, Inverell, and other country centres. More are coming.

LIQUOR LICENSES.

The number of applications for wholesale liquor licenses continues to increase. This new activity on the part of the trade is being met by an activity on the part of the Alliance, which has already achieved a measure of success. Whether the technicalities of the law will be too big a difficulty yet remains to be proved.

Friends everywhere are urged to greater vigilance to prevent this new method of the liquor traffic forcing itself upon the Prohibition sentiment of communities. It comes silently, and therefore greater watchfulness is necessary.

ANOTHER LICENSE APPLICATION REFUSED.

Mr. Clegg, the hon. solicitor of the Alliance, is putting up a splendid fight in the Licensing Court against the application for wholesale licenses. Another of these was refused on Thursday, the applicant being George

Alexander Johnston, for premises in New South Head Road, Edgecliffe.

The task is all the more difficult because of the limited amount of evidence which will be admitted. The Bench has ruled that only the suitability of the premises can be objected to.

Last week a similar application for Oatley was refused, Mr. Clegg again appearing for the objectors.

PERSONAL.

Miss Grant left hospital during the week, and is now endeavoring to get back strength for the work she is so capable of doing.

Mr. Fred. C. Middleton, who spent a month in South Australia, is back in our campaign again, ready for twelve months' work. He will give special attention to setting out the relation of Prohibition to business and business men.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

WHOSE RESPONSIBILITY?

As reported in the "Sun," 22/4/21, the City Coroner, when giving the verdict upon the death of a little child who was run over by a motor, said: "Motorists driving where there are always little children playing about the streets should either keep their eyes well opened or they should not be there at all. These little children cannot be expected to look out for themselves. The responsibility is on the motorist." These are timely and wise remarks, but we are wondering when the verdict of public opinion will be just as emphatically given concerning the obvious danger brought to children by the liquor traffic. The above quotation is quite appropriate to the liquor dealer, if only slightly amended, as follows:—"Liquor sellers thriving where there are always little children playing about should either keep their eyes open or they should not be there at all. These little children cannot be expected to look out for themselves. The responsibility is upon the liquor seller." For the sake of the

(Continued on Page 8.)

**YOU ARE EXPECTED
AT THE
FAMILY PICNIC
AT
NEILSEN PARK
ON
SATURDAY AFTERNOON,
MAY 14.**

Boats leave Watson's Bay Jetty,
Circular Quay, half-hourly from
2 p.m.

Bring your picnic baskets.
Hot water supplied.

"Pros" from everywhere will meet
at Nielsen Park and enjoy them-
selves.

The Soul of Thomas Shonk.

STRONG, SANE, AND STRAIGHT.

His hair stands up on end as if it were astonished at the force of his own arguments. In that phrase, you have a vivid picture of the most soldierly and single-purposed field-advocate of the cause of Prohibition in New South Wales—Mr. Thomas Shonk.

There is much in the human face. Much evidence of character, and of the capacity for decision and for making good. Only, in valuing the character of such a man as the subject of this human nature-study, the face itself has to be connected with history. The inward meaning of a whole great epoch, as well as of a man, may be perceived.

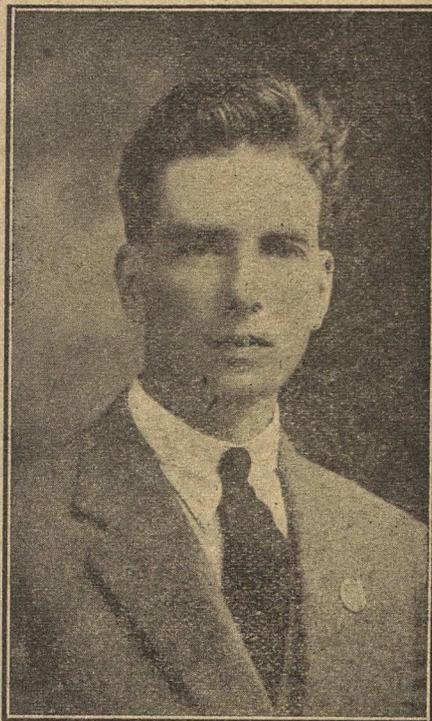
Briefly, then, the features of Thomas Shonk are a map of England. Not of that materially-troubled, post-war England of the present day, but of that earlier and spiritually far greater England—the England whose master-figure was Oliver Cromwell, and whose soul was stern for rightfulness and full of moral sway. To look at Shonk is to look at the living spirit of the English Reformation. Born in that age, one could conceive him praying for victory with the stark Cromwellian Ironsides, in the hours before the dawn. Born into this era, with all that mighty English prayer-power still potent in his heart, he stands as the living embodiment of Australian Christian manliness, with force and gentleness combined in true and noble union behind the soldier's badge.

One year ago, for the official purpose of the New South Wales Alliance, Mr. Thomas Shonk came into the field on behalf of the Prohibition movement. And in that time and space he has proved himself a strong, enthusiastic fighter for its cause. Six feet in height and straight as a ramrod, who can look on his rugged, homely face and not be thrilled? For there is a beauty of the central soul which far transcends the beauty of the body. Clothed, then, in that spiritual radiance, and inspired with the sturdy and invincible faith of the Reformation's pioneers, there is something rare and distinguished, alike in soul and mind, about that tall and lean young man who goes up and down this State, preaching the uplift-message of Prohibition, and who is known as Sodawater Shonk.

But no man, born of the undying spirit of English Puritanism, is complete without the essence of British practicality at the living core. In post-war England, then, after the sterner days of his military field-service were over, Mr. Shonk gripped heart and hand with the English Co-Operative Movement, entering Manchester College in order that he might study that subject as it were upon its native heath. Thence, when his studies had been completed, he visited Ireland, where co-operation has been applied to agriculture, and to various other phases of peasant industry, with extraordinary success. And in due course, upon his return to Australia, he became an enthusiastic advocate of

the co-operative idea as applied to industries carried on by returned soldiers; a field in which his energies and abilities were employed with the greatest practical benefit.

But the question of Prohibition underlies and pervades all industrial questions, alike for the returned soldier and for the man who has never borne arms. Therefore, Mr. Shonk, following with puritanical decisiveness the



THOMAS SHONK.

line of his convictions, has allied himself with the wider issue, upon that side which enables him to speak with rare force and influence to all manner of audiences; in all of which, throughout this land, the question of Prohibition is received with earnest interest, when skillfully debated, by the average returned man. More interested than ever in the principle of co-operation, there is no advocate more competent and more enthusiastic in demonstrating the value of Prohibition, allied with that industrial idea, than Mr. Shonk.

The North Coast New State movement also appeals tremendously to this keen and practical young man. In a recent tour through that district his public addresses made a rare impression; since Prohibition itself is so essentially a thing that is indispensable to the moral fabric of any self-respecting new State.

"What is the good of starting any new State anywhere," he argues, "unless the men who start it are logical enough to resolve that they themselves shall partake of a new moral and physical estate? A new state of sobriety and freedom from the perverting influence of liquor is what this land requires.

Common sense is necessarily critical in its collision with political vapors. And upon this issue of Prohibition, as the foundation-plank of any new State, the conscious possessors of an exclusive common sense are necessarily called upon to deliver a summary verdict. And that verdict is that without Prohibition no so-called new State is worth having; since any State worth while must at least begin where the American makers of new States leave off.

"It seems to me, as an advocate of Co-operation for the returned soldier, that Prohibition and prosperity and heartiness must go hand in hand. Together, they should and will secure for the returned man a ready hand on, and over, the full purse. Had Prohibition been enforced from the end of the war, and had the co-operative principle been properly applied, how many returned soldiers, who are now poor men, might have been far on the road to independence at the present day?

