

THE PICNIC--Special Notice. See page 3.

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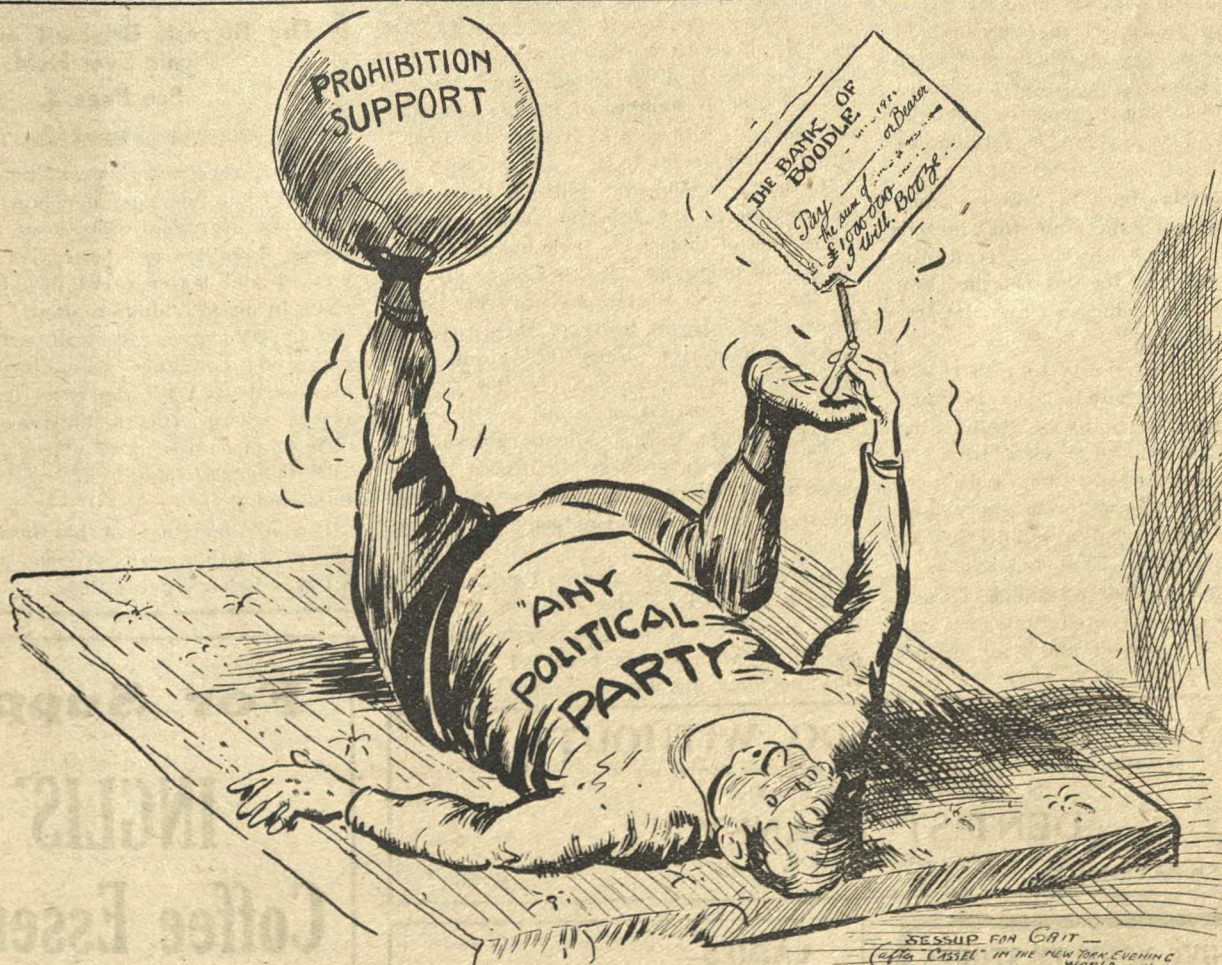
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SYDNEY, FEBRUARY 14, 1924.

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AMERICA'S FOREIGN POPULATION PROBLEM

According to the Fourth Estate, which has made an especial study of foreign language publications in the United States, seventy-five per cent of the foreign language population reside in the following eleven States:

Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Ohio, Illinois, Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota and California.

In these 11 States the total of persons of foreign birth or children of foreign-born parents is 23,645,296. On that basis there are thirty-two million such persons in the United States.

Between 1900 and 1922 the flow of immigration brought to American shores about 15 million persons. During the same period the total population of the United States increased from 76 million to close on 106 million in 1920, and to nearly 110 million today.

Millions of foreign-born in America must depend almost altogether on the foreign language press which they can read and understand, not only for information, but also largely for their education and the cultivation of their ideals.

The Fourth Estate reports that there are nearly one thousand publications in more than forty languages, many of them being of great prestige and large circulation. It is known that hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of these foreign-born and their children never read a publication or even a pamphlet in the English language.

All the publications of all kinds, classes and languages in the United States, as per the report of N. W. Ayer and Sons' newspaper directory, are 22,358, a slight increase

over 1922, but still a decrease of nearly 2500 from the number of publications issued just before the World War.

Among the foreign papers issued in the United States, are 171 dailies. Some of them are small, but there are others which run heavily in circulation. For instance, the Jewish "Daily Forward," published in New York City, has a circulation of 140,135. In addition to these dailies, there are a large number of foreign papers which are issued twice, thrice, or four times a week, and a still larger number that issue weekly, an additional number every two weeks, and many that are issuing monthly.

Of course, some of these papers are church publications, and there are a few that are devoted to Temperance, but by far the greater number of foreign language publications either are hostile to Prohibition or indifferent to it.

Naturally enough the bulk of these foreigners live in the Atlantic States. Nearly six million of them have their homes in New York, and naturally, too, they not only live in the Eastern States, but in the larger cities. The vast majority of them are employed in factories, stores, offices and other city work, and comparatively few live in small villages or out on farms.

Not only are their publications issued in their own language, but their church services, their fraternal organizations, and their social gatherings are conducted in foreign language.

In some of the cities these foreigners live in colonies just as they happen to settle. One may find whole neighborhoods, precincts, or even wards occupied by people speaking only one foreign language.

THIS LABOR LEADER KNOWS.

Writing to the World League Against Alcohol, Hon. A. Victor Donahey, Governor of Ohio, and a man prominently mentioned for democratic nomination for the Presidency, says regarding the economic effect of Prohibition on the commercial and industrial interests and the general prosperity of the State:

"I wish to say that from my observation my belief does not differ from that of every other citizen of the State who has considered the effect of Prohibition from an absolute unprejudiced viewpoint. Drunkenness and arrests for drunkenness have been lessened and reduced, which fact is established by statistics; conditions of many families have been improved by reason of the

THE GREAT PICNIC SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23rd

Get Your Tickets Early.

The Biggest, Brightest and Best
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See Page 3.

fact that the breadwinner of the family has, since Prohibition has gone into effect, been spending his money for bread rather than booze. Families are better fed and better clothed and better cared for in every way than in pre-Prohibition days. These conditions, of course, necessarily reflect a more prosperous condition generally than formerly existed. With the exception of a few places where officials have neglected and refused to enforce the law, conditions about our industrial plants are correspondingly improved."

It should be remarked that Governor Donahey is a Labor man, carrying the card of a Union Labor organisation.

YOU HAVE TO DO WITHOUT

Something else if you pay big fees for your dental work.
MY FEES ARE VERY FAIR.

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Coffee Essence

Is Delicious

Ask Your Grocer

Only a Few Days to go BEFORE THE DAY OF THE GREAT PICNIC

THE DATE IS
Saturday, February 23rd

PROGRAMME.

Leave Fort Macquarie 2.15 p.m. (sharp)—

HARBOR CRUISE

LAND FOR TEA

MOONLIGHT TRIP

(Bring your own "eats." Tea for drinking provided free.)

TICKETS: Adults 1/6, Children 9d.

A NECESSARY CHANGE.

At first we had arranged to land at Clark Island for tea. This arrangement is now changed. Clark Island is not big enough for the picnic. We shall land at Killarney, which is reputed the most beautiful spot in the Harbor. We have engaged the exclusive right to the use of the pleasure grounds.

Thousands of happy Prohibitionists will make the Harbor ring with laughter and songs.

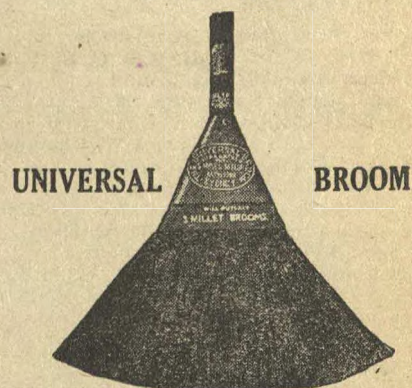
YOU MUST COME.

The trip will give you a view of your Harbor, which is usually reserved for visitors. Saturday, February 23rd, will be a milestone in our history—because

During the afternoon Mr. Hammond will declare the policy of the Prohibition Party.

N.B.—Arrangements have been made for the boat to return to wharf after tea to enable any who wish to return before evening cruise to do so.

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Phones: General Offices, City 157; Organising and Public Meeting Dept. City 8944.

FIELD DAY APPOINTMENTS.

SUNDAY, FEB. 17th.

- 11 a.m.: Drummoyne Baptist Church.
Mr. R. J. C. Butler.
11 a.m.: Arcadia Cong. Church.
3 p.m.: Appin Cong. Church.
7.15 p.m.: Campbelltown Cong. Church.
Mr. Charles W. Chandler.
11 a.m.: Dorrigo appointment.
7.15 p.m.: Dorrigo Methodist.
Mr. Charles E. Still.
11 a.m.: Kinchela Methodist Church.
3 p.m.: Belmore River Methodist.
7.30 p.m.: Gladstone Methodist Church.
Ex-Senator David Watson.

