

Grit.

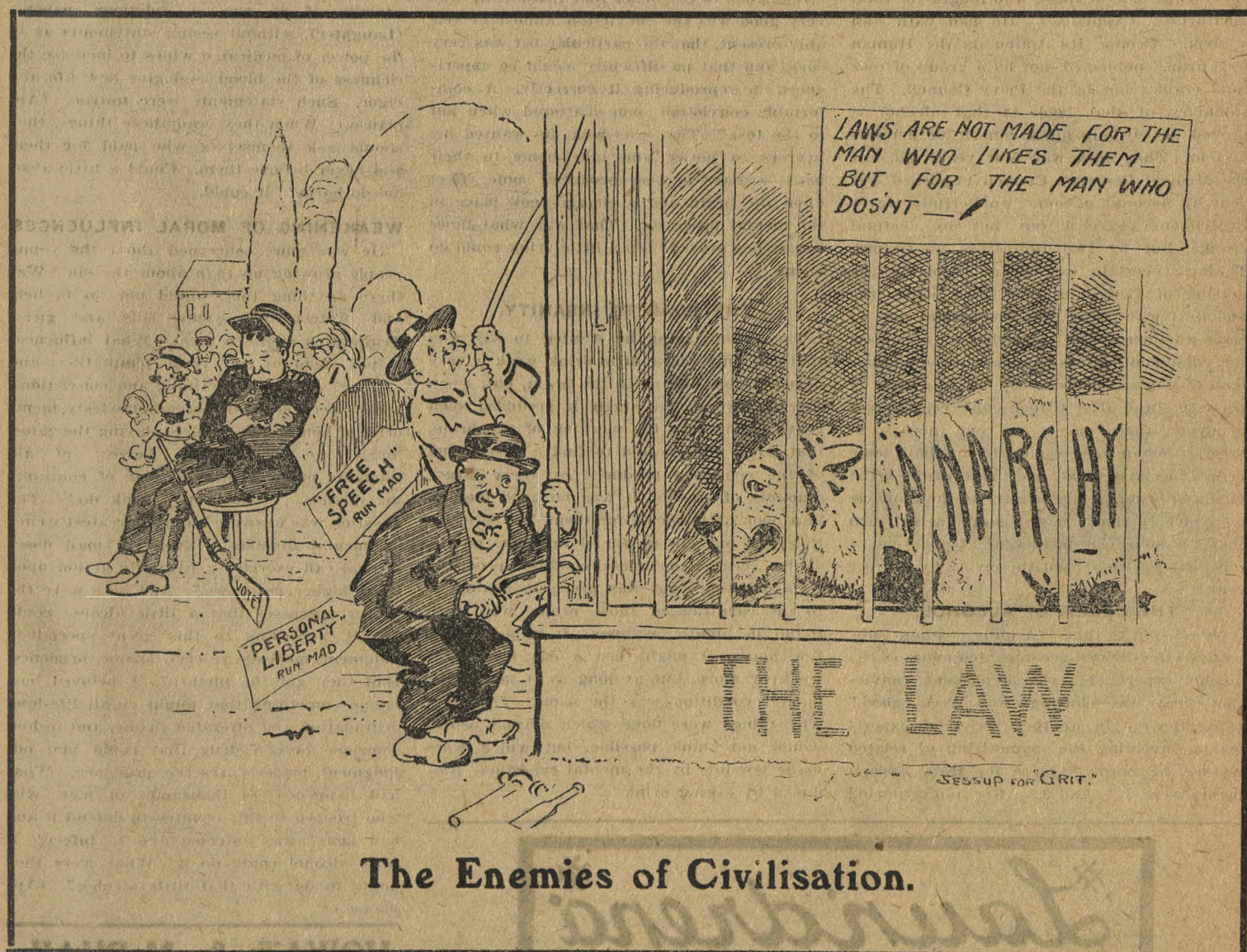
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A Speech Delivered in Manchester, England in November, 1921.

By MR. ARTHUR H. EVANS, M.S., M.D., F.R.C.S.

The Temperance cause was easy to fight for because every known physiological fact was on the side of those who fought for total abstinence. (Applause). He had with him a book, "Alcohol, Its Action on the Human Organism," published, not by a group of teetotal cranks, but by the Privy Council. The summary of that book is that alcohol is proved not to help mind, muscle or nervous system. That book was four years old, but the Medical Research Council published last year an account of some wonderfully clever experiments carried out not by teetotal cranks, but by two professors at Oxford. Taking a certain experiment involving the dotting of circles as they pass before the vision, it was found that the normal rate of error was increased after giving the operators ten cubic centimetres of alcohol—the equivalent of a glass of beer—by no less than 21 per cent.; and after fifteen cubic centimetres of alcohol there was 42 per cent. increase in errors. When one remembered that some people declared that beer had made great men and brought this country to the pinnacle on which it stood, it was startling to learn that 25 cubic centimetres of alcohol—i.e., a pint of beer—increased the errors by 113 per cent.!

THE DECEIT OF ALCOHOL.

Now listen to this. "A quite common subjective effect which accompanied many of the alcohol experiments was a pleasing conviction that the dotting was very good." (Laughter.) In another series of experiments, involving the memorising of related words, the normal errors for three experiments were 5, 7, and 9. After administering

two-fifths of a pint of beer the errors increased to 16, 20, and 20½ respectively. "Analogous to the belief that the dotting was very good was the conviction, almost invariably present, that the particular list was very easy, and that no difficulty would be experienced in reproducing it correctly. A comfortable conviction soon shattered when put to the test." That was what he wanted his hearers to notice and take home to their boys—a glass of beer produced some effect upon the brain and a change took place in the mental processes. That was what those researches proved. So a little drink could do harm.

THE ROAD TO INSANITY.

The second thing he wanted to say was that not only did a little drink work a very demonstrable change in the brain, but, when carried beyond this stage, it produced such grave changes in the working of the brain, that when one wanted to find a description of the condition produced by these larger amounts of alcohol, it was no good looking in a book on medicine for them. The description was only to be found in books on insanity, because the mental condition produced by a drinking bout was precisely analogous to the condition of those people who were found in lunatic asylums. It might last a few hours, it might last a day or two, a week or more, but as long as it lasted the mental condition was the same. That was why things were done which normal people would not think possible, but which were made possible by the mental condition produced by taking drink.

EFFECT ON ALCOHOL ON THE BODY

Alcohol affected the defences of the body—its power to resist or overcome disease, which depended upon the power of the blood to produce the anti-toxin which fought the disease, and this was weakened by alcohol. Letters had been written to the papers to say that whisky was so important as a medicine, its immediate use so necessary, and the public-house might be so far away, or even closed, that really it ought to be on tap at the police station. (Laughter). Why not put it on the telegraph poles or link it up with the water supply? (Renewed laughter.) Who put this "tosh" in the papers? It was Trade propaganda paid for out of the Drink purse. What, indeed, could alcohol do for the blood? It diminished the resisting power of the corpuscles and in time produced anaemia. But one could hardly pick up a paper and look through the advertisements—especially if it was a religious paper—(Laughter), without seeing statements as to the power of medicated wines to increase the richness of the blood, and give new life and vigor. Such statements were untrue. (Applause.) When they read these things, they should ask themselves who paid for them and never believe them. Could a little alcohol do harm? It could.

WEAKENING OF MORAL INFLUENCES.

He was more concerned about the young people growing up than about the old. Was there anything they would not do to help and protect their young lads and girls? Temptation came to them. What influences helped them to face those temptations and survive? Religious training and convictions, self-respect, sense of decency, modesty, memories of home, high resolve, playing the game, loyalty to sweetheart. Lowest of all, thoughts of consequences, fear of contracting disease. What could drink do? The question was answered by the greatest writer on mental diseases: "Even in small doses alcohol can exercise a paralytic action upon these higher processes." And here were the higher processes that a little alcohol could inhibit, according to this great specialist: judgment, modesty, reserve, shame, prudence. Had they got the picture? A beloved boy, facing something that might entail life-long degradation and utterable shame, and to him someone gave a drug that could blot out judgment, modesty, reserve, prudence. What had happened to thousands of men who who trooped to this country to defend it and had gone away infected and to infect? A little alcohol could do it. What were they going to do with that little alcohol? (Applause.)

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A LADY M.L.A. AND A LADY MAGISTRATE.

Two Interesting and Convincing Letters.

Mrs. Louise McKinney, an ex-M.L.A. and President of the Provincial W.C.T.U., Alberta, says:—

"Alberta is among the provinces that have outlawed the sale of liquor for beverage purposes, but the fact that we must make provision for medicinal and other purposes, and that our provinces control only the sale and not the manufacture or importation and exportation, creates a condition which inevitably gives rise to very great abuses. Last year the Dominion Government granted the provinces the right to take a vote on the question of interprovincial shipment of liquor. This vote was taken in Alberta, Saskatchewan, Manitoba, and Nova Scotia on October 25, 1920, and all of these provinces gave a substantial majority in favor of prohibiting interprovincial shipments of liquor, thus greater strengthening our own prohibitory law. Ontario voted on the same question in April and New Brunswick in August of this year with the same result as the others.

"While this relieves the situation to some extent, the liquor already stored in the province is the source of a great deal of the illicit traffic. Added to this is the continual menace of our breweries, and in Ontario of the distilleries, for these continue to manufacture, and, being under Dominion control, present a situation that up to the present time is most serious, but probably our greatest evil is that arising from the drug store situation. As our law now stands, liquor for beverage purposes cannot legally be purchased in the province, nor can it be legally shipped in from any other province, thus, so far as law is concerned, we are bone-dry; but a sufficient number of our doctors and druggists are willing to prostitute their profession to the extent that a very great deal of liquor is secured for beverage purposes through this channel. I have given you a statement of our difficulties, but in spite of all these, Prohibition as we have it is infinitely better than the licensed trade at its best."

