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POISON-BERRIES.

WINTER GARDEN GIRLS.

COCKTAILS AND PHYLLIS.

(The first of three remarkable articles in the Sydney "Sun.")

Petals of glass—

Little, bright flowers of red and yellow, smoking with sharp scent, dripping with strange dew—

Here, in the boughs of the winter-garden, they float like cherries, wet for picking. Phyllis picks them. Little flowers of Angostura, winking in green globes; little berries of maraschino, blown like bubbles; vermouth as bright as crab-apples, and blossoms of pale, cloudy gin—

Phyllis picks them in this garden. They are as thick as fallen leaves, as bright as poison-berries . . . and so easy to pick. This is the winter-garden of which the poet has remarked:

"Mary, Mary, absinthe fairy,

How is your garden now?

Oyster-shells and cocktail belles,
And parlormaid all in a row."

Phyllis and Mary are not the passionate

creatures of a yellow-backed French romance. They are just Sydney girls. You see thousands of them every day, hurrying out of offices, dashing into hat-shops, craning into windows, climbing into trams; just ordinary Sydney girls, with clear eyes and brown skin and a little mist of powder; just ordinary Sydney girls, with tennis racquets under their arms, and shoulders stained by the hot suns of Bondi Beach.

Yet Phyllis and Mary find it so easy and so fascinating, this indoor botany amongst the dangerous fruit, the dyed petals of the winter-gardens. In Sydney every day at 4 o'clock Phyllis and Mary sit amongst the vermouth and the gin, and find life smouldering with strange adventure.

(Continued on page 2.)

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POISON BERRIES

Over the way, at the next table, sits another lady. But she, on the contrary, finds no pleasure in the steamy glitter of the winter-garden. She drinks her vermouth with no quiver of forbidden rapture. She is there on business. Strange gentlemen at No. 2 Police Court refer to her on frequent mornings as "Daphne." Anyone would think they knew her.

CRACKED MIRROR.

This lady stares at Phyllis and at Mary like a cracked mirror. In that wry glass Phyllis hardens, becomes glazed with pigment; Mary's roses wither to a bloom of chemicals. Suddenly there is the faint, sickly odor of the grave. Phyllis and Mary go on chattering; they think these fruits distracting, this orchard a magic place.

A cocktail? Why not? Another cocktail? Good heavens, this isn't 1870. And some of that delightful flower, with the petals of verdigris? Yes. All the advanced women do that. Why, even that rather peculiar-looking lady opposite is having some!

The male fauna of this magic place look on approvingly. Many of them are squatters' sons. Their knowledge of agriculture is confined to tilling for olives in a winter-garden. If they can assist Phyllis or Mary in this amusing science, they are inspired with pride.

In the heart of the city you can find this little tableau any afternoon you like to look for it. The music of plucked strings, of distant flutes, hovers in the air. There is a cloud of smoke and laughter. Everything appears very bright and distinct, like the colors in a child's paint-box. Every face is smiling, every tooth is gold. A mist of feathers floats on the gay heads of girls; their hats are poised distractingly; their diamonds wink and drip. Surely in this fete galante, the dirt of life, the sordid fumes, cannot penetrate!

NO MORE TEA.

Down in a wine-bar, towards Darlinghurst, the fete continues. But here, somehow, the great, gilded pillars have changed to plastered bricks; the mirrors into a scaly, yellow paper.

But Phyllis and Mary are here, too. Their feathers may be imitation, their diamonds paste. But they are Phyllis and Mary; just Australian girls; out of the factory or shop-counter, instead of the Edgecliff flat; swimmers and tennis-players, fond of the fox-trot, clear-skinned still, and healthy-eyed.

Over the way, at the opposite table, sits the other lady again. Rather more tired, this time, and with a slack, carmined mouth. One doesn't need to keep up appearances here.

In front of the shop, at the counter, old women with grey hair and dirty faces are stowing bottles of "pinkie" into kit-bags. Again, there are the male fauna, to pay for cocktails. And in this acrid air, the berries of verdigris hang no less temptingly. Phyllis and Mary feel vaguely grateful that there are always these thoughtful gentlemen who pay so generously for cocktails.

Afternoon tea is disappearing. Phyllis and Mary recollect it as an invention of the Chinese. In the heart of the city they order Martinis. Towards Darlinghurst they order cocktails. There is only one sort of cocktail in the wine bar. And by some merciful Darwinian process these girls can drink seven cocktails in three-quarters of an hour without blinking.