CAMPAIGN MEETINGS.

R. B. S. HAMMOND.

- Thursday, February 21st: Springwood Hall, Springwood, 8.
Friday, February 22nd: Wentworth Falls, School of Arts, 8.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

EX-SENATOR DAVID WATSON.

- Tuesday, Feb. 19th: Bellingen School of Arts, 8 p.m.
Wednesday, Feb. 20th: Urunga School of Arts, 8 p.m.
Thursday, Feb. 21st: Macksville Friendly Society Hall, 8 p.m.
Friday, Feb. 22nd: Bowraville School of Arts, 8 p.m.

MR. HERBERT CARROLL'S FIXTURES.

- Bathurst and environs—
Monday, Feb. 18.—Masonic Hall, Bathurst.
Tuesday, Feb. 19.—St. Barnabas' Hall, South Bathurst.
Wednesday, Feb. 20.—Perthville.
Thursday, Feb. 21.—Kelso.

CAMPAIGN NOTES.

The receptions accorded of late to the leader of the Australian Prohibition Party, Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, are conclusive proof that the majority of citizens of New South Wales are becoming fully alive to the seriousness of the present political liquor situation largely brought about by the parliamentary liquor coalition.

Whatever may be the views of a few well-meaning, but misinformed and misguided folk, who have failed to recognise the dollar mark in the present stage of affairs, the fact remains abundantly apparent to anyone with eyes open and observant that the majority of N.S.W. citizens are prepared to back up mature judgment based on facts rather than theories, and demand that their constitutional rights shall remain intact and ever accessible.

They are cognisant of the fact that the "Wets" have decided that New South Wales shall remain wet much later than the year 1928, quite ignoring the constitutional right of the people to hold a referendum (as they have clearly demonstrated by the last vote they desire to do) immediately. Members of both sides of the House (one of the most disorderly we know of) are pledged by party rules, caucus ballots, and conference de-

"MAKE PARLIAMENT DRY."

The Leader of Australian Prohibition Party, will address

Monster Meetings

in the Public Interest, which will be held in

SPRINGWOOD

In SPRINGWOOD HALL

on

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21st

at 8 p.m.

WENTWORTH FALLS

In SCHOOL OF ARTS

on

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22nd,

at 8 p.m.

The Prohibition Party expects that every citizen will voice their emphatic protest at these meetings and elsewhere against continuance of the liquor traffic.

You must hear

R. B. S. HAMMOND,

The Popular Leader of the Prohibition Party tell you his reasons why Parliament must be dry.

Admission is Free. Collection.

cisions of various dates to cast their votes in "The Hall of Debate" (?) in a manner calculated to result in the placing of "Initiative Referendum" upon the Statutes of N.S.W. as an established principle, thereby giving the people the opportunity of utilising their undisputed right to decide for themselves all questions of public importance instead of leaving such questions to the tender (?) mercies of a Wet minority who are so optically deficient that they cannot see the light between the strokes of the dollar mark, and whose optical illusion emanates from the region where the dollar mark runs riot.

The time is long overdue for concerted action by the citizen majority towards an effective means of ridding our Legislative ranks of political jugglers and adventurers who are more concerned over personal pounds than public prosperity, and to whom self-seeking avarice is a more congenial occupation than community welfare. YOU MUST ENGAGE IN THE CAMPAIGN FOR THE ELEVATION TO PARLIAMENT OF MEN WHO WILL IN PARLIAMENT RETAIN THE SAME VIEWS AND PRINCIPLES UPON WHICH THEY HAVE BEEN ELECTED.

If a Branch is not already in operation in your area, then the time is at hand when such a Branch should be in full swing, and you are requested to forward the necessary particulars immediately to FIELD SECRETARY.

AUSTRALIA'S DRY COMEDIAN.

Mr. HERBERT (PAT) CARROLL, will shortly be leaving the State to enliven the monotony of Victoria. Already our Fun Factor is being inundated with the cordial good wishes from many admirers of his wholesome and healthy jests and amusing entertainments.

His audiences at metropolitan meetings have not been deterred by unfavorable weather, and have rolled up in good numbers to enjoy an instructive and entertaining lecture.

"GRIT" SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Received to 7/2/24, and where not mentioned the amount received is 10/-: Neil Brown, 30/12/23; H. F. L. Palmer, 30/12/23; G. O. Medley, 5s.; H. W. Davidson, £1, 16/7/25; J. Paget Mayer, 30/12/23.

The following are paid to 30/12/24: Mrs. Blaney, Mrs. Bell, E. A. Mayson, Mrs. Swain (15/4), Rev. J. Barker (£1), F. S. Denshire, Mrs. Tom, R. L. Scrutton (10/6), V. G. Rudder, Mrs. Dickinson, Mrs. H. Allen.

"THE DAWNING OF THAT DAY."

Everybody should read "The Dawning of That Day"—an inspiring and arresting book, dealing with the world's fast approaching and most stupendous crisis. Send 1/7 to your bookseller for a copy, or to the author. Rev. H. G. J. Howe, Rectory, Gladesville, N.S.W.

EGYPT AND AFRICA.

The Prohibition Movement in Egypt is gaining ground. Recently 7000 women sent a petition to the Prime Minister, and they have received assurances that at the next meeting of Parliament action of some sort will be taken. Already a decree has gone forth that no new liquor licenses shall be granted.

Dr. Ernest H. Cherrington, General Secretary of the World League Against Alcoholism, makes the following statement:

"A movement is on foot to introduce in the new Egyptian Parliament a bill to prohibit the importation and sale of intoxicating liquors. A delegation of very influential men recently waited upon H. E. Yehia Ibrahim Pasha, the Prime Minister of Egypt, who gave assurances that the Government would certainly take some steps to stop the spread of the liquor traffic in Egypt. The Ministry of the Interior has also issued a circular to the departments concerned directing that on no account should any new license for the sale of intoxicating liquors be issued.

"The movement for Prohibition legislation in Egypt is headed by Prince Omar Tousson, who is universally conceded to be the ablest prince in Egypt, highly educated, holding a very high standard of morals, and regarded as the wealthiest man in the kingdom. Prince Tousson, moreover, has the full confidence of the king and of practically all the pashas. He is also popular with the best element of the English-speaking classes. Prince Mohammed Ali, a brother of the ex-khedive, Abbas, is another very prominent prince who can be depended upon to lead in the fight for Egyptian prohibitory legislation.

"In this connection it is interesting and significant to note that the American Minister to Egypt, the Honorable J. Morton Howell, has, through public addresses, correspondence and personal conversation, succeeded in impressing the officials of the kingdom of Egypt and the leading personalities in that kingdom with regard to the success of, and beneficial results of, Prohibition in the United States. In a recent conversation with one of the leading princes of Egypt, in which the proposed Prohibition legislation for that kingdom was discussed, the American Minister made the following statement, which was afterwards given to the public:

"Your Highness, I have no disposition to enter into any contest with reference to any measure or law which you Egyptians may want, or not want, but I can say to you that this movement is most gratifying to me and my people, and I think it will clearly tend to show that your Government and your people are keenly alert and progressive in the interest of the very best things for your kingdom. It matters not what those who are opposed to Prohibition may say with respect to the United States. I want to say to you that Prohibition in the United States

is a success, and there are but few people who would argue otherwise except those who are anarchistically inclined and who willingly violate the constitution of the country which is giving them their protection and sustaining them in all their legal rights. I cannot, therefore, but hope that this movement, which has been set in motion by this prince of the realm, may come to a successful fruition."

Africa, called the dark continent, is not so dark regarding Prohibition as is generally supposed, declares Dr. Cherrington. He says:

"Under the agreement of the convention of the League of Nations relating to the liquor traffic, the importation, distribution, sale and possession of trade spirits of every kind, and of beverages with these spirits, are prohibited in Africa, the only territory exempt from this prohibition being Algiers, Tunis, Morocco, Lybia, Egypt, and the Union of South Africa. The local Governments concerned, however, have the privilege of deciding what distilled beverages in their territory shall fall under the category of trade spirits.

"The proclamation recently issued by the

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High Commissioner of South Africa prohibits the importation of spirituous liquors into Swazaland except with the written permission of the Resident Commissioner.

"A local option bill was introduced in the Parliament of the Union of South Africa, February 21, 1922. This bill was introduced on petition of 86,000 persons in South Africa. It was finally defeated by the narrow margin of seven votes. A similar measure will be re-submitted in the new session of Parliament in January, 1924. The liquor interests, including the wine-farmers, are strongly organising against the local option bill which, in their opinion, paves the way to Prohibition.

"The French administration in French West Africa, by a decree dated December 24, 1924, introduced Prohibition into that territory. The taxes on alcohol were very high before 1920. Since that time they have been tripled and even quadrupled. It is understood that the Prohibition which the French have introduced will be extended to Togo, if that has not already been accomplished."

PASS "GRIT" ON.

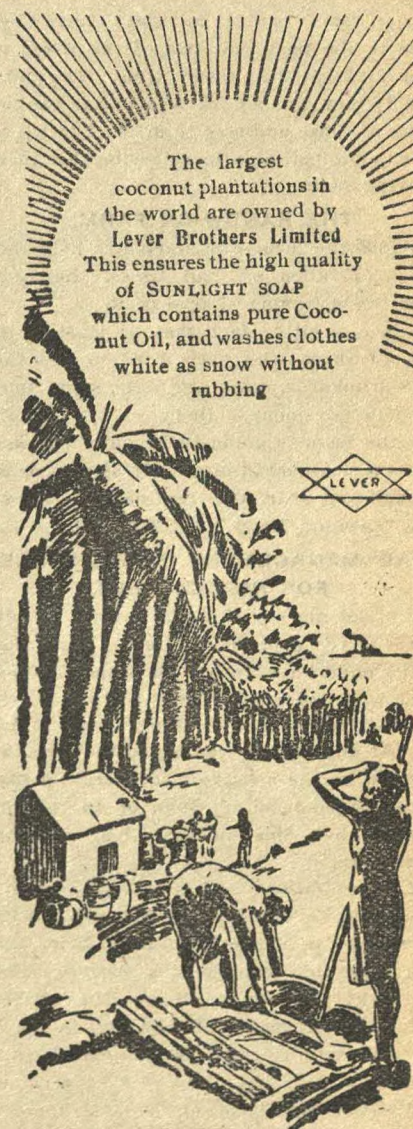
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INCREASED DRUNKENNESS.