End Thereof is Death.

After his alcoholic party, in the course of which a young woman lost her life, "Fatty" Arbuckle, while in prison, is reported to have said: "I am off the booze forever." The sentiment was commendable, if a trifle late.

Without passing any judgment on that tragic result, attention may be called to one point upon which all the witnesses seem to agree, and that is, that everyone was drunk at the party.

The whole situation is not new, but is probably the ten millionth repetition of that

Mrs. Emily F. Murphy (Janey Canuck), who is given a large amount of space in Black's "Who's Who," and is noted as an authoress, a police magistrate, and a leading member of women's organisations, writes:—

Like nearly every other law, it does prohibit, but does not annihilate. Indeed, it prohibits to a much greater extent than I had hoped, and in my court in the city of Edmonton, the capital city of the province, I have not one case of drunkenness now for 20 years that came formerly. The white slavery traffic has been greatly decreased as well. It is true that the "Moderation League" and similar drouthy organisations claim that the law is a failure, because of breaches thereof, but I hold that their viewpoint is insincere, in that they first evade the law and then urge their own violation as a proof of its failure. Their real grievance is that it is an overwhelming success. There is also a cry from "The Moderationist and Anti-prohibitionists (if one may separate the two) that "our workingmen need drink," whereas the real trouble is that drinking men need work.

As a matter of fact, the Trades and Labor Councils are everywhere in favor of Prohibition. Without a single hand being raised in opposition the following resolution was passed by the Winnipeg Council in Manitoba: "The Winnipeg Trades and Labor Council stand opposed to any efforts being made to reintroduce the drink traffic." In our business houses, sobriety has become a standardised part of their equipments as indispensable as the typing machine and filing cabinet. Before the Prohibition laws were passed in Canada, there were 11 foundling homes for inebriates. To-day, there is only one. If you need any other argument for its success, and there are many, let me tell you that in Canada our per capita savings are the largest in the world.

pitiful tragedy which has been played over and over again in every generation since the days of Noah.

Human nature at its best has none too easy a time in finding the path of contentment. We are beset by all sorts of temptation. We are the slaves of our own ignorance, of the malice of others. It takes a pretty good soldier to get through life in any satisfactory sort of way. And it is a pity that anything should be injected into human existence that makes this struggle harder.

The use of alcohol has probably caused more human wretchedness than any other

evil influence that ever darkened the souls of men.

Unfortunately, alcohol is perhaps the most skilful evil sent out by the devil to swindle human beings.

It has succeeded in enlisting in its cause the poets and the romancers. The very brightest minds of the human race have vied to sing its praises. It has got itself established in the customs of the highest society. It has succeeded in creating the impression that it is elegant and liberal to poison oneself with this drug, and that it is narrow, mean and hypocritical to abstain from it.

When America, by a wave of moral courage that is without parallel in human history, succeeded in creating a law banishing alcohol from legal and reputable use, a storm of protest arose. The worst elements of society found able allies in the very highest ranks, and the foremost writers of genius.

The old beast was not to die without making terrific struggles.

But the Arbuckle incident may throw some light upon the deep and immovable purpose of the people of the United States. Standing by the corpse of this young woman, those who have eyes to see and hearts to understand can get some idea of that horror and indignation which has compelled the American people to do what lies in its power to destroy the cause of so much crime and wretchedness.

There may be many pleasant passages along the alcoholic way, but the End thereof is Death.

(Editorial, in the "Los Angeles Examiner," October 19th, 1921.)

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FIELD DAY APPOINTMENTS.

AND OTHER MEETINGS.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4 (Open Air):
Queanbeyan, Mr. W. D. B. Creagh.
Yass, Mr. R. J. C. Butler.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 5 (Church Services):
11 a.m., Carlton Methodist Church.
7 p.m., Kogarah Congregational Church.
Mr. Francis Wilson.
7 p.m., Kogarah Anglican Church.
Rev. J. T. Phair.
11 a.m., Queanbeyan Methodist Church.
3 p.m., Bungendore Presbyterian Church.
7.30 p.m., Queanbeyan Anglican Church.
Mr. W. D. B. Creagh.
7 p.m., Carlton Baptist Church.
Mr. T. E. Shonk.
11 a.m., Yass Methodist Church.
3 p.m., Murrumbateman Presbyterian Church.
7.30 p.m., Yass Presbyterian Church.
Mr. R. J. C. Butler.
7 p.m., Kogarah Methodist Church.
Ex-Senator D. Watson.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 6:
8 p.m., Queanbeyan Public Meeting.
Mr. W. D. B. Creagh.
8 p.m., Yass Public Meeting.
Mr. R. J. C. Butler.
8 p.m., Hurlstone Park Methodist Church.
Lantern Lecture, Mr. A. J. Fisher.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 7.
7.30 p.m., In Alliance Rooms, Young People's Conference.

"TREKING IT" WITH THE FIELD TEAM.

Invariably each week the Alliance throws a bomb into one district after another. The bomb is its band of trained speakers and workers. It is aimed at the liquor defences. The bomb was thrown at the Bowral-Mittagong-Moss Vale district last week, and component parts found their way to many outlying towns and villages. Some of the speakers travelled by train, automobile, sulky, etc., but Mr. Shonk had a unique experience. After taking the service at Bundanoon on Sunday morning, and having an hastily eaten dinner, he "mounted" a ganger's railway tricycle, and with enthusiast Mr. Thorby pulled to Penrose, conducted a service, and pulled back again, just in time to get to Moss Vale for a service at night.

We have some stalwart supporters in this district. Brother A. G. Davis, with his car, and as ever liberally helpful, made fine arrangements. Jack Creagh and Mr. Shonk bombarded the Moss Vale picture show patrons on the Saturday night with leaflets and speechmaking, and with them were Revs. Craig (Presbyterian) and Rickard (Methodist). At the fine after-church rally on Sunday night both these "live" ministers spoke in the open-air, and were well applauded for their vigorous and reasoned advocacy of Prohibition.

DRY CLEANERS.

"An' wot er you gettin' aht ev it?" interposed a loungee at one of the open-air meet-

ings. "Jack" Creagh came back quickly with an apt retort:

"We're getting drunks, criminals, homeless children, and other victims of booze out of it. That's what Prohibition will mean!"

"Yers, but ye're gettin' a good thing aht er've it. Yer won't tell us wot yer are—I'm a chimney cleaner!"

"And I'm a dry-goods man," quickly replied Creagh. The crowd applauded the witty reply.

"And I'm a dry-cleaner," added Mr. Shonk; and again the crowd applauded.

Mittagong is something of a liquor stronghold—Tooth's malting works are situated there—but Messrs. Butler and Phair dry-cleaned the "anti's" of any worth-while arguments against Prohibition.

The glint in "Davy" Watson's eye as he boarded the home train, and the lurking smile round his expressive face, denoted that Bowral had been well bombarded with Prohibition facts. Francis Wilson was as ever leading in the drive, and the week-end was eminently successful. Mr. Cubis, out at Miranda, also did effective work on Sunday.

"MASCOT SCALLYWAGS."

Mr. Shonk is a confirmed favorite with the children. At Beckenham Congregational Church on Monday he lightning sketched, conducted community singing, engineered competitions, told tales, and generally won the Band of Hoppers' hearts for active help in the Prohibition fight. Other societies should apply for this splendid help when planning anniversaries or special meetings.

MODERN PLEDGE—MORE PROGRESS.

WI . . . OH . . . EW! simply spells you. But who are you? Are you one of the fine band of workers who have made the big Pledge results possible? If so, then you will be rewarded by satisfaction in having done your bit—to change the personnel of Parliament. We're going to have a referendum Parliament. But if WI . . . OH . . . EW are one of those who "profess Prohibition," and haven't done a hand's turn to obtain pledges, then—well, there's still a chance. Send along for some—and help by sending us information about candidates. Help your candidates to make up their minds on the referendum by asking at each of their meetings, "Will you do all in your power to secure a referendum within 12 months of election?" Help to further arouse the Prohibition conscience!

"The golden opportunity" comes seldom to the individual.

It comes but seldom to a movement.

To-day is our golden opportunity. To-day is YOUR golden opportunity to help.

WI . . . OH . . . EW! Just you help!

Fifteen teachers signed the Referendum Pledge at one school, in Balmain electorate.

And again 337 people at Dulwich Hill signed the Referendum Pledge. Already 900 signatures have been obtained there.

And still again 271 Ashfield signatures were obtained. The number now runs into four figures.

Thank you, Enmore, for a further 250 pledges.

And Marrickville—225!

Camden, Bathurst, Alstonville, Dora Creek, North Shore, Hornsby, Waverley, Leichhardt, Annandale, and so on, and so on—there's no end to them.

Look out for our canvassers. Help them all you can.

ROSEVILLE C.E. SOCIETY
are making the Pledge their own.

What is YOUR organisation doing?

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

OUR WORKERS' CONFERENCE.

Do not forget to attend the Conference of Workers in connection with Young People's Temperance Society, which will be held in the Alliance Rooms, on Tuesday, February 7th, at 7.30 p.m. A large attendance is anticipated, and there will be many interesting and valuable features.

JUST OUT!