It is a feat incredible to the common or beer-drinking male. But it is only necessary to visit the lounge of one of the big city hotels to verify it.

Observers this week counted eight rounds of whisky and spirits at one care-free little party within the space of 45 minutes. And the party—two beaming youths and Phyllis and Mary—showed no sign of saturation

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even then. A slight glaze had crept over the eyes of the two youths, and there was something rather uneasy in their beam; but Phyllis and Mary were as fresh as ever.

FUN FOR PHYLLIS.

In Oxford-street, at the railway end of Elizabeth-street, in William-street and King-street, there are cheaper orchards for Phyllis and Mary. They are filled every afternoon. It is the business of the proprietor to keep them filled. It is also the business of the peculiar-looking lady, who stares at Phyllis and Mary like a cracked mirror.

The parade of cocktails is not so rapid here. The main reason is that the kind gentlemen who pay for them haven't got so much money. The rate is about four per hour, sometimes less. Phyllis and Mary spend more time over the glass, drink its fluid in tiny sips, dawdle out the pursuit of cherries and of olives. And when the shops come out, and the offices and factories close, the crowd increases. For a rainbow moment, before she returns to a dingy home, a smoky

slum, Phyllis sees what she understands is life. She drinks a cocktail. She giggles at mysterious, Italian-looking gentlemen with dirty finger-nails, and lets them pay. Why should the great ladies with golden cloaks and red heels have all the fun? Phyllis drinks cocktails in Oxford-street; Mary drinks cocktails in a winter-garden.

Have a look at Phyllis and Mary next time you pass the lounge. They are Australian girls. They are not all Australian girls. But on Phyllis and Mary is going to fall the duty, some day, of bearing some of the nation's children. Are they to be blamed? Are they to be praised?

Over the way, at the next table, a ghost looks out of a cracked mirror.

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Cities of Nation Reject Milwaukee City Council Plea for Beer and Wine.

ONLY FOUR OUT OF APPROXIMATELY 200 AMERICAN MUNICIPALITIES APPEALED TO VOTE SUPPORT OF MODIFICATION.

RESOLUTION PAINTING VIVID PICTURE OF DRY LAW COLLAPSE IS BOOMERANG.

WET MOVE IS MET WITH CURT REPLIES OR RENEWED PLEDGES TO STAND BY PROHIBITION—FAILS TO MAKE IMPRESSION WITH OFFICIALS IN MANY CITIES.

A nation-wide appeal by the City Council of Milwaukee to American municipalities, asking them to join in petitioning Congress to legalise the sale of wine and beer, has failed. The appeal was contained in resolutions adopted February 15 and sent to cities of 10,000 population and over.

Allowing sufficient time for the resolutions to reach their destinations and be acted upon, "The Christian Science Monitor" followed with a canvass through its correspondents and city officials, asking for a report on any action taken.

Although the preamble of the resolution painted a picture of an "era of lawbreaking, disrespect and defiance of authority without parallel in the civilised world," of "law-enforcing machinery rendered impotent" and a "threatening of the moral fibre of the individual," the "Monitor's" canvass showed that the officials of the average American city were not impressed.

FOUR ACTED FAVORABLY.

Out of a list of more than 200 cities which received the resolutions, according to the "Monitor's" survey only four acted favorably. Nineteen others laid the appeal before their councils. These are awaiting action. But in the majority of cases city clerks or mayors report that there is little likelihood of adoption.

The other cities reported variously that the resolutions were "ignored," "thrown in the waste basket," "received and filed," or acknowledged with the suggestion that the sender's motives indicated a peculiar self-interest and not a desire to aid in the solution of a national problem that has become acute through failure to uphold the Constitution of the United States.

Others resented a local interference in a national question and sent curt replies. Duluth, Minn., through Bert N. Wheeler, City Commissioner, wrote:

"If the nation would become wet again, let's do it by repealing the Eighteenth Amendment, not by tampering with the law," adding that Duluth was dry before national Prohibition, and will be dry for a long time to come.

"Just another case of the wets trying to start something," was the comment of Charles C. Green, Mayor of Battle Creek, Mich.

Walter A. Scott, Mayor of Jackson City, Miss., said:

"Jackson City Council's reply to the Milwaukee City Council's resolution was to promptly consign it to the waste basket. We do not put such trash on our minutes. You may tell the world that Jackson and all Mississippi are for Prohibition 100 per cent."