DECREASED GOVERNMENT EFFORT.

(By W. D. B. (JACK) CREAGH.)

I wonder what the Dinkum Aussie would have thought if, during the war, the wounded getting more numerous, led to the Red Cross effort making less effort for their relief. A howl would have gone forth, but in the war increased wounded meant an increase in effort of those noble wearers of the Red Cross.

The moral, social, and industrial wounded have a just claim for genuine assistance, but we find Government after Government sheltering behind a very modest charitable effort; some brutal mistakes have been made in the past, and two of the worst are being made at the present time. The public should know, and as one who knows the suffering of those addicted to drink, I feel it my duty to protest, also, to call attention to the following facts.

THE RANDWICK FARM.

In 1900 the farm was started to help those who had fallen on bad times, the Labor Department having charge of it.

It is a positive fact that at least 94 per cent. of those who ever went to the farm were drunkards, down and outs, some splendid fellows amongst them. Now we find that the farm is going to be closed, because it was a financial failure; only 68 men passed through last year, and the financial loss was (see "Evening News," 3/2/24) £300.

BAD MANAGEMENT RESPONSIBLE FOR NON-SUCCESS.

First let me say that the farm was never meant to pay a profit, if a profit came along, as it should have done with proper management, well and good. The farm was started, as admitted by the "Evening News," 3/2/24.

"At one time it was hoped that the farm would be the means of regenerating many men eager to climb back on to the right path; but this purpose has not been achieved."

If it has failed, "and there is no proof of this," then it is a failure because the Government did not call to their help, those who were able to make it a success. Years ago I suggested to Mr. Schey, then director of Labor, that he, Mr. Schey, call in the aid of two committeemen from each Christian denomination; that they, the Government, really put the farm on a self-supporting basis.

If the money spent on the farm had been used by those who were really interested in the class of men intended to be helped, then much success would have followed.

CHRISTIANS CADGING, WHILE GOVERNMENT SQUANDERS.

Those who really have a hope for the down and out people have to cadge to get a little, to do something, while the Government squanders money, and no results follow, and sometimes after much money is spent.

NO EFFORT IS MADE AT ALL.

I say without fear of contradiction that the reason the farm is going to be closed is that some more easy money is going to be grabbed by the Government, and it ill becomes the present Government to grab the poor down and outs' only hope to get back physical strength, to give them another chance, said chance needed because the Government permits the liquor traffic to rob and debauch those who become its victims.

DO NOT ROB THE WEAK.

The whole business is to be likened to a strong man robbing the blind. The Government have their eye on the two pounds a foot that the land will fetch, and if the Government does lose the farm, then they should make another effort somewhere else.

OUR RECORD OF SHAME.

Convictions for Drunkenness, Central Police Court.

Four months ending January 31, 1924:

Males	3622
Females	647

Total

4269

Convictions for January 24:

Males	853
Females	118

Total

971

Week ending February 24:

Males	162
Females	27

Total

189

Signed Pledge—46.

putting it entirely in the hands of those who have some sympathy with the unfortunate. I pass on the above to the Minister in charge.

"THE CENTRAL COURT MYSTERY HOUSE."

Years ago Dr. Creed, M.L.C., brought about a scheme for treating inebriates, "and a good scheme."

It was put on paper, one of the beautiful islands on the Hawkesbury River was rightly picked, thousands of pounds were spent.

But no inebriate was sent there, why, no one knows. Instead, the unfortunates were put in the cells of Darlinghurst prison. Now Long Bay is used. This treatment makes the unfortunates weaker to face their enemy, alcohol.

Certainly, rabbits were sent to the island, and a learned Professor tested out some fake for killing rabbits wholesale. This, too, was a failure, the Professor getting away

with money enough, if used, say, by the Rev. Hammond, "the friend of the drunks," to give hundreds of men a real chance.

"Now, after much expense and publicity, Mr. Ley's scheme at the Central Court is to be scrapped. What that scheme was only a few ever knew."

If I pass judgment it will be said that because Mr. Ley let down the Prohibitionists, I am angry; so I give the opinion of the "Evening News" as follows:

MR. LEY'S SCHEME OFF.

Mr. Ley's scheme to "cure drunkenness" has been abandoned apparently, for the "mystery house" at the Central Police Station has been handed over to the Court caretaker as a dwelling. Some time ago rooms were elaborately fitted up and the electric light switched on. But the exact nature of the treatment to be served out to the "habituals" was never permitted to leak out. Unannounced visits were paid to the new "hospital for drunks" by Mr. Ley, Dr. Arthur, and Sir John Macpherson.

"PAINS AND PENALTIES."

Various rumors were afloat as to pains and penalties to be inflicted upon patients, and it was not an uncommon spectacle to see a number of old "boozers," who had stolen quietly into the police yard, endeavoring to obtain a peep into this mysterious building in the hope of discovering their fate.

What happened?

I feel sorry for Mr. Ley, for at heart I believe he is capable of doing the big thing. I pass on to him a few suggestions that would be a blessing to hundreds:

Let him, Mr. Ley, see that every drunk be given a small towel, "one for each person," a supply of hot water, and boracic powder for the wounded. Arrange for a pint of hot coffee or soup, to be given each person in yard. The above will do more than that electric globe, and if a rest place was thrown in, said place to be in charge of the Rev. Hammond, assisted by a representative from each church, I feel certain that the treatment I am suggesting, "especially if a medical man is available," will prove successful in the lives of many who now fail.

If Mr. Ley looks at the cost of this, then let him look at the big sum the drunks now pay in the forfeiting of bail scheme now in operation. One thing is certain, if we let liquor debauch, then we must help those who fail by it.



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YOUR VISITORS WILL ENJOY
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PEKOE
FLAVORED TEA.

SIR HENRY BARWELL IS VERY WET.

WILL PROTECT BOOZE IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA.

THE S.A. ALLIANCE WILL FIGHT.

Sir Henry Barwell, Premier of South Australia, is reported by certain of his political opponents to be "black." Be that as it may, he is certainly "wet." Recently a big and influential deputation from the S.A. Alliance waited on him with a request for a referendum. Lt.-Col. Smeaton, President of the Alliance, stated the case for the protection of the people against the exploitation of Booze. The Colonel put his case clearly and forcefully, and was supported by many leading citizens of Adelaide.

BARWELL TALKS.

Replying to the request, the Premier said: He recognised the question was an important one, for there were many people interested in Temperance reform. He complimented the speakers on the temperate manner in which they had put their case. He appreciated it very much, for, as a general rule, when such questions were being discussed, the arguments were intemperate. He was a Temperance man, and as a Temperance man was quite prepared to do anything in his power to enforce Temperance.

"I abhor intemperance," added the Premier, "but most people who are on these things are not Temperance reformers, but Prohibitionists. Mr. Schafer concludes by saying that even the best of whisky will get men in the end. Such statements as these damage your case, and are ridiculous. What is the use of talking like that, for a life of experience has shown me that the statement is absurd. I have been taking whisky at meal times for over twenty years, and I do not think it has done me any harm. Of course, medical men have advised me to take a little, but I am strong constitutionally after all that period, so what is the use of telling me that if you drink the best of liquor it will get the better of

you? I will pass a medical test with most people." Referring to the referendum question, the Premier said Lieut.-Col. Smeaton had referred to the referendum as a great constitutional principle and as a fundamental principle of the Constitution.

Lieut.-Col. Smeaton: Of the Federal Constitution.

The Premier: I did not understand you to say that. It is not a constitutional principle so far as this State is concerned, and

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it is not a fundamental principle of the Constitution. The Constitution of South Australia provides for responsible government; it provides for government by Parliament, for legislation by Parliament of two Houses. The referendum is contrary to the Constitution, and the Government stand directly behind the Constitution. In America, where the referendum has been used to a great extent, there are to be found strong objections to the principle. Every question has to be worded in a certain way. Even then it could be worded so as to cloud the issue. And when you submit questions to a referendum it is not always possible to tell all of your electors the pros and cons of the matter. Consequently, my Government are opposed to the use of the referendum on this or any other subject. If we give way on

this matter, we should be creating a precedent, and we could hardly refuse any other deputation which also asked for a referendum on matters of social importance. I can hardly give way on this question, and then later refuse a referendum on other social matters.

BARWELL'S IGNORANCE.

The surprising thing about Barwell is his ignorance. We expect to find people who will defend the liquor business even as some people will defend any vested interests, but their defence never takes the form of an argument in favor of whisky being beneficial to the human body. Barwell is evidently completely ignorant of the general opinion of Medical Science on the subject of alcohol and the human body. And at the same time we cannot help remarking that when Sir Henry says he has taken whisky for half a lifetime, and without harm, his absurd statement is obviously due to the effect of the whisky on his thinking apparatus.

GOOD FOR PRINTERS.

The Law Printers' Division of the United Typothetae of America adopted at its session in New York a resolution which declares that its own industry and others have profited by Prohibition, and calls upon every official connected with law enforcement to comply strictly with his oath of office.

*** * *
DRY STUDENTS.**

Three thousand students of the University of Illinois at a mass meeting voted for the strict enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment in a particular drive to keep liquor off the college campus.



THE DOUGLAS is a complete family cooker, with the advantage of one swing burner, which heats the oven, or the oven and two pots at the same time as required. Saves gas and cooks perfectly. We also stock:

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A Personal Chat with my readers

THE LAST STRONGHOLD OF LIQUOR.