Among the latest Societies are the Lithgow and Cessnock Bands of Hope. Lithgow is just planning to form one; Cessnock formed its society on January 29. Let us hear of many other new ones.

STILL GROWING.

Affiliations and registrations continue to reach this office. Bands of Hope are reminded that affiliation for 1922 is 10/-, and is open to all unattached Societies. Registration (5/-) is open to Societies and Lodges already having central affiliation with their own headquarters, or to individual workers from anywhere who desire to keep in touch with the work and to participate in the many benefits. Write in for application form and full list of benefits.

REMEMBER!

Every argument in favor of Tea is an argument in favor of Ku Ku, the best of all Tea.

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**Your Votes should
be in
HARMONY**

You voted for No-Licence?

You voted for 6 o'clock Closing?

You will vote Prohibition?

BE consistent———See that your vote at
the coming election is for a
Prohibition Referendum Candidate

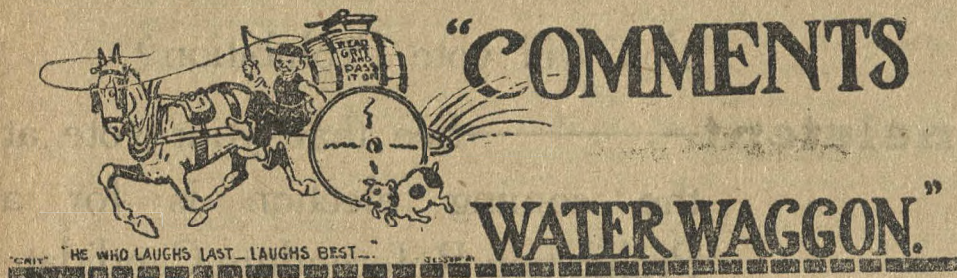
It is common knowledge that every candidate is bound
by a pledge to abide by his party's policy.

It is common sense, however, that every candidate can
say—"Consistent with my party's pledge, I will do all in my power
to obtain an immediate Referendum on the Liquor Question.?"

It is common madness to vote for Prohibition, and then
vote for a candidate pledged to nullify your vote.

All Worth-While Candidates
will therefore
Support A Referendum

A SPLENDID NIGHTCAP
A CUP OF
GRIFFITHS BROS.
DELICIOUS
Signal Cocoa

**LOXTON.**

Mr. Loxton, M.L.A., says the referendum ought to have been taken. It was the law. Loxton is one of the few politicians who care much about the law. It is evident that Messrs. Dooley and Fuller are shying. Nothing is rarer than political courage.

It is a sad and cynical conclusion that one must draw when one considers the financial straits of this country, and that the State wastes over eleven millions annually in booze. Angels surely weep. But neither Fuller nor Dooley has the sheer grit to tell the electors what everyone knows about "likker," and to put it into clear words.

NIGHTGOWNED ANGELS.

"Angels weep!" Do they? One would be inclined to think that the angels are not the soft, feathery Sister Susan type of being which they are represented on tombstones and in children's picture books. Not all, anyway. One remembers pictures of angels who did not wear nightgowns, and are bearers of flaming swords, and other unfeathery apparatus. Would like to know what one of these masculine angels may be saying about Fuller and Dooley at this crisis. Weep! Not much!

A FAIR DRINKER.

The writer of these notes this week is a city solicitor. Not that that counts for much.

You will read these notes, or pass by them, entirely for what pep lurks therein, and will be airily indifferent whether the writer be Charlie Chaplin or the Grand Lhama. Anyhow, the solicitor who writes meets all kinds of people—some going to jail, some coming out, some who deserve to get there, and some too smart to be caught. He also meets people of high and low degree doing business on their lawful occasions. One of these is the manager of a great world enterprise; he manages the Sydney branch of it. I call him K.

When I met K, he was just landed from a tour round the United States. With very great trepidation I asked him what he thought of Prohibition. I was almost scared to ask, for I knew he liked his whisky. But K. was frank.

"Throughout the States," he said, "I saw little or no booze. One could get a drink were he to go into a back lane, tap at some sordid door, and humiliate himself. I would not, and most decent men would not. I stayed as a private guest at many fine homes. The host's remark to me would be, 'K., I can get you a drink if you want one; but for myself, although I have been a drinker, I think it is up to me to obey the law and set an example, so I don't drink.'"

K., with no great gusto, frankly and sor-

rowfully admitted that Prohibition was a success, from what he saw of the States.

TRY.

"Try always wins." Somebody used that expression, and it arrested our thoughts. Let it arrest yours, and take you into permanent custody for life. Paste it in your hat; also wedge it into your morning and evening prayers, if you have any. It is a peppery, stimulating, virile sort of triplet of words. Like "buck up." Need it! Considering our long, uphill fight in this State, the cowardice of politicians and the callousness of the public with booze, the slaughter of the innocents, one needs either pepper or aspro. Here we have been talking, preaching, praying, agitating, this many years, and neither Fuller nor Dooley can do anything else than keep their ears to the ground, listening for what babble of voters may influence their actions. One would be disconsolate were it not for the reflection that good old Trying never fails. We shall win. Steel your hearts, we shall win. Though it tarry, and tarry, and tarry, victory is coming. Jacob waited 14 years for a skirt.

A BIG CHIMNEY AND A LITTLE HAMMER.

By way of a parable I adduce what actually happened in a Sydney suburb not long ago. There was a giant chimney, twenty feet wide, and about two hundred feet high; it weighed many tons. And for some reason it was necessary to be removed. This old, massive, blackened, landscape-blaster. The gang got to work. Brick by brick, a great chunk was steadily gnawed out of the chimney's base. Not a shiver, not a shake for hours. The process went on until the mass seemed to be hanging in the air by magic. But the last blow of a one-pound hammer did the trick. The last brick was knocked from its bed, and then—Old Man Gravitation did the rest. A slow, stately descent; slow at first, but with a whirling smother of noise and dust at the last, the old black column broke into fifty million fragments of brick and soot.

We are white-anting the old black chimney of Booze. Every blow tells; the brick base is being tapped. Meantime old Booze smokes his cigar and thinks himself cemented to the granite ribs of destiny. One of these days, to his surprise (and probably very much to our own surprise), when the final brick is cracked, the Booze chimney will be observed to sway, and to sway, and ear-splitting noise will finish the job up. Try never fails.

DON'T BLEAT.

Dictionary definitions: "Baa," to cry like a sheep; "meow," to whine like a cat; "bleat," to squeal like a calf; "moo," the noise of a cow; "yap," the ejaculation of a pup; "neigh," the conversation of a horse; "bray," as an ass does; "chirp," as a bird; "cluck," as a hen.

One sometimes thinks that we Prohibitionists, yap and baa and meow and moo and bleat and chirp and cluck, and otherwise make too many animal noises. What the public want from us is none of that, nor any Old Woman's stuff either. Perhaps we might give the sob sisters a rest too, per-

(Continued on page 12.)

YOU HAVE TO DO WITHOUT

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

MY FEES ARE VERY FAIR.

DENTIST REANEY

OPP. GRACE BROS.

OPEN FRIDAY NIGHTS.

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Politicians, Parties, Principles.

"A RANCOROUS VOICE IS HEARD ON THE HUSTINGS."

By THE CASUAL CONTRIBUTOR.

WATCH HIS HANDS.

Every conjuror introduces into his performance a running fire of patter. The idea is to detract attention from his hands while with the deftness of his calling his tricks are performed. Political conjurors do the same thing. We make a great mistake by attending to what a politician says, and being more or less careless of what he does. The power and "pull" of a political promise is one of the most wonderful things in the world. A good battle-cry, which means less than nothing if subjected to the test of logic, will often win an election when the best and most reasonable policy will be rejected by the majority of the electors. At the last election in Great Britain Lloyd George swept the polls with the battle-cry of "Hang the Kaiser." The people took up the cry, and every man who pointed out the sorry foolishness of the idea was dubbed disloyal and worse. Of course Lloyd George won the fight, and of course again he made no attempt to hang anybody. Every thinking person in the community knew that the Prime Minister of England had no more intention of hanging the Kaiser than he had of hanging his grandmother, but the people were gulled by a politician's patter. Let me hasten to add that the battle-cry of the opponents of Lloyd George was equally as absurd as his, but it lacked the popularity which attached itself to the idea of hanging someone who more richly deserved to be more drastically punished than by merely taking his life.

THE RETURNED SOLDIER.

When we review the broken promises of politicians we are able to separate them and label them according to their value. Of some we pass over as being worthless and harmless, but others are too serious to be thus lightly set aside. Early this week we had a visit from a young man who served his country faithfully during the war. He gave up a good position and went through the whole campaign with credit to himself. On his return he found his job held by another man, and the returned man was thrown onto the unemployed market. With a good heart he set out to get a job, and his search took him from Brisbane to Sydney. Being at his wits' ends, and hearing where our office was he called and told his story. All his best clothes had been pawned for food and shelter, and he was about as hopeless as

a man can be. After much difficulty we got him a pass back to his people in Brisbane. I

wonder what he thinks of the promises which were made when we wanted such as he to risk death for the sake of Australia. With his case fresh in our mind we came across the following poem by Alfred Noyes. We reprint it with acknowledgements to the "Novel Magazine":

A VICTORY DANCE.

By ALFRED NOYES.

The cymbals crash,
And the dancers walk
With long silk stockings
And arms of chalk,
Butterfly skirts,
And white breasts bare,
And shadows of dead men
Watching 'em there.

