

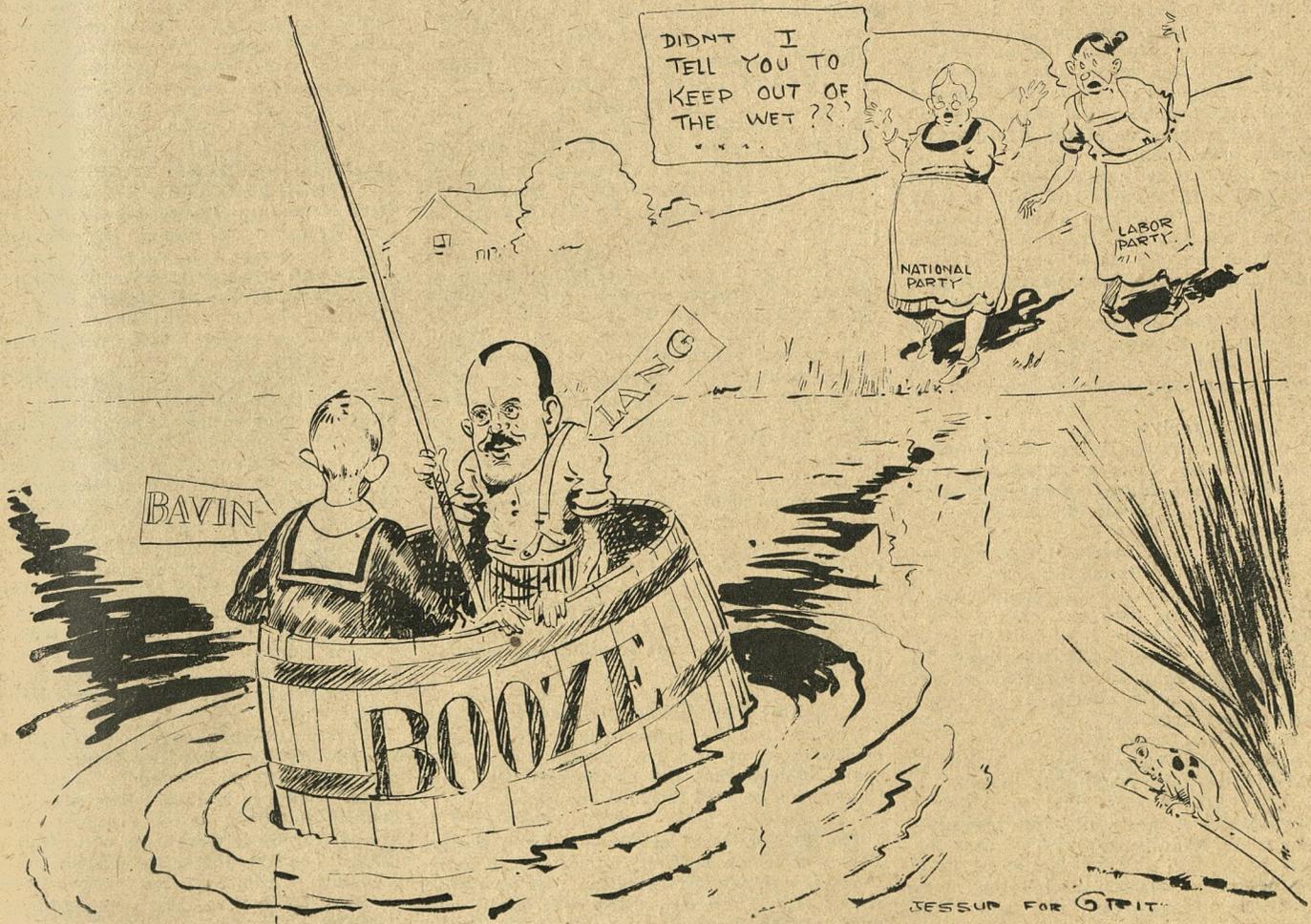
Grit.

A JOURNAL OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY AND PROHIBITION.

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SYDNEY, FEBRUARY 17, 1927.

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TOGETHER AT LAST IN THE SAME BARREL.

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A SPORT WANTS TO KNOW.

FAGS AND COSMETICS FATAL TO BEAUTY.

By JOE LONGTON, Special Correspondent

I am in receipt of an epistle from an old friend that I have not seen in 30 years. It reads:

"Dear Joe,—I am surprised to know, and I cannot imagine it to be true, that you come out so emphatically for Prohibition.

"The last race meeting that I saw you at was in Bourke, when you won two races on Innocence for Jim Hackett. Jim is now Australia's biggest bookmaker. Since those days, Joe, I have made good progress, and have a big interest in one of Australia's biggest factories, besides owning the — stud at —, where I own some of the best horses in New South Wales.

"There are a lot of us here that can see that the enormous drink bill is choking the country to death, and we are willing to listen to what you tell us about Prohibition. I have not got any use for the fanatics' word, and I would not concern myself about the thing if you were not writing such great letters for the papers, and there are a lot of us in the country that are sick of the rotten way things are and the amount of drunkenness. If you can send me some good newspaper cuttings that tell us if Prohibition has a bad effect upon children's morals do so, and I will have some of the western district papers print them.

"People don't take much stock in what the fanatics print, as they can fake it with the rest of them. Write us a line, old cove, and tell us how you are. With good wishes for the Christmas and New Year from Mrs. — and our children.—I am, your old friend,

"P.S.—I was glad, Joe, to hear of you. Keep straight, and go the way you are going, Joe, and you will have a lot of friends. Tell us something about America. Do you ever see Griffo?"

This was my reply:

"My dear old Friend,—You made me a happy man to-day. The mailman left your letter, which was a ray of sunshine, a voice from the grave, a breath from heaven, a refreshing rain.

"By degrees I piece much of the past together, and, although much of it has gone, I have enough pieces left to remind me of my early days in my dear old land, which I hope again to see before I join so many of those that have crossed the Great Divide. I thank you, dear man, for remembering me, and as the mail closes shortly I will reply to your request now and write you a long letter from Arizona next week.

"I am now—besides my weekly article to 'Grit'—sending the wonderful weekly a series of newspaper clippings, to which I affix my signature and take full responsibility for their veracity, so much so that the copy will be on file with the Editor of 'Grit' for any sceptic's perusal; and I am more than willing to suggest that Australian newspapers copy the same. Of course, with my weekly articles their destiny lies with Mr. Hammond, as once they leave my hands they are his sole property.

"Excuse this short note. Remember me to Mrs. — and the children, and tell her that if she can cook the navel-end of the brisket as well as you could eat it I wouldn't refuse an invite to sit in at the inquest on a good big steaming pot of the national delicacy when I come out. I haven't had a good feed of 'old roany' since the day Sam Clark cooked a 12lb. chunk in a kerosene tin on the banks of the Turon, the day—when mixing the flour for a damper—he nearly stuffed the old stream up with dough.—Believe me, yours sincerely,

"JOE LONGTON.

to the Sydney "Sportsman," for "Grit."

"P.N.—Griffo I have not seen since Prohibition. I last saw him lying in a foot of snow drunk—dead to the world."

I shall now proceed with the promised series, and begin by mention of "White Hat" McCarthy, whom old Sydneyites will find a comparison in "Champagne Charley," the lucky winner of a Tattersall's sweep, that moved up from the back room in a Sydney slum to the affluence of Marble Bar surroundings. Like "Charley," "White Hat" would drag a workman up to the bar, and, after knocking the "Jimmy Woodser" out of his hand, would say, "Don't drink beer! Be like me. Drink fizz!" My readers will observe how "White Hat" cashed in, and know that "Champagne Charley" died in the Domain from not having a warm bed to sleep on and enough to eat. These clippings are from various American newspapers, and such shall be printed in "Grit" weekly under my responsibility. They will be chosen from both "dry" and "wet" newspapers and have, I hope, the desired effect:

"WHITE HAT" McCARTHY, OF RACE TRACK FAME, MOURNED BY OLD-TIMERS.

San Francisco.—Daniel ("White Hat") McCarthy, former race-track follower and racehorse owner, who made and freely spent at least three fortunes during his colorful career, died here to-day at 76 years of age, penniless.

The sobriquet "White Hat" was accorded McCarthy years ago because of his invariable custom of appearing in public with his snow-white hair topped with an imposing beaver hat. He was a picturesque figure; a genial, open-handed follower of the race track, who drove about the city behind a pair of prancing thoroughbreds, and who made it a daily custom to "break" 20 dollar gold coins on hotel bars with the invitation for the "whole house to drink." He was well known among racing men in Chicago, New Orleans and other places where race-track devotees foregathered. He was a breeder of "bang-tails" as well, and contributed Sorrento, Mollie McCarthy and Bridal Veil to racing animals.

His death to-day carried no significance for a new generation, but caused a few remaining old-timers to mourn the passing of a beloved and one-time familiar and popular character.

THRESHING OLD STRAW.

One reading the Democratic press in these hectic days of the Democratic Party can easily believe that the Democratic National Convention of 1924 is still in session.

The 1926 national elections showed pretty clearly that the majority of the Democratic Party is against any tinkering with the Volstead Act. There are a few wet spots, but most of the Democratic territory is dry.

Governor Smith has been forced to align himself with the wets in order to control New York State, but the South and the West are not inclined to follow New York. They showed in 1916 and again in 1924 they are much more likely to oppose what Tammany Hall wants. Tammany is not strong enough to pierce the dry line, so it must advance its cause by trick plays.

The Smith and McAdoo campaigns are in full swing, with Smith leading in the North and East and McAdoo in the South and West.

McAdoo is the natural refuge of those who are opposed to Smith and his wet allies.

He makes no attempt to conceal his lack of moisture. His strength resides in his frank and open denunciation of attempts to nullify Prohibition. He lacks magnetic personality, but he does not straddle an issue. He is what might be termed a safe and sane dry candidate.

So embittered has the campaign already become that Smith supporters announce in the public press that McAdoo cannot be elected if nominated; and the dry supporters of McAdoo openly proclaim that if Smith is nominated and a wet plank written into the Democratic platform they will vote for a Republican.

The Democratic Party is split so wide open by the Smith and McAdoo fight and the wet-and-dry issue that only reasonable prudence on the part of the Republican leaders is necessary to assure victory in advance. A united Republican Party against a divided Democratic Party is a contest won before the campaign starts.

SELLING SMUT.

It is always easy to sell pornographic post cards to imbeciles. Just so, with crude acting and cheap plays, it is easy to sell them if they are nasty. For a while. But it is a suicidal path they are headed down.

Every smutty play is taking another spike out of the rails, and making it harder, in the end, to relay the track.—Harry Carr.

PAINTS, POWDERS, FAGS, COCKTAILS, THRILLS FATAL TO CHARMS.

Says New York Beauty Specialist, Exhorting Return to Virtues of Former Age.

Cut out booze, cigarettes, jazz parties, face paints and freakish frills in dress and cultivate a few of the old virtues, if you would maintain beauty and charm, advises Dr. Bertha Scher, New York beauty specialist, now visiting Los Angeles.

Dr. Scher, who is at the Biltmore, has for many years been absorbed in the business of aiding women desirous of improving their looks or standing off the ravages of time.