The liquor sellers have always been afraid of the people, and have always put their money on politicians. They have been justified by results.

The people cannot be fooled all the time, and many of the people can't be fooled any of the time on the liquor evil.

You can't bribe or intimidate all politicians but you can succeed among them as nowhere else.

A "wet" Parliament is the last hope of the liquor spoilers.

We have not had a vote since 1913, and now the Parliament has given us a law which protects the evil trade from the verdict of the people till 1928.

The joyful part, however, is that this same Parliament is subject to the verdict of the people within twelve months.

A "dry" Parliament is essential both before and after Prohibition.

America is suffering to-day because of the "spoils to the victors" system, whereby the politicians grow rich by appointing disreputable men to enforce Prohibition.

One of the greatest reforms to the credit of Roosevelt was the competitive system of appointing public servants, but since his time there has been a steady decline in the system of appointing by competition and a big increase in political appointments, with a two-fold result; first, a large increase in convictions for malpractice, and, secondly, a very large increase in the disrespect for law.

William Dudley Foulke, in a striking article in "Current History," violently condemns the Government, and holds both political parties responsible for the appointment of criminals and malefactors as law-enforcement officers.

The Prohibition Enforcement Bureau, under the Volstead Act, makes all places in the field service the loot of senators and representatives, and this calamity is responsible for any disappointment in American Prohibition.

So long as we vote for a "dry" State and a "wet" Parliament, so long will we have defeat, compromise and political scandals.

A "wet" Parliament can defy any public sentiment, can defeat any decision of the people for Prohibition and retard the progress of every good thing.

**THE VALUE OF
EARLY DECISIONS.** I clipped the following from an American paper; it ought to make mothers and teachers keen to early commit their children to the highest calling:

"If the Church is to recruit its ministry

from the young men of the country it must reach them while they are in their teens. This conclusion is based on recent investigations at St. Stephen's College, which indicates that men who are going into the ministry make their choice in high school days, or even earlier. St. Stephen's is a college of liberal arts and sciences for men, conducted under the oversight of the Episcopal Church. Of thirty-three men now at the college who intend to enter the ministry, only three made the decision after coming to college. Each of the other thirty conceived the idea long before entering St. Stephen's. One student says: "I have intended to become a clergyman ever since I was ten years old. Of course my reasons have increased and deepened with the years, but I haven't changed my mind." Another young man says: "I can not remember ever wanting any other profession or work. My idea of being a clergyman existed, my mother tells me, from the time I first began to talk as a baby." The reasons given for choosing the ministry as a calling are interesting. Desire to be of the greatest possible service in the world is mentioned sixteen times, personal fitness for the ministry six times, and duty to the Churches three times. Most of the men felt that they were called to the work, and eleven made definite mention of a 'call.'"

VISITORS PLEASE NOTE.

A good story about Marshal Foch appears in the French press. On his arrival in the United States at the beginning of his last year's visit, he was beset by reporters and asked his views on Prohibition. His reply was as follows: "The law decrees that the people must drink water. I shall drink water, for I know only the law." And he kept his word, refusing to drink a drop of wine during his time in the States. His example was followed by General Diaz, of Italy.

KEEP AFTER IT. Many of us give up too easily and too soon. We can only win by ingenious persistence. The story of a young lady helping at a bazaar is suggestive:

When business was in full swing a young gentleman incautiously strolled into the fire zone. Immediately the fair saleswoman inquired, "Won't you buy a cigarette holder, sir?" "No, thank you; I don't smoke," was the unsatisfactory reply. "Or a penwiper worked with my own hands?" "I don't write." But she persisted, according to the manner of her kind, "Then have this nice box of chocolates." "I don't eat sweets." Then her patience failed, and she asked, with a touch of sarcasm, "Sir, will you buy this box of soap?" That flash of inspiration conquered. He bought it.

The Editor

GRIT

A JOURNAL OF
NATIONAL EFFICIENCY
AND PROHIBITION

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

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THE GREAT PICNIC SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23rd

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See Page 3.

"GRIT" TALKS TO SIR GEORGE FULLER ABOUT ECONOMY.

AND REMINDS THE PREMIER OF A FEW FACTS.

The following paragraph from the "Sun," 6/2/24, prompts "Grit" to write this open letter to Sir George Fuller:—

ECONOMY AT ONCE.

FULLER TELLS CABINET TO CUT DOWN.

LITTLE MONEY FOR BIG WORKS.

So seriously does the Government regard the difficulty of raising loan money that Mr. Ball is to hold a consultation with the Chief Railway Commissioner this afternoon, to see what economies can be effected at once in railway estimates.

Such a position has not arisen in New South Wales for years. The loan estimates, which total £10,863,350, have already been passed by Parliament—but the Government sees little prospect of finding the money.

One of the largest items is £1,440,800 for the electrification of railway lines—in connection with the city railway scheme. Other items are: Mental hospitals, £100,000; for the Water and Sewerage Board, over £800,000 (for Sydney water supply amplification, sewerage and other purposes); for schools, £500,000; and towards the construction of roads, £1,000,000.

There is a grave possibility that many of these items may now have to be curtailed in spite of assurances given not long ago.

The Premier put the position before Ministers in Cabinet to-day in convincing tones, and enjoined upon every one of his colleagues the urgent necessity of facing facts and effecting economies at once.

It is of little use for Parliament to vote money if the Treasurer finds it impossible to supply it.

That is how New South Wales—whose credit is as high as that of any State in the Commonwealth—stands to-day.

"I don't want to have to insist on economies and retrenchments which are going to cause distress and useless hanging up of important schemes," remarked the Premier after Cabinet. "But we cannot gainsay the fact that the position is serious—and perhaps the unkindest cut of all is that it has been brought about by none of our own doing."

Dear Sir George,—

"A fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind" is remarkably true. So you are, in the language of our friends of the corner, right up against it. "Grit" can sympathise with your. For over seventeen years this little paper has battled along and met all manner of financial storms, but we continue to float merrily along. In fact the storms have toughened our timbers, and we are more seaworthy to-day than ever in our history. So do not get too downhearted or cry, "Woe is me!" too persistently. We suggest you call your Ministers together and

tackle the situation at the right end. The best method to economise is to get rid of anything which is not serving any good purpose. Take the liquor business, for instance. You have yourself condemned the traffic in no uncertain way. You have acknowledged that alcoholic liquor is responsible for wrecking lives and homes and doing untold harm to men and women and children. You are well aware that during last year the people of this State spent over £11,000,000 on liquor. You know that such an expenditure represents a gigantic waste. Yet you cry out for economy and deliberately overlook the greatest source of waste in our social life.—'Pon my word, Sir George, your

THE GREAT PICNIC.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

Organising the Picnic is a big job, and I want all those who have sold tickets to help by reporting, either by letter or 'phone, how many tickets they have sold. Will you please do this at once to

Chief of Staff,

N.S.W. Alliance,

321 Pitt Street.

'Phone 8944.

Thank you!

R. B. S. HAMMOND.

mind works along queer lines. When you were in U.S.A. you said—so it was alleged—that you couldn't see any signs of Prohibition. Let me prop your eyes open for a moment.

Prohibition America has no unemployed problem. Do you get that fact, Sir George? No unemployed!

Let us put it another way. No Liquor Bill. No unemployed. In the State you are Premier of you have a £11,000,000 drink bill and thousands of unemployed. You might inquire: Has Prohibition had anything to do with the prosperity of America? The reply is: The most influential bankers and commercial men of America declare that the redirection of the spending money of the people from the coffers of the hotel bar to other business houses is the chief factor in the unique prosperity of America to-day. It's worth looking into, Sir George!

LOWER TAXES, MORE REVENUE.

Here is another fact for your consideration: The three States in the U.S.A. which have had Prohibition longest—Maine, Kansas and North Dakota—have had this pleasing experience:

No drink bills. A steady reduction of taxation and a steadily increasing revenue.

We now get: No drink bills. No unemployed. Reduction of taxation. Increasing revenue.

That sounds good, doesn't it, Sir George?

SIR GEORGE, YOU ARE A TINKERER.

After again reading your woeful cry for economy, we are forced to the conclusion that you are what is aptly known as one who tinkers with great problems. You may cease certain public works and restrict your policy of borrowing money, and you may go on doing those things until the cows come home, but not one of your proposals gets to root causes, or neither will your suggestions, if carried, solve your problem.

Sir George, you are tackling the problem at the wrong end. Sticking plaster is a poor remedy for a festering abscess. Experience has taught that Prohibition will do the surgeon's job for you.

THERE IS AN URGENT NEED.

You must admit, Sir George, that in this State there is an urgent need for statesman-like action in dealing with the appalling drink waste. The question is: Have we any politicians big enough to tackle the job? Ley has failed us. Bruntnell is sheltering behind an ambush of silence. Your own record, Sir George, does not raise our hopes. You have had splendid opportunities which you have frittered away, and now this need for economy comes as another opportunity. Sir George, you are now offered a chance to make real history. Face the facts, and tell your Ministers that the solution of the liquor problem is the job of big, live men, and if they are weaklings, do the job yourself and place yourself in the ranks of men who, when they saw a big job wanted doing, did it. Think it over, Sir George, and after a good, clear "think" get busy.—Yours,

"GRIT."

TO PARENTS.

Have you realised the importance of instructing your children in matters of sex which every child has a right to know in a clean, wholesome manner? If you want help write to us for some of our penny booklets, and send one shilling in postal note or stamps, with your full address. We can supply booklets for Parents, Boys, Girls, Youths and Maidens. You will never miss a shilling so spent, and your children in years to come will thank you heartily. Rev. R. B. S. Hammond has been using them for past 24 years.

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THE MOVEMENT IN OTHER LANDS.

THE INTERNATIONAL RECORD REPORTS.

BELGIUM.