Shadows of dead men
Stand by the wall,
Watching the fun
Of the Victory Ball.
They do not reproach,
Because they know,
If they're forgotten,
It's better so.

Under the dancing
Feet are the graves.
Dazzle and motley,
In long bright waves,
Brushed by the palm-fronds,
Grapple and whirl
Ox-eyed matron
And slim white girl.

Fat wet bodies
Go waddling by,
Girdled with satin,
Though God knows why;
Gripped by satyrs
In white and black,
With a fat wet hand
On the fat wet back.

See, there is one child
Fresh from school,
Learning the ropes
As the old hands rule.

God, how that dead boy
Gapes and grins
As the tom-toms bang
And the shimmy begins!

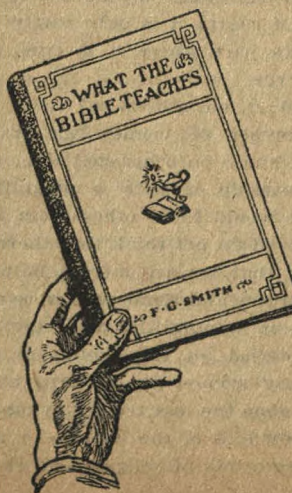
"What did you think
"We should find," said a shade,
"When the last shot echoed
And peace was made?"
"Christ," laughed the fleshless
Jaws of his friend;
"I thought they'd be praying
For worlds to mend;

"Making earth better,
Or something silly.
Like whitewashing hell
Or Picca-dam-dilly.
They've a sense of humor,
These women of ours,
These exquisite lilies,
These fresh young flowers!"

"Pish," said a statesman,
Standing near,
"I'm glad they can busy
Their thoughts elsewhere!
We mustn't reproach 'em,
They're young, you see."
"Ah," said the dead men,
"So were we!"

Victory! Victory!
On with the dance!
Back to the jungle
The new beasts prance!
God, how the dead men
Grin by the wall,
Watching the fun
Of the Victory Ball!

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UNKIND.

Herbert McPhail, M.L.C., good Prohibitionist and Christian gentleman, enjoyed a joke against himself the last time he stood for Parliament. A supporter of McPhail had covered the side of a huge tank with the words "Vote for McPhail." When the numbers went up Mac was beaten, and on the Monday, as he was returning to his home he cast his reluctant gaze on the tank, and he read "Vote for McPhail-ed."

A Personal Chat with my readers

THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME.

The forthcoming election is a chance of a lifetime to Prohibitionists. To change the personnel of Parliament is absolutely necessary to enable us to get a referendum. The liquor gang elected the majority in the present Parliament. In fact they have always done so. The result is seen either in our being robbed of our rights or handicapped out of them. The liquor interests have always as their motto: "Our trade our politics," and by concentration, judicious and ample expenditure they have secured themselves and defeated the temperance reform. Thousands of people have voted Prohibition, and also they voted for a candidate pledged to see that their Prohibition vote shall never be effective. This is political madness. If a wave of sanity should come over us we will change 25 per cent. of the personnel of Parliament, and get a fair deal from the next Parliament. We can do it.

When the scoffers scoff, and the mockers mock,
And the knockers stand at the side and knock,
Just roll up your sleeves and buckle in,
And stick to your task, and you're bound to win.
If a thing's worth while, you are sure to hear
The doubters doubt and the jeerers jeer;
For never a victor has risen yet,
But somewhere the gibes of the wise has met.
So, deaf to the scoffers, just work along,
And stick to your dream till you know it's wrong,
And toss them a smile when you hear folks mock;
It's a healthy sign when the knockers knock.

CLASS CONSCIOUSNESS.

Anything that sets man against man, that fans prejudice, that creates the hatred inseparable from class consciousness, is wickedly anti-Christian, anti-social, anti-patriotic. There is a tag of this class consciousness in all of us, and, worst of all, we find it even among true Christians. It will only perish by a change of climate.

The prickly pear, which is such a curse and grows so rapidly, cannot grow in the cold climate. Class consciousness is the social prickly pear. It is a curse. Let us cultivate nearness to God, and a life lived in such a climate will cease to be so cursed.

"Life is too brief
Between the budding and the falling leaf,
Between the seedtime and the golden sheaf,
For hate and spite.
We have no time for malice and for greed;
Therefore with love make beautiful the deed;
Fast speeds the night.

"Life is too swift
Between the blossoms and the white snow's drift
Between the silence and the lark's uplift,
For bitter words.
In kindness and in gentleness our speech
Must carry messages of hope, and reach
The sweetest chords.

"Life is too great
Between the infant's and the man's estate,
Between the clashing of earth's strife and fate,
For petty things.
Lo! we shall yet who weep with cumbered feet
Walk glorious over heaven's golden street,
Or soar on wings!"

OUR ACCIDENTS.

During four days of last week, in the accident ward of Sydney Hospital, 336 patients were dealt with—an average of 84 a day. It seems impossible that so many persons could cut their fingers, break their jaws, or get foreign bodies in their eyes in the one day. And this at only one hospital.

Of course, many cases are dismissed in a few seconds, and one of the commonest complaints is what is marked in the book as C2H5—OH. The symptoms are bleary eyes, unsteady legs, a breath that can almost be seen, and a highly-colored flow of language. In extreme cases of this character the letters D.T. are added to the previous symbols.

There are an average of 250 accidents in Sydney every week. They cry unto heaven for Prohibition. Every hospital would do well to invest 10 per cent. of its income in Prohibition. It would pay them better than ten new doctors, a new wing, or an extra X-rays outfit.

Quite a big talk has been created by the wife of General F. Hughes of Melbourne daring to say that the women of to-day were a shameless, immodest lot. Of course it is only partly true, but among the part where it is true, it is staggeringly true.

Why should it be otherwise?
A large number of women are frankly pagan. They know no other god than their body—they worship it with a magnificent abandon, and would have others join them in its worship. I do not think that there can be any doubt that we are merely imitating the ways of Greece and Rome who were overthrown by their immoralities after they had successfully defied all the armies of their enemies. Many women are perhaps unconsciously, but none the less truly playing their part in the downfall of the Empire by a denial of the restraints of religion and the en-

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, FEBRUARY 2, 1922.

joyment of an immodest laxity, which in their imitators will become an immoral force, ever the greatest factor in the undoing of a nation.

THE ALLIANCE HOTELS.

The New South Wales Alliance Headquarters Co., Ltd., held its first meeting of directors on the 13th July, 1905. In March, 1911, it became the Alliance Hotels Ltd. In July, 1920, a resolution was passed at a meeting of shareholders to sell the property. In doing so the shareholders were paid 25/- for each pound they invested. The purchasers at first asserted that it was wanted for offices for which it was originally built. They then decided to continue to run it as a hotel without a bar. Now they are seeking the transfer of the license which is about to expire with the closing of the Empire Hotel at the corner of Pitt and Hunter streets. There are licensed houses on the two opposite corners, and it would be an extraordinary thing to add to the drinking facilities of this spot and equally outrageous to spoil the residential value of this hotel without a bar.

The Editor

The Daily Inspiration Page in last issue was original, by Fairelei Thornton.

THOMAS ELMORE LUCEY.

POET—HUMORIST—ACTOR.

AN AMERICAN TALKS ABOUT AMERICA.

Special to "Grit."

Mr. T. Elmore Lucey has a nation-wide reputation in U.S.A. as an actor, poet and humorist. He is visiting Australia under an engagement, and will become as well known here as he is in his own country.

"Yes, I'm a hundred per cent. American, and I've just arrived from the States. From what I have seen this is a great country, and your harbor is just as beautiful as you say it is. Now, what do you wish to know?"

"What about Prohibition?" we asked this man, who had come from the land which has outlawed booze.

Before we pressed for an answer to our question we got from conversation that this American was not a Prohibitionist as we understand the term—that is, he emphasised the point that he was, apart from his profession, just a straightforward American citizen. He had no interest in the Prohibition movement beyond the interest of the average man, and did not carry the endorsement of the Anti-Saloon League and was in no way biased.

"The city I came from was one of the wettest places in the world before the coming of Prohibition. St. Louis is one of the big inland cities of the States. It is just about the size of Sydney, and before the State ratified the Eighteenth Amendment the saloons were located on almost every corner in the city. The city was also famous for its breweries. When the fight was on for Prohibition the prophets painted pictures of the ruin that would follow the closing of the saloons, and St. Louis was waiting with much misgiving for the Congress to declare the city 'dry.' Well, the saloons were closed, the breweries shut down, and the ruin and all the other evils which were threatened with Prohibition did not come."

OUTWARD SIGNS.

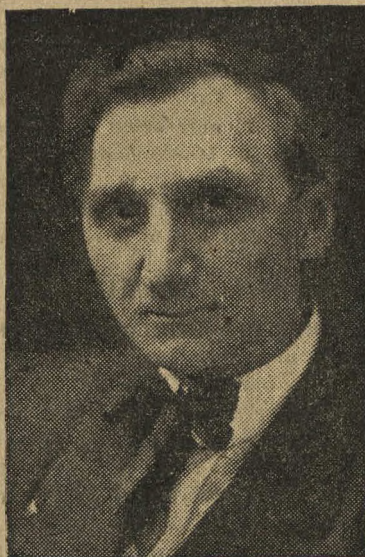
"Yes," continued Mr. Lucey, "Prohibition has changed many things, and in my opinion all for the better. When the fight against the saloon was on a popular turn on the stage was for a comedian to hold a beer bottle with a black bow tied on it, and, addressing the bottle, to say, 'Good-bye, brother, good-bye; but you will return,' and the audience would always applaud. To-day such a turn would not be tolerated in America. During my visit here I saw a vaudeville turn which presented a bleary-eyed, red-nosed hag kissing a returned soldier. It met with shouts of laughter. Such a turn would be impossible in the States to-day. If Prohibition does nothing else it cleanses social life to a wonderful degree."