"My conclusion after years of experience is that the greatest aid to beauty and rejuvenation is right thinking," declared Dr. Scher. "You can't do it by smearing yourself with cosmetics or filling your system with dope to quiet jaded nerves.

"The frantic effort of nearly all persons to-day to amuse themselves is fatal to beauty and charm. This is especially true in the case of women, with their highly organized nervous systems. The remedy is to quit seeking thrills twenty-four hours out of the twenty-four.

"When a woman comes to me in despair because she is losing her beauty and fears she will lose her husband's love, the first thing I tell her is to get her mind right. I usually find that she has sought to maintain her charm by a plentiful application of artificial beauty aids, ultra-stylish and often injurious raiment and nerve-destroying gaiety. Of course, this only adds to her troubles.

"If women and girls only would realise that sanity and moderation are as important in the maintenance of beauty as they are in retaining any other worth-while thing in life, the beauty doctor's services would not be so much in demand."

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THE SIGNS OF PROSPERITY.

THE EXAGGERATIONS AND WRONG EMPHASIS OF THE PRESS.

By JACK CREAGH.

"How'dy, folks?" It just seems years and years since I wrote anything for "Grit." Mr. Joe Longton did so well that I felt it easy, also sensible, to drop out; but, in answer to my friends who so kindly thought of me, I take up my pen, wipe the rust off the point and say—or, rather, write—again "Howdy?" Also to wish those I know, and those I don't know, "drunk or sober," a very happy and prosperous New Year, and keep your eyes peeled this year, because there is a seven in it.

Now, what shall I write? There is so much here that is wonderful that it is perplexing, but perhaps the most frequent question asked me in letters is: "What is the most noticeable thing in U.S.A., or, rather, the part of it that I personally come in contact with?" I unhesitatingly say: "The signs of prosperity in all branches of life; also sobriety and calm thinking by the larger number of people." This is often overshadowed by the publicity given to the crook deals and crooks that make the deals. The way the public press seize on to the mean thing, the incident of lawbreaking, such as a murder and the doings of bootleggers, for instance, is just extraordinary. The way instance, is just extraordinary. The press is being used—of course, there are many exceptions—to boost up the so-called "wrong side" of Prohibition and exalt the drinkers and makers of alcohol, bootleggers, rum-runners and moonshiners, those breakers of the Constitution that are cursing the country. Many go so far as to advocate the open violation of the law as the only means that will bring about some amendment in the Prohibition law.

WONDERFUL ACHIEVEMENTS OVERLOOKED.

I have lived in many countries, have seen conditions of life, especially amongst workers; I have seen comfort, also poverty, in many lands; I have mixed in sport in various branches, but I have never seen such wonderful conditions of life, never such comfort, never so little poverty, never such wonderful exhibitions of sports of all kinds, record-breaking gates, record-breaking athletic achievements, never such high wages, never such desire on the part of the public bodies, especially educational and religious, whether it be Jew or Gentile. Yes, Sir, there is a great desire to do the right thing; also to be the best in the world, whether it be athletic or the last Italian laborer that lands from Ellis Island. Yet the press, with all this material, just feature the life of a crook bandit, often making him a hero, to the detriment of the excitable growing lad; or they make out as a virtue a cause that curses the land and helps to break down the Constitution.

"HOW AUSTRALIAN SPORTS ARE TREATED."

I cannot write down all the good things at once, but, being an old sport, I want to pick some of the good things from this necessary branch of life. The Yanks love Australians—I have found this out—and one of the joys of my life is to be in some building where boxing, cycling, tennis or other form of sport is going on where one of the contestants is an Australian. Other nationals get a hand, but Australians get the two hands—also the feet.

The papers are never tired of telling of the courage of Bob Fitzsimmons and other oldtimers. The fact that Andrew Charlton was going to swim again was hailed with delight by the press. I happened to go to the Madison Square Garden, a building that was crowded with 20,000 people. It was mid-

night; the great six days' cycle race was ending. The winning pair was an Australian and Italian.

But the middle-aged Australian, Reggie McNamara, the iron man, he was the bird with the feathers. It was his third win in six-day races that year. They just went mad when their Australian hero won, and the papers just said more about this Australian than they did about their President. McNamara, by the way, has become a naturalised citizen of U.S.A. But it was his day. Other Australians are here high in sport, and it will interest you to know that one, Cecil Walker, is the American all-round cycling champion for the third year.

WHY WRITE OF SPORT?

Just now the reason I am writing of sport is this: Sport events during the last few years show such marvellous progress that they are one of the avenues that show the prosperity of this great nation; also it shows its youth and desire to be happy.

Take some events that have happened lately. Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney met in Philadelphia. The stake was the heavy-weight boxing championship of the world. The gate was over 100,000 and the receipts over 2,000,000 dollars (£400,000). The "wets" say that Prohibition ruins sport, but when the open bar existed they could not get a fourth of that money at the same kind of fight and nothing like the crowd.

The Navy and Army football teams met in Chicago. It was a cold, bleak day, yet over 100,000 people saw it, and you were lucky if you could get a ticket for five dollars (£1). Some had to pay 50 dollars (about £10). Yes, Sir, the services are honored here.

The contrast between England and U.S.A. in regard to support to the two services mentioned above: Although the Army and Navy in England are bigger, and the service rendered is much greater, why if the crowd present to see the two service teams meet was 5000 and the takings 1500 dollars (about £300) it would be just wonderful.

Sports get a 50 per cent. better deal—and in some respects a 500 per cent. better deal—now than before Prohibition. I know old soaks of the open-bar time who often could not buy a ten cent. hot dog, now strutting about with a good bag of golf clubs and talking of his apartment, where under the open-bar grip he was glad to get a 25 cent shakedown in some common dosshouse. "They sure put the dog out."

TENNIS AND GOLF COURSES EVERYWHERE.

Talking of golf, it gives the lie to the "wets" to see golf courses everywhere. Ask the people in a district when their course was laid out—why, nearly always, the reply is, "Since Prohibition came in." This applies to all courses. I understand that there have been more tennis and golf courses laid out during the last eight years (Prohibition years) than all the previous years in history.

When Scotland—the home of golf—gets Prohibition the same thing will happen there; the same thing will happen there as here. "Instead of playing with horseshoes" at the back of a pub they will get a cut of the idle lands that are kept exclusively for the rich.

WORLD CHAMPIONS COMMON HERE.

At present I am living in a university town, Princeton, New Jersey. Three thousand young men are in residence, and, while education is the chief thing turned out, it is surprising how all branches of sport are encouraged. A small army of coaches, all experts in their particular sport, are paid large salaries to see that the men are kept

physically fit. Many of the residents are poor; many, in fact, work under a system of part-time work to pay their way through. But no matter how poor a lad is, if he shows promise in any branch of education or sport, there is a purse open in Uncle Sam's pocket to give that lad a fair go.

Is there any wonder that at the Olympic world's games the majority of events are carried off by Americans?

I am sick and tired of hearing from those snivelling liquor supporters—"always bad sports and bad for sport"—that Prohibition is ruining the country, that the country is going to the dogs, that most of the young men are to be found in speak-easies and blind tigers; that morally, also, the country is just about done.

Oh, boy, what material is at hand, only printed by the papers during the last few days summarising the doings of the last year, from the President down. Every person of authority, every event and fact proves wonderful progress. Yet the press come out and feature the fact that, in spite of warning, in spite of the fact that the Constitution is being violated, some 50 people were killed by illicit booze, most of them old or middle-aged; that there was an increase of alcohol-produced deaths during last year, does not alter the fact that since Prohibition over 2000 such lives have been saved in New York alone. Yes, the press features them, asks for pity, insults the "drys," does not say a word about those really responsible, "those who took away the State enforcement law, letting in the booze in larger, also inferior, quantities."

I will deal with many aspects of life, not always from the Prohibition angle, but every word and all my efforts will be directed to give the lie to those, poor citizens at best, who would like to see a curse like alcohol return to the people in beverage form. They dare not ask for the return of the old saloon bar, or the return of the stronger liquors, but that is what they are aiming at, for most of the energy and agitation, also "political intimidation," is coming not from American sources but from foreign, "The World's League Against Prohibition," with millions of money at their disposal, are putting up the same strenuous efforts to defeat Prohibition here as they did to stop Prohibition coming to New Zealand and Australia. They have some job on, believe me.

Next article: "Labor and Wages."

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PROHIBITION WITHOUT COMPENSATION.

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

PROTEST AND APPEAL.

ENTHUSIASTIC MEETING IN SYDNEY TOWN HALL.

There could be no mistaking the feelings of the 2000 people who gathered in the Sydney Town Hall regarding the Liquor Amendment Bill.

To them it was a deliberate attempt to break down six o'clock closing and to flout the will of the people. They said so in most emphatic fashion.

The Prohibition Alliance, in association with the Council of Churches, had called them together that they might in the name of the people of New South Wales record their protest against the action of the Government, supported by a number of Nationalists, in endeavoring to provide for liquor with meals up till 9 p.m.

It was an enthusiastic meeting, a unanimous meeting, a very representative meeting. Its feelings seemed to pour forth as Archdeacon Boyce, the veteran temperance leader, rose to speak. He had a remarkable reception, of which he was entirely worthy. Through all the difficult experiences of the movement, even when differences were serious, he has loyally played his part.

He gave the right keynote to the meeting when he referred to the overwhelming vote which had been cast for six o'clock closing of liquor bars—138,000 majority over all other hours combined. Such an emphatic expression of popular feeling must not, he said, be disregarded, and that meeting had been called to speak with certain voice on the matter.

Rev. H. C. Foreman, M.A. (President of the Prohibition Alliance), followed with an impressive summary of the situation, and also expressing surprise that the elected representatives of a democracy should shut their eyes to their duty to the community and give a big concession to a dangerous monopoly. He moved—

"That this meeting of the citizens of Sydney earnestly request the Legislative Council to reject the Licensing Amendment Bill on the grounds that there has been no public demand for it, and it is a violation of the referendum of the electors on the six o'clock closing of liquor bars."

Miss Preston Stanley, M.L.A., who rose to second it, had a remarkable reception. The audience evidently had in mind her splendid fight in the House against the Liquor Bill and the treatment she had received there, for their applause was prolonged and vigorous. She had, too, the unique experience of receiving an encore for her address. The audience was insistent until she again came forward to speak.

Mr. Simon Hickey, M.L.C., vigorously supported the motion. He is a member of the Labor Party in the Upper House, and made it perfectly clear that everything he could do would be done towards the defeat of the measure. It was not wanted; it would have disastrous effects, and he trusted that the Legislative Council would reject it.

Not a dissentient voice was heard, nor a hand shown against, when the Chairman put the resolution to the meeting.

Rev. V. C. Bell, B.A. (Secretary of the Council of Churches), moved—

"That immediate steps be taken to organise public opinion throughout the State in order to secure the return to Parliament of men pledged to safeguard the six o'clock closing law and to secure to the electors the right of self-determination in respect to the liquor traffic."

It was an occasion, he was sure, when the moral forces of the community should rally

REMARKABLE LIQUOR PROFITS

UP TO 300 PER CENT.

One of the most extraordinary table of figures in relation to the liquor traffic has just been supplied to us. It shows the profits made by the hotelkeepers upon the liquor they sell, and is a revelation of exploitation which is staggering.

