

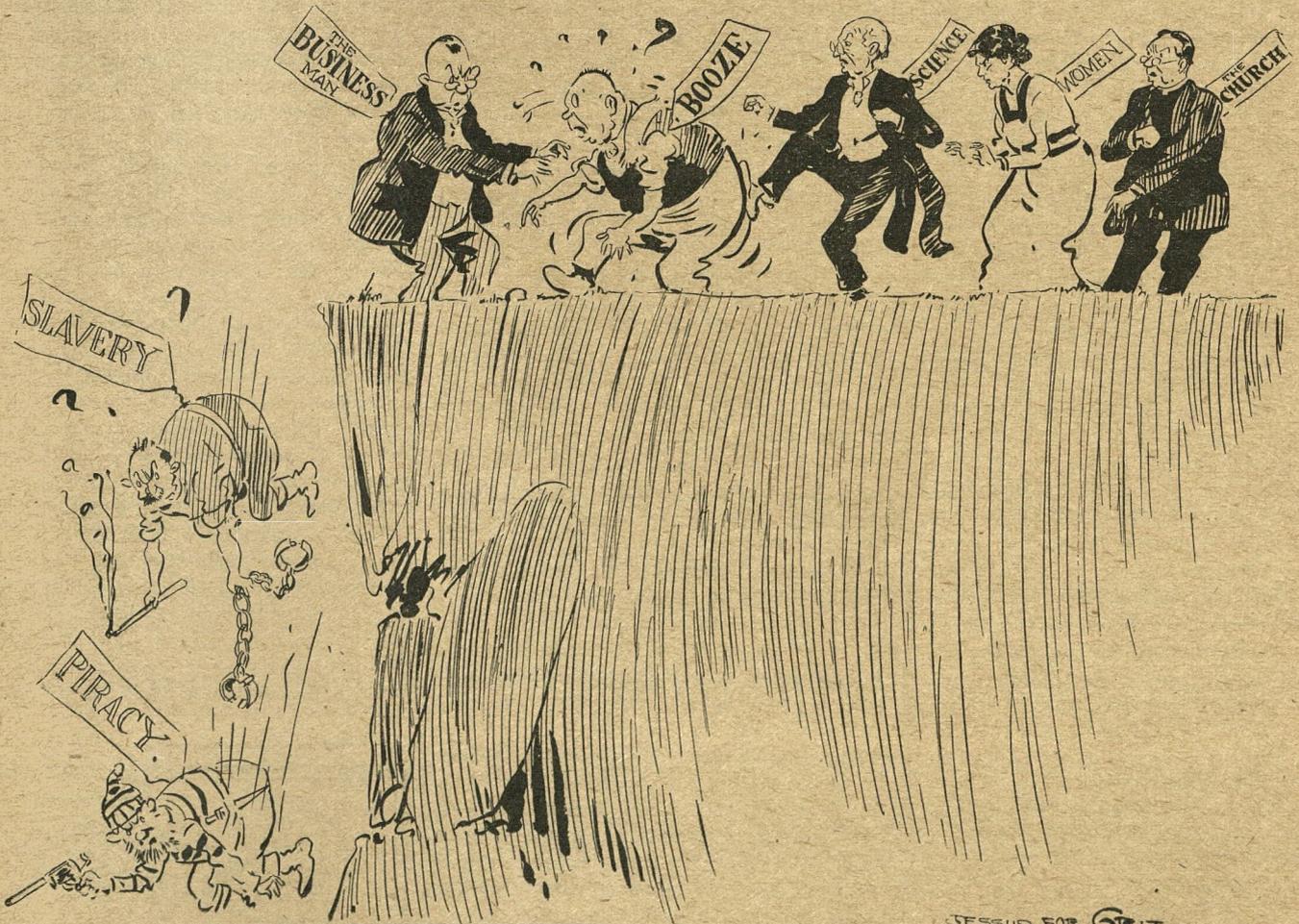
Grit.

A JOURNAL OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY AND PROHIBITION.

VOL. XX. No. 2. Twopence.

THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1926.

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



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BETTER KINDS OF BUSINESS.

By JOE LONGTON, for "Grit."

When the "wets" begin to "beef and holler" about their narcotic being taken away from 'em the "drys" burst out laughing in their faces and point to the "smearcasing" that Congress gave them when all the "wet" motions were "ditched" at the last Congressional hearing by 139 to 17, when out of 436 Congressmen the booze hounds could only scare up 17 "lushes."

Can you wonder?

In Covington, Kentucky, the Covington Brewery is now a pork and beef packing plant. In Newport, Kentucky, the "Old 76" Whisky Distillery is Fisher Bros.' cold storage and meat canning and freezing warehouse. In Mayville, Kentucky, Rogers and Payne have turned the "Old Green River" and the "Limestone" distilleries into tobacco warehouses. In Owensboro, Kentucky, the Glenmore Distillery is a tobacco warehouse and curing plant. In Lexington, Kentucky, John Kloecker's Brewery makes ice, ice cream and a wonderful milk tonic for invalids.

In Cincinnati, Ohio, the Nash Tailoring Co. employs over a thousand people in a part of the Moerlin Brewery. The Haimoune Brewery in the same city is rented by Rose Brothers, who give work to a huge number manufacturing army and navy supplies; while the palatial "Mecca," "Youcar," and Gibson's saloons were torn out like rotten stumps to make way for the enormous Gibson Hotel.

The Knecht Brewery in Hamilton, Ohio, is an ice and coal plant. The Middletown Bank, with several stories, stands where Mike Brannigan's saloon stood in Middletown, Ohio.

The Dick Thomas Brewery is being remodelled and let for industrial purposes. Greene, Emby and Peterson have a large produce and commission business in the old Springfield road house. The Main-street jail is the Saunders "Drive Yourself" Auto Rental Co. and the Hudson-Essex Auto Agency, while the Antler Bar is the de luxe restaurants in Dayton, Ohio.

The old Zenia jail outside of Dayton is a broom factory, and the Zenia Brewery is a stove works.

The third precinct police station is a kindergarten in Springfield, Ohio, where the Red Head Brewing Co., that destroyed so many men, women and babies, is now the general city market. I was amazed at its enormous packing house and the wonderful, clean, inviting stores that sold everything from a frying pan, a loaf of bread, a yard of tripe, and a Scotch watch and chain (sheep's head and pluck) to a pair of pigeons and a baby's rattle. Another great portion of the old brewery has been disinfected and altered for dentists, lawyers, etc., that rent offices.

Out of the dusk comes the dawn; out of Prohibition came Prosperity.

In Portsmouth, Ohio, John Gilligan had a bar and barrel house where one could either

get a glass, bottle, barrel or skinful. When Prohibition came along and rooted his "joint" out for the National Bank, a seven-story structure, John went into retirement. Morris Abrams met John coming home from early morning mass with a bottle of Father John's medicine and a pound of blessed candles on his arm, and notified him of the old "hell hole's" fate. John lived seven days.

In the same city, the Portsmouth, Ohio, Brewing Co. manufacture ice, ice cream, and the celebrated "Cheri Cola," a delightful cooling summer beverage that has enabled the new owners to enlarge the old death-dealing brewery.

Those are a few of my findings for "Grit." In other sections of the U.S.A. the saloon, the brewery and distillery, and the drunkard and drunkard's home is fast becoming a tragic memory.

It is six years since the greatest blessing ever conferred upon these generations was inaugurated, and around the 16th of this January, 1926, America begins to celebrate the great Prohibition day—the day that will live for ever and become an international holiday.

BOOZE KILLED BOXING.

Twenty years ago boxing became such a nauseous sport in Chicago, where the saloon and ring were partners, that the lovers of the manly art became disgusted, and the saloons were not permitted to operate under the same roof.

When the law became effective and the booze barons saw so many customers idling their time away at a boxing match, they gave their support to the era of reform that has since reincarnated sport and filled up the hole with John Barleycorn.

Chicago is erecting a Madison Square Garden at a cost of nearly six million dollars, which is to seat 5000 fans, thanks to Prohibition, which enables sane and sober executives to guide the nation.

In this week's travel I have noticed where the Lazarus Clothing Co. have torn down Murphy's, Geisler's and "Greek Toney's" merry mucilage parlors, where the "poison potion" was dispensed over the bar, and are erecting a ten-story building which occupies half a city block in Columbus, Ohio, where also the saloon of Cornelius Conklin is being replaced by the 30-story American Insurance building; and the colossal Koster's Brewery has been taken over by the Bell Telephone Co. of Columbus; they rent a portion to a shirt factory and an overall factory that employs about one thousand people.

In Columbus, Ohio, the Washington, Columbus and Gambrinus Breweries are "hives of industry"; they are coal, ice, ice cream, cold storage and meat-packing plants; while the Ohio Brewery is the largest retail ice and coal plant in the city. Former drunkards and their families have coal in winter and ice cream in summer.

Old Chillicothe, Ohio, saloons that I knew intimately are now used by A. Oesterle, grocer; the Washington Restaurant; C. J. Munn, butcher; The Friend Sweet Shop; Capital Millinery; Central Pharmacy; Mykrantz Drug Store; Walter Yoco (Men's Wear) and the Ross County Bank; while over the railroad tracks the Chillicothe Distillery is now the Edinger Packing House and Abattoirs.

In Circleville, Ohio, the Logan Gas Co., Citizens' Telephone Co., Betz's Lunch, the Crest Department Store, Colwell's Department Store and the Miller Tire Co. were saloons in which I have been stupidly drunk.

The Gallipolis (Ohio) Brewery is being converted into a milk can manufacturing factory, and the insane asylum in Athens, Ohio, has, in 1926, only 1600 patients, where in 1918 it had 2136.