THE MOVIE.

Mr. Lucey knows more about the inside running of amusements than most men, and

he has forgotten more than the average man ever knew. Here is his verdict on the question of the effect of Prohibition on the movie business:—

"In thousands of small towns the numbers attending the movies have increased tremendously. Formerly hundreds of men came into the towns for the week-ends, and spent their time hanging about the bar. Their wives and families were neglected. To-day



T. E. LUCEY.

they still come into town, but they bring the wife and kiddies with them, and all have a good and not costly time at the movies."

THE TRAMP.

"You know what tramps, or 'panhandlers,' are, I suppose?" Mr. Lucey inquired.

"Well, in my own town before the coming of Prohibition we were continually pestered with these gentlemen, who begged food and feared being offered work. To-day the tramp is a rare sight. Whether Prohibition killed him off or not I don't know, but he disappeared after Prohibition came."

TWO CHRISTMAS EVES.

"I spent the last Christmas Eve in New Zealand, and I witnessed sights which are discreditable to any community. I saw drunken men brawling in the streets as a result of the liquor they had taken. Whatever the anti-dry people say and inspire others to say in the press, I can tell you that

since the abolition of the saloon in St. Louis such sights as I actually saw in New Zealand on Christmas Eve are matters of history in that town."

THE STAGE DRUNK.

"Why," continued the entertainer, "do you know that in my work on the stage I at one time included the impersonation of a drunken man. In the wet days it was a popular turn. To-day I have been forced to cut it out of my programme in those States which have had Prohibition for a number of years. The reason is that such a turn is not an interpretation of any phase of life known to the people. While speaking of the work I do on the stage I might mention that Prohibition has been of the greatest assistance to the Chautauqua and Lyceum Institution. The two States which lead in the support given to these educational forms of entertainment are the two States which were the first in America to outlaw booze. And from those States have come a wonderful crop of literary men, artists and journalists of national fame."

"What about the alleged drug habit?" we asked, as Mr. Lucey was watching the hands of his watch.

"Drug habit? Pure bunk!"

And I was satisfied that Mr. Lucey knew what he was talking about.

"What about the extra taxation which the anti-dry campaigners make such a song about?" we asked, as one eye rested on the State income tax return which is nearly due.

"You might well ask that question, and without attempting to answer for others I will give my experience. It is: Since the introduction of Prohibition I have not been called on to pay any extra or increased taxation. Prohibition has not burdened me with more taxes, and I am representative of the average American."

While picking up his hat and stick Mr. Lucey added: "Of course, Prohibition is not perfect—nothing is that I know of—but it is a great blessing to the people of America and Canada. It has come to stay, and in a few years the remnants of the old booze days, which get far more space in the newspapers than they deserve, will be dead and buried, and I believe that the civilised world will follow the example my people have set."

C.B.

WONDERFUL

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PROHIBITION A BIG REVENUE RAISER.

AEROPLANE, MULES, AND TRACTS OF LAND.

By THOS. E. SHONK.

Because it has introduced the reform of prohibition of the beverage use of alcohol the United States Government is the richer by one aeroplane and twenty mules. Yes, and by five hundred and ninety nine automobiles and a few motor bikes—five to be exact. It now owns thirty-nine more boats, has captured nine buggies and eleven waggons; has put its mark on sixteen horses and fourteen sets of harness, and has relieved a beer-loving owner of two tracts of land. These all constitute part of the fines paid by violators of the Prohibition law in Yankeeland. They are only a small part however—during the last fiscal year over fifty-three million dollars was the amount of assessment, including civil penalties, special taxes, etc. In addition, the appraised value of property seized was over ten million dollars! It costs the law breakers quite a lot of money to have their fling; and as a great number of them go bankrupt in the process it is a game which isn't all honey.

BREWERS FLAGRANT LAW BREAKERS.

The report just issued by the Prohibition Enforcement Department gives the startling proof that amongst the worst offenders against the law are the brewers themselves. Knowing this, American citizens will be more determined than ever not to allow John Barleycorn to live again; for it would mean handing control of the drink traffic to men who have proved themselves to be flagrant law breakers.

Up to September 30th, over one million dollars has been paid into the United States Treasury by brewers as a result of violation of the Prohibition Law.

Fines far exceed costs of enforcement.

A common interjection at Prohibition meetings is: "Where are we going to get the revenue from if Prohibition comes?" The usual answer is that instead of spending money on booze we'll spend it on other things, most of which pay up to 30 per cent. import duty, and this will make up the deficiency. The remarkable disclosures from the States, however, show that not only is the cost of enforcing Prohibition met by the fines im-

posed on law breakers, but these fines, etc., during the last fiscal twelve months have been nearly ten times the cost of enforcement, thus providing a fine nest egg of revenue for the Federal Treasurer.

CORRECTING CORRESPONDENTS.

Newspaper correspondents in the papers recently have not quoted everything Chief Justice Taft said about Prohibition and crime when he appeared as witness before the Senate Judiciary Committee. It's the little extra bit which counts. I do not hesitate to say that I believe violations of the Prohibition law will greatly increase before they begin to grow fewer, said Chief Justice Taft. The last six words show that he knew that the increase would represent Bung's violent but vain last efforts to avert the inevitable knock-out. Commenting on the reported congestion of the Courts by Prohibition violation cases, Mr. Taft said that liquor law prosecutions were only about 8 per cent. of the cases, and this is corroborated by United States District Attorney William Hayward of New York City, who, before the same committee, stated that out of eleven thousand cases pending in his district only about three hundred are Prohibition cases.

PROHIBITION STILL A WINNER.

Here we are at the end of another year. It recalls to our mind that twelve months ago, and twelve months before that, and for the preceding twelve months, the dismal prophets predicted that Prohibition would be repealed in the various countries into which it has been introduced. Has it? Russia, Iceland, Finland, Canada, Lithuania, Esthonia, America—have any of these countries, after having tried the big reform, gone back on their choice? No. Has any country, once having made the forward step, ever shown its regret by annulling its prohibiting law? No. And therefore, although observations by correspondents on the anticipated defects of the Prohibition law in America are interesting, such observations do not affect the big fact that Prohibition tried by two-thirds of the English-speaking race is sufficiently successful to warrant the retaining of the reform.

claimed that the excitement of alcohol absorbs the impulses leading to higher things; that the atmosphere of the drinking fraternity was incompatible with the influences of education, and that, intoxicating liquor afforded no fitting nurture for either body, mind, or spirit.

The full effects of alcohol in breaking down moral restraint are to be found in the two branches of crime which are particularly associated with alcoholism—crimes of violence, and crimes of lust. Alcohol is the solvent of self-control; therein lies the explanation.

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the mellow oil of
the coconut blended
in
SUNLIGHT SOAP
makes all the difference in a true
laundry soap

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AUSTRALIA
BY
AUSTRALIANS
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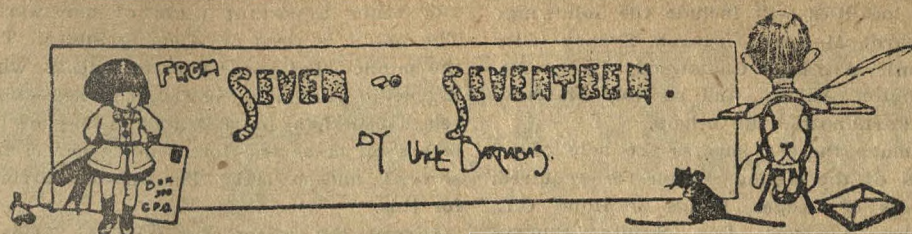
SUNLIGHT WORKS · SYDNEY.

Drugging the Sentry.

The moral deterioration which accompanies excessive drinking is a matter of observation. But modern medical science indicates the impairing of moral judgment as a result of small indulgence. The power of self-control is weakened, just as the power of self-critical thought. The truth has been well stated—"A man puts to sleep the sentry of his moral life."

In April of this year Lord Bryce presented to the Government a petition signed by 115,839 teachers, urging the prohibition of the sale of intoxicating drink to young persons under eighteen years of age. The reasons for this strong petition were clearly stated: Adolescence is the great epoch for the formation of habit. Is the drink habit going to keep these youths and girls out of temptation and dispose them towards things that are more excellent? The teachers

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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.

TWO NEXT TIME.

Raymond Atchison, Shellharbor, writes:

Dear Uncle B.,—I think it is time I wrote again, or I will be a scallywag, and that would never do. Last Sunday our Sunday school prizes were given out. My book is called "Harold's Friends." I am going to try and get two prizes this year. We had our Sunday school picnic last Wednesday. We all had a good time. We went for a row in the boat. My Uncle sold all his cows. I went up to their place, and was helping them for a few days. He is going to live in Dapto, and I am going up there for my Christmas holidays. My auntie gave me a little red and white calf for helping her.

(Dear Raymond,—I like to hear anyone make up their mind and determine to go after what they want. You keep that determination to get those two prizes, and you will get them, and we will be proud of you.—Uncle B.)

NO NEED TO BE ASHAMED.