"I have the illuminative conviction that this world is a changing one, and therefore Prohibition and the wider spread of the co-operative idea are bound to come. I live for the advancement of both. I believe that the earnest, spade-like virtues bear their fruits. In my vision I perceive the pattern Australian soldier of the future, persistent and thrifty, solid and square. If our national structure to-day is not of granite, nevertheless I have a justifiable faith in the ship. Prohibition, joined to a constant study of the co-operative chart, will pull us through. Despite all assaults and underminings by the common liquor enemy, the proven manhood of the new Australia reads with the humorous indifference of familiarity the inspired statements to the effect that Prohibition means recourse to drugs. Quite another yield may wisely be expected from the seed of Prohibition, if deeply sown in our Australian soil. Tenderness is an element in our religion. And I believe that the heart of every mother, where tenderness has its shrine, will say that a national act enforcing Prohibition must be the prelude before any Australian army goes forth again to war."

Such is the message of Thomas Shonk. Power is built on work. And as an earnest worker for the general advancement of Australia, as well as of the cause of Prohibition, there is power and faith in "Sodawater Tom." "The sight of a broken-down plough, like that of a broken-down man," he finely says, speaking of his experiences in Ireland, "is mournful. And so the one thing to do with the liquor business, which breaks men down in thousands, is to remove it from the field."

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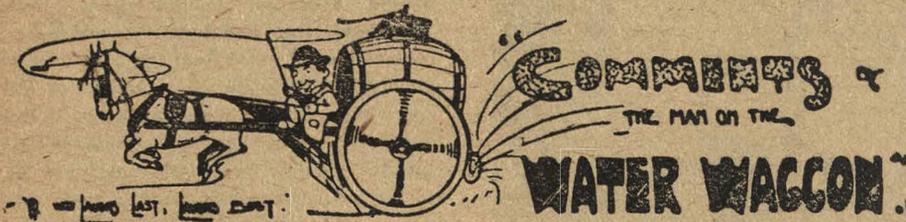
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PROHIBITION IS THE SUPER-DEMOCRATIC INSPIRATION
 OF THE AGE.

Till such time as Prohibition dawns on any country, that country is still under the dominance of the oligarchy of the few strong men as opposed to the relatively far greater number of weak men. Democracy is of three kinds—political, material, and spiritual. We in Australia enjoy what's known as political democracy; but we all know that in actual fact "all men are not born equal." Prohibition would help remedy that. It would give us spiritual democracy, without which political democracy is a mere delusion, and material democracy, the equalisation of employer and employee in material profits, absolutely impossible of realisation. Under the present system the morally or spiritually strong man has a tremendous advantage over the morally spirituously weak man. He knows when to stop, and does stop. The weak man with his befuddled brain is at the mercy of the still clear-brained strong man. The successful business man or corporation is the one that allows no drinking to interfere with his business life. The employer or employee who does not realise that is absolutely at the mercy of the man he does.

"The exploitation of the proletariat or working classes by the greedy vampire capitalist" is a natural and inevitable consequence of the exploitation of the working man (employer or employee) by the brewer. Indeed, the one thing is but the cover of the other. The real causes of all exploitation are weakness on the one side and strength on the other. And we call ourselves a "democratic" people! True, the only lasting democracy is spiritual. Prohibition is the only practicable

solution of the problem to give an equal chance in life to weak and strong alike. It is democracy versus the brewer; Prohibition versus alcohol. The two cries are one and the same.

Under Prohibition the rich man will be as unable to buy intoxicants as the poor man.

It is a curious thing that opponents of Prohibition are so blinded by prejudice that they often talk of it as "an infringement of the liberty of the subject." As though it were possible under our laws for a minority to foist its ideas on to the majority. As though Prohibition was ever, or could ever, be carried except by the will of the majority of the voters. Hard put to it must our opponents be when they have to resort to such arguments as these.

On all counts, then, we find the democratic nature of our platform abundantly proved.

"You cannot make people good by Act of Parliament," cry our opponents. One would almost imagine that they triumphed in the fact: as though it were not indeed "a consummation devoutly to be wished," if only we could make them so in such an easy way. But what they overlook is this: that we can at least do the very next best thing; we can, and Prohibition does, prevent them being bad. It may not prevent everybody from being bad. Crimes are still committed in spite of the Crimes Act. But what if that Act had never been passed? Let us imagine for just one moment how awful and terrible our existence would be in a land where laws were non-existent. Laws are at least an exceedingly strong deterrent against wrong-

doing. We have only to travel a few miles north, across the Queensland border, to find that out. Walk the streets of Sydney after 6 o'clock, and walk those of Brisbane any time between 6 and 11 at night—the least observing, if not the most prejudiced, must be aware of the wonderfully deterrent effect of our Six O'clock Closing Act, defective though it is.

A QUESTION OF CRIME.

I was talking the other day to a publican, and of course we talked Prohibition. His argument against it amounted to this: that crime would not be lessened by Prohibition. He pointed out that crimes of violence—robbery, murder, indecent assault, rape, and the like—were not committed by men rendered incapable by drink. They were committed by moderate drinkers. He argued that for this reason Prohibition would aid, rather than hinder, crime; that total incapacity through drink was an ally of law and order.

What he overlooked was the fact that Prohibition, properly enforced by an incorruptible police, would prevent even the moderate drinker getting his drink. Granted that "a little drink" is a more dangerous thing to the community, if not to the individual himself, than an absolutely incapacitating one, as it stirs his passions, excites his appetite, gives him a false courage to perpetrate acts against his higher reason, and quietens what conscience he may have, surely the more reason why this dangerous individual should be safely debarred from the drink-saloon by Prohibition Law.



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As the Sociologist Sees it.

(Written specially for "Grit" by T. J. WILBUR.)

The problem of alcoholism is a vital social question. It is not limited in scope by racial or national differences, religious beliefs, or political parties. It is a scourge which affects the human race in their effort towards the building of a better state of society, therefore it is a problem which has to be dealt with by the sociologist. Sociology is the science of the social process. The sociologist analyses all the multi-colored forces which make up our complicated social system. Poverty, crime, and all causes of degeneration and regeneration come under his analytical scalpel for dissection. Having discovered by a thorough investigation those tendencies in society which tend towards social degeneration or decay, the sociologist applies his knowledge to the problems as they arise and endeavors to stem the tide and finally abolish the causes of these social evils. This branch of social science is known as applied sociology, and it is with this particular aspect we will deal. It is well to remember that the authorities whom we quote are not "Prohibition cranks" but the foremost social scientists of the world at the present moment, whose conclusions are based upon exhaustive inquiries. Henry Pratt Fairchild, Assistant Professor of Sociology at Yale University, deals very effectively with the subject in his work, "Applied Sociology." He annihilates once and for all the nonsense of Prohibition curtailing personal liberty. The very fact that the human race is bound together by a very complicated system of civilisation proves conclusively that in order to build such a form of society the desires of the individual must be subservient to the great mass. When a man with criminal tendencies exercises his "right" in a particular direction which is harmful to society, such as the playfulness of murdering people at his own sweet will, society does not stand still and say, "We cannot curtail the liberty of the individual," but instantly puts into operation those measures of law and order which it has formulated for the protection of society against the action of the individual when such action is detrimental to the great majority. We accept this action as a matter of course, and never question it until it fails to accomplish its work.