In Huntington, West Virginia, I obtained from Mrs. Brown, the proprietress of the Fountain Drug Co., the best equipped drug store in America, a picture of its interior in order that Australia might see into what the fountain bar, the most palatial saloon in the State, has been converted. It has a variety of drugs, notions, stationery, books and jewellery unsurpassed anywhere, besides a wonderful soda fountain and restaurant, where, not being hungry, I ate a snack that consisted of puree de tomate, filet de sole, chicken with dumplin's and pie a la mode.

On the same street is the wonderful City Gymnasium, that was, in the days of Boozie Halitosis, a gin mill gorgeous in drunken splendor.

Since the recent vote in Congress, where out of 436 voters the wets counted about as many as you'd set under a broody hen, the "Wop Pope" has not been mentioned in wet politics or anything that smells like "hooch" outside of sacramental wine. I guess that as soon as the ticker showed him that the nag John Barleycorn got licked at the odds of eight to one among a field in which all the drys did not start, he lifted up his petticoats and skeedaddled back into the Vatican.



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THE VICTUALLERS' CONFERENCE— AND ALICE.

By THE DORMOUSE.

"The Annual Conference of the Licensed Victuallers' Association will be held in Melbourne on April 12th."—News item.

Now when Alice read that she asked the Mock Turtle what a Victualler was or is. The White Rabbit lifted his red eye up from a patch of grass and silently winked. But the Mock Turtle said he thought it was a gramophone thing, which played tunes. "And why do they have a Conference?" said the Queen of Hearts. And Alice thought that perhaps the "Victlers" would all get together and play tunes in company—like the Methodists. "And I read in the paper to-day that the Methodists had a Conference too, with a President and all, like the 'Victlers.' But who is to wind them all up?" "Don't be silly," said the White Rabbit. "Of course they have a license to get the wind up on account of Prohibition. That is why they are called Licensed 'Victlers.'" "Let's go and see the Conference," said Alice.

And so the Gryphon spread his wings, and took them all away to Melbourne. There they arrived at the opening ceremony in the nick of time. "Indeed, it must be Old Nick," said the Mock Turtle, "for there he is leading the procession of delegates." "I don't see any gramophones," said Alice, "so they can't be playing 'victrolas.'" "Hush," said the White Rabbit, "here they come!" Indeed, it was a kind of masque that entered the hall. There were symbolic figures representing Bacchus, Cheer, Song, Mirth, and (a little way behind) Misery, Madness and Death—all very ghastly. Behind the President came rolling a great fat Cask, with human features painted on it, and deftly balancing himself on that Cask with much skill was a tall figure, dressed as a Juggler, with two faces. He had a placard, "POLITICIAN," on his neck, and two enormous plugs in his ears.

"What is the Conference going to do now?" said Alice. "Everyone knows," said the White Rabbit. "It will consider how profitably (to itself) it may quietly release those masqued figures of Bacchus, Cheer, Song, Mirth, and of Misery, Madness and Death. The first four are to amuse the people, while the last three mingle with the crowd. . . ." "And what then?" said Alice, with staring eyes. "Ah!" said the Mock Turtle, "that is what we don't tell little girls, and, after all, you are only dreaming, aren't you?" "Oh," said Alice, "I'll scream loudly and tell that Politician. He may help everybody in danger." "Don't do that," said the Mock Turtle, "he can't hear." "No," said the Mad Hatter, "it is for that he has the Plugs."

Just then the President called the Conference's attention to the presence of strangers. Alice fainted into the arms of the Queen of Hearts, and the Gryphon bore them all away in mighty wings.

"GINGERLY" GOES THE JUDGE.

MUM'S THE WORD.

BOTTLES AS WEAPONS.

The danger of a long-necked bottle as a weapon impressed Judge Rolin, in the Appeals Court to-day. He was dealing with an assault case in which the defendant was charged with throwing a bottle at a policeman.

The Judge referred to a recent suggestion in the press that all bottles should be made with short necks, like ginger-beer bottles.

Mr. R. Sproule: The suggestion was ridiculed when it came before Parliament.

Judge Rolin: I know. But the fact remains that a bottle is a very handy and a dangerous weapon.—"The Sun," 8/3/26.

Ginger-beer and vinegar bottles are long-necked and hefty weapons. You never hear of them being used as weapons!

This is the same Judge who recently indicated (on hearing an appeal from a motorist, after an accident, where the "other man" was killed) that "there is no law against a motorist having a drink!" Now his sapient Honor says a bottle is a "dangerous weapon." A Columbus on the Bench! O sage and illuminating remark—one out of the "tripe" box.

It is only "dangerous" when the bottle is or has been filled with "licker." The Judge didn't say THAT! Nothing like that saying is conceivable from the Bench. It simply isn't done. Not for worlds! Gingerly, delicately, remotely, politely must the Judge Rolin and the other legal birds allude to the unchained devil abroad. One word of courage—how we long for that! But it simply "isn't done"!

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NEW SOUTH WALES PROHIBITION ALLIANCE.

Headquarters: 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.

Our Objective: The Abolition of the Liquor Traffic.

Our Weapons: Education and Legislative Action.

This Page is devoted to the activities of the Prohibition Alliance—Edited by Henry Macourt, Publicity Officer.

ROUND-A-BOUT NOTES.

(By the STATE SUPERINTENDENT.)

The Annual Australian Prohibition Conference, which meets this week in Ballarat, is representative of the combined forces of the Commonwealth. There are many features of the great Prohibition Movement which have a common interest between the States. We look forward to much good and inspiration from the plans and decisions of this all-Australian gathering.

* * *

The reports so far to hand from "listeners-in" indicate that the Wednesday evening lectures have been distinctly received, and the favorable comments are encouraging. We would like to have received a greater number of country reports, as it was the people in the far distant parts that we aimed at reaching.

* * *

"Their opinions" on Prohibition received from U.S.A. Governors by the Parliamentary Committee in charge of the Questionnaire were broadcast last Wednesday evening by Mr. A. Lane, M.L.A. These replies are a wonderful tribute to the success of Prohibition, and cannot fail to impress the unbiased mind.

* * *

Would you like to do something for Prohibition in your district? We have a supply of up-to-date leaflets for free distribution. If you are willing to assist in this direction kindly communicate with this office.

* * *

The Alliance speakers have recently visited and delivered Prohibition addresses in churches at Greenwich, Auburn, Burwood, and Waverley, where well-attended and interested congregations listened attentively to the message of this important phase of church work.

* * *

The number of new subscribing members enrolled by the Field Service Staff each week is clear evidence that the Prohibition sentiment is gaining ground. When we remember that no Local Option vote has been taken since 1913, it must be apparent that Parliament has deprived the Temperance people of a sacred right.

* * *

Long Bay, another "dry" seaside suburb, is to be disturbed by an application for a publican's license. The Local Objectors Committee have the opposition well in hand, and are determined to keep their suburb clean and safe from the lure of liquor.

LOOPHOLES IN LIQUOR ACT.

BATHURST MAGISTRATE FINDS ANOTHER.

There is no law in existence which can be so liberally interpreted as the Liquor Act. At least, that is the impression given by the many legal decisions of the past few years, until the public has begun to wonder what restrictions can be placed upon the selling of liquor after hours.

Mr. Scott, S.M., has just ruled at Bathurst that bona fide hotel lodgers may invite bona fide guests to have drinks in the bar at their hotel during the hours that the bar is closed. This decision opens up interesting possibilities, in view of the previous decisions as to who is a lodger. And bona fide guests—well, the interpretation of who is a guest is likely to be as liberal as the interpretation of the meal which is to entitle the diner to have liquor with it.

The Bathurst decision was the outcome of a charge against a licensee of allowing two men to drink in the bar after closing hours.

Any fresh decisions can have no element of surprise about them, and each one as it comes will mean a greater concentration of interest upon the test case which the Prohibition Alliance has taken to the Full Court. The indications are that upon this later case depends the effectiveness of the six o'clock closing law.

* * *

AN HONORED WORKER.

Miss Hasemer, who has been associated with the N.S.W. Prohibition Alliance for many years, is moving her place of residence from Leichhardt to the Orange district. Among the many quiet workers who have consistently helped wherever and whenever possible, none has rendered more faithful service, more particularly in those situations where the limelight does not shine. She has been a member of the State Council and a loyal representative in her district.

The best wishes of many friends will go with her, as they commend her to the fellowship of Prohibition workers in the West.

* * *

Among the visitors to the Alliance Office during the week were Mr. Arthur Toombes, State Superintendent of the Queensland Prohibition League, and Mr. Victor Stanton, also of Queensland. Both were on their way to the Annual Conference of the Australian Prohibition League in Melbourne and Ballarat.

* * *

Judging of the slogans has been delayed. The prize-winners will be announced in our next issue. There were just on 950 entries.

TWO NOTABLE VISITORS.

Dr. John R. Mott and Gipsy Smith are world-known names. Both men will be with us this year—Dr. Mott is here now. Both have a message concerning Prohibition, as well as their message of the Gospel. Indeed, they find the two are one. Both know England and America well, and have seen the results of the Prohibition experiment in the latter. We shall await their statement of the situation with anticipation of a great stirring of interest in Prohibition because of what these world-travelled men can tell us of the progress of the reform.

* * *

MR. BRUNTNELL TO VISIT ENGLAND.

Mr. Albert Bruntnell, M.L.A., long known by Prohibitionists as a fighter against booze, leaves this week for England, accompanied by Mrs. and Miss Bruntnell. At one time general secretary of the N.S.W. Alliance, he has had a creditable public career since entering politics, maintaining a more or less intimate association with our movement. He is now President of the N.S.W. Band of Hope Union, and will have opportunity while in the Old Land of rendering service in the interests of young people. His many friends will wish him a very pleasant trip.