The liquor bill, estimated at £12,000,000, is based upon the wholesale price of liquor. This table shows profits up to and over 300 per cent. None of it shows less than 90 per cent. This would mean that the drink bill is nearer twenty-five millions than twelve millions.

The hotelkeeper can, for instance, buy Australian bottled brandy at 84/- per dozen, and the retail price goes up to 208/-, or a profit of nearly 150 per cent. Imported whisky costs him 111/- per dozen, and these are sold at 234/- and higher, showing a profit to him of approximately 110 per cent. The price for Australian rum is stated as 18/6 per gallon, and it is sold at 66/8, or nearly 300 per cent. advance. Wine shows a similar profit to the hotelkeeper. And so on through the list of lines of the traffic.

Is it any wonder that huge prices are being paid for the newly licensed houses in popular suburbs, where the Licensing Bench is granting the licenses? Such exploitation of a community has never been heard of elsewhere. These figures further emphasise the tremendous burden this traffic is upon the country and upon the homes of the people, the workers especially. And it is taken with a meekness which is just as remarkable as the figures quoted.

in opposition to such a measure, and he believed that the churches were so aroused over the matter that they would determinedly support any proper move to secure more effective legislative action against the drink evil.

Mr. Albert Lane, M.L.A., looking none the worse for his exciting and strenuous experiences in the House, detailed the course of events leading up to the bill. He said the latter was the direct outcome of Justice James' decision, which was the first serious blow at six o'clock closing.

Mr. Crawford Vaughan was appropriately on the programme, for as Premier of South Australia he had introduced the first six o'clock closing law in the Commonwealth. That Act had greater safeguards in it than the New South Wales law, and it should be their endeavor to tighten up the law here so that there might be a chance of effective administration.

The carrying of the resolution was followed by a vote of thanks to the Chairman, moved by Mr. Arkins, M.L.A., and enthusiastically carried.

A good musical programme was supplied by Mr. Livingstone Mote on the organ and the Marrickville Salvation Army Citadel Band.

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FIELD CAMPAIGN NOTES.

There was a fine open-air meeting at Lakemba, in association with the opposition to a liquor license there. Mr. Piggott, who with Mr. Macourt, provided the speaking programme, gave an interesting review of the situation in the New Zealand No-License areas, where he spent some time last year. Mr. G. D. Clark presided at the meeting.

Mr. Crawford Vaughan and Mr. Macourt were speakers at a united rally of protest in the Lakemba Picture Theatre on Sunday afternoon. Mr. Clark again presided, and an appropriate resolution was unanimously carried. This committee is working strenuously in connection with their appeal against the decision of the Licensing Bench.

Mr. O. A. Piggott spent the past week in the North Coast, between Kempsey and Wingham, in connection with the organising campaign in relation to the next election and the referendum. Useful conferences were held.

Rev. H. Putland preached at West Ryde, Lewisham and Belmore. Messrs. Piggott, Macourt, Still and Richards were on the Mountains, occupying pulpits at Blakheath, Leura, Wentworth Falls Lawson, Hazelbrook, Woodford and Springwood. Mr. Piggott is giving his lantern lecture through those centres this week.

Mr. H. C. Stitt, our former State Superintendent, who is now minister of the Church of Christ at Wagga, has consented to act as our representative in the Riverina district. He will, as his other duties permit, pay visits to various centres there for the purpose of giving addresses and helping to organise our forces. We are particularly fortunate in this matter, for Mr. Stitt will be able to give most valuable service. In a later issue further information will be given concerning this arrangement.

Some important resolutions regarding Canberra have been sent on to the Australian Prohibition Council, which will meet in Adelaide on March 17. It is anticipated that a properly considered campaign will be launched there immediately after the conference.

The Town Hall protest meeting brought together many old friends of the Prohibition Movement. Among them it was a pleasure to meet Mr. and Mrs. Williams from the Moree District, where they are doing splendid Christian and social work.

Rev. F. N. Biddle, of Leeton, also was in the audience. He is secretary of the Ministers' Fraternal which is doing fine work on the area.

During the week the activities in the licensing area have continued. Palm Beach appeals (two cases) and Lakemba appeal were before Quarter Sessions. Verdict was not known when we went to press. The application for a publican's license in Lyons Road, Drummoyne, was before the Licensing Bench at Parramatta. An appeal has been lodged against the refusal of the Licensing Bench to grant a publican's license at Long Bay.

A strong committee is working very strenuously at Rose Bay to defeat the petition for a publican's license there. The application at Chullora, in the vicinity of the railway workshops, is ready for hearing.

Arrangements are being made for a series of special moving picture evenings in selected centres. This should arouse considerable interest. Complete particulars later.

(Continued on page 12).

NEW SOUTH WALES PROHIBITION ALLIANCE

Headquarters: 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.

Our Objective: The Abolition of the Liquor Traffic.

Our Weapons: Education and Legislative Action.

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

PROHIBITION TACTICS.

"ATTACK, ATTACK, AND AGAIN ATTACK."

Foch's famous dictum was never more applicable to any movement than to that of Prohibition to-day. Always in the Great War the initiative rested with the attacking force. In the defeat of the Brewers' Endowment Bill, misnamed the Liquor Amendment Bill, we have achieved a great victory. To rest content with that victory will be as fatal to our cause as was the inactivity of General McClellan to the cause of the Northerners in the American Civil War. Now is the appointed time for the counter-attack. The cohorts of Bung, led by the Lang Government, expected to catch us asleep in our trenches. They hoped to rush their iniquitous bill for Bung through Parliament before any public protest could make itself heard. It was to be a bolt from the blue. And in a sense it was as a javelin cast out of the darkness. The Prohibition forces were, however, not unprepared. We had, indeed, long planned to force the Liquor Party to show its hand by demanding from Parliament the legal privilege to do what it had long been doing in defiance of the law. We desired the public to know also who were the friends of Six O'clock Closing in Parliament, and who were our enemies.

THE WENTWORTH CASE.

The prosecution of the Wentworth was undertaken for reasons stated in the following letter appearing in the "Sydney Morning Herald" on 9th February, 1927:

Sir,—As the Liquor Amendment Bill, which the Legislative Council has very properly defeated, was largely inspired by the action of Mr. H. C. Stitt and myself in checking a violation of the 6 o'clock closing law, would you give me the opportunity of explaining why we took upon ourselves an unpleasant duty that should naturally have devolved upon the police authorities? Mr. Stitt had been instrumental in securing a judgment of the Full Court, supported by the High Court, declaring that the serving of liquor with meals in hotels after 6 p.m. to other than lodgers and inmates to be illegal. This judgment was being treated in certain places as a mere scrap of paper. The police, when approached, declined to intervene, but approved of our attitude. My action in the matter was partly inspired by the fact that I had introduced the original 6 o'clock closing law in Australia, the South Australian Act having been passed in 1915, a year before that of New South Wales. I may have had a mistaken sense of public duty in trying to save my legislative offspring from slow strangulation, but when Inspector Mitchell informed me that he was unable to prosecute, I felt, with Mr. Stitt, that I had either to sit idly by, or accept the odium that inevitably falls on anyone who seeks to vindicate the liquor laws. It is, I admit, a casuistic question whether any citizen should, in any circumstances, rush in where the angels of authority apparently fear to tread, but at least we forced the Government to seek Parliamentary sanction for what previously had been con-

OUR CASE PROVED TO THE HILT.

The Alliance sought to turn the tables on the Liquor Party by seeking to reveal to the people that lawlessness under license was as great, if not greater, than lawlessness under Prohibition. The debates in Parliament have proved this beyond question. Mr. McKell and Mr. Willis have both confessed that the present law is being flagrantly broken. The retort in Parliament was that it was being broken because the Government refused to prosecute. But Ministers went further and expressed, indeed boasted, that the Government itself had not only violated the law it is sworn by its oaths of office to safeguard, but had led its guests into the trap of becoming law-breakers. That public functions such as the dinner to the Imperial delegation could have been carried out without law violation of any kind whatsoever is unquestionable. Either liquor need not have been served, or if liquor was felt to be indispensable, Judge James' decision could quite easily have been complied with. In any case it is a new principle of statesmanship which leads a Government to surrender to law-breakers, instead of putting them where they belong—behind the bars.

WHITE-ANTING SIX O'CLOCK CLOSING.

Again and again by pamphlet, in "Grit" and otherwise we warned the people that Six O'clock Closing was in jeopardy. Parliament was inundated with postcards from electors asking their members to resist any attempt to extend the liquor trading hours. We say without hesitation that but for this campaign a direct attack would have been made on the Six O'clock Law with a view to extending the closing hour of liquor bars till 7 or 8 p.m. Liquor followed this course successfully in Queensland by the grace of the McCormack Government. The N.S.W. Government listening, like the dog at the phonograph, to the voice of its Master was ready with a measure for the extension of trading hours to 7 p.m. However, they decided on a feeler, first on a modest little measure that would remit £200,000 a year pocket money to the Liquor Trade, to which proposal Mr. Willis said suavely in the Upper House no one really could object, and to allow liquor to be served with meals up to 9 p.m. Had that gone through according to schedule, and without any great public outcry, the second bill definitely extending the liquor hours to 7 p.m. would have emerged from its pigeon hole.

nived at secretly by their failure to enforce the law. We believe that if the 6 o'clock closing law can be successfully applied to shopkeepers, there is no adequate reason why we should not be able to exact the law observance from publicans.—I am, etc.,

CRAWFORD VAUGHAN.

BEATEN IN TACTICS.

We say, not with feelings of elation, but because we believe that candor on our side will best confound the guile of our enemies, that the Liquor Party were driven out of their lawless dugout by the uncertainty of never knowing when they would be brought into the Court by someone other than the police, and were thus forced to come into the light of open day with their demands. We further say that they were led on, as the German High Fleet Admiral was in the North Seas, into a net which was spread for them. Had they not so blindly believed that their friends, the Government, with the aid of a few "open-minded" Nationalists like Mr. Bavin and Sir Owen Cox (each of whom at the same time happen to be the "Deus ex Machina" of the Party in different Houses of the Legislature), they would surely have realised that liquor can never afford to fight an open battle. Its proper sphere of operations is underground; it achieves its ends by secret bargaining, by stealth and by subterfuge. The result of its blundering has been to awaken the electors from their somnolence, to kindle the glowing embers of our movement into flame. The bill, as Sir Joseph Carruthers said, is a recruiting sergeant for Prohibition; it will, he declared, rally thousands around our standard who otherwise would be quiescent. Hon. James Ashton said the measure came as the greatest moral shock ever administered to the people. It was the fruit of secret bargaining. The very dogs in the streets of Sydney, he added, were barking about it. The result of the fight may be summed up as follows:

1. The Lang Government has become a byword and a reproach to every good citizen.
2. Mr. Bavin has fallen irrevocably in public estimation, if he has not indeed fallen, like Lucifer, never to rise again.
3. The Labor rank and file are disgusted with their Government's subservience to the liquor monopoly.
4. Liquor itself has revealed its cloven hoof.
5. The Temperance forces have gained tremendously through an awakened public conscience.

THE FUTURE.