Now for the question of alcoholism. What is the opinion of the sociologist as to the action of alcoholism as a form of social degeneration? Fairchild states: "There are two chief reasons for the social control of the use of alcohol; first, society cannot afford to allow its members to injure and destroy themselves any more than it can afford to allow them to injure and destroy others—the soundness of society demands the highest degree of soundness and efficiency on the part of each of its members; second, alcohol has the effect of diminishing or destroying personal responsibility, and the whole social edifice rests upon responsibility." The conclusion from such a statement is self-evident—if alcoholism tends towards the disintegration of society, then society must abolish this evil for its own protection. When we realise the awful toll of crime, poverty and general social degradation which alcohol demands from its victims, it is quite clear that the onus rests upon the people through their legislators of wiping it out. We will not deal with this question from a moral viewpoint, but keep strictly to the point of the welfare of society being a matter of expediency. To quote Professor Fairchild again: "The Prohibition movement, rightly interpreted, is not a moral propaganda, and has nothing to do with goodness; it is a prophylactic movement, aimed at social safety and soundness. In other words, when the State undertakes to deal with vice, it does so not because vice is wicked, but because it is dangerous and destructive. If social evils can be eliminated, it is a matter of indifference from the strictly legal point of view whether individuals are morally better or not." There can be no question as to the soundness of these conclusions judging the matter purely from the standpoint of national efficiency and the nonsense about "curtailing liberty of the individual."

Providing for the possibility of our opponents saying that the opinion of Professor Fairchild is simply that of one man, we will see what Professor Edward A. Ross, of the University of Wisconsin, has to say of the matter. He deals at considerable length with the right of society to dig out root and branch any evil which threatens the welfare of the majority of the population. In China opium has been practically eradicated owing to the fact that far-seeing statesmen saw the awful havoc it was playing with the Chinese people, and, aided by public opinion, determined to make an onslaught upon it. The result has more than justified the most optimistic opinions. It has always seemed to me a most remarkable thing that while we have deplored the condition of the "Heathen Chinese" with their opium dens, we have completely ignored the salient fact that right in our midst we have an evil which compares very favorably with opium in the harvest of crime, poverty, and the mental

and physical wrecking of millions of men and women—alcohol. During the period of the war, when every nerve was strained to breaking point in the matter of intense national efficiency, the leading nations of the world grappled with the problem of alcoholism first; the mere fact that such an attitude was adopted is sufficient to prove that it is one of the greatest menaces a nation has to deal with. And despite this conclusive evidence, many countries have drifted back to the old way; but we have the spectacle of the United States of America wiping the menace off the social map, thus giving the matter a practical test, and the results are such that the only deplorable thing about it is that Prohibition was not enforced twenty years ago.

However, to return to Professor Ross. What is the conclusion to which he comes? "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." There can be no shadow of doubt cast upon the results of these investigations. It is the conclusion of all sociologists; a cold, dispassionate statement of actual facts which can be verified by the man in the street whenever he will, and whenever he chooses to open his eyes and take a square look at the proposition.

To sum up. Alcoholism is a world-wide social evil which must be attacked by the whole community, irrespective of political prejudice or religious beliefs, because it is the main factor in destroying the individual as a unit of society, because in the wake of such destruction comes crime, poverty, and most of the social misery under which we labor at the present time. Therefore, in order to deal effectively with these problems we must apply the axe of Prohibition to the flourishing tree of social evil.

As the sociologist sees it, alcoholism is a stupendous social evil, and absolute Prohibition its only remedy.

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That label's just plain piracy
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A Personal Chat with my readers

BROKEN PROMISES.

Lately I have said to various people, "You promised." They have replied, "But you see," and then they give an excuse which cannot be called a reason, and they advance a justification of exactly the same kind as that used by the German Emperor when he tore up his treaty with Belgium. We grow indignant over the tearing up of "the scrap of paper" that precipitated the world into the greatest war of all time, and then go and do an exactly similar thing. Two clergymen, two school-teachers, and a dozen others have lately broken their promises to me; a hundred more have ignored their promise, and thus practically broken them. We repudiate the doctrine of "mental reservation," and when a Catholic upholds it we are horrified, and yet in the breaking of these promises we disclose our mental reservations, and it seems as if nowadays we make promises and fulfil them—

If it's convenient;

If it does not cost too much;

If we don't change our mind;

If we don't forget;

If something does not stir our prejudices.

As Scripture says, "Every way of man is right in his own eyes," but such ways as these lead to chaos, and, as far as our work is concerned, lead to bankruptcy.

DON'T REFLECT ON THE DEPARTED.

Cincinnati is patting itself on the back and boasting that in 1920 it broke the record for being a peaceable city and that its murder rate was the lowest in the history of the town. Cincinnati has averaged 48 murders a year for the last twelve years prior to 1920. In 1920 the number slumped to 19. In fact the murders throughout the country last year reached the low level of six per 100,000 of population. Cincinnati dropped below the rate for the country as a whole. Officials and newspapers in that city are advertising Cincinnati as a peaceable and law-loving community, but although 1920 was the first dry year, and Prohibition made this gratifying record possible, Cincinnati officials and newspapers give it no credit. Are they afraid they will insult the spirit of John Barleycorn?

Most people do something for charity—those who don't are not yet civilised. I want you to see that Prohibition is the most effective agent for charity that the world has yet met up with. The Philadelphia Society for Organising Charity has had unusual opportunity to study the effects

of alcohol on family life. The General Secretary, Mr. de Schweinitz, has kindly furnished us the following figures concerning the number of families the Society has had under its care in which alcohol was a serious problem:

534 in year ending Sept. 30, 1918

112 in year ending Sept. 30, 1919

53 in year ending Sept. 30, 1920

Comment is unnecessary.

MAKING INSTITUTIONS UNNECESSARY.

Every philanthropic institution in New South Wales is full to overflowing; most of them are in debt, and all of them are overworked. Why build new places, or why add to old ones? Let us have Prohibition instead.

The annual report of the Washington Home, Chicago, as published in the "Chicago American" of February 1, 1921, is eloquent testimony for the Prohibition policy. The Washington Home is a drink and drug cure establishment, and the tremendous decrease in cases of alcoholism as set forth in the records of the Home covering the wet years of its existence and the one dry year, is evidence that closing the licensed drink places of the second largest city of the United States cut off the booze supply to many who would have continued their alcoholic habit had these places remained open.

The "American" article reads:

"In 1920, 125 patients were treated at this home, 107 alcoholics, 16 drug addicts, and two mild mental cases. During the years 1910 to 1919 inclusive, the average number of patients was 921 a year, and of these an average of 56 per cent. per year had the worst form of alcoholism, delirium tremens. Last year the home had only three cases of delirium tremens. In the old days before Prohibition one out of 15 men coming to the home suffered in this way. Now only one out of 41.

"The decrease of alcoholism among women is even more noticeable. Of 47 women received last year, only 16 were treated for alcoholism, against 78 in 1919 and 106 in 1918. There is a decided increase in the age of male patients, most of whom are now between 40 and 50 instead of under 40."

The Editor

PASS "GRIT" ON

GRIT

A JOURNAL OF
NATIONAL EFFICIENCY
AND PROHIBITION

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

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1921.

New South Wales Alliance—

(Continued from Page 4.)

children, help us to drive this verdict home before the bar of public opinion.

PROGRESS IN THE COUNTRY.

During his stay in the Manning and Hastings Rivers districts Mr. Fisher has heard of new Bands of Hope at Taree and Cooperook. He has met the leaders of these and also workers among the young people at Wauchope and Comboyne. It was a privilege to be present at the meeting in the Taree Methodist Hall, when a Society was restarted after a lapse of seven years, caused by war conditions. The meeting was presided over by Rev. T. Stuart Wright, and an excellent programme was given, including musical, elocutionary, and instrumental items, together with action songs and dialogues, lasting till after 10 p.m. Over 200 people were present, and much credit is due to the organisers. We look for great things from this Society. The Taree Church of Christ Christian Endeavor Society is also planning special temperance meetings.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS.

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

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF HELL.

(By ONE WHO HAS RETURNED.)