* * *

FIELD DAY APPOINTMENTS.

SATURDAY, March 27.—

8 p.m.—Canley Vale Church of Christ.
Mr. H. Macourt.

SUNDAY, March 28.—

11 a.m.—Thirroul Methodist Church.
7.30 p.m.—Ausimner Methodist Church.
Mr. H. C. Stitt.

11 a.m.—Mayfield Methodist Church.
7 p.m.—Waratah Methodist Church.
Rev. H. C. Putland.

11 a.m.—Adamstown Methodist Church.
7 p.m.—Cardiff Methodist Church.
Mr. C. E. Still.

MONDAY, March 29.—

8 p.m.—Chatswood Baptist Church.
Mr. H. Macourt.

SUNDAY, April 11.—

11 a.m.—Haberfield Presbyterian Church.
7 p.m.—Epping Congregational Church.
Mr. H. C. Stitt.

11 a.m.—Stanmore Baptist Church.
7.15 p.m.—Hornsby Presbyterian Church.
Rev. H. Putland.

11 a.m.—Bexley Anglican Church.
7.15 p.m.—Stanmore Anglican Church.
Mr. C. E. Still.

7.15 p.m.—West Kogarah Anglican Church.
Mr. C. W. Chandler.

TUESDAY, April 13.—

8 p.m.—Stanmore Baptist Church.
Rev. H. Putland.

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This page is devoted to the activities of the N.S.W. Prohibition Alliance—Edited by Henry Macourt, Publicity Officer.

SPREADING THE FACTS.

MR. ALBERT LANE TELLS LISTENERS- IN WHAT UNITED STATES GOVERNORS SAID.

The group of members of Parliament who wrote to the various Governors of the United States for their opinions of Prohibition placed the public generally under a debt of gratitude, which every fair-minded person appreciates. Facts contained in the letters should set at rest the minds of many who were confused by the contradiction of statements coming here.

Mr. Albert Lane, M.L.A., who made these letters the subject of a talk to listeners-in on Wednesday night, very properly said that these men in high authority in U.S.A., with many opportunities of studying the experiment in operation, and of getting to know the results, must be listened to. Their opinions are extremely valuable, more especially as there is no self-interest to serve such as is the case with those who might be able to make money out of the traffic in alcoholic liquor. The letters, he told his hearers, had all the indications of deliberate judgment backed by results, which spoke emphatically of success. These letters are 22 in number, of which 15 definitely say that Prohibition is succeeding, some of them saying it enthusiastically, only three being definitely opposed.

"I give to you," said Mr. Lane, "the statements of these influential men for what you may consider them to be worth. We regard them as most important to the discussion going on in our midst concerning the drink evil. The evil has to be dealt with. The fact that in N.S.W. last year nearly 12 millions of money was spent on alcoholic drink, and that there were nearly 30,000 convictions for drunkenness, as well as all the other serious social effects, compels the most serious attention. That is what is expected of all of us; that is what we public men are endeavoring to give it.

"Truly it is a big thing, and N.S.W. and Australia will have to be big enough to take hold of the drink problem and strive for a similar result."

In the midst of the discussion of test cricket, bad handwriting, Mr. McTiernan's trip, city electricity and the many other subjects filling the columns of newspapers, one might expect to find ample space given to the greatest social problem of the age—the drink evil. That expectation would meet with disappointment. It is rarely mentioned; more rarely still is it discussed in a manner befitting its importance.

This failure on the part of the newspapers to adequately deal with this momentous prob-

WINE AND POLITICS.

IS THE GOVERNMENT SEEKING THE FAVOR OF THE LIQUOR TRAFFIC?

The frequency with which Cabinet Ministers are discovered in the position of champions of the wine trade must come with a shock to the clear-sighted Labor man who sees the liquor traffic as an enemy of the workers. If any individual politician chooses to laud any section of this traffic or be photographed with a glass of liquor in his hand that is his business, just as it is the business of the electors to see that he does not continue to do it with the help of their votes.

The wine, "when it is red," may be very attractive to some public men, but what is more attractive is the votes of the people who can put him in or out.

Says Prohibition Made Great Strides in 1925.

Westerville, Ohio, January 1.—Nineteen twenty-five was a year of "great progress" in enforcement of Prohibition, in the opinion of Dr. Ernest H. Cherrington, General Secretary of the World League Against Alcoholism.

The Busy Man's Prayer to God.

For Thy blessing on to-day,
All I think or do or say,
Lift my heart, I now, and pray:

Pardon grant for all offence;
Goodness give of heart and sense;
Strength enough for battle tense.

Wrap me round with righteousness;
Make me smile with happiness;
Straighten me to uprightness.

Make me thus fulfil Thy will,
Growing ever greater still,
Till Christ's measure I may fill!

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lem has compelled the Prohibition Alliance to find other avenues of reaching the people. Hence the experiment in putting Prohibition in the air. There must be big value in this. It is, at any rate, an indication of the earnestness of those in charge of the campaign to make the propaganda programme as effective as possible.

LOCAL OPTION.

HOW THE LIQUOR ACT PROTECTS THE LIQUOR INTERESTS.

Many of those who are earnestly endeavoring to deal with the drink evil in the community had been taking some comfort from their belief that from September, 1928, the Local Option provisions of the Liquor Act would be restored and operate at the next succeeding election. That the proposed referendum on Prohibition with compensation was a hopeless thing, as well as an outrageous proposition, was generally recognised, and the only interest in it was as a means of influencing public opinion in relation to the next election.

Mr. E. H. Tebbutt has very properly directed attention to the wording of the amended Liquor Act of 1923, which definitely states that the Local Option law is suspended until the referendum is taken. If the referendum is not taken—and neither party seems to want this one—Local Option remains suspended.

This is just another illustration of liquor influence in politics, where it appears to be able to get advantages both coming and going, and the patient public, growing weary, wonders what is the reason for this protection so constantly given. And the public must get to know, and in that knowledge act. The time has come to drop all quibbling concerning things which do not matter; the senseless criticism of details of management of the campaign, particularly financial. To beat liquor will require the closest unity, the most whole-hearted support, even to putting some present activities into the background.

Prohibitionists must become keener politicians. Christian men and women will need to add the political league to their other spheres of activity. Bishop Hay, of Tasmania, in a recent appeal to the church people of his State to give politics more serious attention, said he did not ask them to make their religion political, but he did want them to make their politics more religious.

Religion will put the spirit of humanity in the place of the spirit of greed; and it is greed, callous oppressing greed, which maintains the liquor traffic in our midst. The friends of the traffic have reigned in politics too long. Every amending Liquor Act shows how big is their pull. There must now be a pull the other way. "Get into politics to drive liquor out" is the battle-cry for the next two years.

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THE MOMENTOUS DECISION OF POPE PIUS THE TENTH.

By AN AUSTRALIAN WOMAN.

On a certain day in the year 1910, when brooding over the misery and wretchedness caused by the drink traffic and the apparently almost insurmountable difficulties that beset those laboring to sweep it away from the face of the earth, it suddenly occurred to me that there was one man who could, if he would, wield an enormous power in that direction, a power such as no other possessed, for there were millions of men and women on this globe who looked with unflinching faith to him for advice and judgment. It was said that he was filled with tenderness and compassion for the sadness and suffering of the human race; was of sweet and gentle disposition, but capable of great firmness once he had made up his mind. "Could it be," I thought, "that he was appointed by God to take up the work for which others had been laboring so long and so devotedly?" And then it flashed across my mind that I might tell him that an obscure woman of the Antipodes was moved to communicate with him by an impulse that she felt certain had been inspired by a Power outside herself.

Long and anxiously for many days I pondered over the matter until finally I determined to send the letter, telling no single person of my intention. I knew full well that I was about to do what would appear absurd to others, seeing it was Pope Pius the Tenth, the Supreme Head of the Roman Catholic Church, to whom I was making my appeal. I gave him no clue to my identity, merely stating that I was not of his Communion, and signed myself "An Australian Woman." With the letter I posted a copy of an Australian book, "Growing Towards the Light."

Time rolled by, but I could detect no sign in Australia of any general awakening of the Church of Rome to its duty on this important question, though a few priests did their best in the face of much discouragement. In the Old World it was the same; but Cardinal Gibbon kept up his gallant fight in America. Then one day I saw to my amazement in the public press a paragraph stating that the Pope of Rome had announced his intention of becoming a total abstainer from alcohol. A few days after there was a second notice to the same effect. I waited eagerly for some comment by the Roman Catholic clergy, but could hear of none, and when a year or more had passed began to doubt the correctness of the report. Then it happened that meeting a venerable old priest beloved by Catholics and Protestants alike, whom I had known for many years, I took my courage in my hands and asked if the report had been true. He answered in the affirmative, and said further that explicit instructions had been sent to all priests that it was the wish of the Head of their Church that they should follow his example in this respect, and also that a Temperance Association be formed, if possible, in every parish.

That was a joyful day for me, though I did not dare to think that my action had done anything to help that momentous decision. Probably the same wave of thought that was affecting the whole world had reached him as it did me. But I am always glad I sent the letter at that time, and hope he received it safely.

But how it is that greater publicity has not been given to the fact that for the first time in history, as far as is known, the Pontiff of the Roman Catholic Church had avowed himself on the side of those fighting for the abolition of a traffic which has become the greatest curse in the world? The news should have been sent to every corner of the earth as with a trumpet blast by Catholics and Protestants alike, for it presents a common ground on which the two creeds could stand without the least detriment to the faith of either. I see them streaming in from North and South, from East and West, a Federation fronting the foe of God and man. In America Cardinal Gibbon's people joined wholeheartedly with Protestants in the temperance work. Why could not we in Australia do the same? Oh, for a second Father Matthew, that devoted young Irish priest who a century ago roused not only Ireland from its lethargy, but England also, and led them in a crusade against the drink traffic, which resulted in tens of thousands of men and women enlisting under his banner. That is what we need now—a world-wide Federation vowed to extirpate the drink curse, and to bring in a glorious era such as has never been since God said, "Let there be light."