"Attack, attack, and again attack." There are men who are inclined to regard an unexpected victory as sufficient for the present and to march no further. This is not the spirit of Christianity nor of victory. Now is the time "to take the occasion by the hand"; to turn that rekindled flame of indignation against this great predatory foe of man into a great consuming fire that will sweep this curse from the paths of our children. To falter now would indeed be a calamity.

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ATTACKING SIX O'CLOCK.

HOW THE AMENDMENT BILL SEEKS TO DESTROY IT.

The more we study the Liquor Act Amendment Bill, which Mr. McKell forced before Parliament in so sudden and unexpected a fashion a fortnight ago, the more are we driven to the irresistible conclusion that this measure was designed to repeal 6 o'clock closing altogether. Upon no other theory is it possible to account for the form and substance of the bill. The backward step in liquor legislation represented by Mr. McKell's bill can only mean a concession to the point of view of the trade. For many years past the policy of Governments in this State has been in harmony with the world trend to increase the restraints upon the sale of intoxicating liquor. They have travelled in that direction neither so far nor so rapidly as we desired, and had the right to expect them to do, but what they have done has plainly been in response to a steadily growing public opinion and desire.

ENTIRE ABSENCE OF PUBLIC DEMAND.

To-day we are confronted with a volte face—a complete reversal of policy—and, despite all the plausible arguments which have been advanced to justify Mr. McKell's bill, not an effort has been made to show that it expresses any pre-existent public demand. We have read the second reading debate on the measure with care. It covers some 50 pages of print, but nowhere, either in the speeches of Mr. McKell or in those of his supporters, have we discovered the slightest suggestion that a definite pre-existent and articulate public demand for the measure existed. Yet that would have been the most convincing argument in its favor that anybody could have adduced.

Some plausible reasons have been advanced to justify Mr. McKell's surrender to the liquor interest. But the absence of this, the supreme one, invalidates all the others because, were these genuine, the articulate public demand would long since have been heard. We confidently assert that had this bill been passed the housewives of Sydney would have at once discovered how very frequently their husbands and sons would have been detained late in the city "through pressure of business at the office."

UNCONVINCING PLAUSIBILITY.

The referendum which brought 6 o'clock closing into being in 1916 was, we are told, taken upon a proposal which the public viewed exclusively as a temporary war-time expedient; it was made permanent by an Act of the Legislature in 1921 without further reference of the matter to a plebiscite. If this argument has any force at all it can only mean that Parliament, in 1921, acted contrary to public opinion and was afraid to consult the people. Will anybody seriously suggest that such was the case? Will anybody who knows anything of the composition and the springs of action of the New South Wales Parliament countenance for a moment the preposterous notion that the 6 o'clock law was made permanent against the will of the people? Is it not, on the contrary, obvious that the consensus of public opinion was so clear and unmistakable that the Government and Parliament had no alternative but to give effect to it in the law of 1921? And, if that be the actual fact, as undoubtedly it is, what has happened since to afford the slightest indication that the law-abiding section of the population desires any interference with the 6 o'clock rule?

A SURRENDER TO THE LAWLESS.

To ask such questions is to answer them, and the answers bring the spotlight right on to the really objectionable feature of this bill; the fact that it is a direct surrender,

against the bulk of public opinion, to that section of the public which is avowedly lawless. We are told that the law as it stands at present is more honored in the breach than in the observance. But if that be a valid argument in favor of its modification it must be an equally valid argument for the modification of any other law which any determined and persistent section of the community may choose to flout. It is impossible, we are told, to enforce the law as it stands. That is a puerile evasion of responsibility. If the Government wanted to enforce the law it could do so without a doubt. Does anybody really suggest that our machinery of government is so defective and so impotent that people can go on breaking the laws with impunity, and that the police force is powerless to prevent it?

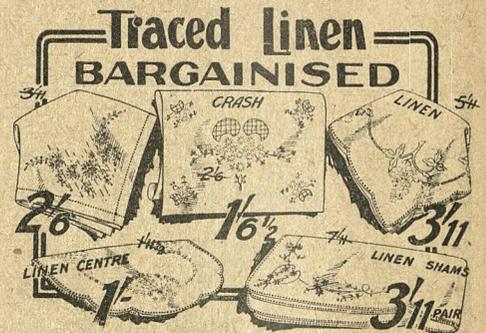
OUT OF THE FRYING-PAN INTO THE FIRE.

But there is another answer to this argument that the law cannot be enforced. It is this: the new law will be still more difficult to enforce. Suppose the law does embody a definition of what constitutes "a meal," it would be most difficult to compel all who want liquor to purchase such a meal, and quite impossible to compel them to eat it. If liquor is purchased and paid for with a meal before 9 o'clock, what is to prevent its being consumed after 9 o'clock? All the machinery of the social customs is such that they cannot be reduced to regulation. You cannot make people dine "by numbers" in the same way as soldiers drill "by numbers" in the army. In other words, the concession made in Mr. McKell's bill is of such a nature that it cannot be effectively controlled; it will present far too many perfectly legitimate loopholes. Such being the case, it is obvious that this very innocent and sweetly reasonable amendment of the law actually destroys the principle of 6 o'clock closing altogether. The statement that the bars will still close at 6 p.m. fails to impress us, nor will it deceive anybody who is able to distinguish between the shadow and the substance. Mr. McKell would have displayed political courage and honesty of purpose if he had introduced a bill to repeal 6 o'clock closing. Instead he is seeking to achieve the same result by means of a subterfuge.

THE HEIGHT OF ABSURDITY.

It has been suggested by several members of Parliament that the measure is necessary in order to avoid the invidious position of having to invite the Duke and Duchess of York to connive at a breach of the law when they are entertained during their visit to Sydney in a few weeks' time. We object altogether to having his Royal Highness made the scapegoat in this matter. The Duke of York comes to this country on a mission of State as the representative of his royal father, who, according to the theory of the Constitution, is the fountain of all law and justice. It is disloyal to suggest that the Duke should desire any interference with the constituted law of this State. He is not a wine-bibber, if some of those who will entertain him are. But, in any case, if it be necessary, as a matter of etiquette, to serve wine at a royal banquet, that can be done without altering our existing law. All that is necessary is that the banquet should be held on unlicensed premises. That is frequently done in Europe, and we shall be sorry for the resources and reputation of Sydney if it cannot equally be done here. To destroy the 6 o'clock law which reflects public opinion in order to dine a royal duke in a Sydney hotel seems to us to be the height of absurdity.

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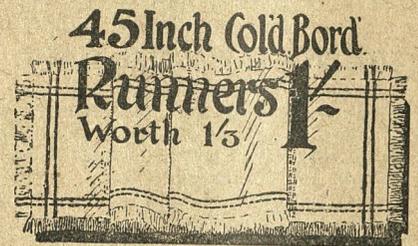


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THE INCOMPARABLY BEST WAY.

Though there are many ways of doing a thing there is but one right way, and it is an absurdity to believe otherwise. One can free an ice-impacted implement per medium of a hammer, but the application of heat is incomparably the best way. The size and shape of an ice block can be changed and splintered into atoms by force, but each particle will still be of the nature of ice if the same temperature is preserved. To reduce the mass to liquefaction, and thereby convert it to other uses, can only be effected by the function of the solar rays in one form or another.

There is a natural tendency in most of us to essay the easy way of doing things—the ordinary, common, habitual way, which is often the wrong way, the ungodlike way, and the result is unavailing, ineffectual.

The incomparably best way whereby we can be made usable, profitable, serviceable is to submit ourselves wholly to the treatment of the Great Alchemist, in whose crucible is the potent almighty love essence, which can dissolve stubborn wills, destroy hardness in character and reshape itself.

In writing to the Corinthian Christians of his day Paul stresses this fact clearly and definitely in his wonderful thirteenth chapter of his first epistle. He maintains it is possible to be humanly perfect and yet to be utterly valueless to the Master of the Vineyard if we have not this powerful equipment of Love.

It is possible, he declares, to possess an angel eloquence, yet unless each note of the message throbs with the soul melody of love it will be but a confused jargon of intellectual pauperism. It will avail—nothing!

It is possible to have prophetic vision, wondrous powers of divination, marvellous faith, and even to suffer death itself, yet if such gifts and actions are not inoculated with the love of God for souls they will not accomplish their Divine destiny and will avail—nothing!

It is even possible to forsake "all"—goods, relatives, friends—yet if the compelling

motive is not love for the Christ of the Ages, for His "brethren" and for the sake of His Gospel, all will avail—nothing!

But Paul says: "I will show you the Jesus way, the incomparably best way, which is the Love Way." This way suffereth long, even to Calvary. It is kind even to the healing of the heathen soldier's ear; it is never envious, boasting, self-seeking, easily provoked. It does not reckon up its wrongs, has no sympathy with deceit, but has full sympathy with truth; is trustful, hopeful, patient. And it lasts through all the days and months and years of this life, right on through the aeons of eternity, for it never dies.

Is it possible to walk this way? We sing, "It is the way the Master went, should not the servant tread it still?" We learn to walk the Love Way only by entire submission to His will, by keeping ourselves in tune with the Infinite, by daily crucifixions, by spending much time with Jesus alone, by recognising Him as the primary factor in humanity and the common denominator of the whole race, for in Him we are one, and by being seized with a veritable passion for souls.

It is only by treading this way can we hope to extend His Kingdom, read the manuscripts of God aright, prove ourselves faithful followers, be living epistles and help to redeem others from low motives, mean desires, unhallowed thoughts and enable them to hear the Divine call to service and to follow the "Incomparable Best Way"—even the Jesus Way the Love Way, the Way that leads Home, where we shall see Him, God's Love Gift to this world, face to face, and indeed realise that of Faith, Hope, Love, the greatest indeed is Love.

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W. E. WILSON, Hon. Secretary.

A Personal Chat with my readers

THE MYSTERY BILL.

Several Members of Parliament referred to the Liquor Amendment Bill as "the Mystery Bill." It sprang from nowhere, and unasked for, was given preference to long promised and publicly urged bills. This is a mystery. No word of its coming leaked out; it silently appeared full grown and menacing. Mr. Arkins very aptly referred to the Minister for Justice, the Hon. Mr. McKell, as the Minister for Pubs, Pugs and Punters.

Mr. McKell made a definite promise to the Alliance. First, that no alteration was to be made to the Liquor Bill, and if such were necessary that they would have abundant opportunity to canvass it.

Evidently he does not set much store on his promises. Mr. Bayin, son of a famous old Methodist minister, and the bitterest enemy Lang and Labor have, tumbled over himself to vote with the Labor crowd for this monstrous bill. That was a further mystery. But most mysterious of all was its final collapse. The Upper House has always protected the Liquor interests. Every brewery has its nominee in the Legislative Council. We were overwhelmingly defeated in the Assembly, and our defeat in the Council was assured.

At 5 p.m. various Labor Unions invaded Caucus. They had no interest in the question of liquor at meals, or the violation of six o'clock closing. They merely sensed an extension of the hours of work.

Caucus decided to postpone the bill for one week. Many members of the stomach brigade went home. They were not interested in ordinary legislation.

Mr. Lang, unreasonable, ireful, dominant, insisted on the bill being brought before the Council.