XIV. GENERAL HYPNOSIS.

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

I define hell as any place where men unjustly and unnecessarily inflict useless suffering on others. And so I hold the State responsible for the existence of such hellish institutions as I have seen in jail.

There are certain things which have to be said. It does not matter much who says them, provided that they are said plainly. And so, in this method of writing, which does not inflict upon the reader any everlasting diary of my thirty-five-thousand-hour pilgrimage through prison, I have not hesitated to use the flail. It was used upon me sufficiently, God knows. Only the world has a queer habit of feeling shocked and astounded when one of its own victims gets up, quietly and calmly, hammer in his hands, and nails between his teeth, and proceeds to nail the world itself upon something steep and unpleasant, shaped not unlike a cross.

That is my plan.

Upon the Cross of Truth as I know it, up goes the squirming carcase of that organised lie called Civilisation.

I am not ashamed to confess, any more than you are, that I have always been a hero-worshipper. Only my heroes are not necessarily commercial pioneers. Nor politicians, nor leaders of industry. So much industry, so-called, merely amounts to an impeding of the pathway of humanity with gigantic mountains of worthless waste. It would never occur to me, for instance, to admire an industrial captain because he conducted a brewery. No, not even though it were the greatest brewery on earth.

I have studied too many of the human by-products of breweries, in places where no brewery-captain ever elects to throw a flash-light. To wit, in jail.

No! My heroes are creative artists. And most especially men who work on men.

I admire many pioneers. Indeed, I have in my time admired many men. But the fact that one admires a man does not set him up in business as a permanent hero. And so I am sceptical, I would say, when I occasionally read—as I have read this morning—that somebody or other never can see a poet, novelist, dramatist, painter, or musician without an instantaneous sensation of reverence. I was cured of all that, and of all mere, effervescent cant-heroic pursuits of heroism such as that, during the long years

after the solid prison-gates had fallen back, and had locked me into another world in Goulburn Jail.

You try it yourself.

Crash into reality, my friend, and see if your whole belief in Civilisation does not fail.

Civilisation!

That organised hell—that highly departmentalised machinery of human degradation, whose iniquity only those who have suffered its last cowardly, blood-bringing whip-cut can fully understand.

Civilisation!

Which goes up and down the earth mouthing the cant phrases of its own pseudo-respectability, and which would be glad again to-day, did such a One arise, to howl for the death of another Jesus Christ.

How well one or two great Russian novelists have understood that! More especially the man—whose works I studied in prison, Anton Tchekhov.

And what was his view?

One never hears or sees those who suffer. Everywhere, all the horror of life—the hanging, the jailing and the compulsory starvation—goes on, somewhere behind the scenes. Everything, outwardly, is quiet and peaceful. And against it all there is only the silent protest of statistics. So many gallons of drink consumed, so many wives and children deserted, so many men and women gone mad.

And such a state of affairs, he says, is obviously what some people want. They want the profits derivable from a world organised like that. They do not want the silence broken. They shiver at the very idea of anyone's conscience being disturbed. What an overwhelming power that means! The power of keeping the lid shut down upon the boiling tragedy called Civilisation—the power of suppressing tears and groans!

Even so, I look at this life—at the collective life of this great crime against humanity called the city of Sydney. I see the idleness and the arrogance of the strong, the ignorance and the bestiality of the weak. Horrible poverty everywhere, behind a mask of wealth. Costly motor-horns hooting their warnings along the highly respectable street that I live in. And what at the rear? Shouts, shrieks, and threatenings of murder. The

voices of women raised against men in fury, even before the dawn.

Overcrowding!

Drunkenness!

Hypocrisy!

Falsehood!

These are everywhere. Meanwhile, in all the houses, in all the streets, some people tell us, there is peace.

Think of it! In all this city of eight hundred and fifty thousand, is there not one man to kick against it all?

Not one!

Under whose rule, then, have we fallen? And what is the name of this universal master to whom we bow?

It is General Hypnosis—the great general who wins all his victories by putting the soul of the world to sleep. No happy and prosperous man, he commands, shall have anybody with a little hammer at his door. Nobody allowed to go knocking! Knocking! criminally reminding such happy and prosperous men that there are unhappy people on earth, and that, however happy and prosperous they may be, life will sooner or later show its claws. That some misfortune will befall him—illness, poverty, or loss—unless he bestirs. General Hypnosis takes mighty good care to prevent such hammering as that!

And so we have what we have.

Our city of Sydney has been in existence for one hundred and thirty years. During that time has it given the world one truly useful man? One true, eternal hero? What? Not one general of the great constructive sort. Nay, instead, it has strangled in embryo everything that was alive and joyous. A city of shopkeepers! A city of publicans, clerks, thieves, and hypocrites—an aimless, futile town.

Not a soul would be the worse if it were suddenly razed to the ground.

You see, I have seen Sydney—seen into the corruption and the rottenness of its obscene heart. And the way to see it is not to live in a respectable street. It is to stand in chains, in a chain-gang, upon a platform at the Central Station, just before the dawn.

I have done that. I have stood there, upon my iron way from one prison to another, with the chains of Civilisation clanking upon me, and I have seen the dawn break and I have seen the face of Sydney. . . .

Just like the face of a hag who turns over. Turns!—in a drunken stupor—when the house is empty, and the last rag that might have covered her limbs in decency is in pawn.

In twenty years, Sydney has apparently grown much, and has had much material success. Yes! But in twenty years, also, I

(Continued on page 15.)

JUST A MOMENT !

ANSWER THIS QUESTION:—

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A REVIEW OF PROHIBITION REFERENDUMS IN CANADA.

(By S. E. SHONK.)

It would be difficult to over-estimate the importance of the vote in favor of complete Prohibition which has been the case in the Canadian Provinces of Ontario, and previously in the Provinces of Nova Scotia, Manitoba, Alberta, Saskatchewan, and New Brunswick. Coming so soon after the vote in British Columbia in favor of Government control, it has gone a long way to prove, if any proof was necessary, that the vote in British Columbia was due to quite exceptional circumstances, and that the Dominion as a whole is overwhelmingly in favor of that complete Prohibition which Sir Robert Borden, with his usual far-sighted statesmanship, caused to be established by his famous orders-in-council in the December of 1917.

It was, of course, the failure of the Senate to give these orders-in-council the authority of Parliamentary sanction when the matter came up before the Canadian Parliament, in the spring of last year, which caused all the present complications. Previous to December, 1917, each province in Canada had its own special legislation in regard to liquor, and this legislation varied, in the intensity of its Prohibition, from the complete Prohibition of Prince Edward Island to the somewhat mild restrictions imposed upon the liquor traffic in Quebec. The promulgation of war-time Prohibition, three years ago, had the immediate effect of bringing all the provinces into line. Complete Prohibition was enforced from the Atlantic to the Pacific and for almost exactly two years this was the situation which obtained.

Now, the orders-in-council of December, 1917, provided that the orders should remain in force during the war and for one year thereafter. Shortly after the signing of the armistice, however, the law officers of the Crown reviewed the whole situation, and gave it as their opinion that all orders-in-council, passed under the War Measures Act, should cease to be operative as soon as the war came to an end. It was immediately seen that if this advice were acted upon the Provinces, whether they desired it or not, would be obliged to fall back upon such provincial legislation in regard to liquor as had existed prior to the enactment of war-time Prohibition. For this they were evidently quite unprepared. The orders-in-council had been expected to hold for one year after the conclusion of peace, and this provision supposedly gave ample time, in the absence of any Federal legislation, for each Province to strengthen its liquor legislation as it desired. The opinion of the law officers threatened to curtail that period by a full year, and in order to avoid such a situation the Dominion Government, under Sir Robert Borden, always in earnest on the question of Prohibition, introduced in Parliament legislation designed to validate the orders-in-council by giving them Parliamentary sanc-

tion. The measure passed the House of Commons without amendment, but when it went up to the Senate, that body, by a vote of 34 to 24, deleted the words "for twelve months after the war," thus precipitating the very situation which the Government measure was designed to avoid. As a result of this act on the part of the Senate, the "ban" on liquor, as far as the Dominion Parliament was concerned, was lifted at the beginning of the present year, and the Provinces automatically reverted to conditions as they existed prior to December, 1917.