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SPECIAL AFTERNOON
TEA

HAVE YOU TRIED IT?

THE MOST WONDERFUL MEETING IN AUSTRALIA.

HIS PROPERTY IS ALWAYS TO HAVE MERCY.

(By ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.)

The intercessory service in the basement of the Town Hall every Wednesday, from 12.30 to 4, is a splendid demonstration of the Unity of the Spirit. Every denomination is represented; they come from every suburb and every branch of society.

The hall-mark of an intercessor is not a theological belief but a spiritual appreciation.

God is a spirit, and they that worship must worship in spirit and in truth.

Prejudice, resentment, superiority, wrongness of spirit, aloofness, and unfriendliness to follow Christians, all disqualify from any enjoyment of or usefulness in this great meeting. The thing that counts is the spirit of your life.

"Not what we have—but what we use!

Not what we see—but what we choose—

These are the things that mar or bless

The sun of human happiness.

"The things nearby, not things afar,

Not what we seem, but what we are,

These are the things that make or break,

That gives the heart its joy or ache.

"Not what seems fair, but what is true,

Not what we dream, but the good we do!

These are the things that shine like gems,

Like stars, in heaven's diadems.

"Not as we take, but as we give,

Not as we pray, but as we live—

These are the things that make for peace

Both now and after time shall cease!"

MISERABLY WRETCHED.

The following is the kind of petition that perhaps could only be sent to such a meeting as that of which I am writing:

"Will you kindly request the members of your 'Prayer Union' to ask God for my con-

version to Him? My 67th birthday was on New Year's Day, fifty years of which I have been serving God and Mammon, as contained in II. Corinthians, 11th chapter, 13, 14, 15. I feel so miserably wretched spiritually, which my kind friends note is having a physical effect upon me. I seek the Lord, but I have not found the Lord Jesus Christ as my Saviour, but, dear Sir and Christians, please pray for my soul's redemption."

ANOTHER STRIKING REQUEST.

"I'm writing to ask prayer for a man who is at present in Long Bay Jail Hospital. He met with a terrible accident. At the time of the accident it was found that he had embezzled some money, so was sentenced to three years' imprisonment. He is only 22."

THE WONDER OF PRAYER.

A letter says: "About a fortnight ago I wrote to you asking for your prayers for a son who was taken with a dangerous illness far away. Parents were sent for, as the doctors had no hope of recovery, and it would take parents a week to arrive at the destination. The father, being ill too, went. Your prayers have been answered. The son made a wonderful recovery, and the father is stronger. They are returning next week and bringing the son with them.

"Oh, if people could only know what prayer means! The power, the great and only driving wheel of humanity. If people could only understand where to look for courage and strength. I am very thankful to God for the answer given. I have great troubles and anxiety. The life would have been crushed out of me long ago only that I just turn to my Protector and I get strength and courage. When I call for His help I know He answers."

A NOTE OF PRAISE.

From 30 to 40 such notes as this come each Wednesday:

"Praise God! Many are the prayers that have been answered for His great goodness to his children, also for the poor mental woman, who is much better, suffers sometimes, but receives grace to bear it. The sender is so overjoyed with God's goodness and love all through the year, blessing, helping, keeping and providing the needs. Praise Him, praise Him!"

YEARS OF TROUBLE.

"Will you pray for me and my household? I've had years of trouble, some very cruel and heart-breaking. If you heard all you could scarcely believe one could keep mental, and most have been caused by man's inhumanity. One trouble after another for years till my husband and I seem to have lost all heart. We have a family depending on us. I've had a desperate fight to do for us for a long time and keep respectable. I have done so so far, but I feel going under, and what will then become of all? Now our home is sold over our heads and we are asked to go out. I am in rags of clothing, too bad to mend, and I am without friends—all have gone. Please pray for our household. I pray to be lifted up, but at times I think there is no use—just go down. God doesn't answer all. Only for my family I'd just drift, and I am now very frightened at what will be the next turn. We keep our doors locked and keep in with fear. Can you not put up a strong petition? It is all I depend on now."

A party of rich Americans were enjoying a long sailing cruise when an accident happened to one of the party. They landed and called in the aid of the local doctor. After doing all in his power the sister of the afflicted boy asked the doctor if there was any hope. The doctor's reply was, "We shall continue to use every remedy and expedient in our power. The issue, however, is ultimately with God." "With God!" echoed his sister. "Do you really believe in God? Do you think he has anything to do with this? Do you think He interferes or can interfere? Do you? Tell me, is there a God?"

A clergyman was asked to see the lad. Some time after the sister was asked what happened, and her reply was: "He didn't do any of the things a clergyman is supposed to do, read the Bible and that sort of thing; didn't even say a prayer, not then; he often has since. But it wasn't praying; it was like having a kind of quiet talk with mother. It seemed as if he had introduced me to God as a wonderful friend. He knows God; knows Him intimately. No one need argue with me about God any more. God will always be to me the wonderful Person that Mr. Murdock knows."

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A Personal Chat with my readers

NERVES A MATTER OF DIET.

I saw a small girl of eleven smack a baby in a pram and say, "You get on my nerves!"

Fancy a child with nerves! To paraphrase well-known lines:

"What will I be at fifty,
If Nature keep me alive,
When I find myself so nervy
When I am but twenty-five?"

One of England's most famous medical men, Sir W. Arbuthnot Lane, said lately:

"I have no hesitation in stating that the financial burden of avoidable ill-health and disease is very much heavier than that imposed by our War Debt," he writes in the "Fortnightly Review." "The heaviest tax of all is our tax on health. It inflicts a calculable burden of £500,000,000 a year on the nation in the form of lost earnings, and it inflicts an additional impost of considerably more than £500,000,000 a year on the people at work, because their working power and efficiency are reduced by physical malaise and mental depression consequent upon it.

"I have come to the conviction that of the healthy troubles and diseases of civilisation approximately 90 per cent. are quite unnecessary, and are comparatively easily avoidable."

Sir William blames "injudicious feeding and faulty methods of living" for the ill-health of the civilised world. His cry is "back to natural foods." He asserts that we throw away the most valuable constituents of our food, and that we overboil our vegetables. He advocates brown bread and brown sugar.

"Among primitive races leading primitive lives, indigestion is almost unknown, and so are appendicitis, colitis, gastric and duodenal ulcer, gallstones, etc.

While certain diseases, such as tuberculosis, are swiftly being eliminated, others, such as cancer, the various diseases of the digestive tract, arteriosclerosis, heart disease, insanity and others are increasing in a very alarming manner.

"Nerve troubles, which are becoming ominously prevalent, are by no means due to the rush of modern life, as is usually stated," he says (states the London "Daily Express"). "The most nerve-worn among the people are not the rushing city men who gamble with fortunes every day, but are seamstresses and other people who lead a quiet life, and who subsist on white bread, margarine, jam and strong tea with plenty of white sugar."

Few people seem to realise that one can have plenty to eat and yet be undernourished.

I saw menus in U.S.A. that contained the caloric value of each dish, so that one could see at a glance the nutritious value of each food. While nourishing food is of great importance, we must not overlook the bad habits that may rob us of vitality and leave us a bundle of nerves.

HORRID JAZZ.

It is interesting to find that Dr. Henry Coward, conductor of Sheffield Musical Union, denounces jazz as being boisterous,

blatant, grotesque, degrading, demoralising, sacrilegious and criminal.

"It originated," he says, "among slave owners who encouraged barbaric orgies with music calculated to inflame the baser passions, and thus make the lives of the slaves more tolerable.

"Jazz tends to lower the white races to the level of the lesser breeds, and its debasing influence is seen in every ballroom.

"Instead of the fine, imposing sweep of the graceful waltz, people shuffle hideously, everyone with a different step.

"They call this dancing," he concludes, "to the accompaniment of the trumpets, flare and saxophones, either mooing like cows or making a noise like the tearing of calico."

It is a great pleasure to have someone beyond denunciation as a wowsler say exactly what you think.

Thank you, Dr. Coward.

* * *

Each day we would be the better for gazing at and meditating on some beautiful thing. Mae Norton Morris says very truly:

Beauty, I glean you everywhere,
A child's shy smile,
A sunset here,
A veiled down there—
And all the while
A wealth of you I store,
Thirsting each day for more.

Beauty, I seek you everywhere.
Down clover lanes,
Amid tall trees;
Soul free I fare
Through silver rains,
'Neath stars or blaze of sun,
Seeking 'til life is done.

Beauty, I find you everywhere.
In sorrow's eyes,
In sacrifice,
In souls that dare—
Whate'er your guise,
And good it is to know
You dwell wh'er I go.

* * *

RACIAL PREJUDICE ONLY SKIN DEEP.

Men and women of hostile races and differing religious beliefs find a common brotherhood in the American University of Beirut, and in the lesson they teach us justify our investment of 2,000,000 dollars in Syria. According to a bulletin

GRIT

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AND PROHIBITION.

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Editor—ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.
Address: Box 390F, G.P.O., Sydney.
Office: N.S.W. Prohibition Alliance, Macdonell House, 321 Pitt-street, Sydney.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue, the paper being posted for 52 weeks for 11/-; outside the Commonwealth, 12/6.