Reita Sparkes, Wilberforce, writes:

Dear Uncle B.,—I intended to write to you some time ago, but I always seem to find an excuse. My name is Harriett Sparkes, but I am always called Reita. Our rector, the Rev. G. P. Birk, advised us some time ago to write to you. He is a very earnest worker. Did you receive a letter from a girl in Wilberforce (Trixie Blackmore)? I am thirteen and a half, and still go to Sunday school, and I am not ashamed to admit it either. There are twenty-three in sixth class at our school. As you can easily imagine we are rather crowded. We had our annual Sunday school picnic and concert, and most of the children enjoyed themselves thoroughly. I think we all enjoy ourselves at school, as it is a place where you can meet all your pals and comrades. Since Mr. Birk has been here we have had Scripture examinations in the public school. He seems to be full of energy, with plenty of go in him. I have never known my own mother, but I live with a lady in Wilberforce. I have lived with her since I was a baby, and never wish to leave her if possible. The people of Pitt Town held a bazaar on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and it was a complete success. There was a

queen-crowning competition, and Myrtle Bowd won it. Trusting Santa Claus will call on you and leave you a nice present.

(Dear Reita,—I have never had a friend who was called Reita before. I have had a Rita, so you won't easily be forgotten. I am glad you are not ashamed of going to Sunday school—in fact you might well be proud of it. I hope you will soon be a teacher, and that some day I may meet you.—Uncle B.)

LUCKY JACK.

Jack H. Robinson, Chatswood, writes:

Dear Uncle B.,—I hope you are quite well, also all my "Grit" cousins. I am having an exam. now for getting up into the Q.C. class. So far my marks are very good; but we have to have nature study yet. Please excuse me for not writing during the Xmas holidays as I am going to Melbourne. But as soon as I come back I will write to you. I will be staying at my Uncle's place at Lilydale, where Madam Melba's "Coombe Cottage" is. Love to all "Grit" cousins and yourself.

(Dear Jack,—So you are off to Melbourne. You are a lucky boy. Lilydale is a lovely place. I hope you will tell us about your trip.—Uncle B.)

A NEW NI.

Myrtle Durbin, Cotton Vale, Queensland, writes:

Dear Uncle B.,—Will you accept me as one of your Ni's? My birthday is on April the 14th, and I will be ten years old. I go to the State school, Thulimbah, and I am in third class. Saturday, 17th December, we hold our school breaking-up picnic. I am to get second prize in my class. We have an orchard, and everything is looking lovely now we have had so much rain. I have one brother 8 years old, and a dear little baby sister. She is such a mischief. I will send my photo as soon as I can. I like to read "Grit." My auntie sends me one every week.

(Dear Myrtle,—I am glad to have you in my big family. We all hope you will get first prize next time.—Uncle B.)

Legh Higman, Caldwell, Rannock, writes:

Dear Uncle B.,—I am sorry I am a scallywag, but time has passed very quickly, and I hope you will excuse me. I was pleased to see you over at Berry Jerry when you came to Coolamon. I was sorry there was not many there, but some of the people did not know that you were going to come out here. My sister Connie, older than myself, is away at the high school, and we are looking forward to her coming home for the holidays. I milk two cows now, morning and night. The men are very busy harvesting. They have got all the hay in, and have finished harvesting the oats, and are on to the wheat.

WINNS

GREAT ALTERATION SALE

FOR 8 DAYS



We boys are cutting out the weeds in our orchard.

(Dear Legh,—I can quite understand the time passing quickly. That is a good sign. It is lazy, do nothing folk who find time goes slowly. However, don't be too long before you write again.—Uncle B.)

A YOUNG NE.

Willie Higman, Caldwell, writes:

Dear Uncle B.,—Could I be one of your Ne's? I am eight years old. I heard you preach over at Berry Jerry when you were at Coolamon. We have five foals and five calves. We have also 31 chickens. We have a little pony, and she cut her leg yesterday.

(Dear Willie,—I am glad to have you as a Ne, and hope you will never be a scallywag. I hope the pony's leg is quite alright. Do you go to school yet?—Uncle B.)

BOOKKEEPING.

A knowledge of bookkeeping is useful to every man and INDISPENSABLE to everyone in business or qualifying for commercial pursuits. We have now six certificated accountants on our staff, in addition to other teachers, and can give you instruction in Elementary or Advanced Bookkeeping, or prepare you for the Intermediate and Final Examinations of the various Accountancy Corporations. Any arrangement may be made to suit the convenience of students. Instruction may be taken either day or evening, for from 1 hour weekly to six hours daily. All information on application to J. A. Turner, A.C.P.A.

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PROHIBITION CADETS.

Training and Recruiting the Young People for Prohibition Service.

This page is conducted by the Young People's Department of the N.S.W. Alliance.

For further information, suggestions, lists of supplies, etc., write or 'phone to

THE Y.P. DEPARTMENT,
N.S.W. Alliance,
321 PITT-ST., SYDNEY.
'Phone: City 8944.

SERIES OF DEMONSTRATIONS.

Suburban Town Halls, to finish with Monster March and Rally Sydney Town Hall, Saturday, May 13, at 3 p.m.

"THE CALL TO ARMS."

Ye patriots of Australia's land,
Arise! and take your stand
For Prohibition, stand four-square
Resolved to do—or dare!
Let nothing daunt your spirit brave,
God will our country save!
Arise! and march unitedly—
March on to Victory!

From Despot, Foe and Misery
We would Australia free!
Then forward march, with armor bright,
Our motto "God and Right."
The Prohibition flag wave high,
The grand "New Day" is nigh,
Then rise! ye people of our land,
Unite, and take your stand!

'Gainst Alcohol and all his kin
Stand forth resolved to win.

So shall a weaker brother stand
As we march, hand in hand,
To help the weak, put down the wrong,
And make our nation strong.
Then Rise! unite, and march along,
Victory shall crown our song.

—Selected.

THE CALL TO ACTION.

Our friends in the metropolitan area have a magnificent opportunity for active work.

Plans are being prepared for a series of Y.P. Demonstrations in Suburban Town Halls, to be held from March to May. They will be held on week-nights and will have the following features:

1. Community singing of temperance versions of popular choruses.
2. Lantern lecturette.
3. Society item.
4. Bright address.

The localities will include the following: Leichhardt, Mosman, Kogarah, Sydney (City Mission), Ashfield, Chatswood, Daceyville, Paddington, Auburn, and possibly Marrickville, Parramatta, and others.

To make these a success the help of all friends of the Young People is required. Members of Lodges, Bands of Hope, C.E. Societies, Leagues, Boy Scouts, Sunday Schools, etc., are all urged to help. Watch for future detailed notices.

NEWCASTLE LEADS THE WAY.

On Saturday afternoon, February 11, a Y.P. demonstration will be held in the C.M.M., which will launch the above campaign. Mr. D. Watson is working hard to make it a big event for the northern city, and many interesting items are expected. It will be well worth a special trip. Who will come with us to Newcastle? Lantern lectures will also be held Junction and Hamilton Methodist Churches on Friday and Saturday nights.

CROWDING THE METROPOLIS.

On Saturday afternoon, May 13th, the Sydney Town Hall will be used for a monster united rally preceded by a march and demonstration. Prizes will be offered for the best entries in the march, and a great display is expected. All Sunday schools, lodges, and societies are invited to co-operate. Write in for full information and for help and hints re procession. Book the date now.

HOPE OF BRITAIN.

Speaking at a welcome luncheon extended to him upon his return from a trip round the world, Mr. I. Greenstreet, District Secretary of the Rechabite Order, said that the liquor traffic was so entrenched that it could only be starved out of existence. This could be most effectively done by work among the children, teaching them the two principles of the Rechabite Order, viz., total abstinence for the individual and Prohibition for the nation. The I.O.R., in fulfilment of this, registers children from birth, and keeps in touch with them until they enter an adult tent. The Order now has 3394 juvenile societies, having an increase of 60,062 new members, or about 15 per cent. in two years. This is splendid achievement, and should spur all on to greater work among our own boys and girls, for they are "The Hope of Australia."

Water Waggon—

(Continued from Page 6.)

haps we might stop hystericking about the drunkard's wife, the bare-footed orphans, And nix on awful fate of Annie, who married George, then a curly-headed Sunday school boy. (Later on George took to drinking lager, blackened Annie's eye, and she thereupon had to face the world with a fountain of tears, destitute, leading seventeen children, including three and a half twins.) Also the hymn commencing "The Drunkard Reached His Cheerless Home" might be now put into cold storage. What the public want from us—the public that we have to win—is facts, good sound reasoning, born of statistics, and little talks about brewery profits, meaty stuff about what alcohol does to the vermiform appendix, the pancreas, medula oblongata, and the carburettor

and other important parts of our works. The public is tired of Weeping Susan. Tell the public what booze does to politics, what it does to purchasing power of money—what relation it has to T.B. and Y.D.—how it forces up taxes and forces down cheer, and so forth, and so forth. The time has arrived for this.

Divorce the matter from religion! (Hey!! Cries of alarm). But because I am not divorced from my wife is no reason why I should everlastingly be seen arm in arm with her. I have a great world of relationships and affairs of which my wife has no concern. Prohibition and religion are married. But for heaven's sake show that the two can walk apart, and needn't be like some couples where the husband is an old woman and the wife an old man.