The Annual Congress of the Federation of Belgium Total Abstinence Societies was held on November 3-4, 1923, in the Palais des Academies, Brussels, and was very well attended. On Saturday afternoon papers were read on "Education at the School and in the Family," by Madame Weil (Brussels), M. de Rijcke (Ghent), M. le Pasteur Serex, M. le Rev. Pere Maas, Dr. Goevaerts, and others. At the Grande Reunion Publique in the evening, Dr. R. Hercof (Lausanne) gave an account of the present position of the Movement throughout the world, and an address was also given on the situation in Belgium. On Sunday the subjects included the influence of the consumption of alcoholic liquors on intellectual and industrial work, and the frequency of accidents and security by transport, rail, ship, motor and aeroplane. Papers were read by M. de Haas (Utrecht), the Secretary of the International Federation of Railway Employees, and Mademoiselle Verlinder (Antwerp). Dr. Max Boulenger gave an exhaustive account of the Belgian law of August 29, 1919, and its results. A Fete Artistique was held in the evening, when the fine hall was full. After addresses had been delivered by Dr. Capart (Brussels), Dr. Legrain (Paris), Mr. J. W. Hopkins, J.P. (England), and Mr. Van der Meulen (Holland), a splendid musical and elocutionary programme was rendered. Dr. Aug. Ley, a learned professor at the Brussels University and the organiser of the Congress, declared that there was a marked decrease of alcoholism since the war. At the present time in Belgium there is from 50 to 60 per cent. less alcohol consumed than in 1913. The number of public-houses has been reduced from 250,000 before the war, to 116,000 to-day. This decrease is in a large measure undoubtedly due to the "Loi Van der Velde," so called after its promoter, the Socialist leader, Emile Vandervelde. The prison population is far below the average to what it was before the war, and there is a distinct decrease in the number of cases of insanity due to alcohol. The progress is most gratifying, and Belgium has our best wishes for the future.

ESTHONIA.

Mr. Villern Ernits, the Chairman of the Esthonian Temperance League, sends a lengthy report of the progress of the Temperance Movement in the new republic. From this we learn that the League is issuing a journal, "Tulev Eesti" (The Coming Esthonia), and that about 200,000 copies of pamphlets and leaflets have been distributed very widely. Two Temperance Congresses have already been held during the past year; one for women, and the other for young people especially. The Temperance question has also been brought before the Esthonian School Youth Congress, the Esthonian Workers' Youth Congress, the Congress of the Students of the Universities of the Baltic States, the Lutheran Church Congress, the Esthonian Medical Congress, sixteen parish conferences, and fourteen local educational gatherings, besides over 300 public meetings. At all these gatherings Temperance resolutions have been adopted. Temperance lessons to the number of 2820 have been given in 865 schools, attended by 75,734 children. The University students have decided to exclude alcoholic liquors from their festivities, and to support by all means in their power the Temperance Movement. Organising work is going on, and it is reported that Esthonia

is drawing nearer to the time for the adoption of Prohibition. Local option is expected to become law in 1924. Other restrictive legislation is also expected, which will very likely include the prohibition of liquor to young people, Sunday closing, official Temperance teaching in all State schools, etc. Under the leadership of Professor L. Pussep, institutes are being opened for the curing of drunkards by means of suggestion.

FINLAND.

The Finnish Temperance Bureau, an organisation which comprises all the principal Temperance Societies in that country, has been in touch with the Minister of Foreign Affairs, hoping to secure the calling of an international conference, including Esthonia, Latvia, and Lithuania, with a view to preventing smuggling. The Norwegian Government considered this question in conference last spring, but these three new republics were not invited. The Minister referred to has agreed to take immediate steps to find out what possibilities there are for such a conference. Owing to the contraband liquor coming from these republics, as well as from

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See Page 3.

Germany, Finland has been finding it difficult to enforce her Prohibition laws in some seaport towns.

FRANCE.

"Les Annales Antialcooliques," the monthly journal edited by Dr. Legrain, comes to hand regularly, and is certainly one of the most reliable publications of its kind in France. In the November issue the distinguished editor writes an interesting and instructive article on "Do We Drink Less?" dealing with the alcohol question in his native country as per the latest facts available. The article is largely based on an official document issued by the Labor Minister. The document amounts to very little more than an opinion—leaving out as so many official documents often do those vital statistics and that information which the social reformer has need of—but it has nevertheless served some good purpose if it has only brought out further information from those who have studied the question of alcoholism and desire its speedy removal. The inquiry resulted, so the document declares, in a verdict of "France drinks less." Dr. Legrain has a great fear that this is bluff. He admits that better social conditions, such as the eight-hour day, the half-day Monday (la semaine Anglaise), the exodus of workers to the suburbs, etc., have of necessity made life a better thing and may have been conducive to less drinking. On the surface one has a right to draw that conclusion, but what if statistics show a different state of things to exist? Take the City of Paris, and you have the figures of arrests for drunkenness for the last four years, as follows:—1919, 8059; 1920, 11,633; 1921, 12,790; 1922,

15,031. The number of debits (licensed shops) increased from 25,953 in 1919 to 27,960 in 1922. Does France drink less?

Since 1919, when the consumption was 831,100 hectolitres, the figures (excepting 1921) have shown an increase as follows: 1920, 866,357; 1921, 767,443; 1922, 928,628. When these figures are given, it must be remembered that a million and a half of the citizens of France have been exterminated by the war. If these compatriots were still living, one might well ask what would be the consumption of alcoholic beverages in France to-day. Then again, France imports largely. This is not considered in the general consumption figures given above. In 1921 France imported during the first seven months alone no less than 2,330,617 hectos of wine, as against 3,955,619 in 1922. Then for spirits, France imported during the first ten months in 1922, 329,797 hectos of rum and rum-arrak, as against 164,945 in 1920, and 103,571 in 1921. Again one asks, does France drink less?

France consumed in 1913 39 million hectos of wine; in 1921 she consumed 41 million hectos. In certain regions this increase is most marked. Take the East for instance. In the Vosges, 414,101 hectos in 1913, and 717,857 in 1921; in the Ardennes the figures passed from 65,807 to 216,929 for the same periods. No wonder Monsieur Sadoul (Conseiller a la Cour de Nancy) can make the remark: "Wine triumphs all along the line."

Dr. Legrain ends up his splendid article by saying: "In sincerity, have we the right to say anything about amelioration of social conditions when, more than ever, we have in France, streets of cafes with their idlers; when we have our papers filled with crimes alcooliques; when our walls are plastered with bills and posters advertising alcoholic liquors? Have we the right to think that the soif de la France s'est apaisee? The asylums have not an alcoholic less. Indeed, Dr. Louradour, of the Asile de la Correze, has written that "Half of the admissions for 1922 are alcoholics and sons of alcoholics." Has one the right to remain blind when one sees huge fortunes made out of those who love alcoholic liquors? Here (quoting from l'Idée Libre) are some figures (1922) which declare the profits of this infamous traffic:

The Distillerie Cusenier, 10,792,169 francs; the Benedictine de Fecamp, 7,841,748 francs (the highest profits yet); the Societe Saint-Raphael, 5,879,534 francs; the Distilleries de l'Indo-Chine, 7,712,000 francs, etc. In conclusion, says the doctor, we would call upon the Labor Minister to get his lantern fitted with electric light!

GERMANY.

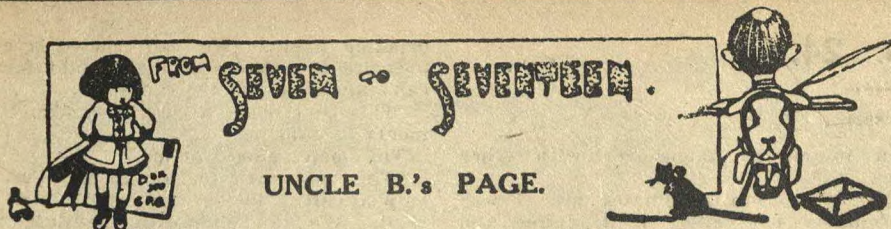
A Bill is to be submitted to the Reichstag which if passed into law will prohibit the sale of spirits to young people under 18, and fermented drinks to those under 16 years of age. Article 26 of this Bill introduces the possibility of Prohibition by Local Veto at the demand of a fifth of the citizens. Three-fourths of the electors must vote, and two-thirds must be favorable to Prohibition before it can become law.

MAKE COUGH MIXTURE AND SAVE MONEY.

Anyone can, in a few moments, make a family supply of as good Cough, Cold, Influenza, and Sore Throat Remedy as money can buy. All that has to be done is to add HEENZO to sweetened hot water, according to directions supplied. In this way users get as much superior cough mixture for a couple of shillings as would cost anything from 12s. to £1 if bought in the ordinary way in a lot of little bottles. Nothing else gives quicker relief from Coughs and Colds.

Heenzo Cough Diamonds sweeten the breath, and soothe the throat.

Obtainable from most chemists and stores.



UNCLE B.'s PAGE.

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 the date of your birthday. There is no fee to pay. If you do not write for three months you are a "scallywag."

Address all letters to Uncle B., Box 390 G.P.O., Sydney.

A TIME TO LAUGH.

Did you know God expected you to laugh? Well, in Ecclesiastics, chapter three, verse four, it says: "A time to weep (be serious), and a time to laugh." Laughing is mentioned over 30 times in the Bible. Glad words are mentioned three times as often as sad words in the Bible.

So look out for laugh times.

Play as well as work. Talk as well as listen. Give as well as get. And in all these cases, whether you weep or laugh, play or work, talk or listen, give or get, be sure and be kind, for your kindness will come back to you. Have you ever heard an echo? Well, you watch out, and you will find an echo in your life. Speak nicely and nice tones will echo back. Be generous and nice things will come back. Be kind and kindness will come echoing back. God can be trusted, and He says: "Cast your bread upon the waters, and it will come back to you after many days."