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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, MARCH 25, 1926.

issued by Near East Colleges, the institution has grown to the maximum capacity of 1200 students since it was opened in 1866, so that last year it became necessary to turn students away because of lack of accommodation. These students, we are told, represent twenty-nine nationalities, about 50 per cent. of whom are Moslems, Jews, Druses and Bahais. Practically every Christian sect in the Near East is represented in the other 50 per cent. The faculty is made up of professors and instructors of fifteen nationalities, representing eleven religious sects. Forty-seven of these professors are American, and seventy-one are Syrian. Other nationalities represented are Armenian, Canadian, Cypriot, Egyptian, English, French, Greek, Italian, Palestinian, Persian, Polish, Russian and Swiss—as polyglot a body probably, as can be found in any institution in the world.

The President, Dr. Bayard Dodge, says:

"The university is a force working for tolerance and understanding. By working, studying and living together, racial prejudices are forgotten and a real basis for international understanding is laid."

* * *

An old darky had been in trouble for stealing chickens, and was convicted on circumstantial evidence.

"What's circumstantial evidence?" he was asked.

"Well," he said, "as near as I kin 'splain it, I 'um de way it has been 'splaind to me, circumstantial evidence is de feathers dat you leaves lyin' around after you has done with de chicken."

On this kind of evidence the liquor traffic stands utterly condemned.

The Editor

THE CASE FOR MODERATE DRINKING.

A BROADCASTED ADDRESS.

By RICHARD ARTHUR, M.D.

I introduce myself by saying that I have been a total abstainer for 40 years. Before that time I had consumed alcoholic beverages of various qualities and in various quantities, and had the average youth's attitude towards the Temperance question.

But a year's residence in the slums of Edinburgh changed that attitude once and for all. There I saw the effects of drink in all its horror, the cruel suffering of women and little children, which this traffic brought about, and the iron sunk into my soul and has left its imprint ever since. Nothing I have seen either in the Old Country or in Australia since that time has led me to alter my belief in the value of total abstinence.

I have been a Prohibitionist for only a few years. Before that I had thought that if men's commonsense and reason and their desire to help others, even if it involved some sacrifice of their own pleasure, if these were appealed to, the cause for Temperance would be won. I came gradually to see that this was not enough, and that for the sake of the present, and more especially of the coming generation, it was necessary to apply compulsion to a section of the community. Their liberty had to be interfered with in order that the liberty of others might be guarded. The marvellous prosperity and increase of general well-being in America as the result of Prohibition there finally convinced me that the health and happiness of the Australian people would be enormously increased if intoxicating liquors were banished from their midst.

Nevertheless I believe there are always two sides to a question, and that any fair-minded person should be prepared to examine both sides as impartially as he can.

I have followed carefully the statements of the advocates of so-called "moderate drinking," and will restate them briefly. Of course these advocates condemn excess as strongly as do the most rabid teetotalers, and they lay down fairly hard and fast rules as regards the amount of alcohol to be taken, and when and where it should be consumed. Thirty-five years ago at an International Medical Congress in London I heard the foremost defender at that time of moderation, Sir Dyce Duckworth, define what—from his scientific standpoint—moderation was.

He said the amount taken daily should not exceed 1½ to 2 ounces of absolute alcohol, which corresponds to about 5 to 7 table-spoonsful of spirit. This should always be taken with a meal, and preferably with the evening one, after the work of the day was done.

He denounced the consumption of alcohol on an empty stomach.

Coming down 33 years, I introduce you

to Dr. Starling, the Professor of Physiology at University College, London. In 1923 he issued a book, "The Action of Alcohol on Man," which was the most elaborate and reasoned work as yet issued in defence of moderation.

In it he claims that a man can take with his evening meal whisky to the amount of about three ounces (five table-spoonsful), or a pint and a half of ale, without influencing his behaviour or his powers of comporting himself with propriety as a member of society. He admits, however, that that amount will produce effects on muscular co-ordination and performance which can be measured, and that one-third of that amount—two small table-spoonsful of whisky or half a pint of beer—if taken on an empty stomach will diminish powers of muscular co-ordination, and other complex nervous processes.

Here then are the reasoned conclusions of the two great champions of moderate drinking:

(1) You must only drink alcohol with a meal or shortly after it. This for all moderate drinkers should abolish completely all drinking in a hotel bar, and all indulgence in the "shouting" habit.

(2) This meal should be the evening one. Alcohol lessens efficiency for work.

(3) Spirits should always be well diluted. Alcohol when concentrated damages the stomach wall, and retards digestion.

The man therefore who claims that he is a moderate drinker should be told what exactly moderation means and should be asked if he conforms to that standard.

If all would confine themselves to their small glass of whisky or pint of beer at dinner, there would be no Temperance question.

I want now to go farther and try to ascertain what reason Professor Starling has for saying, "I am convinced that in a civilised community the abolition of all alcoholic beverages, even if carried out by universal consent, would be a mistake and contrary to the permanent interests of the race. If it were enforced against the wishes and convictions of a large proportion of the community, I believe it would be little short of a calamity. While it would not result in the long run in the improvement of national health and efficiency, it would diminish that respect for the law which is essential for the stability and welfare of a democracy."

Here is a challenge thrown in the face of the advocates of Prohibition, and practically a wholesale condemnation of the American nation. Let us see then what are the weighty arguments with which Professor Starling supports his case, and which leads him to ignore the immense amount of poverty, disease, crime and death which result from the consumption of alcohol.

I have examined his book very carefully, and find when all is said and done that his chief argument on behalf of alcohol is this—in his own words: "A man has sat down to dinner fighting in his own mind the battles of the day over again, preparing for the work of the future, and seeking methods of warding off possible dangers to himself or to his plans. But for the moment then thoughts and cares are no longer of any value to him in his life's work. The time has come for repose and repair. Under the influence of alcohol past troubles cease to repeat themselves. The worries of the day fall off him like a garment, and he acquires a restful frame of mind and leaves difficulties and dangers to the morrow, when he will deal with them refreshed by the night's sleep."

Professor Starling goes on to make practically the claim that it is only through alcohol that men can become truly sociable. He contrasts what he calls "the dull depression or the forced merriment of a teetotal party with the natural glow of spirits and good fellowship which distinguish an ordinary feast of which alcoholic drinks form a part."

"After the first glass of champagne we notice the conversation, instead of being spasmodic and forced, becomes general and free. The solemn man unbends, the critical become charitable and sympathetic, the silent man more loquacious. This promotes good fellowship."

Thus argues Professor Starling, but I would say from my experience at such feasts the most striking effect of alcohol on the men who consume it is that it makes them silly, and often produces a feeling of contempt for them in those who do not choose to fuddle their brains in this way.

Summed up, Professor Starling's argument is that a man cannot attain to the joy of life unless he imbibe alcohol regularly in moderate quantities.

Now, if this be true, it is a very serious matter for those persons who are total abstainers. They are deliberately throwing away the best that life can offer, for all men seek to pursue happiness. And so, if it be true, shall we begin at the earliest possible moment to introduce our children to this source of true joy?

Shall we tickle their palates with sweet wines so as to induce them to obtain their needed dose of alcohol which they would refuse in the shape of beer or spirits?

I know of no parents who are stupid or wicked enough to act in this way. Children can be perfectly happy without any artificial stimulus.

Shall we wait then till they have left school and are going out into the world? Shall we say to the youth and maiden, "We are going to reveal to you a world of delight that you have been ignorant of till now. You have thought you were really happy, but you were wrong. Here in this glass is the magic key to open the gates of joy. Drink and enter." Again I ask, is there any father or mother prepared to do this?

(Continued on page 12.)

HOW TO MAKE MEETINGS ATTRACTIVE.

(Paper read by Mr. W. H. Rose, Hon. State Organiser, at the Victorian Band of Hope Union Convention, March 2, 1926.)

Children, like most grown-ups, come to meetings, not because it is good to come or because they ought to come, but because they like coming. Therefore, we must make our meetings "likeable" meetings so that the young folk will come, continue to come, and bring their friends along also.

What do children like?

An eminent psychologist says that children like stories, music, movement, color, pictures, making things, doing things.

If we build our programme of work, bearing in mind these important "likes" of the child, we shall do well.

Stories.—What a fund of stories there are—temperance stories, fairy stories and many others that can be adapted for our meetings.

Some societies have a "story teller," whose duty is to tell the story, as distinct from the address, at each meeting. Some young lady who is not taking any part in your Band of Hope at present may be persuaded to undertake this. Get the children to illustrate the story sometimes, as you proceed, either on the blackboard or on their own sheets of paper backed up by cardboard.

Get the young folk to tell the stories themselves, having previously asked them to prepare.

Music.—Music has an important part in our work, and happy is the society that has a good musical director.

The action song and other temperance songs help to impress temperance truths on both the singer and listeners.

Complaint is sometimes made regarding the dearth of suitable temperance songs.

Though I cannot claim to have much knowledge of music, I know that there are many fine songs in both "Hoyle's" and "Band of Hope Songs" that are practically unused.

So, musical leaders, look through your tune books, and select some new and catchy tunes for your members to learn. Plan a "new hymn night" on your syllabus.

Movement.—It is impossible for children to sit still, for very long at any rate. We must always remember that the Creator gives to every healthy child an abundance of physical and mental energy in order that through its activity the child may learn not by hearing only, but by seeing and doing.

In the Band of Hope there must be frequent exercises for eyes, mouth, hands and even feet by a wise use of marching and action songs, frequent repetitions of the chief points of the address, temperance rhymes, etc., with clapping of hands and stamping of feet.

Color.—The provision of a nice tablecloth and the presence of flowers appeal to the color sense of the child.

Bright colors should be used. Red, in all its various degrees, ranging from pale pink to vivid scarlet, can be used with advantage.

Pictures.—We all like pictures, and the

Band of Hope worker should not be slow to use moving pictures, lantern pictures, objects, word pictures and others.

The "Business Philosopher," an American business journal, says that 85 per cent. of our sense impressions come through sight, and only 12 per cent. through hearing.