PROHIBITION WE HAVE

"Upon proof being given to the satisfaction of any licensing court or justices in petty sessions that any person, by the excessive drinking of liquor, has so wasted his means, or is likely to impoverish himself to such a degree, as to expose himself or his family to want, or seriously impair his health, such court or justices shall by writing under the hand of the chairman or of any two of such justices, forbid all licensed publicans, and also all other persons licensed or authorised to sell liquor, to sell or supply such inebriate with any liquor for the space of one year."—Liquor Act, 1898 (section 52); penalty £10. There is prohibition for you! Been in force these many years. What we want is the same thing, but en masse. "Impoverish, expose to want, impair health," exactly what tens of thousands are doing all the year round. Why adopt the potting, peddling course of tackling a solitary drunk here or there? The referendum will enable us to apply the Liquor Act panacea, nationwide.

"GRIT" SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Received to 27/1/22, and where not mentioned the amount received is 10s.: Mrs. Sutherland, 18s. 6d.; Miss B. Young, 30/1/23; Thos. Stratfold, 15/10/22; R. J. Boyd, 2/2/23; W. H. Paul, 24/1/22.

The following are paid to 30/12/22: F. C. Petrie, Rev. G. Thompson, Mrs. Sweet, James Richardson (12s.), Miss Frigg, John Berry (11s. 6d.), Mrs. Thos. L. Thompson, Mrs. Mackay, Mrs. Settlee (£1), Mrs. Meale, J. R. Plowman, Miss Gurney, R. C. White, Geo. Wilsher.



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

PROPERTIES ALL SUBURBS.

L. G. CHEYNE

AGENT, CROYDON PARK.

1st tram section from ASHFIELD. U5110.
8 Doors below school.

**BUT YOU NEVER CAN TELL!**

Young Lady (who had just been operated on for appendicitis): Oh, doctor! Do you think the scar will show?

Doctor: It ought not to.

GOING ANYWAY, PROBABLY!

"Are you a mind reader?"

"Yes."

"Can you read my mind?"

"Yes."

"Well, why don't you go there?"

THEY'RE ALIKE.

Young Son: Father, what is the difference between a taxidermist and a taxicab?

Father: No difference, my son; they both skin you.

THE SHARP ONES.

The bitterest words are those of our own we are forced to eat.

EVEN AS YOU AND I.

North: My new car is black, trimmed with red.

West: My car is black, too, but I got the trimming!

FROM BOYHOOD UP.

"That was mighty nice of you to give your seat to that woman hanging on to a strap in the trolley car the other day," said Dix to Jones.

"Yes," answered Jones. "Ever since childhood I have always had a very high respect for a woman with a strap in her hand."

OLD FRIENDS.

Freddy's mother took him out to the park the other day, and as they stood watching the birds in their enormous cage the little fellow observed a stork gazing at him.

"Oh, look, mother," he said. "The stork is trying to see if he remembers me still."

THE LANGUAGE OF LOVE.

First Barber: "Nasty cut you've given that old gent, Bill."

Second Ditto: "Yes. I'm courtin' his 'ouse-maid—that's to let 'er know I can see 'er Tuesday night!"

THE DIPLOMAT.

"Didn't you know it is against the law to beg for money?" said the lady to the tramp at the back door.

"I wasn't goin' t' beg for no money, ma'am."

"It's just as bad to beg for bread."

"I wasn't goin' to beg for no bread, ma'am."

"What were you going to beg for then, pray?"

"Only, for one o' your photographs, ma'am."

LACKED FORETHOUGHT.

"I don't like these photographs at all," he said. "I look like an ape."

With a glance of lofty disdain the photographer replied as he turned back to work: "You should have thought of that before you had them taken."

Jenkins, who had taken his children to a country place for the holidays, was walking across a meadow with Tommy, the youngest, when the latter saw a cow for the first time.

"What is that?" asked the child.

"That's a cow, my son!"

"And what are those things on her head?"

"Horns."

And the two then moved on. Presently the cow mooed, whereat Tommy was surprised.

"Which horn did she blow, father?" he asked.

GENEALOGY OF THE SQUAWK.

"Whom does the baby resemble?"

"Well, he has my wife's eyes and my nose, but I can't imagine where he got his voice, unless it was from my motor siren."



Mistress—
Mary, your kitchen
is a picture!
However do you
get everything so
spotlessly clean
& bright?

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

KERR'S

RELIABLE JEWELLERY, WATCHES
AND SILVERWARE



Solid 9ct. Gold Nellie Stewart Bangle, 37/6.

Others, 25/-, 30/-, 42/-, to £5/5/-

Solid 15ct. Gold, £3/3/-, £4/4/-, to £7/7/-

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MALT AND PEPSIN BREAKFAST MEAL.

Splendid for Dyspeptics and Invalids.
N.B.—One grain of Pepsin-Malt will digest
two thousand grains of any ordinary Farinaceous
Food.

REFUSE ALWAYS SUBSTITUTES.

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FOR BEST VALUE
DRINK

KING TEA

THE NEW CEYLON

DAILY INSPIRATION

"Save yourselves from this untoward generation."—Acts, 2, 40.

SUNDAY.

"Behold, I send the promise of My Father upon you."—Luke, 24, 49.

GOD'S PROMISES.

"God's promises are the comfort of my life. Without them I could not stand for an hour in the whirl and eddy of things, in the sweep and surge of the nations. But I cannot tell how He will fulfil them, any more than I can tell from just what quarter the first flock of bluebirds will come in the spring. Yet I am sure the spring will come upon the wings of the thousand birds."—Henry Ward Beecher.

MONDAY.

"With what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again."—Matt., 7, 1.

TAKE HIM AT HIS BEST.

When your brother man you measure,
Take him at his best;
Something in him you can treasure,
Overlook the rest.

Though of his some trait or fetter
May not suit you to the letter,
Trust him—it will make him better;
Take him at his best.

Praise will make him worth the praising;
Take him at his best.
Keep the fire of purpose blazing
Ever in his breast.
Do not frown upon or scold him;
In the strength of faith enfold him.
To his highest yearning mould him;
Take him at his best.

—Nixon Waterman.

TUESDAY.

"Pride goeth before destruction."—Prov., 16, 18.

THE HARD LESSON.

Benjamin Franklin relates that, when a young man, he visited the home of a friend and was shown an underground passageway that led from the cellar to a hidden door in a hillside some distance from the house. As they started to traverse it his friend exclaimed, "Stoop! Stoop!" Franklin failed to comply, and a moment after struck his head violently against a projecting beam. "My son," said his friend, "you are young and the world is before you. Learn to stoop as you go through it, and you will save yourself many a hard knock."

Unquestionably this is good advice, though it is not easy to follow. Yet how many hard blows might be avoided if we could only master it thoroughly! No one has a harder time of it in this world than does the proud man. In his efforts to maintain dignity, pride, to gratify his own vanity, he receives many an unnecessary blow. The secret of happiness is in learning to stoop.

WEDNESDAY.

"Set a watch, O Lord, before my mouth; keep the door of my lips."—Psl., 141, 3.

TO-DAY.

Lord, for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray.
Keep me, my God, from stain of sin,
Just for to-day.

Let me both diligently work
And duly pray;
Let me be kind in word and deed,
Just for to-day.

Let me be slow to do my will,
Prompt to obey,
Help me to sacrifice myself,
Just for to-day.

So for to-morrow and its needs
I do not pray;
But keep me, guide me, hold me, Lord,
Just for to-day.

—Exchange.

THURSDAY.

"Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God, and be more ready to hear."—Eccl., 5, 1.

GOD'S HOUSE.

"The one great reason for coming to worship God in His house and keeping silent before Him is that He may take you aside from the multitude, ever busy with the rush of their worldly duties, and say, as He did of old to His Apostles when there were many coming and going, and they had no leisure so much as to eat. 'Come ye apart into a desert place and rest awhile.'"

FRIDAY.

"Draw nigh to God, and He will draw nigh to you."—Jas., 4, 8.

COMPENSATION.

Oh, the compensating springs! Oh, the balance wheels of life,
Hidden away in the workings, under the seeming strife;
Slowing the fret and the friction, weighing the whirl and the force,
Evolving the truest power from each unconscious source.

The easy path in the lowland has little of great or new,
But a toilsome ascent leads on to a wide and glorious view;
Peopled and warm is the valley, lonely and chill the height,
But the peak that is nearest the storm-cloud is nearer the stars of light!

SATURDAY.

"The righteous God trieth the hearts and reins."—Psl., 7, 9.

THE ACID TEST.

A man should divide his life into three periods: First, that of education, acquiring the fullest and best within his power. Second, that of achievement; active only for himself and his family, and discharging the first duty of any man—to see that in case of his incapacity, those who are closest to him are provided for. Then service for others. That is the acid test where many a man falls short; to know instinctively and truly when he has enough and to be willing, not only to let well enough alone, but to give a helping hand to the other fellow.—Edward Bok.

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GROSVENOR ROAD, WAHROONGA.

Headmaster.

Rev. CLIFTON P. BROWN, M.A.,

Honorman in History, English, Logic and Philosophy, Melbourne University.

It is the aim of the College to prepare boys for entry into the larger Public Schools, and therefore not only is a thorough grounding given in all school subjects, but also the preparation in character and physique, which is so important, is a matter of careful attention. Too much stress cannot be laid on this, as often the advantages of the greater school are lost or seriously lessened because the boy has not been properly prepared to appreciate and use them.

The school is open to boys under the age of fourteen years.

Only a limited number of boarders will be taken in order that each boy may be under the personal care of the Headmaster and his wife.

STOVE POLISH STOVE POLISH

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BLAC-IT
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The Great
Stove Polish
BEAUTIFUL SHEEN

Dries quickly
No labor
Economical
No smell

Insist on
BLAC-IT
Sold Every-
where.