UNCLE B.

CAN YOU LAUGH AT THIS?

"Ma, can I go out to play?"

"What, Willie! With those holes in your trousers?"

"Naw, with the kids across the street."

OUR LETTER BAG.

WHAT OF XMAS?

Mary, Wattle Dale, writes: Just a few lines to let you know I haven't forgotten you yet. Will you please cross my name off that black list, for I am sure I am on it. Was there any rain up your way? There was a lot down here. There is some grass now for the cattle. How did you spend Xmas?

(Dear Mary,—How did I spend Xmas? Well, first I spent all my money. Then I spent all my time. Then I spent all my energy helping poor folk; and that was how I spent Xmas.—Uncle B.)

MELTING.

Isabella Brown, Broughton Park, writes: I have not written to you since you came back from your tour. Do you like cats? We have a lovely Persian cat. We have also a plain cat, which you can have if you like. Oh, dear me, I really believe I'm melting! Yesterday it was 99, to-day 100. Fancy that heat from Moss Vale! As I'm a Presbyterian,

I regret to say that the Presbyterian manse car was burt on Friday, the 14th. Mr. Shepherd, our minister, only got a little burnt, but bad enough. A tree near the house caught fire also, and for some time the house was threatened by fire. The garage was burnt, too. Well, I don't know what to say, except that the heat is enough to make anything start a fire.

(Dear Isabella,—So you nearly melted. I heard a man say once, as he mopped his bald head, "This hot weather makes my roof leak." You ask if I like cats. No, I do not. They are thieves; they wake me at night; they sit on my chair, get under my feet, kill my canary, and lots more. No, I do not like cats.—Uncle B.)

A NEW NE.

Billy Pickard, "Warwick," Shepherd-street, Bowral, writes: I would very much like to join your large family. I will be eight on May 2, 1924. I am a stamp-collector, and I have over a thousand stamps. Daddy has a big shop here, in Bowral, and there are three branches which are in Bargo, Kangaloon and Thirlmere. We have a pony, two cows, and two calves. I am in second class, and when I go back to school I will be in third. The school I go to is a public school.

(Dear Billy,—Welcome to my family. So you collect stamps. I will send you a few. I got a 50,000,000,000 mark one the other day. If a million marks are worth a pound, how much is a mark and a quarter worth?—Uncle B.)

A LOVELY XMAS.

U. Pickard, "Warwick," Bowral, writes: I expect I am a scallywag by now, but please cross my name out. I was very pleased to hear that you are coming to Bowral. We have two little friends, and their mother and father are staying with us. Their names are Lillian and Ruth Leplastrier. Their father is a clergyman of St. Thomas' Church, Balmain. They have about 45 people in the choir at their church. We have a lovely crop of apples, nectarines, peaches and plums. Daddy has had all our old fences pulled down and new ones put up and a drive made. I had a lovely Xmas. Grandfather gave me a great big paint-box, and Mummy a bottle of scent, and Granny gave me a writing case. Mrs. King, one of our neighbors, is very ill with pneumonia and enteritis. I came third in my class at school. I passed my music exam. with 108 out of 150. I went to church to-day, and I am going to Sunday School this afternoon. I am in second class in the senior division. My brother is writing to you.

(Dear Ni,—I am so glad you had a lovely Xmas—so did I. I found it just lovely to make things nice for some unfortunate folk.

My friends made it possible for me to brighten up the lot of over 1500 people. I will like to be turned loose in your fruit garden.—Uncle B.)

A PROMISE IS A PROMISE.

Violet Allez, "Daisyfield," Trundle, writes: I promised Uncle A. not to be a scallywag, and of course it holds to you as well, doesn't it? Things have been rather dry here for a long time. But we have never been out of water. The weather (for January) is delightfully cool; we have never had a week of real, hot days. New Year's Day, I think, was the worst. Our Band of Hope is coming on grand. At the last two meetings we had competitions between boys and girls to see who could get up the best half of the programme. The first time the girls won. But Dad (who had charge of the boys) said there were too many of us, and took two of us girls on his side. He chose Jessie Bird and myself, and called us "tomboys." Last time the boys won by three points (the girls only won by two).

Next Saturday night the Rev. A. H. Wood, from Peak Hill, is going to give us an open-air Prohibition meeting in Trundle. To draw a crowd, Dad has proposed the "Triers" sing our Prohibition round. If we can get enough, I'm sure we will have it. The round is the tune of "London's Burning," with Prohibition words Dad composed. Our "Triers" Club is growing some, although just at present the attendance is rather bad, as holidays are on. I have to superintend the written lecturettes for next Tuesday night's "Triers." Well, Uncle, I can't think of any more news, and I must go to milk, so I'll close with best wishes for Prohibition.

(Dear Violet,—A promise to do right holds, no matter to whom it is made, and I am glad you wrote. Your letter is very interesting. I have never been to Trundle—do you think I would get a meeting if I came?—Uncle B.)

WITH ANOTHER GIRL.

Jim Brown, "Midlands," Goolagong-road, Grenfell, writes: I suppose I am on that dreadful scallywag list again. If I am, please cross me off. I went to town yesterday and bought a new suit for myself. The chaff-cutter which is cutting our hay will finish to-morrow, if everything goes all right. We have had three new rooms and a verandah built on to our house. I milk two cows, and my brother Fred looks after the fowls. We have five pigs, all of which are very fat. Dada is summer-fallowing now. He has about 42 acres ploughed. At the breaking-up of our school we had a concert. We sang and recited. There was a prize of 5/- to be given to the senior scholars for the best recitation, and I went halves with another girl. Wes, my youngest brother, also won a prize for reciting.

(Dear Jim,—So you halved that prize with "another girl." That sounds a bit as if you were a girl, and I don't believe you are. It is many years since I was in Grenfell, but I have several friends there.—Uncle B.)

PATIENT No. 24.

(Continued from last issue).

Three months! How things had changed in that time! I thought of my wife, now dead. I thought of my former employer, an early idol of mine, and of how I hated him when my discharge came. I hated him no longer. I saw now that he could have done nothing else. We—the sales staff of the business—had always called him the "Chief." He was a heavy, slow-moving man, with a heart like an oak. He had been a good friend to me. But he was above all a just man—to himself as well as to others. He employed no favorites. That was why I lost my job.

THE GROWTH OF A BAD HABIT.

I had been accustomed to drinking moderately ever since I left school and started in business. I rarely drank more than I could stand; never (or so I thought) enough to hurt my work. I was convinced that I could do more business, even, by drinking as I did, than if I had never touched alcohol.

My wife had died a little over three months before. The grief and the loneliness preyed on my mind. Then I had previously invested most of my savings in a company which broke up about this time. That didn't help.

I began to drink more, often alone, a habit I had not heretofore indulged. Though I did not realise it, my appearance and mental alertness began to degenerate. It is a peculiarity of the alcoholic, I'm told, that the faster he goes downhill the stronger does his conviction grow that never was he so efficient, so popular, so thoroughly right with himself and his world.

About this time I received a suggestion from the Chief that I dropped it. I wrote an ironic letter in reply. Was he to take trade gossip in lieu of facts? Look at my record! Of course, sales were off this year—that was conceded; but as for me, I was never in finer fettle, etc., etc.

Things went from bad to worse. Finally I got another letter that knocked me flat. The Chief felt that as long as I was in such excellent shape I would have no trouble in getting work elsewhere. He advised me to do so, unless I had saved enough money to live on, because he had engaged another man to take my duties.

I couldn't find work anywhere. My money got low. I drank about as much as I could stand. I began to forget things. At first there were blank hours, then days. Then there was at last a confused week or so when I did nothing but drink—and then I was walking up the street, penniless, overcoatless, gloveless, with a promise in my head—a promise that I could not even remember making.

It wasn't a pleasant series of adventures to recall. But my mind did inexorably recall it, item by item, day by miserable day.

THE ONLY CURE FOR ALCOHOLISM.

And the thoughts these memories fostered became pretty desperate. I longed for night, and hoped that I would sleep. I smiled back at the nurse when she came in from time to time to, hung on to the iron bar of the bedstead—and waited. There really wasn't anything else to do. . . .

December 6.

When I wakened on the fourth day of internment in the hospital I was a new man. The physical distress and the far more unpleasant mental depression of the preceding day, had almost disappeared. My thoughts, which up to now had been concerned exclusively with myself and my symptoms,

began to occupy themselves with other things.

My meals began to interest me. I was on "number one" diet: fruit, coffee and toast for breakfast, soup and a baked potato at noon, soup and vegetables and pudding at night.

The doctor called in the afternoon. He took my pulse and looked me over carefully.

"You're doing fine," he said with satisfaction.

"I feel much better than I did," I admitted.

I was almost ready to reach for sympathy. I looked at least for a compliment on my endurance of a grievous experience. In this I was disappointed.

"You've had a pretty easy time of it," said the doctor. "One of the best features of the treatment is the comparatively painless recovery to normal. And yours wasn't a particularly difficult case. Now that man —" He held up his hand a moment.

"Listen!" I heard a low, monotonous moaning from somewhere down the hall, which I had dismissed, half unconsciously, as the moaning of the wind. "That man is suffering! Drug fiend!" said the doctor shortly.

December 7.

The night nurse came in at six this morning and woke me. I was rather surprised to feel hungry. Yesterday was the last

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See Page 3.

day of the specific treatment I was taking. The remainder of the time, the nurse said, I must just rest and sleep and eat, and not think too hard.

A little later the doctor entered my room. His face was calm, but his eyes showed a trace of exasperation.

"You don't smoke, do you?" he asked abruptly.

"No," I answered.

"That's good. You've got a lot better chance of keeping away from alcohol than if you did."

He thought, frowning a moment.