This is a modern recommendation of the pictorial method.

The blackboard is a very valuable adjunct to the temperance teacher. When such a board is not available, a sheet of brown paper or a window blind may be utilised.

The interesting fact that there is as "much nourishment in a lump of sugar as there is in five bottles of beer" may be made more interesting by the use of models of beer bottles and the distribution of lumps of sugar to the juniors.

Making Things.—This provides some little difficulty for the average Band of Hope, but still there are possibilities.

The provision of sheets of cardboard and pencils will enable you to have objects drawn at ease. Cut out a number of "shapes" of a beer bottle and ask the children to label in such a way as to indicate the dangerous nature of the contents of real beer bottles. This will produce some striking labels, I assure you.

For the very young folk there is no reason why the kindergarten method should not be used, with some slight modifications perhaps.

Doing Things.—The child excels here. If we in our meetings do not provide something interesting for them to do they will soon do things which will disturb our peace of mind.

Get them reciting and singing, taking part in children's plays, participating in games and competitions, etc.

All children are imitators and born actors.

The teacher should, therefore, exercise a lively imagination, and get the children to act the lesson.

One teacher, telling of the fall of the walls of Jericho, made an inner circle and an outer circle of children. The outer circle marched round seven times and shouted, when the

inner circle (the walls) fell down. In like manner the public house and the prison walls may be in the inner rings, and all fall to the shout of the Temperance Army (the outer circle).

God never meant that a child's learning should be an irksome task. He has graciously given the children a spirit of playfulness which leads them into increase of knowledge and self-control. All the mirth should not be on the side of the wine drinkers, and our lessons should not be dull, but bright and rippling with the play of happy fancy.

Utilise the services of the children as chairmen, secretaries, registrars, etc.

It is sincerely hoped that these suggestions will be of value to the many faithful workers who are doing such splendid work for the children.

Let us not be slow to adapt anything that will aid us in our important mission of safeguarding the young against the common enemy.

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watch and said, "I will give you this nice silver watch if you will drink."

That was quite a temptation to the boy, but, instead of yielding, he replied, "Sir, if I don't drink I may some day have a gold watch."

* * * *

OUR LETTER BAG.

110 DEGREES.

Cyril Dunkley, "Hope Farm," Terra Bella, via Geurie, writes: I have not had much time for writing, but I have made time to-night. About a week ago a snake went under our house and we never saw anything more of him till to-day. He was gliding on the verandah, and mother heard him and went to see what was making the noise on the verandah. At anyrate father came with the gun and shot him. He measured five feet in length. It is very hot and dry here, as we have not had any rain for a long time. The hottest day we have had was 110 degrees. There are a lot of colds about here. Have you got colds in Sydney? Last Saturday night our dog that was tied up got loose and killed our pet lamb. We are right in the middle of the fruit season now. The watermelons are very nice this year. You ought to come up and get some. The grapes are ripe, too. The rosella parrots are very bad and are eating the blood plums and destroying them. I went and had a look at the Great White Train. I think it was very good. They had a little railway engine and a Comet windmill there. There was a great big bottle there. It was supposed to be full of beer, but it was very poor beer because you could not smell it. This bottle was running all the time. Did you see the White Train?

(Dear Cyril,—It is about 85 degrees today and I am calling out for a cool drink. Whatever would I do if it rose to 110? I am glad you saw the Great White Train. I am sure that it is creating interest and doing good. I wonder just what the beer was doing on the White Train. Its right place is where it puts those who take it, viz., in the gutter.—Uncle B.)

* * * *

NEVER AGAIN.

Daisy Penny, Public School, Pleasant Hills, Henty, writes: I had better write to you today or I shall be on the scallywag list. It is a beautiful day, different to the hot, dusty days we have been having. We are anxiously waiting for it to rain, as our drinking water is getting very low. Nearly everybody is getting water from a big dam which the Government own. In Walla, a small town not far from us, they have been having a plague of hares. I suppose the poor things are looking for food and water. The birds

are very bad this year. We haven't had any fruit; the little bit there was the birds ate. I had a lovely holiday in Sydney. The first ten days we stayed near Potts Point and enjoyed ourselves. We went to the Cathedral on Christmas morning, a run over to Manly in the afternoon, and went to the concert, which was broadcasted from the Lyceum, at night. I got a lovely little tortoise-shell clock for my room, a pair of silk stockings, and a few other things for Christmas. After this we went to Cronulla for three weeks, and had a wonderful time. Dad and I went in the surf twice a day. We were staying with two ladies, who only kept a few boarders, about a mile back from the sea. We had been there several times, and liked it so much that we never try to go anywhere else. It just suits me, as it is like a very small farm, and they make beautiful ice cream. I only went to the baths twice, and in that time I learnt to swim sixty-five yards. While we were there we went to a mission meeting at the Congregational Church. Outside the church was a big motor lorry fixed up with bells. We listened to them for a while, thinking that nobody was inside. Then we went in and the church was so packed we thought that we would never get a seat, but we got one right in front. The mission party consisted of a native missionary pastor named Pastor Upele, a white missionary and eleven native men (being the crew of the John Williams) from the Gilbert Islands. Pastor Upele was a Samoan, whose chief object in coming to Cronulla was to see a lady and gentleman who had worked with him for a long time and are now retired in Cronulla. They had a very nice meeting, showing the people several lantern slides of different native villages and native men, women and children. Pastor Upele pointed out the different places, and spoke for a time about them. There were three other ministers on the platform, who also took part. The crew of the John Williams sang several hymns in parts in their native tongue, which everybody enjoyed. I am very sorry to say that I find that I am on the scallywag list, and ask you to cross me off, please, hoping that it never occurs again.

(Dear Daisy,—I would need to be a very tough, hard-hearted Uncle to refuse to take you off my black list when you write such a splendid letter as this one is. Thank you; we are all very interested in your news.—Uncle B.)

* * * *

WHO?

Cliff Cooke, 2 Park-street, Newtown, Geelong, writes: I wonder who is a scallywag now? I wrote to you about four months ago and it has not appeared in "Grit." I went to Winchelsea for my holidays at Christmas and had a lovely time playing cricket and riding and driving horses. We have a good library at our Sunday school, and I am reading a book called "Men of Faith and Daring," and I like it very much. I am very fond of reading. Are you? We have had some

(Continued on next page.)

HOW WE CAN SPOIL GOOD THINGS.

A little grey monkey was caught in the forest just through his curiosity; he would put his head in the big box "just to see," and he found it was a trap, and he was caught.

However, he found his captors were kind. He had a nice place to live in, lots to eat and a lovely tub of water. He always put everything he was going to eat in the water first, and washed the nasty man-smell off it. One day he was given a lovely piece of lump sugar, and he started to wash it, and it all melted away.

He licked his fingers and greatly regretted the strange disappearance of the sugar. He could not understand, and he went on washing the sugar—and spoiling it.

He spoilt a good thing. Now we ought to have more sense than a monkey, and yet we often go on spoiling good things.

We can spoil a gift by bestowing it in a wrong spirit.

We can spoil a church service by thoughtless indifference.

We can spoil a prayer by gabbling it or merely reciting it.

So watch out lest you spoil a good thing!
 UNCLE B.

* * * *

A SILVER ONE OR A GOLD ONE?

The following story appeared in "Our Australian Sunday Visitor," a Roman Catholic paper published by the Rev. Father Curran, of Brisbane:

A little boy had signed the pledge. A gentleman, if we may call him such, said, "I can get that boy to drink wine."

So he filled a glass and offered it to him, but the boy refused it, saying, "I have signed the pledge."

"I will give you half a dollar if you will drink."

"No, sir, I will not drink."

"I will give you a dollar."

"No, sir."

"Will you drink if I give you five dollars?"

He looked at it, and it seemed desirable, but no change in the answer. "No, sir," he again replied.

The gentleman then pulled out his silver

Seven to Seventeen—

interesting meetings at the Band of Hope, and they are well attended.

(Dear Cliff,—I wonder who is to blame? Maybe your end, maybe my end; maybe the postman, maybe me, but all I can say it is a mystery. I never saw it and I am sorry, but thank you for writing again.—Uncle B.)

LOOK OUT, MR. SPARROW!

John Colquhoun, 75 Craffton-street, Wagga Wagga, writes: I suppose I am on the scally-wag list by now, and if I am, please cross my name off. Last year I got first prize in third class. I am now in fourth class. Last Sunday we had our Harvest Thanksgiving service. Out here it is very hot and dusty. What is it like out there, Uncle? We have three small fig trees, two of which bear very well, but the sparrows peck at them.

(Dear John,—If I come to Wagga then Mr. Sparrow had better look out, because I am better at figs than he is. I expect it is hot and dry at Wagga, but you will have rain before you see this letter.—Uncle B.)

"GRIT" SUBSCRIPTIONS.

"Grit" subscriptions received to 18/3/26, and where not mentioned the amount received is 10/- or 11/-: Master Arthur Keys, 17/3/27; Mrs. MacLaurin, 22/-, 17/3/28; George Bearham, 20/-, 20/11/27.

The following are paid to 30/12/26: A. F. Graham, Miss Penfold, Mrs. Marina, Miss Olive Naylor, Miss C. E. Butterworth, Mrs. A. Rose, Miss F. A. Bradhurst (21/-), R. Cocks, F. S. Denshire, A. E. Sutton (and 4/- educational), Mrs. Polack (8/9), Maurice Clark, Miss C. Whitfield, C. Rohrman (12/-), Thomas Aitken (12/6), A Friend (£10) educational.

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The Case for Moderate Drinking—

(Continued from page 9.)

Or shall we wait to give this advice to the young couple on their marriage day?