The Transformation of a Curse.

THE FAIRIES' WAND OF PROHIBITION.

So far as the former saloons in small towns and villages of license States are concerned, they dropped out of existence so quietly, and their places were taken so promptly by various forms of legitimate business that the change was noticeable only in the improved financial, moral and social life of the people in the communities where such establishments had formerly operated. In most such cases even those who formerly operated the saloons are finding themselves better off in every way than before.

The hotel bars in cities large and small have quietly and easily given way to dining room and other enlarged hotel activities, to the entire satisfaction of the vast majority of hotel owners and proprietors even in the largest American cities.

Tracey C. Drake, one of the well-known men in American hotel circles, whose success in the management of the largest and newest hotels in the city of Chicago qualifies him to speak authoritatively on hotel conditions under Prohibition, recently said: "Personally I predicted more than a year before Prohibition became operative that it would put the hotel business upon a sounder, healthier and more reputable basis than it had ever been before. This prediction has been thoroughly realised. The public has accepted necessary changes and the hotels are now on a very sound economic foundation. Fifteen years hence we will look back at 1920 as a landmark in our business careers, for every one has found that Prohibition has been a blessing in disguise."

WHICH IS BETTER?

A report recently made to the Home Missions Board of one of the large church denominations of America shows that more than twenty churches and residences for pastors in Western Wisconsin have been constructed from the salvage of old buildings formerly used by the liquor traffic, and that fifteen homes, for church pastors in that section have been equipped with furniture formerly used in saloons.

The real economic test, however, has come in the large cities where the saloons formerly in operation seemed to many to be so vital a part of the city's business life that their abolition was thought likely to prove financially disastrous.

The change which has come in these cities, and the untold benefits, instead of economic disaster, which has followed upon the heels of Prohibition, reads like a fairy tale.

A recent survey taken in the city of Grand Rapids, Michigan, shows that the rooms in which 160 saloons formerly operated in that city are now being used for numerous enterprises. When the survey was made, nine of these rooms were found to be vacant. Two had been torn down to make way for the city's growth. One hotel bar had been discontinued, while three other places, for one reason or another, had not been located. Of

the remaining 145 properties, 37 were found to be operated as soft drink establishments, 26 as billiard and pool-rooms, two for wholesale and retail store purposes, 12 for restaurant purposes, nine as candy shops, nine as groceries, four as bakeries, three as barber shops three as auto tyre stores, and two each as shoe stores, news and cigar stands, wall paper and paint stores, five and ten cent. stores, drug stores, clothes pressing and tailoring shops, pawn shops and wholesale fruit and produce stores.

The city of Chicago, in spite of all the difficulties which have naturally come in the matter of law enforcement presents a contrast between present conditions and conditions that prevailed before Prohibition became effective, which is almost unbelievable. Only those who know the Chicago saloon sections before the advent of Prohibition can begin to realise the transformation in that city.

Former saloon sites by the hundreds which occupied principal corners and choice business locations have been turned into candy shops, haberdasheries, ice cream parlors, soda fountains, restaurants, clothing establishments, drug stores, cafeterias, cigar stands, meat shops, and numerous other kinds of wholesale and retail merchandise establishments.

The loudly heralded prophecy that the saloon buildings would go unoccupied has not been realised.

JUST A MIRACLE.

The Philadelphia "Daily North American" is authority for the statement that in that city soon after Prohibition became operative more than 20 saloon properties changed hands at a profit of over 50 per cent. on the estimated value under the saloon regime.

Perhaps the most remarkable economic transformation as a result of Prohibition has been experienced by New York city. This transformation moreover, has occurred in spite of the fact that New York presents the greatest problem of Prohibition law enforcement to be found on the American continent.

Thousands of new restaurants, doughnut places, French pastry parlors, Boston bean joints, and waffle houses have been opened in New York city since the advent of Prohibition. Many of these places are now occupying rooms formerly used as saloons.

One of the most striking radical changes which Prohibition has made in New York city is that which has transformed the "Bowery." The old resorts of the "Bowery," so notorious in other days, have gone. The anatomical museums, the rough cafes, with dance halls in the rear, are things of the past. Legitimate business now predominates on the "Bowery." Rentals have advanced from 75 to 100 per cent., and vacant store-rooms are not obtainable even at the advanced rentals. The "Bowery," as it was

known to the millions of New York visitors in saloon days is now a memory.

The hotels of New York city have experienced an era of prosperity under Prohibition which was never known before. The well-known banquet manager of the Waldorf-Astoria is authority for the statement that, since Prohibition's advent, food checks at the hotel dining rooms and restaurants have shown an increase of 20 per cent. in the quantity of food ordered by average patrons. This gentleman also states that the same rule applies in regard to the McAlpin and other New York hotels.

Ridgewood is a typical German section of New York, and had the reputation of having more saloons to the average square than any other portion of the great metropolis. The entire district has been transformed as if by magic. The marked change is particularly noticeable on Seneca, Onderlunk, Grand View and Ridgewood avenues. A large number of small co-operative factories have sprung up in this section, many of these factories being owned co-operatively by the workers who are employed in producing knit goods. These factories, to a large degree, occupy the same corners and other stands which were formerly occupied by saloons.

At the Five Corners, at George-street and Forest avenue, the large space formerly occupied by a saloon, is now housing a savings bank which has been doing a splendid business. (Continued on Page 16.)

'FLU SPREADING IN ENGLAND.

LONDON, January 20.

From practically every city and town in England come reports of alarming increases in the number of cases of influenza.

The figures show a 50 per cent. increase over those of the previous week.

The foregoing cable news emphasises the necessity of everyone in Australia being prepared to combat a recurrence of the epidemic here. It will be remembered that the last pandemic in Australia followed closely on the heels of the European outbreak, and it is only by prompt vigilance that a return visit of the scourge can be avoided.

It is now a well-established fact that Heenzo (which, by the way, is a most economical preparation, inasmuch as it enables anyone to make up a family supply of mixture at a cost of only a couple of shillings) is the most effective remedy available for the treatment of influenza, colds, asthma, bronchitis, and sore throats, and, as such, it should be found in every home. Its prompt use avoids much suffering and saves much money.—Advt.

BABY'S FIRST PORTRAIT.

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182 Pitt St.
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Transformation of a Curse—

A Jewish synagogue now occupies the premises formerly used as a saloon at the corner of Seneca avenue and Corneliastreet, while the former saloon property at Palmetto-street and Ridgewood avenue is now a Spiritualist church.

Two of the former breweries in the Ridgeway section have been turned into an ice-plant and a cereal non-intoxicating manufacturing plant.

Business structures, dye stuff works, public playgrounds, community houses, and many other industries have taken the place of beer parks which did such a thriving business in alcohol prior to the Prohibition regime.

As a result of the remarkable transformation of the Ridgewood district many merchants and others formerly opposed to Prohibition have declared that if the question were to be submitted to a vote of the people in this former beer centre Prohibition would carry by a large majority.

AN ECONOMIC BLESSING.

The liquor traffic in America is not dead, but it is in a dying condition. Most of the properties which have been given over for many years to be alcohol traffic are gradually being transformed to serve other purposes. As a result legitimate industries flourish, and the people of the nation are the gainers.

Walter C. Hughes, secretary of the National Confectioners' Association, names the industries which have received the greatest benefits from the adoption of Prohibition as (1) the savings banks, (2) soft drink industries, (3) ice cream industry, (4) moving picture theatres, and (5) the confectionery industry. To this information which Mr. Hughes gave out in the form of a public statement he added the following:—"The theory advanced that men addicted to the use of alcohol have become candy eaters since the advent of Prohibition is based entirely on wrong premises. More candy is being consumed because the people have more money to spend, not alone for candy, but for everything else they want that adds to their comfort and pleasure.

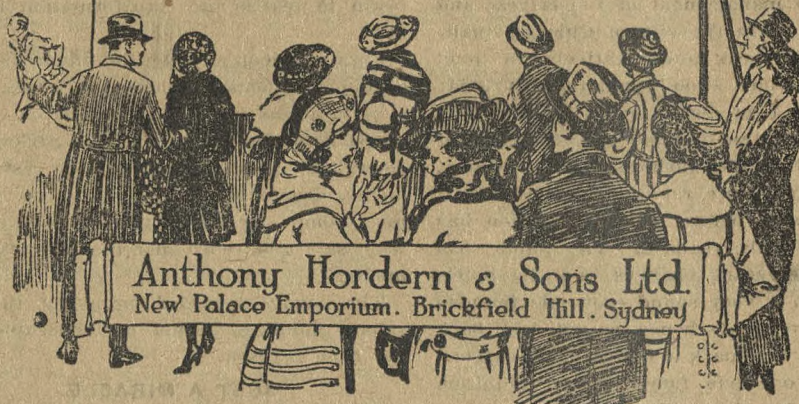
For long, weary years the advocates of Prohibition in America have advanced the theory that the prohibition of the alcohol traffic, in addition to the numerous other benefits promised, would prove to be an economic blessing to the owners of property used for the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages, and to the proprietors and employees of alcohol beverages establishments. That theory, formerly confined to Temperance enthusiasts and fanatics, has been transformed into the practical observation of business men and the actual experience of large industrial enterprises. The result, however, has become so apparent in all parts of the nation that "he who runs may read" and be convinced.

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LAST DAY FEB 18th

A copy of the Sale Catalogue
will be posted free on request
it is full of money-saving suggestions
WRITE TO-DAY



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

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