Meanwhile, however, the Government had not been idle, and, within a comparatively short time, legislation had been placed on the statute book which conferred upon the Provinces of the most far-reaching and drastic powers in the direction of local option. It was under this measure that the plebiscites were held recently.

There can be no question as to the thoroughness with which Nova Scotia, Manitoba, Alberta, Saskatchewan, Ontario, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island have taken advantage of their opportunity. Henceforth, in these seven Provinces, "no person shall import, send, take, or transport into the Province concerned any intoxicating liquor." No person shall, either directly or indirectly, manufacture or sell any liquor to be unlawfully imported into the Province; whilst the carriage or transportation of liquor through the Province is only to be by means of "a common carrier," by water or by rail, and not otherwise. Moreover, during the time that such liquor is being transported no person shall open any package or vessel containing liquor.

In Quebec, light beer and wines may be purveyed, whilst in British Columbia, as the result of the recent plebiscite, the control of the liquor traffic has been placed in the hands of the Government. This vote in British Columbia, which came as a complete surprise to many who were in the best possible position to gauge the real feeling in the Province on the matter, was unquestionably due to exceptional circumstances. The impression which was generally abroad, that "Government control meant a better system of control of the existing Prohibition laws," undoubtedly secured many votes for Government control which otherwise would have been cast for complete Prohibition. More than one-half of Canada is bone-dry, and the referendum figures show that Canadians have spoken with no uncertain voice:

	Prohibition Majorities.
Nova Scotia	30,000
Manitoba	15,000
Alberta	16,000
Saskatchewan	10,000

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All boys and girls between the age of seven and seventeen are invited to join the family of Uncle B. Write only on one side of the paper. Send your photo as soon as convenient. Send the date of your birthday. There is no fee to pay. Uncle B.'s birthday is celebrated in April each year by a picnic, to which he invites all his Ne's and Ni's. If you do not write for three months you are a "scallywag." Address all letters to Uncle B., Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

TO BE SUCCESSFUL.

The best way to be successful is to do common things uncommonly well. Try it. When you can do a common thing better than anyone else then you become uncommon. Don't look for big things to do, but do little things as if they were big. I wish you would tell me if you have tried and what the result was.

UNCLE B.

A SWIMMER.

May Morris, "Tasma," Middle Brighton, Victoria, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am a scallywag by now, but I think you will excuse me, for I have been waiting for a photo, and at last I have one, which I am sending you. On the 10th of March I got my junior swimming certificate. I was pleased to see that Cecil Macauley, one of my old friends from Peak Hill, is now your Ne and my cousin. I am going to Ballarat for the Easter holidays to see my other cousins. With love to all "Grit" cousins and yourself.

(Dear May,—You are not a scallywag yet, but be careful. Your photo is fine. Your pleasure is also ours. Let us know how you enjoy your holiday trip.—Uncle T.)

ALL PASSED.

Connie Higman, "Caldwell," Rannock, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I hope you had a happy Christmas; I did. I have been to school for only four days since the Christmas holidays, because we have got the whooping cough. A lot of children have got it about here now. All of us children have got it, but I think we are getting over it now. Four children went up for the Q.C. from our school this year, including my eldest sister and myself, and we all passed. I was the youngest, being eleven years and five months. We have had a lot of fruit, and still have lots of grapes. We have made a lot of jam, too. Mr. and Mrs. Pearce, who have lived on the same farm for eight years, have gone away. Before they went away the Rannock friends gave them a tea service. We miss them very much.

Legh Higman, "Caldwell," Rannock, writes:

Dear Uncle B.,—I hope you had a happy Christmas. I had a very happy one. I wrote some time ago, but have not seen my letter in "Grit" yet, so I am writing again. I am in fifth class at day school. We have got the whooping cough and cannot go to school. We have got a lot of fruit. I enjoyed my holidays very much. Two other families and ourselves, numbering 20 people, without the men, went up to a hill called Mur-rulelale Hill. You can see a long way around when you are on the top. Four children went up for the school examination and they all passed. I will soon be ten years of age; my birthday will be on April 24.

(Dear Connie and Legh,—Delighted to hear that you spent a happy Christmas. The school result was fine. Always remember that the higher you climb in life the greater the vision. I hope you will speedily recover from the cough.—Uncle T.)

HIS HOLIDAYS.

No name, "Marshlands," West Wyalong, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—We have had a lot of rain these last few weeks. During the holidays I took the lunches to dad when he was stripping. My sister Gwen went out to one of our auntie's place in the holidays, but I never went. We have some young roosters just starting to crow. We have some lovely melons down in the garden. As we were coming home from town yesterday we found a man's hat. We are going to the service to-night. We have killed several snakes this year. My sister Bessie's birthday will be on March 17; she will be four years of age. Father has his fallow work over.

(My Dear Ne,—I am pleased to hear again from you, but it is always much nicer when you sign your name. Then I know to whom I am replying. Next time please sign your name.—Uncle T.)

A NEW NE.

Robert Adams, "Ellesmere," Woolwich, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I would like to become one of your large family of Ne's if you will have me. My birthday is on August 7, when I will be eleven years of age. I was born in Portsmouth, England, and have been out here nearly seven years. My father is in the navy, and was away a lot during the war. I will send you my photo when I get it taken. Mother gets "Grit," and I like reading the letters of all the Ne's and Ni's. I am going to send "Grit" to my cousin in New Zealand, who lives on a farm a long way from any town. With love to all.

(Dear Robert,—You are welcome to our family circle. I am pleased to note that you like reading "Grit," and I hope your in-

terest in the principles which "Grit" stands for will grow with you. Write again soon.—Uncle T.)

Ivy Morris, Bairnsdale, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I hope you are well. We are having hot weather. There is a picnic in the Eagle Point Park to-day. I will be eleven years of age on December 14. I think we will be going up to Nowa Nowa. I will be going to school up there, and it is one mile and a quarter to walk. We are milking one cow, and her name is Dolly. We are going to the picnic to see my sister Winnie.

(Dear Ivy,—I am very well, and hope you are also. May you have a good time at the picnic and write and let us know about it.—Uncle T.)

THE "INTER."

Revill Stupart, Epping, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Thank you for your letter of congratulation. I really did not expect that such a great and busy man like you would glance at a poor boy like me. You asked me to give you a few of my impressions at the examination. Well, we had to go to the Technical College for the "Inter," and if there is a bad place for an exam. that is it. On one side is an engineering workshop, on another a carpentering shop, in front the bricklaying school, and behind the main road to the wharves. So you can imagine what a quiet time we had. When we first arrived there we did not know where to go. So we wandered here, there, and everywhere before we found anyone who knew where we had to sit for the exam. Then we started work, and kept it up for a week, going all the time, but, somehow, one did not feel tired. I suppose it was the novelty of a big examination. One thing I noticed when we were on the way to the exam. was the number of carts which were pulled up at the numerous "pubs" in that region, and the number of men in various stages of inebriation. It is shocking the amount of drinking in and about Sydney. I shall close now, as it is time to go to church. I remain, yours sincerely.