Shall we urge—you think your joy is complete in possessing one another, but you are laboring under a delusion. Your life together will be a poor and colorless one unless you sup this miraculous liquid which will lead you into a fairy land of delight.

Many, many a marriage has ended in tragic disaster because it was begun in this way.

The girl who weds a man who is as fond of alcohol as he is of her is a fool who may pay for it by a lifetime of misery.

If, then, the young couple starting in life are better without alcohol, what of the man with a young family dependent on him and who finds it difficult to make ends meet?

Are we to suggest to him that the best way to forget his cares and help his family is to take enough alcohol to drown for the time being their cares? I as a medical man would not dare to take the responsibility of giving such advice.

To the person suffering from worry and depression, alcohol is the most insidious and dangerous of all drugs. And what about the wife and mother harassed with domestic worries, and constant monotonous work? Are we to advise her to have her beer or whisky regularly with the same object?

What will the husband say when he comes home after work and finds his wife tossing down a nip of brandy or gin just to make her sociable and loquacious, which is evidently Professor Starling's idea of what the ideal wife should be?

The truth is that the Professor's argument is an exceedingly futile, unconvincing and almost childish one. He wants to keep alcohol as a factor in the community in spite of the appalling wastage of life and health and happiness resulting from it, simply in order that some middle-aged men may forget their business concerns for a little after dinner, or if they go out to a feast they will be made more talkative and hilarious.

Professor Starling knows, or ought to know, that in Great Britain they spend twice as much each year on beer as they do on milk, and that a large proportion of the children suffer from malnutrition, rickets and tuberculosis, simply because their fathers prefer to spend their wages in buying the alcoholic joy that the Professor extols, rather than the milk which would give their children health and proper physical development. The same is true of New South Wales and Sydney. A pint of milk a day for thousands of our children would make all the difference in the world in their well-being, and give them the joy of ruddy health and normal growth.

But they do not get the milk, for the money which might and should have bought it has gone across the hotel bar.

I am prepared to admit that many persons get pleasure from the moderate consumption of alcohol without the risk of ever going to excess, but I also say that for the sake of others they should willingly forego this plea-

sure. On the principle of the greatest good for the greatest number it can easily be proved that the abolition of alcoholic liquors from a community would vastly outweigh any advantages arising from its retention.

The habit is an acquired one, and need never be acquired, and the sum of human health and happiness would be immeasurably increased if alcohol were banished from the world.

Think over what I have said. Good night.

"A GREAT SUCCESS."**HOW A UNITED STATES GOVERNOR VIEWS PROHIBITION.**

"In my honest judgment, Prohibition has been a great success in America. The liquor interests have spent millions of dollars, and have stooped to any means of propaganda against Prohibition. But it stands out that to-day there is a great deal less of liquor being drunk and a great deal more of clothes and groceries and other comforts supplied the families of former drinkers than in the days of the open bar-room.

"I have recently made two extensive journeys through the North and East. On both of these trips, extending over two weeks, I saw practically no drunkenness. I travelled through Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and New England States by automobile. It is true that I do not drink myself and, of course, do not associate with the criminal class, but I did make a general tour of the country, and did not run away from any class of people. I saw two young men at a restaurant slightly under the influence of liquor at Fall River, Massachusetts, on one of these trips, and this was the only evidence of intoxication I saw.

"I do not mean to imply, of course, that there is not drinking in many of these cities, but I do say that if Prohibition has been such a failure, as is argued by its enemies, there would have been far more drunkenness indicated."

These are some extracts from a letter written by Governor Clifford Walker, of Georgia, to Mr. Albert Lane, M.L.A.

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It rains alike upon the just,
 And on the unjust fellows,
 But more upon the just because
 The unjust swipe umbrellas.

HANGING BY THE SKIN OF HIS TEETH.

Voice from the Ground: "Can you manage to hang on a bit longer, Albert? We're getting a rope."

Albert (a conscientious Union man): "Well, for goodness sake, man, hurry up, I'm due to knock off in about ten minutes."

SIN COUNTED OUT.

This story is related by a person connected with the White House:

One Sunday after the President had returned from church, where he had gone alone, Mrs. Coolidge enquired:

"Was the sermon good?"

"Yes," he answered.

"What was it about?"

"Sin."

"What did the minister say?"

"He was against it."

AT-CHOO!

Young Sniffles: "Auntie, they made me draft clerk at the bank to-day."

Auntie: "Oh, that's nice—what do you do? Open and shut the door?"

PREFERENCE AND PASSION.

Teacher: "Do you understand the difference between liking and loving?"

Willie: "Yes, ma'am; I like my father and mother, but I love pie."

DISCUSSING THE STRIKE.

Jaggers was fumbling at the keyhole about 2 a.m., the door being bolted and barred inside.

After a while an upstairs window opened, and a woman's stern voice called: "What do you want? Where have you been till this hour?"

"I wanter come in, darling," he replied meekly. "Been down to th' club 'scussin' the coal shstrike."

"Very well, then," was the icy response. "Now you can go back and discuss the lock-out."

GOING THE PACE.

First Aimless Shopper (to second ditto): "Well, dear, if you're not going to buy anything, we might just as well look at something more expensive."

A SCALLOP.

A woman gave a birthday party at which pie was served, with the crust very prettily ornamented.

The woman called the cook into the dining room. "Mary," she said, "this crust looks very nice. The guests here want to know how you scalloped it so beautifully. Will you tell them?"

"Yes, ma'am," answered the cook. "With your false teeth, ma'am."

A SICK FRIEND.

Dobson stayed out much later at night than his wife liked, and as he would never tell her where he had been, she got their little boy to ask him. One morning at breakfast the youngster said: "Dad, where were you last night?" "Never you mind where I was," answered the father.

"But," insisted the boy, "where were you?" "Well, if you must know, I was sitting up with a sick friend."

"Did your sick friend die?" "What an absurd question! Of course he didn't die."

"Oh, but did you hold your sick friend's hand?"

"No," answered the father, "of course I didn't." And then he added, with a far-away look in his eyes, "I wish to goodness I had. He held four aces."



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DAILY INSPIRATION.

(By FAIRELIE THORNTON.)

SUNDAY.

"In everything . . . let your requests be made known unto God."

Do you obey this command? Do you tell Him all that troubles you—"the little sharp vexations and the briars that catch and fret"? George Muller—that man of prayer and faith—said: "Suppose a parcel should come to you, and it should prove difficult to untie the knot, and you cannot cut it, then you should ask God to help you. There is nothing too small for your prayer. In the simplest things connected with our daily life and walk we should give ourselves to prayer, and we shall have the living, loving Lord Jesus to help us. Even in the most trifling matters I give myself to prayer, and often in the morning, ere I leave my room, I have two or three answers in this way."

Could we not all testify to the truth of this? Only the fact is, we are rather ashamed of owning to asking God about trivial things. Yet numerous instances of daily occurrence we could give. Once a silver teaspoon—a relic of early days—was lost. The room was swept where it was last used, and every nook and cranny searched, but in vain. It seemed a mystery. Next morning the search began again, with the same result, when the Holy Spirit whispered, "You have not asked God where it is." Immediately the prayer went up, "Please tell me where it is." At once a voice replied, "Look under that book." And there, sure enough, it was, under a great volume of Adam Clarke, whose loose vellum back hid it, which was lying on the floor under the bookshelves with other volumes too big to go on the shelves.

Sometimes it seems as if the smaller prayers are answered immediately, whilst the larger requests are unheeded. Ah, but it is not so. They are often answered in ways other than we thought. We pray for the salvation of a soul, and God sends sickness to that one. We do not recognise it as the answer to our prayer. We pray for more likeness to Christ, and He sends trial to make us more patient; we ask for more faith and He sends us loss to test our faith. We ask for love, and He lets friends grieve us that we may love more unselfishly. No prayer is unheard, none unanswered.

MONDAY.

"He asked life of thee, and thou gavest it him, even length of days for ever and ever."—Ps., 21, 4.

Was this the answer to our prayers, O Lord, When Thou didst call our loved one to Thy side?

Didst Thou not give the thing for which we cried—

The LIFE Thy presence only could afford?

Was this the answer in Thy tender love, That Thou didst give far more than our request,

Didst give the larger life at our behest, And took him to the higher work above?

Far, far beyond all we could ask or think, Thou grantest our desires—not in the way Which we should choose—when Thou seemest to say nay,

Thou'rt giving us to heaven another link.

Is this the way Thou answerest when my heart

Craves for my loved one all life's fullest bliss

Thou hidst him from me where I daily miss

The smile which of life's joy once seemed a part?

O love so great, I thank Thee for the loss
Which means so much of gain, and for the grief

Which brings another rest and sweet relief.
I thank Thee for another's crown won by
my cross.

TUESDAY.

"I love the Lord because He hath heard my voice and my supplication, because He hath inclined His ear unto me, therefore will I call upon Him as long as I live."—Ps., 116, 1.

Mr. Muller advises all young Christians, in order to strengthen their faith, to keep a book and write down when they begin to pray for a certain thing, and then they will find, sooner or later, they are able to record the answer to that prayer on the opposite side. Thus, when faith gets low they can read over this memoranda, and be able to say with the psalmist: "I love the Lord because He hath inclined His ear unto me, THEREFORE will I call upon Him as long as I live. So faith will be revived, and love and gratitude flow forth anew."

WEDNESDAY.

"They brought unto Him all that were sick, and He healed them all.

"Are they not all ministering spirits?"

I wonder why when men are faint and weary
He never comes to fold them to His breast.
I wonder why He never seems to hear me,

Or answer my importunate request,
When all around I see the sick and dying,
And ask Him to put forth His healing touch.

They cry in pain—in vain seems all their crying;

Yet when on earth He ever pitied such.