In a House in which only 47 out of 97 were present it was defeated by 25 to 22. This is indeed a mystery. It recalls that "the Lord makes even the wrath of man to praise Him." We cannot flatter ourselves that we were in any way a factor in this defeat. It was out of our hands. We were helpless, and the Lord wrought a victory, but the fight has only just begun.

* * * *

On March 10 next "Grit" comes of age. Do you think that the unique record of this paper is worth a celebration? I hope you will appreciate the fact that we have survived all the things that handicap a moral reform paper.

Don't let the occasion go by in silence. Anything is better than to be ignored.

UNREASONABLE AND UNJUST.

I read the following statement in one of my many papers the other day. Has it any message for you?

"My pastor, I have something against thee."

"Ah! What is it?"

"I was sick, and you did not visit me."

"Did you desire me to visit you?"

"Why, certainly. The presence, sympathy, and prayers of the pastor are naturally expected by the sick of his people."

"As a rule, I suppose they are; but your case, it seems, was exceptional."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that you did not desire anything I might have done for you in your sickness; so far from it, you did not wish me to know that you were sick."

"How can you say that?"

"Well, let us see. Did a physician visit you?"

"Yes."

"How did he know you needed him?"

"Why, I sent for him, of course."

"Exactly; but you treated me differently; the physician would not know that you were sick unless you informed him, and you did inform him because you desired his presence, but the pastor, by some sore of clairvoyance peculiar to himself, was to know what the physician could not know, and so you took no pains to give him a needless message. Is that it? Now, be candid. Am I not to understand that, as you did not send for me, my presence was not desired? Pardon my plainness; I think, in the comparative treatment of your physician and your pastor, your complaint is both unreasonable and unjust."

* * *

I saw somewhere some lines that strongly appealed to me. Maybe others will find in them an inspiration:

For this one day alone, dear God, I pray;
Help me to walk the straight and narrow way
With cheerful mind;
Help me to think, to act, the Golden Rule,
To do my best with book, or beast, or tool,
To serve mankind.

Help me to think before I speak a word
That might, by chance, hurt one who overheard,
And make him sad;
Help me to laugh with clean and wholesome mirth,
To scorn the thought that evil minds gave birth,
Or actions bad.

Help me to see in sunshine and in rain,
In daylight and in dark, Thine hand again,
Thy love alone,
And then at eve, when work is put away,
Help me, dear Lord, to lift my eyes and say,
"Thy will be done."

The Editor

GRIT

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NATIONAL EFFICIENCY
AND PROHIBITION.

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

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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, FEB. 17, 1927.

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HOW THEY VOTED.

DISCLOSING OUR FRIENDS AND ENEMIES.

The debate on the second reading of the bill indicates the strange shifts to which its sponsors and supporters were driven in order to lend an air of plausibility and good faith to their attitude, and for the benefit of our readers we reproduce below some extracts from the discussion as reported in "Hansard" which will enable them to gain a truer conception of the merits of the arguments used than was afforded in the newspaper reports;

Mr. NESS: As the six o'clock closing was the result of a referendum, do you not think the matter should go to the people before you interfere at all?

Mr. McKELL: That is quite another matter.

An HON. MEMBER: Does the Minister propose to define what a meal is?

Mr. McKELL: No. If we make the hours from 6 till 9 we shall probably have less difficulty in enforcing the law than we should if we made them 6 to 8. Miss Preston-Stanley forgets that 6 o'clock closing was made permanent by this House.

Mr. NESS: You took your cue from the referendum.

Miss PRESTON-STANLEY: And the Amending Act of 1919 laid it down that it should continue to operate until a referendum was taken—which is to be next year.

Mr. McKELL: We are not interfering at all with the closing hour.

Miss PRESTON-STANLEY: You certainly are!

Mr. McKELL: I think it is quite unreasonable to suggest that after 6 o'clock at night a person who desires to have a meal with friends in a place other than his own home cannot have liquor with that meal. If the law is amended in the respect suggested by certain persons, it will mean, for example, that when the Duke and Duchess of York arrive, no liquor can be served at the State banquet. From my point of view, and I think from the point of view of all reasonable people, it would be a pure absurdity.

MR. BAVIN'S VIEWS.

Mr. BAVIN: There are a lot of people outside who, quite rightly, feel very strongly about anything which they believe will increase the evils of the liquor trade. Those persons are entitled to be heard. The Minister would have served his own purpose best had he allowed them to be heard. I think he is making a mistake in trying to put the measure through now. I shall only say a word or two about the two outstanding features of the measure. I do not propose to oppose them. I do not see what justification there possibly can be for collecting £480,000 from this trade for the purpose of paying a compensation which clearly cannot and will not be paid.

Miss PRESTON-STANLEY: The Act says that it is to provide for the payment of compensation, in the event of Prohibition being carried!

Mr. BAVIN: I think the hon. member is wrong in saying that.

Miss PRESTON-STANLEY: Mr. Ley made the statement, and he was the Minister in charge of the bill!

Mr. BAVIN: I am not speaking of anything that has been said; I am speaking of the actual provisions of the law. If the Minister is right in his statement that there is no provision in the law which requires this money to be devoted to the payment of compensation in the event of Prohibition being carried—

Dr. EVATT: It does not require it; it permits it!

Mr. BAVIN: Then I certainly think that the Minister is wrong in preventing the carrying out of the law as it stands. So far as the other part of the measure is concerned I have held the opinion for a very long time that the present state of the law is unreasonable, and that, on the whole, the present provision, which makes it an offence to allow any liquor at all to be consumed on licensed premises after 6 o'clock, even with meals, by any person except a guest in the hotel, is a provision which cannot be enforced. I recognise the immense evil of the liquor traffic, and if I had to make a choice between the evils which exist to-day, as a permanent condition, and Prohibition, I should go for Prohibition. If I thought that this amendment was designed to enhance or would have the effect of enhancing the profits of the liquor trade I would oppose it all I know. I do not think that will be the result. I do not think the liquor trade has much to gain by the proposed amendment.

WHAT IS A MEAL?

Mr. STUART ROBERTSON: Laws that are constantly being broken cannot command respect. If this measure goes no further than to place beyond doubt the meaning of the law as we understood it in the first instance it will be good. We understood when the Act was passed that there would be no obstacle in the way of liquor being served with meals at hotels after 6 o'clock. I was surprised to find that is not the law.

Mr. LEVY: Would not the effect be to encourage people to go to hotels and obtain liquor after 6 o'clock? What is a bona-fide meal? I am afraid of the abuses to which this law will lead. I cannot support that part of the bill.

Mr. SCOTT FELL: This question is one of the liberty of the subject. We know that the public wants liquor with its meals. (Mr. Fell confuses "the public" with some "public men."—Ed. "Grit.")

Miss PRESTON-STANLEY: The public did not say so at the referendum!

Mr. SCOTT FELL: I am not worrying about the referendum.

Dr. ARTHUR: Did you vote "Yes" on the referendum to help to send men to the front?

Mr. SCOTT FELL: I did, but that has nothing to do with the liquor question. I have never yet helped the liquor interests in any way, and I never will do so.

Mr. HOSKINS: I am amazed that the Government should bring in such a measure. The Government says it is not class legislation. What is it, if it is not class legislation? I am nervous about tinkering with this question, because we do not know where it will end. It is the thin edge of the wedge.

Mr. DRUMMOND: I venture to say that if the Government had the courage to submit

that question to the people there would be a greater vote to restrict the hours for hotel trading than there was on the last occasion. Why should there be a lengthening of hours in connection with a commodity about the use of which in any case there is a great difference of opinion, when other retailers who are selling necessaries are restricted in their operations to a much shorter space of time?

Mr. O'HALLORAN: The bill only proposes to legalise what is happening every day. I do not think it will encourage the consumption of more liquor. (The speaker said he intended to get an amendment in to enable bona-fide sport clubs to secure licenses).

Mr. BALL: My main reason for supporting the bill is because an attempt is being made by the Government to improve existing conditions. I shall vote for the second reading because I recognise the bill will effect a great improvement.

Mr. FOSTER: I am afraid the proposals now before us leave the way open to a further and most obnoxious increase in the selling of liquor. I am absolutely in favor of an alteration in the liquor law which will permit the consumption of liquor at meal time. Believing, as I do, that the object of this bill can be accomplished in another way I shall vote against the second reading.

Dr. ARTHUR: Although on its face this bill grants people who take their meals in hotels the right to have intoxicating liquor with their meals I have no hesitation in saying that it practically opens the hotel doors until 9 o'clock. When this bill is passed every hotel in Surry Hills or Woolloomooloo could start a dining room. Why do not Mr. Bavin and the Minister say that because the provision of the Act is violated Sunday closing should be abolished. But under the present proposal on six days of the week men who are not able to get liquor after 6 o'clock under present conditions will be able to get it up to 9 o'clock.

(Continued on page 10.)

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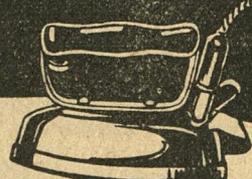
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Makes Ironing Easy.

Sole Australian Manufacturer

CLIFFORD LOVE & CO LTD
SYDNEY



How They Voted—

Mr. BRUNTNELL: The people declared that 6 o'clock was a fair thing for the trade, a fair thing to the public and a fair thing in the way of temperance reform, and they believed that 6 o'clock closing would be fully and effectively enforced.

Mr. ANDERSON: I consider the amendment a reasonable one. They (the temperance advocates) are not reasonable.

Mr. DOE: The principle of the bill is all wrong. Unquestionably it will lead to a tremendous amount of abuse as far as drinking is concerned.

Mr. JAMES MCGIRR: The results will be very unsatisfactory indeed. In the areas which are removed from Pitt and Castle-reagh streets what is going to be the results of this legislation? What is going to be its results in the slum areas and in the outer suburbs?

HOW THEY VOTED.

The second reading was carried by 55 votes to 27, the division list being as follows:

In favor of the Bill:

- | | |
|-------------------|-------------------|
| Alldis, S. D. | Jaques, H. V. |
| Anderson, D. M. | Keegan, T. |
| Baddeley, J. M. | Kilpatrick, M. |
| Ball, R. T. | Lang, J. T. |
| Bavin, T. R. | Lazzarini, C. C. |
| Bennett, W. | Lee, J. R. |
| Booth, G. | Loughlin, P. F. |
| Bruxner, Lt.-Col. | Lysaght, A. A. |
| Burke, Frank | Main, H. |
| Burke, Michael | McClelland, A. |
| Cahill, J. J. | McKell, W. J. |
| Cameron, W. | McTiernan, E. A. |
| Cann, G. | Minahan, P. J. |
| Chaffey, Capt. | Murray, D. |
| Connell, Major | Mutch, T. D. |
| Davidson, M. A. | O'Halloran, R. E. |
| Dunn, Capt. | O'Hearn, W. F. |
| Ely, W. T. | Quirk, J. |
| Fell, W. Scott | Ratcliffe, W. J. |
| Fitzgerald, J. J. | Scully, W. J. |
| Fiannery, M. M. | Stokes, P. V. |
| Fuller, Sir G. | Stuart Robertson, |
| Gillies, R. T. | R. J. |
| Goodin, V. W. E. | Tully, J. M. |
| Gosling, M. | Walker, R. B. |
| Greig, R. J. | |
| Hoad, K. O. | Tellers: |
| Holdsworth, W. | Davies, W. |
| Horsington, E. M. | Kelly, C. A. |

Against the Bill.