"We get various kinds of patients here," he said. "There are the chronic alcoholics, the periodics, the accidental drunkards. Sometimes I feel like putting idle sons of wealthy parents in a fourth category, all by themselves. 'It's odd,' he went on, when I said nothing. 'Lots of clever business men use more brains in buying a motor car and providing for its proper care than in studying their children scientifically and making certain of their care—or, rather, teaching them to take care of themselves. We get lots of such fellows here, twenty to thirty years old, with the mind of a boy of fifteen and the character of a ten-year-old. And no occupation except loafing gracefully. Naturally they take up cigarettes and alcohol, or any other vice that comes handy. They've got to do something. And just as naturally, when we get them clean and strong, healthy as when they were born, they go right out and start smoking and

drinking again. We can remove in great measure the effects of such habits, but we can't always reach the cause."

"This isn't really a cure, then, this treatment?" I said.

The doctor glared at me.

"The only cure for alcoholism," he said emphatically, "lies in the brain of the patient. We can eliminate the drug from a man's system in three or four days. We can make the brain function normally, if its tissues are not destroyed, by putting the body in a healthy state where its poisons do not control the mind. That's important. In most cases it's a pre-requisite to a cure.

THE PEOPLE WHO NEED WATCHING.

"Furthermore, we can—and do—treat the restored brain psychologically by a common-sense appeal to its owner's intelligence and pride. Our attitude towards a patient while he's here is all directed towards building up his self-respect and proper self-esteem. We don't weaken him by pity—by making him sorry for himself. We try to give him a new mental angle from which to see himself and his actions. The cure comes when he decides it doesn't pay to drink, determines not to drink, and doesn't drink. If, with our help, his will and judgment aren't equal to this task, he's gone. There is no talisman to take the place of manhood!"

"Some people are born with less self-respect and will-power than others."

"Of course," said the doctor. "Those are the people who need watching—from childhood up. Deficients, whether from congenital nervous instability, systemic weakness, or a morbid predisposition to fear and worry, fall an easy prey to drugs or alcohol. They are the difficult cases. We can give them a new start—a chance, that is all."

December 8.

I thought a lot about what the doctor said yesterday. The nurse lent me a novel and a sheaf of magazines, but somehow I couldn't get interested in them. The doctor came in late in the afternoon, and as soon as I saw that he was going to stay and visit, I reopened the subject we have been discussing.

"I have been thinking of those deficient—the hopeless ones——"

"I didn't say hopeless," interrupted the doctor. "You can't call anybody hopeless—unless he's insane. There's just a strong tendency—a strong probability at most—of certain types succumbing."

ONE-THIRD OF ALL ILLNESS ALCOHOLIC.

"Well, among those types there must be many whose lives, except for this weakness, are worth something to themselves and the race."

"Some of the finest achievements mankind boasts have been accomplished by such people. Some of the noblest and most lovable characters I have known have been sufferers from one form or another of nervous instability."

"Then," I said, "if people of that sort give way to drugs or the alcohol habit through a weakness for which they are not responsible, I don't see how they are to blame. I don't see why they should receive the general censure they do. Why, they are ill—that's all!"

"You've hit it!" said the doctor. "The attitude of society towards the alcoholic is the greatest obstacle we have to contend with in trying to help him. He feels the stigma. His self-respect is taken from him. His sickness, mostly mental to begin with, is aggravated by this fact to a degree infinitely worse than before. His drinking causes him acutest shame—and then he

(Continued on page 15.)



"Maud's latest photograph is perfectly lovely." "Is it?" "Yes, I had to ask who it was."

* * *

"You have no lower classes in this country?" "Certainly we have." "And what do you call them?" "Pedestrians."

* * *

"You say Jeffs has grown whiskers since last you saw him?" "How did you recognise him?" "By my umbrella."

* * *

Susette—"Don't you think my new dress is exquisite?" Her Friend—"Oh, lovely! I think that dressmaker of yours could make a clothes-prop look graceful."

* * *

"Tommy," asked the teacher, "what can you tell of America's foreign relations at the present time?" "They're all pretty poor," said the brightest boy in the class.

* * *

Two club men were commenting on the appearance of a fellow-member, who had just entered the room. "He looks so fragile," said one, "that if anyone touched him he would break." "Well," rejoined the other, "he wouldn't hesitate about touching you if he was broke!"

* * *

Miss Wills—"They're only been married six months, but whenever her husband goes away on business she is delighted, and prepares to have a good time." Miss Manley—"Ah! Do you know, I suspected something like that! I always said—" Miss Wills—"Yes—you see, he takes her with him!"

* * *

In response to the teacher's question, "Which is the national flower of England?" the class responded in unison, "Roses, miss." "Good. Now what is the national flower of France?" "Lilies, miss." "Excellent. Now which is Spain's national flower?" There was a long pause; then one small boy volunteered the answer, "Bulrushes, miss!"

LEY'S STILL-BORN BABY.

THE NEXT MOVE IS OURS.

(By THE MAN ON THE ROAD.)

In a recent issue you ask your readers "What do you suggest?" in re our present and future attitude towards reform. The present law may be called Ley's Still-born Baby. It is indeed a Brewer's Act, and not only protects these men for five or seven years, but, until amended, for all time. "Bung" has won a tremendous victory. With compensation tacked on to the

ACCEPTED.

"You're all the world to me!" he cried.

She answered with a laugh:

"Oh, go along! I'm satisfied
To be your better half."

* * *

Father was telling of a quarrel between two men in which he had interfered. One had swung a shovel aloft, shouting, "I'll knock your brains out!" "It was at that moment," he explained proudly, "that I stepped between them." Little Johnnie had been listening, round-eyed with excitement, very angry at the idea of anybody daring to threaten his daddy. Now he burst out—"He couldn't knock any brains out of you, could he, father?"

* * *

AVOIDING DIFFICULTIES.

The junior partner was interviewing a very pretty girl who had applied for a position. The senior partner came in, and, after inspecting the vision, called the other member of the firm aside and whispered: "I'd hire her."

"I have."

"Can she take dictation?"

"We'll find that out later," said the junior partner. "I didn't want any obstacles to crop up."

* * *

HE REFUSED TO ANSWER.

Aunt Jinny, a Carolina negress, was a great advocate of the rod as a help in child-rearing. As a result of an unmerciful beating, which she gave her youngest and "ornery-est," she was brought into court one day by outraged neighbors.

The judge, after giving her a severe lecture, asked if she had anything to say.

"Jest one thing, Jedge," she replied. "I want to ax you a question. Was you ever the parient of a perfectly wuthless cullud child?"

vote "the trade" is quite secure. The bogey of the loss of revenue was hard enough to fight. Mr. Waddell, talking twaddle, raised this point in the Council. But to add eight or ten millions in compensation to the loss of revenue staggers us. The people will never do it. And though it is quite true that one year's drink bill would pay it, and that Prohibition would be cheap at ten times the price, the people will never be persuaded to pay for Prohibition at all.

What are we to do then?

No time is to be lost. We should begin at once to organise to elect a new Parliament, who will give us a square deal,

pledging themselves to vote for (1) a State-wide Referendum within six months of the next election; (2) time in lieu of money compensation, as in 1905 Act; (3) restoration of Local Option for municipalities and shires; (4) as a means to freedom of action we need, as in some American States, the power of initiative and recall.

With reference to clause (3) above, we shall only reach State-wide Prohibition a step at a time. It will never be carried until we prove its value in "dry" areas dotted over the State.

To gain the victory we need to commence at once, by sending one or more organisers into every electorate, to organise a "Modern Pledge" campaign, and set small committees and individuals at work in every hole and corner of each electorate, getting at least 5000 pledged people determined to "out" our enemies and elect men who will give us a "straight go." Such men as Col. Rutledge and Col. Bruxner, who voted to alter the trading hours to from 8 to 8, should be marked down for political death.

"Where's the money to come from?" It would only need 50 men in each electorate to give 2/6 a week and 100 1/- a week to supply salary and working expenses for a capable organiser with sulky and horse to go from house to house and centre to centre educating and organising the Prohibition voters. A block vote of 5000 Prohibitionists in this particular electorate in which I write would give one of our worst enemies in the House his deathblow.

The scheme is a feasible one, and I would strongly urge the Alliance Council to earnestly consider it, and not to attempt to work the whole State from Sydney and one or two centres besides, but send men out to country electorates, so far as present funds will allow, and organise and educate. Local funds will soon grow and enable more men to work.

I have discussed the plan with many Prohibitionists, and have no doubt that the money would come in if our supporters see the work being done. They will not contribute to Headquarters because they do not see any results. I have met some who used to contribute, but now do not, for the above reason. Several graziers have told me that they would contribute to a local organiser's fund, but not to a central fund.

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DAILY INSPIRATION.

By FAIRELIE THORNTON.

SUNDAY.

"This is the day which the Lord hath made."—Ps., 118, 24.

"A determined effort is being made in France to secure for journalists and other newspaper workers one complete day's rest every week, and the suggestion now under consideration is that no newspaper shall be issued on Monday until the afternoon of that day. This movement appears to be widespread. In Germany no newspapers at all are published on Monday. In Italy no Sunday papers can be published after the early morning edition, and all newsagents must close on Sunday afternoon. In Spain no newspaper may be published between noon on Sunday and noon on Monday. With these examples, it should surely not be long before Great Britain dealt with the question of Sunday newspaper."—"Sunday School Chronicle."

MONDAY.

"They that wait on the Lord shall renew their strength."—Ps. 40, 31.

WISHING AND WORKING.

Oh! wishes alone are fly-away things,
As light as a wind-blown feather.
But Wishing and Working are busy friends,
Who do great deeds together;
And Waiting's a patient, good little friend,
Who helps in all sorts of weather.
—Selected.

TUESDAY.

"They should seek the Lord . . . and find Him."—Acts, 17-27.

SELF, NOT ANCESTORS.