(Dear Revill,—Thank you for your letter. We are all glad that in spite of the examination room being so noisy and unsuitable you did so well and passed. Hope you enjoy the trip to Queensland that a little bird told me you might take, and I also hope that you will write and tell me about it.—Uncle B.)

SHORTHAND PROGRESS.

For satisfactory progress on the part of the student, individual teaching is absolutely essential. Not only do our students progress quickly, but they are constantly carrying off first places in public competitive Shorthand examinations. Any arrangement may be made to suit the convenience of students—whole day, half day, or one or two hours weekly in either day or evening classes. Students may take either Isaac Pitman or Summerhayes Shorthand (the new Australian system).

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ROADS.

(R. L. JAMESON, for "Grit.")

Strive and toil and struggle, raise the standard high,
 Reform the world as best you can, face turned towards the sky;
 But know, oh, all reformers, however strong you be,
 For those who would uplift the world all Roads lead to Calvary.

The Roads that lead to Calvary are roads you tread alone,
 There darkness lies upon the earth and wild the tempests moan,
 There never is a bird's song heard nor yet of joy a sound
 There Darkness wraps the landscape o'er, and Silence is profound.

The Roads that lead to Calvary two thousand years ago
 Were trod by Grecian Socrates when Hope burned faint and low.
 The Roads that lead to Calvary knew yet a grimmer sight
 When Jesus staggered 'neath His Cross upon one bitter night.

Drink and rave and bluster, but why should we prevail
 While Roads that lead to Calvary are roads that many sail?
 The Heights that lead to Calvary, oh, saddest heights they be,
 Where ruined men at sunset stand a-gazing out to sea.

The Road that leads to Triumph you may think you seem to tread,
 But somewhere Roads to Calvary in distance lie ahead.
 Bear the Standard, but remember, though a dreamer tells the tale—
 The Roads that lead to Calvary are Roads that many sail.

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Bay State Institutions Show Saloon Gone.

The following interesting facts concerning Prohibition's effect upon various Massachusetts public institutions are presented by T. A. Frissell in the Springfield, Mass., "Republican":

"The number of inmates at the State infirmary at Tewksbury on March 3, 1915, was 3107. The number on October 23 this year was 1993, a falling off of 1117. The city of Boston sent to Deer Island during the last year of license 53,700, and during the year of war Prohibition the number had fallen off about two-thirds, and 250,000 dollars was returned to the City Treasury.

"The jail in Fitchburg has 176 cells. The number of prisoners on September 1, 1918, was 104. On September 1, 1919, it was 44. On September 1, 1920, there were none. The county commissioners closed the jail on January 1, 1920, and transferred the few prisoners to the jail in Worcester, which has 324 cells. On September 1, 1919, there were 100 prisoners in that jail. On September 1, 1920, there were 112, including those transferred from Fitchburg.

"The Berkshire county jail has 118 cells. On September 1, 1919, there were 24 prisoners in that jail. On September 1, 1920, the number was 13. The Berkshire "Evening Eagle" some weeks ago suggested that the county sell its jail property and build a new jail in connection with the Pittsfield police station."

THE MARION MEMORIAL.

Independent Order Rechabites, £5/5/-; Mr. A. A. Stewart, £5; Mr. and Mrs. Cresswell O'Reilly, £4/4/-; Dr. Crago, Mr. W. C. Clegg, £3/3/-; Mr. E. Linton, Mr. E. J. Loxton, M.L.A., Mr. E. R. Betts, Hon. D. R. Hall, Mrs. G. McCulloch, S. E. Vickery, John Sands Ltd., £2/2/-; Mrs. Wansey, £2; Church of Christ, Canley Vale, £1/14/6; Mr. J. C. Jones, Mr. W. J. Liggins, Mr. J. E. James, Chas. W. Rodgers, Mr. Judge Cohen, Mr. Geo. Soloman, Mr. T. P. W. Kirkpatrick, W. J. Goudge, Mrs. L. M. Fowler, N. H. Goodsir, Mrs. Thurburn, £1 1/-; F. L. Holmes, R. J. Boyd, C. Gambling, Mrs. Service, L. Duesbury, £1; Mrs. M. Simmons, 12/-; Mrs. Ira Nankivel, 10/6; Mrs. Schardt, Sympathiser, Mr. W. J. Payne, 10/-; Miss Mouldsdales, 8/-; Mr. T. Phillips, Mr. A. C. Teasdale, Mr. Leo. D. Clout, Mr. E. Thompson, Petersham Church of Christ, Mrs. Nolan, Mr. A. E. Couchman, 5/-; Widow's Mite, 2/-; total, £356/14/9.

"GRIT" SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Received on 28/4/21, and where not mentioned the amount received is 10/-: Mr. Harrington Cowper, 21/-, 30/6/22; W. T. Dangar, 21/-, H. F. Ward, 30/-, 30/12/22, John 21/-; H. F. Ward, 20/-, 30/12/22; John O'Brien, Leo. D. Clout, 30/12/22; Geo. Fitzpatrick, 21/-, 30/12/24; John Ruphrect, 30/9/22; R. A. Henry, 2/6, 1/7/21; Com. Hodder (N.Z.), 2/6; G. H. Lock, 30/1/22; Z. Hodson, 30/3/22.

The following are paid to 30/12/21: A. W. Blowes, Mrs. Pickup, F. W. Platts (N.Z.) 11/6, Miss Wardrobe 22/3, Mrs. Kenny, F. W. Dunkley, Rev. G. E. Johnson, L. D. Gilmour, P. N. Sutton, R. Farleigh 18/6, Rev. F. A. Malcolm, Mr. Cavanagh.

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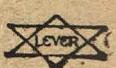
Hours - 9 to 6
 Saturdays 9 to 1

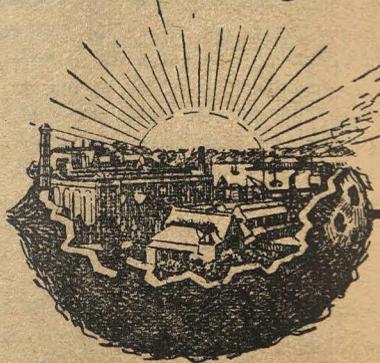
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AUSTRALIANS
FOR
AUSTRALIANS.

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 the mellow oil of
 the coconut blended
 in
SUNLIGHT SOAP
 makes all the dif-
 ference in a true
 laundry soap





SUNLIGHT WORKS · SYDNEY.



A GOOD EXCUSE.

A member of the Bay of Quinte Conference appeared at one of its sessions in a negligee shirt and duck pants, much to the horror of a venerable minister, who called the attention of the President to the irregularity. The offending member showed that he knew his Bible as well as his own comfort by quoting Ezekiel, chapter 44, verses 17 and 18: "When they (the priests and the Levites) enter in at the gate of the inner court they shall be clothed with linen garments and no wool shall come upon them. They shall have linen bonnets upon their heads and shall have linen breeches upon their loins; they shall not gird themselves with anything that causeth sweat."

WHERE THE WIND GOES.

"Mother," asked a Woodside small girl, "where does the wind go when you turn the electric fan off."

"It goes where the light goes when the electric light is turned off," was the mother's lame reply.

PROFS FOR THE SOPHS.

He: "Isn't it strange?"
 She: "Yes?"
 He: "That full professors often teach the driest subjects."

IN 1930.

Aviator (on way to court): "But, officer, I was only doing sixty miles an hour! Do you call that speeding?"

Aero Cop.: "Who said anything about speeding? You were delaying the traffic!"

THE HANDY MAN.

"How do you manage to keep your cook? Is it a secret?"
 "No; you see my husband is an expert accountant, and every year he figures out her income tax for her!"

THE RETAINER.

The Guest: "Your maid is rather off-hand in her manner—eh?"