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------|
| Arkins, J. G. D. | Lane, A. |
| Arthur, Dr. R. | Levy, D. |
| Bagnall, W. R. C. | Missingham, W. T. |
| Bate, H. J. | Ness, J. T. |
| Bruntnell, A. | Preston-Stanley, M. |
| Buttenshaw, E. A. | Reid, A. A. E. E. V. |
| Doe, B. J. | Sanders, E. L. |
| Drummond, D. H. | Shand, Major |
| Fitzpatrick, J. C. L. | Skelton, W. P. J. |
| Foster, W. F. | Vincent, R. S. |
| Henley, Sir T. | Wearne, W. E. |
| Hill, T. H. | |
| Hoskins, T. J. | Tellers: |
| Jackson, J. | Best, E. C. |
| Jarvie, Major | Thorby, H. V. C. |

Those who did not vote.

- | | |
|--------------|---------------|
| Clark, J. A. | Murphy, C. H. |
| Evatt, H. V. | Stuart, F. W. |
| McGirr, J. | Tonge, A. |

NO NEED FOR SCHOOLING.

Brown was introduced to a man who stuttered.

Brown: "Did you ever attend a school for stammering?"

"N-n-n-o," was the stuttered answer, "I just p-p-picked it up."

FULL OF VALUE

King Tea

GOOD TO THE LAST DROP

An optimist is a man who thinks he can persuade a pessimist to change his mind.

* * * *

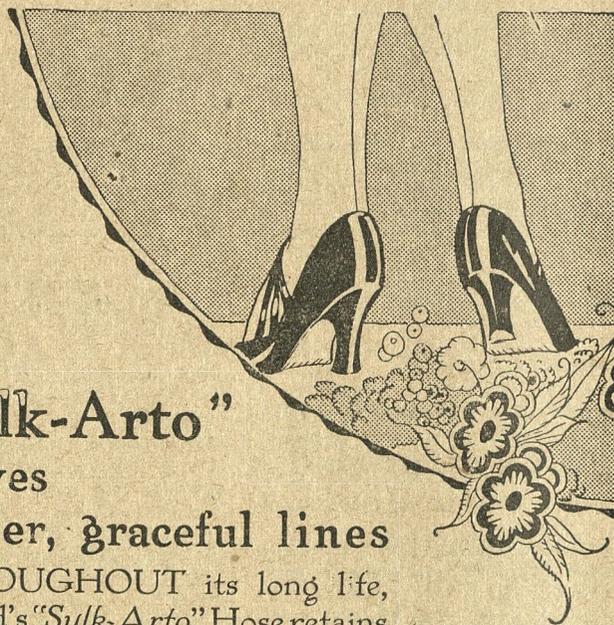
Women can't be very hard to satisfy. Look at what they fall in love with.

* * * *

A GOOD BEGINNING.

She: "No, when I marry, I want a man who is game from head to foot."

Ex-Football Man: "Well, give me a chance; I've got a game leg already."



"Syk-Arto"
gives

slender, graceful lines

THROUGHOUT its long life, Bond's "Syk-Arto" Hose retains its smooth, trim fitting from top to toe. Combined with this and many other obvious advantages of "Syk-Arto" including the recent addition of more pure silk at no extra cost, "Syk-Arto" maintains its fame as the "best-value-silken-socking on the market."

Ask to see the new colourings. "Syk-Arto" is obtainable in more than 180 beautiful shades.

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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



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 390F G.P.O., Sydney.

LONG AFTERWARDS.

So many of those whose letters have been read with interest on these pages just seem to fade away. They become Hon. Scallywags, and are excused because of the exacting conditions that are imposed on those who are launching out into life.

Every once in a while I meet them or hear from them, and walk round in a very "chesty" way for the next few days. I had lunch the other day with one of my Ne's who, 15 to 18 years ago, sold 40 copies of "Grit" a week. No one ever took his place.

He won a distinction at the Great War, being recommended for the V.C., and is now engaged in doing most valuable work in the British Museum, to which he has just returned.

He did just what those who knew him expected of him—a God-fearing, courageous, scholarly gentleman. Let us all take off our hats to Arthur Wheen, M.C.

I now print a poem of unusual merit by one who frequently wrote to "Grit." It is by Thordis R. Ford, and is reprinted by permission of the Editor of "Hermes," our University journal. Our Hon. Ne' is now Demonstrator in Mathematics at the Sydney University. I hope you will cut this poem out and cherish it and give it a place in your Bible.

UNCLE B.

* * * *

THE LUNATIC.

By THORDIS R. FORD.

I am a lunatic because I see
God's hand upon the Bible's every page;
Because by other men's imaginings
My own experience I will not gauge.
I am a lunatic because I say,
Insist, that all unrighteousness is sin,
Because I love the One that saved my life,
And long some other life for Him to win.

The violet told a clod of rich black soil,
"I am alive: you cannot know what life
Means to my heart, and I can do so much
Of good to men." The soil, in angry strife,
Replied, "Do good to men! Why, so do I.
Have you a perfume sweet? Why, so have I.
And are you beautiful? Then so am I.
I cannot feel your life? You know you lie.

"You know that you were born of soil like me;
You have a different form, but still you know
You must in your essential nature be
The same as that black soil from which
you grow."

The violet answered, "No, not so. There came
A seed from unknown regions far away;
'Twas that that gave me life which you know
not,
And which can never spring from lifeless
clay."

"You are a lunatic," the clod replied;
"What mean you by this 'life'? Your
lovely form?
I could attain that too. You mean the force
That, when the night is cold, still keeps
you warm?"

I too am warm, when brightly shines the sun,
When nights are short, or heavy clouds
lie low;
Then I am happy—yet I needs must own
That you seem happy when the cold winds
blow.

"But that I could attain, like you. You speak
As if your 'life' were different in kind
From that of earth. It differs in degree
Alone, as you on further thought must
find."

"My warmth is but a thousandth part of what
My life has given me. True life from earth
Springs only when there comes a living seed
Which to a beautiful new life gives birth."

For many years my soul was dead in sin;
I thought that I by striving might attain
The goodness which I knew was good to
have;

And, fitfully, I strove, but strove in vain.
But when I learnt that I was dead, the Christ
Worked in my heart a miracle, and made
Me live; He cleansed me with His precious
blood,
Which was the price that for my sin He
paid.

And like the violet I have life; the seed
Of Christ has settled on my soul; but they
Who have him not are dead, and cannot know
What true life is, but like the lifeless clay
They think they have it, or they think of it
As some strange creature of a madman's
brain.

A madman's! Yes. I am a lunatic:
Because I say I live I am insane!

My God I know, and I can see His hand
In every page of Holy Writ; and so,
Because I know my Father, I am called
Lunatic—just because I truly know.
And when I tell them that I know indeed
They condescend, and grant I am sincere!
The clay admits the violet's life, but says
It also lives itself, and need not fear.

Nothing to fear in Death! I almost think
That man a lunatic who hates not Death.
Who is the lunatic? The man who now
Is dead, yet thinks he draws a living breath
And knows not, cares not, that his soul is
dead,

Or I, who live, and know my God, and love
The man my God who gave me life below,
And waits to make it richer far, above?

* * * *

OUR LETTER BAG.

A TWO MONTHS' "LOAF."

Faith Phair, St. Mary's Rectory, East Balmain, writes: I suppose you will be thinking that it is just about time that I did write to you again, and I suppose it really is, so I must write before I begin school again. It

is horrid to have the vision of school once more before us, and I am sure that none of us are relishing the idea that the holidays will soon be far behind us and we will be back to the land of work once again, but I suppose we have had enough play for one year. I know I have had nearly two months' "loaf" since we sat for our Intermediate. You will be glad to know that I have passed, too, and in every subject. All our school did very well this year, as it usually does. I am hoping to be able to continue now at Moore Park. We had a lovely time at the beach and enjoyed it very much. We walked to Monavale beach three or four times, and had great fun in the surf, playing at killing the breakers. The only misfortune was that Dad got sand in his ears, and was quite deaf for a few days. We loved the rock pool that is there, and learned to dive quite decently from its edge. I can duck dive fairly well now, and I loved swimming along under the water and bringing up shells and seaweed. I found a sea snail one day, but we didn't know what it was till it poked its horns out at us. We found quite a number of them afterwards, of various colors; also different anemones. We used to go swimming in the baths when the tide was full, and greatly improved our swimming abilities. On Sunday we walked to Monavale to church, as there was only Sunday school at the Church of England. We attended the Methodist. The service seemed strange and short after ours, and I can't say I liked sitting up to prayers. During the week we met Rev. Lloyd, the rector of the parish, and he told us that he always held service in the afternoons except on the Sunday before the full moon; then the people went at night. On the following Sunday we went to his church. It is such a nice little church, and he is a nice man. He told us we were all builders, and asked us what kind of house we were building. Was it to be a pleasant mansion home or a prison? He said if it were a prison there is still a chance of breaking the walls and coming to Christ. There were some very good books at the cottage. We read some of them. I liked "Black Rock" best. I always enjoy one of Ralph Connor's books. I brought up quite a lot of plants, shrubs and ferns to remind me of it. I found some very nice little trees in the paddock, and also some young cotton plants. I love the wild cotton plant; it is so pretty when it grows up. Well, Uncle, I suppose I must wish you good-bye now and all other good wishes. Please give all my "Grit" cousins the very best wishes for all of 1927, and keep the best wishes of all for yourself.

(Dear Faith,—It is good to read of your delight in your holidays. You must not think time wasted in which you rest. We need to loaf as well as to learn, and have to learn how to do both of them. I never learned to do either properly, and am now deeply regretting it.—Uncle B.)

(Continued on next page.)

A BIRTHDAY GIFT.—"The Southern Cross," by Fairelie Thornton. 1/6. Wm. Tyas, 558 George-street, Sydney. Better than a birthday card.

Seven to Seventeen—**RICH PUDDING AND CAKE.**

May Shoemark, Cranbrook, via Penrith, writes: I was very pleased to see my first letter in "Grit." During my Christmas holidays I got a little sewing machine and cup and saucer from Santa Claus. I went down to Mrs. Frank Carter's to play with Enid and Tommy. Mrs. Carter gave me a bunch of roses. I gave some of them to Dorothy. I got a threepence out of the pudding and the sixpence out of the cake. We sent 24 cases of fruit to Sydney markets last week. Dad picked a bucket of peaches and gave them to Mr. Sheridan this week. We have a lot of peaches this year. Auntie Bess was down for the week. Mrs. Lin Stanton has got a little baby girl. I went to see it on Sunday evening, and Miss Wearne came with us to see her.

(Dear May,—That must have been rich pudding and cake from which you obtained that money. All I ever got out of a cake was a button, though once I got a pain, so you were very fortunate.—Uncle B.)

Dope Addicts Have Decreased.

William J. Spillard, of the United States Narcotic division, Washington, has been in Ohio recently and was interviewed by the Cincinnati "Times Star."