Feel something of thyself in the noble acts of thy ancestors, and find in thine own genius that of thy predecessor. Rest not under the expired merits of others; shine by those of thine own. Flame not like the central fire, which enlighteneth no eyes, which no man seeth, and most men think there is no such thing to be seen. Add one ray unto the common lustre; add not only to the number, but the note, or thy generation; and prove not a cloud, but an asterisk, in thy region.—Sir Thomas Browne.

WEDNESDAY.

"He that hath the Son hath life, he that hath not the Son hath not life."—I. John, 5-12.

THE GREATEST REALITY.

It was in Christ Paul first learned how great a thing human life is. This greatest

of men owed everything to Christ, and was so inwardly convicted of this that, heart and soul, he yielded himself to Him. How is it with us? Does the work of Christ actually yield to us those grand results yielded to Paul? Or is the greatest reality in this human world of ours so resultless so far as we are concerned? It filled Paul's mind, his heart, his life; it left him nothing else to desire. This man, formed on the noblest and largest type, found room in Christ alone for the fullest development and exercise of his powers. Is it not plain that, if we neglect the connection with Christ which Paul found so fruitful, we are doing ourselves the greatest injustice and preferring a narrow prison-house to liberty and life?—Marcus Dods.

THURSDAY.

"For many walk . . . whose glory is in their name."—Phil., 3-19.

"False shame is the devil's pet weapon. He does more work with it even than with false pride. For with false pride he only goads evil, but with false shame paralyses good."—Ruskin.

FRIDAY.

"He shall give you another Comforter, that He may abide with you forever."—John, 14-16.

CITIZEN OF THE WORLD.

No longer of Him be it said,
"He hath no place to lay His head."
There is no strange and distant place
That is not gladdened by His face.
And every nation kneels to hail
The Splendor shining through His veil.
Cloistered beside the shouting street,
Silent, He calls me to His feet.
Imprisoned for His love of me,
He makes my spirit greatly free.
And through my lips that uttered sin,
The King of Glory enters in.
—Joyce Kilmer.

SATURDAY.

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and He shall sustain thee."—Ps., 55-22.

"No man ever sank under the burden of the day. It is when to-morrow's burden is added to the burden of to-day that the weight is more than a man can bear. Never load yourselves so. If you find yourself so loaded, at least remember this: It is your doing, not God's. He begs you to leave the future to Him, and mind the present."—George Macdonald.

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"That beverage, the mother of sins."—Southey.

"The sons of Belial, flown with insolence and wine."—Milton.

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Patient No. 24—

(Continued from page 12.)

drinks some more to forget that feeling. Many a debauch begins in the throes of the keenest remorse."

"It seems as if something could be done, surely," I said.

"What would be done, if society were for once actuated by intelligent self-interest, would be to prohibit by law the manufacture of alcohol. Alcohol isn't worth a cent as a beverage, a drug or a medicine. It does no real good, and is responsible for untold waste and suffering. But it has become fastened in the bodies and the pocketbooks of a considerable proportion of humanity, and it's hard to budge. In the meantime about a third of all illness is alcoholic; there are probably forty cases of alcoholism to one of tuberculosis; and the deaths and the general misery due to this scourge are simply incalculable."

"There are State provisions to help the alcoholic, though," I protested; "the law—"

A SODA AND—MILK.

"That's just the point," snapped the doctor. "The whole theory of laws concerning alcoholism is founded on penalisation, not medical help. There are no clinics devoted to the study of alcoholism. There is no adequate treatment provided for the alcoholic outside of a few private hospitals. The only time the alcoholic gets action through

society's makeshift provisions is when he develops delirium tremens or becomes a public nuisance, in which case he is usually condemned out of hand and punished for his sins—when he should be more often treated for his disease."

December 9.

I left the hospital to-day—shortly after noon. I said good-bye to the doctor in his office downstairs.

He handed me an envelope as I left.

"A friend of yours asked me to give you

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this," he said. "He wants you to open it an hour after you leave here."

I took the note without comment and looked at the office clock. It was one-thirty.

Outside the brightness of the sun made me blink.

When I had stood a moment I turned back and looked at the building I had left. It

was a commonplace structure, like a thousand others. It was no different from its neighbors to right and left, except that the numbers above the door in the vestibule were different. I looked curiously at those numbers. They were not fiery and magical now.

The door of the hospital opened, and a tall, slim youth, well-dressed and well-featured, with an amiable smile, emerged. He stood on the step and immediately lit a cigarette which he carefully extracted from an inner pocket. He inhaled deeply and with apparent relish, then glanced at me.

"Hallo!" he said. "Weren't you inside?"

"Yes," I replied.

"Thought I saw you! How long were you in the madhouse?"

"Seven days," I said.

I suddenly recalled the querulous voice of the drunken boy across the corridor, demanding cigarettes. It was this boy's voice.

"I was sent up for a week, too," said the youth. "But I fooled them. The governor sentenced me, but I phoned the mater this morning and she turned off the treatment. Lord, what a show! I'll buy a drink, seeing we're fellow-sufferers from reform! Come on—what do you say? I know a place!"

He grasped my arm cheerfully, and I went with him. I don't know why. I just went, on impulse.

"What'll it be?" said my companion, when we had found the "place."

"Soda and milk!" I said.

The youth stared at me a moment, then winked at the barmaid. "Make mine a soda and scotch," he said.

We lifted our glasses. I sipped my drink and glanced at my companion. I did nothing by word or movement to interfere with his desire. I watched him as he drained his glass.

"Have another?" I said.

"No," said the youth. "Prudence answers no."

"Well, good-bye," I said. "Good luck."

RENEWED CRAVING FOR DRINK.

As I walked through the park, planning where I would begin my campaign for employment, I was surprised to feel weak and a trifle faint. My knees were rather wobbly and my nerves unstrung.

Suddenly I thought of the letter the doctor had given me. I asked a passer-by what time it was. Twenty minutes to three! I tore open the envelope and a cheque for five pounds fluttered out.

There was also a note:

"Better come down to the office and let me cash your cheque if you haven't had a drink yet. I want to talk to you too. There's a vacant berth I think maybe you would like when you've had a good rest."

I laughed foolishly but happily, and folded up the note. It was from the Chief.

April 3.

It is four months, less about a week, since I wrote the words which precede. In that time I have not touched alcohol. Let me be frank, though—I have wanted to. Wanted to! There have been moments when it seemed as if a drink was the one thing in the world that I must have.

At first I was full of an energy that seemed unconquerable. I worked all day and every day at high pressure, and sat up half the night planning for the following day.

But soon I began to realise that something was wrong.

I had no great appetite. It was difficult at times to work up proper enthusiasm. I felt dull and sleepy at inappropriate moments. Then in the background of my mind there grew up a vague uneasiness that strengthened to a desire.

One night I knew that my unexpressed

(Continued on next page.)



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but persistent desire was for alcohol. Experience had taught me that it would, at least temporarily, meet the need I felt. Experience, it is true, had taught me also that the net result of using this poison would be a staggering loss. But notwithstanding the fact, once I had admitted to myself what it was I wanted, the desire became an overwhelming menace. The more I fought the strong desire to drink, the higher rose the tide of that desire.

When I left the office, my work for the time done, my report made, no more need now to keep to the high pitch of effort, a reaction came. I had been running on my nerves for weeks, and they were in rebellion. I walked along the street aimlessly, not thinking, just fighting the desire that had become my constant unwelcome comrade. And then an apathy fell upon me.

The swinging doors of a hotel caught my eye. I pushed them apart and walked in. As I approached the bar I saw a youth standing there, a tall, slim youth with features that would have been handsome except that now his face was swollen, expressionless, dull-eyed. On the bar before the youth was a soda and whisky, untasted.

THE GREAT PICNIC SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23rd

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See Page 3.

My mind gave a great start, and awoke. I saw myself standing outside the hospital, and this youth, the youth of the cigarette, hesitating on the step there, smiling. I took a deep breath and walked to the bar.

"A glass of soda and milk," I said to the barmaid.

The youth beside me turned and gazed at me a long moment. I will never forget the tired anguish of his eyes, robbed of their heritage of freshness and hope.

"S a good idea—soda," he said thickly. "Me too, my dear!"

I got him to the hospital later. They took him in and telephoned to his father. He had been missing for a week. I never heard of him again.

Then I had a talk with the doctor. He smiled understandingly when I told him of my experience.

"It's the old story," he said. "You're sick—probably some form of toxic poisoning. You've been working too much and playing too little; now you're a dull boy. You've got to diet and rest, and then you'll be all right again."

"But my craving for alcohol—" I began. "Nothing to it. That's the result of habit and instinct and fear. Your instinct told you you needed relief from work and improper living conditions. Your former habit of drinking got working—you remembered that alcohol drugs the nerves after a fashion. Then you were afraid of giving in to it, and that got you all worked up."

October 3.

I feel that there is a lack in what I have written—as I go over it from this vantage-ground of six months later. This about sums it up:

My first spell of excessive drinking came about through grief and worry, as proximate

causes: grief for the loss of my wife, worry over the loss of the little stake I used to call my fortune. The physical results of this crisis were removed by the medical treatment that the Chief paid for. At the same time, along with the medical treatment and as part of the general treatment I was taking, my mind was strengthened and given a push in the right direction by my talks with the doctor. Some false mental valuations were corrected.

The narrow shave, as I will call it—when I should probably have given in and begun drinking again but for an accident—is to be accounted for simply by overwork, with

a consequent physical craving for relaxation, plus an associational fear of using alcohol, which fear itself suggested that alcohol was what I wanted.

As it turned out, the push my will had acquired, when waked up by the accident I have described, was enough to keep me from drinking. My subsequent talk with the doctor went far toward removing the fear of alcohol because I know now that when I'm tired or seedy I needed a rest or medicine—not a drink! I have no temptation now to drink, because I have no fight with drink. I'm not afraid of it.

(To be continued.)

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is a picture!

How do you
get everything so
spotlessly clean
& bright?



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