The Hostess: "Oh, it's just the privilege of an old retainer—I've had her three months!"

SOME PROBLEM.

Flossy: "Say, Gert, ain't those Indian dresses grand? They say it takes a year to make one. Wish we could have dresses like that."

Gert: "I don't. If it takes a year to make one, how ya' goin' to have a new one every month?"

TWO IN ONE.

"You'll be glad to know it's twins."
 "I expected as much. It's always been an idea of my wife's that two could live as cheaply as one."

FRIENDSHIP.

Smith: "If the man who fails could only have another chance he probably would not disappoint so many of his friends."

Smythe: "True; he would not have so many friends to disappoint."

DRIED UP.

In Missouri eight thousand gallons of alcohol were stolen and no clue left. Evidently the fellow had been dry so long that eight thousand gallons didn't taint his breath.—Louisville "Courier-Journal."

NOT A LIAR.

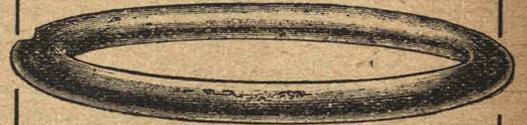
He had been fishing, but with bad luck. On his way home he entered a fishmonger's shop and said to the dealer: "John, stand over there and throw me five of the biggest of those trout!"

"Thow 'em? What for?" asked the dealer, in amazement.

"I want to tell my family I caught 'em. I may be a poor fisherman, but I'm no liar."



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DRINK

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 THE NEW CEYLON

ONE QUALITY—THE BEST

DAILY INSPIRATION

"If ye then be risen with Christ, seeek those things which are above, where Christ sitteth on the right hand of God."—Col 3, 1.

SUNDAY.

"Bear ye one another's burdens."—Gal. 6, 2.

* * *

BEAR ONE ANOTHER'S BURDENS.

God has furnished us with constant occasion of bearing one another's burdens. For there is no man living without his failings; no man that is so happy as never to give offence; no man without his load of trouble; no man so sufficient as never to need assistance; none so wise but the advice of others may at some time or other be useful to him, and therefore we should think ourselves under the strongest engagements to comfort, and relieve, and instruct, and admonish and bear with one another.—Kempis.

MONDAY.

"God . . . in whom are hid all the treasures of wisdom and knowledge."—Col. 2, 3.

* * *

OVERHEARD IN AN ORCHARD.

Said the Robin to the Sparrow,
"I should really like to know
Why these anxious human beings
Rush about and worry so."

Said the Sparrow to the Robin,
"Friend, I think that it must be
That they have no heavenly Father
Such as cares for you and me."

TUESDAY.

"Let us do good unto all men."—Gal. 6, 10.

* * *

To do something, however small, to make others happier and better, is the highest ambition, the most elevating hope, which can inspire a human being.—Lord Avebury.

You will find as you look back upon your life that the moments that stand out above everything else are the moments when you have done things in a spirit of love."—Henry Drummond.

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Yet do thy work, it shall succeed

In thine or in another's day
And if denied the victor's meed,
Thou shalt not lack the toiler's pay.
Faith shares the future's promise; Love's
Self-offering is a triumph won;
And each good thought or action moves
The dark world nearer to the sun.
—J. G. Whittier.

WEDNESDAY.

"I seek not mine own will, but the will of the Father which hath sent me."—John, 5, 30.

* * *

HE THAT DOETH THE WILL.

Poor sad humanity,
Through all the dust and heat,
Turns back with bleeding feet
By the weary road it came,
Unto the simple thought
By the great Master taught,
And that remaineth still;
Not he that repeateth the name,
But he that doeth the will.

THURSDAY.

"Speak ye every man the truth to his neighbor."—Zech. 8, 16.

* * *

A word that has been said may be unsaid; it is but air. But when a deed is done, it cannot be undone, nor can our thoughts reach out to all the mischiefs that may follow.—Longfellow.

One improper word or act will neutralise the effect of many good ones; and one base deed, after years of noble service, will cover them all with shame.—Aughey.

FRIDAY.

"If any man will come after Me, let him deny himself, take up his cross and follow Me."—Matt. 16, 24.

* * *

LITTLE BUT GREAT.

Little self-denials, little honesties, little passing words of sympathy, little nameless acts of kindness, little salient victories over favorite temptations—these are the silent threads of gold which, when woven together,

gleam out so brightly in the pattern of life that God approves.

We give a little flower of love
To light a darkened room,
And lo! our gardens overflow
With beauty and with bloom.
For sacrifice is but the door
To dwellings of delight;
And selfishness the subtle key
That locks our joys from sight.

SATURDAY.

"But the fruit of the spirit is love, joy, peace. . . ."—Gal. 5, 22.

* * *

A gay, serene spirit is the source of all that is noble and good. Whatever is accomplished of the greatest and noblest sort flows from such a disposition. Petty, gloomy souls that mourn the past and dread the future are not capable of seizing on the holiest moments of life.—Schiller.

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"Sure Cure for Septic Sores."

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Direct "Factory to Family" Prices.

Guaranteed Qualities.

All Orders delivered free to Rail or Wharf, Sydney.

First Impressions of Hell—

(Continued from Page 9.)

have seen many a man grow alcohologically corpulent and rot, whilst the real strength of a man went out of him. So I think that it is the same with the city of Sydney. Aye, even as it has been with many a man. Materially, it has grown vast and apparently prosperous. Morally and intellectually, it has grown downward. Down! From the true status of a world-city to that of a village-slum. Journalistic dirt and filth incarnate! Ignorance and drunkenness! Everything is just as it was. Only the city that once could stand up like a man and walk, can now only lurch and sprawl.

General Hypnosis!

Who, with open eyes, can fail to recognise his handiwork? Under his command, the art of enslaving is being splendidly developed. And we imagine that we are well-educated, nationally vigilant and free!

Slavery!

The Press and the public houses, together, have reduced that business to a fine art.

But I deny the very existence of education in any man, whose only use for it is to read the signs of beer and whisky sellers, and to study "Truth's" cloacinal pages. Education? Not that sort of education is wanted in Australia, but freedom for the full development of spiritual capacity, and for the planting of true ambition in the heart of Youth.

Hear Tchekhov!

If people could give themselves to spiritual activity, he says, they would soon burst everything. For sure! Certainly God Almighty meant us to be superior beings, not rag-minded shopkeepers and heterogeneous slaves. If we really knew all the power of human genius, working in unison with the spirit of Jesus Christ, and lived only for higher purposes, we should become like gods.

And what are we? Crouching beneath the iron sway of General Hypnosis, each mad, miserable serf with a copy of one of Sydney's scandal-mongering sneering papers for his Bible, I see eight hundred and fifty thousand slaves.

If only I could gather together around me, little by little, a Discontented Party! A circle of sympathetic and understanding people. And if only you and I, instead of piously following our dead to the cemetery, once in so often, would constantly follow a live man! Somebody capable of fighting and of defeating this General Hypnosis upon the Napoleonic plan.

Surely there is another kind of life.

I have lived in chains in New South Wales. And I have toiled stark naked, also, like an Indian slave in New South Wales. And I have had—if not a full and plenty of prison-food for my belly—at least sufficient food for thought. And I am inclined to think, now, that all evil endures, and grows worse rather than improves, because men and women have schooled themselves to the living of two lives. They are not satisfied to live one life on earth, and another later on in heaven. No! In the most extraordinary way imagin-

able we mix up the two totally distinct attitudes here.

Everywhere the double standard—the striking of two attitudes and the living of two lives. As if any man ever hit a punch worth mentioning, anywhere, upon this earth, by striking out at two different objectives, with one fist, at once!

So you?