Does He not heed? Yea, see those angel spirits

Whom He sends forth to minister to these.
Doctors and nurses who His touch inherit,

Bringing to weary sufferers rest and ease.
The messengers are many whom He chooses

To carry balm to souls in sore distress.
Think you He cares not when these tools

He uses
To do His work, and wearied sufferers
bless?

Each ministrant is His which brings the healing,

All sympathy a spark of love Divine;
All ministries of mercy, love revealing,

Sparks from that Great Sun which on all doth shine.

His gifts of healing herbs and fruit and flowers—

All are His messengers of love to men.
He walketh still this weary earth of ours,

And brings back life and health and strength again.

THURSDAY.

"BE ANXIOUS FOR NOTHING."

Ah, how many Christians are, like Martha of old, "careful and troubled about many things," things which belong to the flesh. How many dishonor God by their anxiety about earthly things! They trust Him for the salvation of their souls, but when it comes to the concerns of their daily life they are full of fret and worry, as though God had no interest in them, or did not exist with regard to such. Yet we have the fullest assurance that they do concern Him, that He takes account of all. "Even the very hairs of your head are all numbered." "If God so clothe the grass . . . will He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

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"Your Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things." Your Father knows. Has not Jesus taught us in almost the first petition to pray, "Our Father which art in heaven, give us this day our daily bread"? and will not He answer His own inspired prayer? Knowing our earthly needs, He puts this petition even before the forgiveness of our sins. If God's will is done on earth, as we pray before we ask for bread, as it is done in heaven, none will lack daily bread, "for it is not the will of your Father that one of these little ones should perish," and we are all little ones to the great all-Father. His will is love. Let us seek to do His will, and all other things shall be added unto us, yea, and added unto others perhaps through us.

FRIDAY.

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."

Jesus bears my burdens, bears them all for me,

For myself the burden far too great would be.

So I bring them to Him as on me they fall,
Cast them all upon Him, and He bears them all.

Once a mighty sorrow fell with crushing weight

On my heart so powerless, and the blow was great,

So I brought it to Him, and from that glad day

Nevermore I felt it—it had passed away.

Once a cross too heavy for myself to bear
Found I laid upon me, filling life with care,

Then to Christ my Saviour it was brought at length,

And He bore it for me in His mighty strength.

Jesus bears all sorrows which are laid on Him

With the love so mighty which could once redeem.

Therefore I can glory in infirmity
When Christ's mighty power is put forth in me.

SATURDAY.

"Casting all your care upon Him for He careth for you."

Cast thy burden on the Lord. Tell Him all thy fears,

He His succor will afford, every prayer He hears.

Thou shalt find the help He lends far exceeds the pain,

Grief in gladness always ends when He doth sustain.

DID YOU NOTICE ?

MURDER.—VIOLENCE.—BRUTALITY.—THE EVER DANGEROUS CAR.

**THE EVER-DANGEROUS CAR.
MAN'S THOAT CUT.
WIFE FOR TRIAL.**

At Kogarah Police Court Elsie Jane Holland was committed for trial on a charge of maliciously wounding her husband, Walter Charles Holland, by cutting his throat with a razor at Brighton-le-Sands on February 27.

The police evidence stated that Mrs. Holland complained that her husband came home drunk and started to abuse her and the children. She got hold of a razor, intending to cut her own throat, but put it down her blouse instead. When she told her husband what she was going to do he grabbed at the razor, and in the struggle it went across his throat. At the hospital the police saw the accused again, and there she told them she cut her husband's throat deliberately.

The husband said he did not desire to give evidence, and the magistrate then committed accused for trial at the Quarter Sessions.

**HER THROAT CUT.
"DON'T KNOW WHO DID IT."
MAN FOR TRIAL.**

On a charge of the attempted murder of Mrs. Elizabeth Cole, aged 40, at Victoria-street, Alexandria, on February 23, John Archibald White, a butcher, aged 52, appeared before Mr. Flynn, S.M., at the Redfern Police Court.

Sergeant Dye, of Burwood, stated that he saw White and told him of the injury to Mrs. Cole. White asked: "Is she dead?" and then said: "I wish she was." White added that the woman had cut her own throat. He explained that the blood on his little finger and the back of his hand was caused in tying up the wound.

Elizabeth Cole stated that she had lived with White for about five years. They had been drinking wine during that day. The razor (produced) belonged to White. She was lying on the bed when she found that her throat had been cut.

Defendant was committed for trial. Bail was refused.

FATAL BLOW.

The City Coroner (Mr. H. F. W. Fletcher) conducted an inquiry into the death of Lewis John Rawson, aged 27 years, at Sydney on February 7 last.

Frank Godfrey, aged 25 years, appeared in the Court to answer a charge of having feloniously slain Rawson.

Evidence was given by witnesses that deceased, who was drunk, struck Godfrey. The latter caught hold of him, and deceased attempted to strike another blow. Godfrey then hit deceased on the shoulder, causing him to lose his balance, and in falling struck

his head on the gutter. The ambulance conveyed Rawson to Sydney Hospital, whence, after treatment, he was discharged. He went home, but died on the following day.

The Coroner recorded a finding that Rawson died as a result of injuries accidentally received following a blow struck by Frank Godfrey in self-defence. He then discharged Godfrey from the allegation of manslaughter.

**BATTLE ON BRIDGE.
BATON, BOTTLE AND GUN.
POLICEMAN ATTACKED.**

Constable Waldoock was so badly mauled while on St. Peters railway bridge on the evening of February 27 that he had to be treated at the hospital.

At Newtown Police Court Alfred Fox, a young man, was fined £12 for riotous behaviour, indecent language and assault.

Constable Waldoock told the magistrate that he went to arrest Fox, and got his handcuffs on Fox's left hand, when Fox dealt him a violent blow with the right. The constable drew his baton, and Fox struck him, and knocked him down. While he was on the ground Fox took his baton and struck him several times with it. Then he kicked him and left with the handcuffs hanging to his left wrist and the policeman's baton swinging in his right hand.

Witness followed, and a woman who was with Fox kept punching him.

"I rushed at him," went on witness, "and he came at me with my own baton. With it raised, he said: 'I'll bash your brains out.' I drew my revolver and fired a shot in the air. The defendant then lay on the ground. I called for assistance, and a returned soldier sat on Fox while I handcuffed him. The woman came up and struggled with me, but she and Fox were subsequently taken to the station, and I was taken to the Prince Alfred Hospital."

The woman, who was alleged to have struck Waldoock with a bottle, was dealt with at the Court last week.

**"HIS PASTIME!"
KICKED HIS WIFE.
THREE MONTHS' JAIL.**

"He came home drunk and asked me to take his boots off. I said I would if he would lie on the couch. He refused to do that and sat on the chair. As I was taking off his boots he kicked me in the stomach. I have been suffering internally ever since,

and I still feel sick. I have been fainting since yesterday. The hurt is inwardly."

Mrs. Edith May Connelly said this at the Redfern Court when her husband, Michael James Connelly, aged 33, a laborer, was charged with assaulting her yesterday at Waterloo.

Police evidence was to the effect that defendant "makes a pastime of assaulting women."

Mr. Flynn, S.M., sentenced defendant to three months' imprisonment.

**COLLISION.
TWO MEN CHARGED.**

Melbourne, Sunday.

As a result of police enquiries into two accidents which occurred in Smithfield-road, Flemington, on Saturday night, John O'Brien, aged 22, laborer, of Rankins-road, Flemington, has been arrested and charged with being drunk while in charge of a car, and David McGlashan, aged 24, laborer, has been charged with drunkenness. It is alleged that the two men drove a car along the road and collided with two other cars, severely damaging both. Fortunately, no one was injured.

**BY FORCE OF HABIT.
STOPPED AT HOTEL DOOR.**

Charged at the Manly Court with having driven a motor car on North Steyne, Manly, at 1.30 a.m. on March 6 whilst under the influence of liquor, Hugh Young Taylor, 20, (Continued on next page.)

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Did You Notice?—

grazier, pleaded guilty, and was fined £3 or seven days' hard labor. Sergeant Christensen said the car juzzed across the road and pulled up in front of an hotel.

**IT WOBBLLED.
ON WRONG SIDE AT 30 M.P.H.
DRIVER FINED.**

John W. B. Crawford, aged 39, a manager, was fined £5 and had his license suspended for six months at North Sydney for driving his car while under the influence of drink.

Constable Bolton told the magistrate that Crawford drove his car from Mowbray-road, into Willoughby-road, at the rate of 30 miles an hour, and within 18 inches of the kerb on the wrong side of the road. The car was wobbling all over the road. The constable added that he had to get another car and chase Crawford for about a mile.

**DRUNKEN DRIVERS.
NO LENIENCY, SAYS S.M.**

Mr. Laidlaw, S.M., was emphatic in his refusal to allow Albert Arthur Fitzsimmons, 41, hotelkeeper, who had pleaded guilty to driving his car in Oxford-street while under the influence of liquor, to use his car.

At the Central Police Court to-day Fitzsimmons was fined £10, in default two months, and his license was suspended until its expiration in July. He was also refused the right to apply for a license for a further term of six months.

"It is no use asking me for leniency," said Mr. Laidlaw. "I have a duty to the public that I must perform. I can imagine no more serious offence under the Motor Traffic Act than a man driving a car while under the influence of liquor. The fact that over 100 persons were killed in Sydney through motor accidents last year is indicative of its seriousness."

HOTEL OR SHOPS?

An alternative proposal to the erection of the new Coronation Hotel, in Park-street, will be put forward by Alderman Walder at the meeting of the City Council to-morrow night.

The Finance Committee will recommend that the plans for the hotel, to be carried out by day labor at a cost of £16,000, be approved. Alderman Walder will urge that offers be invited to show what rent the Council would receive from five shops built on the same site at a cost of £16,000.

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