Spillard has devoted ten years of his life in work and study among "dopers." He has completed the round-up of several of the largest dope rings in the country and his information is first-hand and authoritative.

He summarises his conclusions and findings, based on his study of the situation and association with addicts, as follows:

The drug situation in Cincinnati and America as a whole is on the mend.

Contrary to the general belief, Prohibition has not caused an increase in the drug traffic.

There are fewer addicts to-day than ever before.

Eighty-five per cent. of the present addicts acquired their habit before Prohibition.

The percentage of new addicts is very small.

Most addicts started as "day-dreamers" or thrill seekers.

There are as many women addicts as men.

An addict can be cured through medical science, but in a majority of cases he soon drifts back.

Few peddlers are addicts.

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2/6 and 4/-. Post Free.

N.S.W. Prohibition Alliance

(Continued from page 4.)

The request for helpers in connection with our literature distribution campaign has been splendid. More are needed, and we shall be pleased to hear from any who can render service to the movement in this connection. It will be valuable in counteracting the liquor-engineered propaganda in the press.

MRS. HELEN BARTON.**RETURNING TO SCOTLAND.**

One of the most popular figures on the Prohibition platform is Mrs. Helen Barton, who has visited Australia several times. On each occasion excellent service has been rendered to the cause.

She left by the Niagara on her return trip to Scotland, where she has done great work for temperance reform. During her last campaign here, in which she visited all the States and New Zealand, she made many new friends, who, with others of years' standing, will wish for her many years of happiness and continued usefulness. With Mrs. Barton these two go together, for the joy of her life is to render service to her community, which is wherever she happens to be.

Before leaving she spoke with satisfaction of the continued progress of the Temperance Movement in her beloved Scotland, as revealed by the recent vote. Additional areas had gone dry in Glasgow; hotels had been closed in several other places and Kilsyshe had again given an emphatic vote for No-License. Big things will yet be done in Scotland to give an example to the rest of the Empire.

A FAILURE.

The following letter appeared in the Manchester "Guardian" of December 16, 1926:

You published a letter on the 11th in which the Rev. W. H. Ashton said: "A great majority of the leading citizens of Carlisle heartily support our 'Carlisle Experiment.' As the Secretary for the Carlisle and District Temperance League, which comprises 24 different Societies, Churches and Temperance organisations, may I be permitted to give your readers the resolution which was passed unanimously at our recent annual meeting—

"This League, taking all things into consideration, and after close observation, has come to the conclusion that the Carlisle scheme of State control of the drink trade has proved a failure as a measure of temperance reform, and has in no way provided a solution of the drink problem. The League views with alarm certain features of the State-managed drink trade in Carlisle, such as the special women's drinking bars and the familiarising of children and young people with the common sale of strong drink."

Quite recently 35 clergymen and ministers who have worked within this Carlisle control area signed a petition which said: "The Carlisle and district State management scheme has proved a failure as a measure of temperance reform, and it does not offer a solution for the great drink evil." Over 160 lay preachers living within this area also signed the petition, besides hundreds of other people, including several J's.P.

Official drunkenness statistics for the years 1920-24 (excluding London) reveal that 74 out of the 81 county boroughs of the country had a lower percentage of convictions for drunken women than our State-controlled Carlisle had.

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A Vagrant's Viewpoint.**HOMELESS MAN TELLS INTERVIEWER
HE BELIEVES IN PROHIBITION.**

An inquiring reporter on the New York "Times" recently delved into the question of where the great unwashed sleep.

He was attracted by a vagrant whom he passed early each morning on his return from his night work at the office, sleeping peacefully on the ledge running beneath a statue at the northwest corner of Madison Square, near Fifth Avenue.

The night worker eventually interviewed the vagrant and got his story. He had formerly held a position of trust in a prominent household and, yielding to a temptation to steal, had fallen from grace and lost his ability, or his ambition, to earn a living.

He proved himself a philosopher, however, and told the interviewer:

"I am in favor of Prohibition. I realise that there are more happy people now than before it went into effect, and that all these automobiles"—waving a hand toward the traffic on Fifth Avenue—"mean money which would often in the old days have gone to some saloon. Drink was not my failing, however."

**ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION TO
"GRIT" IS 11/-.**

Subscriptions received to 11/2/27, and where not mentioned the amount is 11s.: Mrs. M. Anderson, 11s. 6d., 20/2/28; Mrs. Fell, 10s., 30/11/27; Rev. A. R. Shaw, 20s., 30/4/27; Miss E. Smith, 6/1/28; H. Thorn, 15/1/28; F. S. Denshire, 22s., 30/12/27; F. S. Denshire, 11s., 30/6/27.

The following are paid to 30/12/27: Miss Butler, J. N. Mitchell, J. McAlpine, Mrs. McCall, Miss F. Spencer, Dr. J. R. M. Thomson.

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WORSE AND WORSE.

A woman who had made a number of unsuccessful attempts to market a scenario she had written conceived the idea of changing her name and submitting it as an unrejected manuscript to one of the producers. Five times, each time under a different name, it was returned with the same stereotyped polite note. Undismayed, she sent it out again and was delighted to get a reply saying that the play could be used. Her happiness suddenly vanished, however, when she read this postscript: "If you will let us tear the pages to pieces for a snow scene, we will be glad to use it."

SMOKING ROOM STORY.

"There is a family in my town that has made a lot of money out of crude oil, and they are still far from being refined," quoth a smoker, oiling up the conversation in the smoker. "The daughter of the family went away to school and came home with some very high-falutin ideas. She gave a party, right in the afternoon, and invited one of her mother's old friends."

"What do you call this kind of a afternoon affair, dearie?" inquired the older guest.

"This, in the East, where all styles are set, is called a pink tea," was the reply.

"This generation is certainly losing color," said the old lady. "Why I knew your father when he wore a red flannel undershirt."

About the easiest way to get training in the latest dance motions is to turn over a bee hive.

* * *

TRUE.

A negro school teacher is credited with the following: "The word 'pants' am an uncommon noun, because pants am singular at the top and plural at the bottom."

* * * *

MAY BE.

"Suppose," said the teacher, "a man working on the bank of a river suddenly falls in. He can't swim, and is in danger of drowning. He yells for help, and his wife, hearing him, rushes immediately to the bank. Why does she rush to the bank?"

A Pupil: "To draw his insurance money."

* * * *

TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE HALF-FARE.

The Scotsman and the Yankee are said to be the only people who can take a joke at their own expense imperturbably. So we are encouraged to permit this little jest which the "London Talker" tells:

A Scotsman had applied to his chief for leave. "Do you mean to tell me, McNab," said the latter, "that you want your next year's holiday now—in November?"

The Scotsman nodded his head. "Well, you see, sir," he said, "it's on account of my youngest boy, Sandy. He'll be over twelve if I dinna go th' noo."



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 Specialising in Car, Bus and Taxi Licenses in 3 to 20 days on a fleet of 1927 De Luxe Cars and Lorries.
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DAILY INSPIRATION.

By FAIRELIE THORNTON, Author of "Southern Cross," etc.

SUNDAY.

"For this same purpose have I raised thee up."—Rom. 11, 17.

Do you ever ask yourself why you were born, for what purpose you came into this world? Was it in the thought of God to create you for the mere object of getting a living, just to keep yourself and your family alive? Or to sport away life's hours and to get as much amusement as possible out of life? Had He no higher purpose than that in your being? Paul could say, "For me to live is Christ." Can you say the same? All the saints we read of in the Bible were called to some definite service. You too have as definite a calling, some special bit of work for the Master which will be left undone if you neglect it. You may be only a small part of the machinery, but just as necessary as the larger parts. Do you count it a great honor to be thus chosen, even if you are only a cog in the wheel? Do you recognise that you were sent into the world for this very purpose, that all other things are side-issues, and of very little consequence? Do you do this work as to the Lord and not unto men, content to receive no approval from man, so that God approves?

No matter through whom the call may come to you to do some service which shall help forward the kingdom of heaven, no matter whether it is appreciated or not, whether it is quite unrecognised by man, do not neglect it, or yours will be the great loss hereafter. Salvation is not by works, but "every man shall receive his own reward according to his own labor." You little know what you may forfeit if you fail to fulfil the purpose for which God sent you into the world. The call has come, if never before; it comes now, trust and obey. Go forward, and in God's strength carry out that purpose to your utmost limit. The time is short.

MONDAY.

"Whom shall I send, and who will go for us?"—Isa., 6, 8.

Hark, the King of Heaven is speaking.

Hear ye now His mighty voice?

'Tis for someone He is seeking

Who will make His work their choice.

Hark, He calls in accents tender—

"Who will go and work for Me?"

Who his services will render?

Who My chosen one will be?"

Dost thou hear it? Look around thee,

See the world of sin and shame.

Think whose love hath sought and found thee,

Think for what the Saviour came.

Hark, again I hear Him calling—

"Son go work while it is day,

Even's shades will soon be falling;

Daylight hasteth fast away."

TUESDAY.

"Occupy till I come."—Luke 19, 13.

Occupation is a necessity of existence. All life moves. Stagnation and decay go together. Even the aged will find some occupation to pass their leisure hours, and spend much time in making perhaps useless articles. There cannot be a worse punishment than to put a man in a prison cell with nothing to do. His "go slow" policy is not so congenial after all. Those who dislike work will find some amusement which is most likely far harder than work. "Occupy till I come," said the Master. But how are we to occupy our time? The manner in which a man spends his leisure hours will show his value of life. Recreation is necessary to all; but change of occupation is recreation. The man who realises the brevity of this life will endeavor to "give every flying

minute something to keep in store." He will be "redeeming the time," knowing how short it is. Idleness is the mother of vice and misery. And there is a busy idleness which is quite as destructive to the character. Are you occupying your time in such a manner as to meet the Master's "Well done, good and faithful servant," when He comes to reckon with His servants and to claim His own? When a man retires from work he often retires into his grave.

WEDNESDAY.

"Whatsoever He saith unto thee, do it."—John 2, 5.

Have you no work for Jesus? No work to do for Him

Who gave His life so precious your lost life to redeem?

No work to do for Jesus? and yet He worked for thee.

He did not scorn to labor. Why shouldst thou idle be?

Have you no work for Jesus? The time is passing by,

The working hours are fleeting, and night time draweth nigh.

TO-DAY He asks your service; "Go work," He saith, "to-day."

And can you spurn His message, turn a deaf ear away?

THOU HAST some work for Jesus, and thou canst do it too.

Wilt thou not go and ask Him "What wouldst thou have me do?"

And thou shalt have an answer, and when thou hear'st His voice,

Whate'er He tells you, DO IT, and make His work your choice.

THURSDAY.

"All the Athenians and strangers that were there, spent their time in nothing else but to tell or to hear some new thing."—Acts, 17, 21.

A friend of mine had been recently reading a book just published which is supposed to be a collection of original pithy thoughts. On being asked what she thought of it, she replied, "I have read all those thoughts in other books. They are not original." Another book in which the writer prided herself that she had condensed a few original ideas was described as "Just commonplace thoughts told in a commonplace way." I have often been amused when I have made what I thought was an original remark to find that same remark repeated to me by that friend as quite an original idea of her own some time after. We read a thought which we have had, but never expressed, and think it is our own. The fact is memory plays strange tricks. One who has read much gets ideas of which he takes possession. In reading through the masterpieces of the human language one is struck with the similarity of many of their sayings. "There is nothing new."