What about you? Do YOU live two lives? Have you one life, obvious, which everyone can see and know, if sufficiently interested—a life full of conventional truth and conventional fraud? Have you that sort of a life, exactly like the outward life of fifty of your friends and a hundred of your acquaintances? And another life, which moves underground?

Are you, for one, interested in that strange, Tchekhovian conspiracy of circumstance—that life-scheme? Or, as a by-product thereof, are you one of those in regard to whom everything that is important, interesting, vital—everything that enables you to be sincere, and to deny self-deception in the inmost core of your being—must dwell hidden away? Are you voluntarily false, or have you had falsity thrust upon you, as so many have?

Are you, therefore, a mere external shape, in which you are compelled to hide yourself in order to conceal the truth?

If so, come out.

Come out into the open, and talk and walk with me. For I, too, am overcome by curiosity. And I long for something—for a deeper and a freer and a greater sensation of life. I long to live. Not to fall back. Not to relapse into this universal village-minded career of mental vegetation, and of spiritual hypnosis, but to live. Aha! To live and live! To have faith and trust and hope and curiosity burn one up. That is life. Some will not understand me. Some, so accustomed to their routine of being mere shapes, and not forces, will deny the possibility of such a thing as real identity—actual, positive, insistent life.

Know these, when you hear and see them, for the living slaves of our would-be omnipresent Australian taskmaster, General Hypnosis.

But as for me, I am in revolt. I refuse to classify myself with those who are content to creep through life denying their own identity, their own insistent right to fullest manhood and fullest womanhood, as if they were so many pariahs and things unclean. I am different. Like Tchekhov's immortal character, Pavel Ivanich, I live consciously. I live belligerently. I live like a hawk or an eagle, hovering over the earth. And I see injustice—I see hell, in the very act of volitional perpetration—and I long to strike it down.

I am a living protestation. I see bigotry and hypocrisy rampant—and I protest. I see swine triumphant—I see them riding, in thousand-guinea motor-cars, as the outriders and as the bodyguard of General Hypnosis—and I protest.

I see the Gospel of the Gutter flaring upon ten thousand billboards—and I protest.

I, who have gone down the Universal Gutter; I, who have been sucked down into the great Judicial Sewer; I, who have been flung headlong into that ocean of human filth that floats in prison—I arise, and I protest.

The propaganda of universal hideousness must stop. The right of men and women to the beautiful—to live beautiful lives, and to have great and dear ambitions—again must be asserted. Aye! In the very teeth of hell. Though I were again flung into the sea, like Pavel Ivanich, sewn up in sailcloth and weighted down with heavy firebars, I should still protest.

Though sharks swam under me, slowly opening their mouths, and with one touch of their shining maxillary sabres ripped my soul as well as that sailcloth asunder, I should still protest.

Sharks?

I am not afraid of human sharks, who swim as pilot-fish in the wake of General Hypnosis. I know what sharks are—the most cowardly things in the world. For I have been down in the ocean-depths, weighted with lead and iron, helmeted and sheathed in rubber, and I know what a shark is afraid of—common, ordinary, everyday bubbles of air! Down on the ocean-floor, where derelicts and dead things lie, one ordinary bubble of living air is enough to disturb the equanimity of any shark.

At the sight of an air-bubble, Johnnie Shark will turn tail and flee.

Remember that!

And as it is with the sharks in the ocean-depths, so it is with the sharks that swim on land. One bubble of air! One breath of the clean atmosphere of heaven, and Johnnie Walker himself—the supreme diabolical shark that swims through sweat and tears and human slime—is gone! He can not stand it. Bubbles of the pure eternal! Bubbling prayers that rise from the ocean-depths of life towards Almighty God—he can not stand them. They are a strange thing and a terrifying thing—a thing outside his ken.

Then send them up!

Prayers to heaven, ascend! Whispering supplications from the heart and soul of a sad humanity, ascend! For General Hypnosis is not invincible. Be strong! Be bold! Be quick! Pray for the awakening of the sleeping soul of Sydney. Pray! For the sky is soft and lilac, pale and tender. And even as the weighted dead sink surely down to the floor of ocean, so the freighted prayers of God's own children ascend to the floor of heaven, and make for God a golden sunrise-glow.

(THE END.)

ROGERS BROS.

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775 GEORGE STREET, and
445 PITT STREET.

"Dry Law Cuts Sales of Empty Bottles."

Under the above head the New York "Times" of January 27 discusses one of the reasons given to the New York city Board of Estimate by William F. Donovan, President of the Brooklyn Ash Removal Company, as to shrinkage of profits in its contract. The "Times" says:

"William F. Donovan, president of the Brooklyn Ash Removal Company, Inc., disclosed that before intoxicating liquors were eliminated as a legitimate commodity there was a great demand for empty whisky and beer bottles that were salvaged by the ash and garbage removers. Now that demand has ceased to exist. . . .

"They say there is a high price on them, but when you come to sell them you can't find a man who is going to give a high price."

Thus do the cold facts cruelly do to the death the endless newspaper gossip about a shortage in the bottle market and the fancy figures paid for containers due to an allegedly universal practice of the arts of home brew.

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

If this strikes you, then send along to

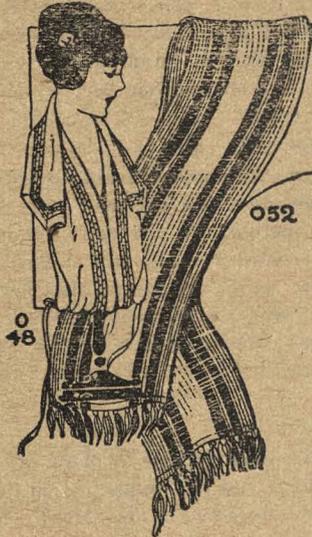
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O 48.—IVORY CREPE DE CHINE VEST, trimmed gulfure fillet lace. PRICE 8/11.

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PURE SILK MOTOR SCARVES, 64 inches long, 14 inches wide, in a variety of charming colored stripes. PRICE 59/6 each.

BRUSHED WOOL SCARVES, fringed ends in Cream, Black and White, Vieux Rose, Saxe, Saxe and Grey, Vieux Rose and Fawn, Champagne and Vieux Rose, Saxe and Putty, Saxe and Brown, Fawn and Emerald, Saxe and Emerald, Navy and Champagne, Emerald and Vieux Rose, Fawn and Red, 64 inches long, 18 inches wide. PRICE 39/ each.

BRUSHED WOOL SCARVES, fringed ends, in Vieux Rose, Saxe and Brown, Brown and Champagne, Cream and Emerald. PRICE 35/ each.

BRUSHED WOOL SCARVES, fringed ends, in Vieux Rose, Grey and Vieux Rose, Grey, Cream, Bottle Green, Cream and Vieux Rose, Grey and Yellow, Grey and Saxe, Champagne, Grey and White, Cream and Maroon, Cream and Fawn, Cream and Saxe, Emerald and Saxe, 68 inches long, 10 inches wide. PRICE 18/11 each.

BRUSHED WOOL SCARVES, fringed ends, in Navy, Brown, Cream, Saxe, Black, Fawn, and Champagne, 66 inches long, 17 inches wide. PRICE 35/ each.

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MAY 12-15, 1921.

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THURSDAY, 12th, 7.30 p.m.—The business is your business. Reports; Balance Sheet; Election of Officers.

FRIDAY, 13th, 11 to 1.—Country Problems.
1 to 2.—President's Lunch.
2.30 to 4.—Prohibition and Industrialists.
4 to 5.30.—Prohibition and Business.
6 to 7.—Tea.
7.30 to 9.—The Political Situation.

SATURDAY.—Picnic to Nielsen Park, from 2 o'clock. Boats every half-hour.

SUNDAY.—Prohibition Sunday in the City.