There are seven notes in music, and all music must be played on those notes. There are seven colors, and all other colors are shaded from those, all emanating from the same white ray. There are seven days in the week, and all the years are made up of

those seven days. There are seven gifts of the Spirit, or rather fruits of the Spirit—Love, Faith, Hope, Service, Prayer, Worship, Gratitude or Praise. All preachers revert to the same old truths. The same notes must be struck to different tunes. We eat the same food which has been in existence from the beginning, served up in different forms. So the Bread of Life is ever old, yet ever new, and still serves to nourish the soul if partaken of in faith. The Athenians of old spent all their time in seeking for something new. Athens was the seat of learning, and these men had come to hear Paul hoping to discover something fresh, to formulate some new idea. The same spirit of curiosity lives in all ages. "Give us something new" is the cry to-day, and men will run after the latest craze in religion, the "newest thought"—as they imagine—and with all the conceit of youth call everything else "old-fashioned," which word is enough to frighten some poor timid souls. The new is not always the true, and the true is not always the new. Is that new? If it is, someone else will soon make it old.

FRIDAY.

"His compassions fail not, they are new every morning."—Lam. 3, 25.

Old as the sun, yet new they rise

With each morn's rising sun.

With every passing day that dies

A new day is begun;

And Thy compassions never fail,

O Saviour of our race.

Thus darkness never shall prevail

To hide from us Thy face.

As in the ancient days long past

Thy mercies are to-day,

Thy years fail not, Thy love shall last

When all things else decay.

When this old sun is sunk in night,

Thy reign is but begun,

And in the blaze of that pure light

We'll need no other sun.

SATURDAY.

"The darkness hideth not from Thee, but the light shineth as the day; the darkness and the light are both alike to Thee."—Ps. 128, 12.

"Thy tender mercies and Thy loving kindnesses they have been ever of old."—Ps. 25, 6.

"Of old hast thou laid the foundations of the earth, and the heavens are the work of Thine hands. They shall perish but Thou shalt endure; yea, all of them shall wax old like a garment, as a vesture shalt Thou change them and they shall be changed, but Thou art the same, and Thy years shall have no end."—Ps. 102, 26.

"And they need no candle, neither light of the sun, for the Lord God giveth them light."—Rev. 22, 5.

"The lamb is the light thereof."—Rev. 21, 23.

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RETURNED SOLDIERS IN WANT.

WINE EXPORT BOUNTY.

By J. D. MERSON.

Many of our Returned Soldiers were placed on the land, and in South Australia and Victoria, for some undisclosed reason, were required to grow Doradilla grapes, which are "of extremely poor quality," but being most prolific bearers they are extensively cultivated for distillation purposes. By 1924 large stocks of spirit and wine had been built up, the Prime Minister says, and there were practically no buyers for this grape, and the returned men were in want. The Commonwealth Government offered the State Governments that each should pay half the amount required beyond what the wine-maker would pay to make up to the grower, £4 per ton (£5 on irrigated land), but were met with a refusal. The Commonwealth Government then called the distillers, the wine-makers and the grape-growers (18 persons in all, four were growers only) to a conference, but found it impossible to get an assurance from the wine-makers and the distillers that they would pay the grower a reasonable price for his grapes, which nobody else would buy, and the Returned Soldiers continued to be in want. However, the Government told the winery owners that if they bought the grapes "for this season" it would assist them out of their difficulties, many cellars being stocked very heavily because of their buying grapes while having already ample stocks of wine. On the 28th August, 1924, the Wine Export Bounty Bill was brought in, the Standing Orders were suspended to allow the measure to be at once passed, and the Prime Minister stated that it was for the benefit of the grower and "nobody else." This was repeated again and again. The Bill became law on 17th September, 1924.

The Act provided that a Bounty (a most expressive word in this case) not of three-pence a gallon, as was formerly asked, but a generous munificence of four shillings a gallon was to be paid to the exporter, who may be taken to be the builder up of the large stocks spoken of by the Prime Minister; the wine was to be fortified up to an alcoholic strength of not less than 34 per cent. of proof spirit (40 is the limit for wine) and the grower was to be paid "a reasonable price" for his grapes. The law is in force until 31st August, 1927.

During the first year under the Act ended on 30th June, 1925, even after the Bounty was given the grower was paid as low as 30s. a ton (six pounds of grapes for one penny) until 25th May, 1925, when the Minister required £5 (two pounds for one penny) to be paid. The grower had got up to £14 previously, and in 1920 £10. In Victoria, during 1924-25, the Government Statist estimates that 53,445 cwt. of grapes for table use and export realised £45,372 to the grower, that is £16/19/7 a ton. In that year the exporters sent out of Australia 875,565 gallons of wine, the declared value of which was £182,952 or 4/2 a gallon. This, however, included Sparkling Wine (£11/19/8 a gallon) and other expensive wines. The wine in bulk exported was 808,846 gallons, value 3/5 a gallon, while the Bounty on such as was exported under the Act was 4/-, actually more than the value.

During the year ended 30th June, 1926, 1,718,081 gallons of wine were exported, value £368,102, or 4/3 a gallon. The wine in bulk amounted to 1,619,676 gallons, value £309,586, or 3/9 a gallon, and again the Bounty paid

by the Government to the exporter under the Act was more than the value of the wine. Moreover, while the money actually paid in 1925-26 to the exporters amounted to £217,108 (grapes), they may have paid the grower his halfpenny a pound or may have given the Minister an undertaking (see Regulations) to pay it—how or when is not stated.

The exporters were 35 in number: One received £34,925; one, £30,427; two, over £15,000; four, over £10,000; fifteen, over £1000; four, £100 or over; and eight, less than £100 (one of these £2/8/-).

But one would say, judging from the table below, that the Bounty is simply money thrown away. The British imports of Australian wine were as follows:

	Gallons.	Value in Great Britain.	Value per gal.
		£	s. d.
1920	903,057	317,433	7 0
1921	541,922	183,007	6 9
1922	532,941	148,392	5 6
1923	706,510	178,775	5 0
1924	823,982	200,506	4 10
1925	1,054,460	244,916	4 3
1926 (9 mths.)	1,140,138	243,565	4 7

It will be remembered that at midnight on 16th January, 1920, National Prohibition in the United States became effective, and that market for French and other imported wines was closed. Great Britain is the only market for Australian wines. In 1924 the average alcoholic strength of wines imported into Great Britain was, in proof spirit: From Portugal, 34.0; Spain, 30.4; France, 21.4. Fermentation ceases at 26.3, so any wine of a strength above that is loaded with added spirit drugged with alcohol.

That our returned men have been led into a trap is plain, and they are being kept trapped. That the benevolence of the exporters is uncalled for, and lavish and futile is manifest. As to the excise duty on the added spirit, they doubtless make a profit out of that, and may perhaps even allow for their payment of the duty in advance.

But the perpetuation, much more the subsidising of wine-making, is prejudicial to the commonsense and integrity of Australia. Our children in State Schools are taught that fermentation of the juice of the grape is a process of destruction of food and a production by chemical transformation of alcohol, which they know is a narcotic poison. The insistence on the fortifying of the exported wine, adding pure spirit to wine already strong in alcohol, is opposed to the teaching of medical science, being as it is a damage to public health and public morals. Sir Thomas Anderson Stuart, Dean of the Faculty of Medicine, Sydney University, says that alcohol is "the most soul-destroying, body-destroying, nation-destroying substance ever known," and the Italian representative at the Fifth Commission of the League of Nations said that 50 per cent. of crime in Italy was due to drink.

The sending and the sounding the praises of our highly fortified wine to Great Britain is an injustice to the Motherland, which is reducing steadily her licensed premises. In England and Wales they have been lessened since 1914 by 615 a year net on the average, and from 1905 to 1926 by 981 a year, and in Scotland they have been reduced in number since 1914 by 144 a year, and from 1905 by 111 a year net on the average.

(Continued on next page.)

Returned Soldiers in Want—

Ninety-two years ago, in 1834, the following Declaration was signed by the President of the United States and two ex-Presidents:

"Being satisfied from observation and experience, as well as from medical testimonies that ardent spirit as a drink is not only needless but hurtful, and that the entire disuse of it would tend to promote the health, the virtue and the happiness of the community, we hereby express our conviction that should the citizens of the United States, and especially the young men, discontinue entirely the use of it, they would not only promote their own personal benefit, but the good of the country and of the world."

This was afterwards signed by others (12 successive Presidents in all).

It is not wholesome for Australia in this year of 1927 to urge with a strong money backing the production of alcoholic wine, when the devilish nature of alcohol as a beverage is disclosed every day in the daily press and comes home to us all. Such urging, if it should come to anything would be a flagrant putting back of the clock too shocking to contemplate.

In September, 1925, a Conference at Geneva, composed of delegates and others to consider the question of drink, communicated its conclusion to the Governments of wine-making and spirit-producing countries concerning the grave difficulties arising from the fact that some, if not most, of the nations are prohibiting or restricting the introduction of alcoholic drinks, and asking that in place of exporting wines and spirits they should export fruits (fresh and dried), products of apples, pears and above all grapes (non-alcoholic wines, preserves grape-honey, etc.), and should also themselves consume these things as America does. In the heart of America's grapeland, grapes are now under Prohibition sold at from £20 to £40 a ton, and vineyards bring up to £400 an acre. In the San Joaquin Valley there are 318,000 acres of raisin grapes, and 150,000 acres of wine grapes. America eats the grape and the raisin, and drinks the non-alcoholic juice.

Professor F. G. Benedict, the world-famed physiologists, in lecture printed in Industrial and Engineering Chemistry, 1925, speaking of motor car driving, used these pregnant words: "For at least four hours after a dose of alcohol formerly considered permissible, you as a motor vehicle operator may well be considered a menace to society."

It is a startling and a perilous thing in these days for men in high places to be party to the encouragement of fermented wine, and to require that they must be highly fortified is without excuse. On no account should Ministers propose or Members of Parliament agree to a continuance in any degree of the

Wine Export Bounty which is to cease on 31st August, 1927.

Well-worded protests, individual and collective, should be sent by electors to Commonwealth Ministers and Members from every quarter of Australia, until it is known

for certain that the imminent danger and the shame in the face of our children is over.

The Australian Wine Industry is a part of the legalised liquor traffic, and this is one of those national offences which in the mysterious providence of God has been suffered. To tolerate any extension of it cannot be allowed, for it is fundamentally wrong. Throughout the whole world it appears to be in process of ultimate extinction.

Japan has been declared to be the next nation to go dry, as also has India. In Germany and Austria popular feeling is calling for action, and in Italy, by a recent law, following a previous severe restriction liquor-selling premises have been reduced by half, and all this follows from the fact that if the drink-seller "is a nuisance and a danger, he and his business ought to be immediately suppressed," so says the "Brewers' Gazette," London.

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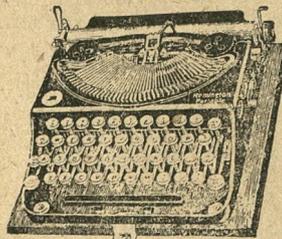
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