Evansville, Ind., with three large brewery plants, took no official cognisance of the resolution. H. J. Karges, president of the City Council, declined to place it on record.

TEXAS SPEAKS PLAINLY.

J. Austin Barnes, Mayor of Beaumont, Tex., said:

"Experience has shown that light wines and beer cannot be reinstated without destroying the virility of Prohibition. It would mean the return of the saloons."

J. M. Jones, Jr., president of the commission of the city of Birmingham, said:

"We are not interested in modifying or changing the Volstead Act, but we are interested in seeing the law enforced."

H. K. Stofer, city clerk of Marion, O., said:

"Marion's criminal docket shows that at present we have an average of four or five arrests each week for intoxication compared to pre-Prohibition days when it was not uncommon for police records to show 35 and 40 arrests for this offence. Our records do not show that 'the Eighteenth Amendment has caused an outstanding resentment or created an era of law breaking' as you say in your resolution."

"Springfield, Ill., refuses to go contrary to the United States Constitution," said William Argabright, Mayor, adding, "We do not favor such resolutions by city governments."

H. G. Otis, city manager of Clarksburg, W. Va., reports:

"Strict enforcement of the law has made Prohibition popular here. A recent straw vote shows opposition to any change in our dry laws."

A WORD FROM PITTSFIELD.

Lima, O.—"A beer resolution may be acceptable to Milwaukee, but as far as I am concerned the Lima City Council will pass no beer resolution."—Earl C. Rohn, Mayor.

Butler, Pa.—"Butler stands four square for law and law enforcement. We believe from local observation that the Prohibition Act as embodied in the Eighteenth Amendment is the greatest asset of the people of the United States."—S. K. Twford, clerk.

Kenosha, Wis.—"Kenosha has too many constructive things to consider. We have no time to spend on destructive legislation."—C. M. Osborn, city manager.

Everett, Mass.—"Not interested."—City Clerk.

Pittsfield, Mass.—"It will not be submitted. We all know that Milwaukee was built on beer."—James F. Woods, city clerk.

Kansas City, Mo.—Mrs. Sylvester Wells, city clerk: "The resolution will probably not even be considered by the city council. Speaking personally, I should say that Kansas City has no concern with what the Milwaukee Council may do or desire in the matter. If there is any considerable sentiment officially or otherwise in Kansas City for modification of the Volstead Act I have not learned of it."

The comment of Clarksburg is significant. Coming as they did upon the wave, or with the wave of newspaper straw votes, the Milwaukee resolutions were believed to be timed

into step with that movement, and perhaps it was felt that, with the large wet majority being shown in the straw votes, there would be a consequent falling into line on the part of municipal councils.

SOME OF THE COMMENT.

Following comment taken from reports:

Little Rock, Ark.: "Resolution ignored. Consider Milwaukee's action absurd and foolish."—H. A. Knowlton, city clerk.

Newton, Mass.: "We considered the resolutions a joke."

Lincoln, Neb.: "Does not represent local sentiment and is not considered sound public policy."—Frank C. Zehrung, Mayor.

Decatur, Ill.: "Our council feels that the Government is big enough to handle this matter."—City Clerk.

Elgin, Ill.: "I threw the letter in the waste basket."—Howard L. Cook, city clerk.

Lansing, Mich.: "Lansing officials, regarding the resolution as propaganda, refused to notice it."

Detroit, Mich.—The council sitting as a committee of the whole made no comment on the resolution. It was filed as not within their scope for consideration or action.

Richmond, Ind.: "We are not in sympathy with any such action and should regret if the propaganda of Milwaukee has any effect on the Prohibition law."—L. A. Handley, Mayor.

Kansas City, Kan.: "The resolution went into the waste basket as representing what I think the city commissions would do with it. This is Milwaukee's affair, not ours."—Howard Payne, city clerk.

FROM DRY DES MOINES.

Fort Smith, Ark.: "A majority of our people favor the Volstead Act."—Earl Henderson, city clerk.

Pueblo, Colo.: "We have the law and it should be enforced. The sale of wines and beer is only a blind to sell other liquors and make enforcement harder."—John K. Jackson, president, City Council.

Des Moines, Ia.: "If the Milwaukee City Council expects any sympathy from the Des Moines Council it is doomed to disappointment. There is not a wet among the membership."—Alvin McGlothlin, city clerk.

Salt Lake City: "We have not been advised of any proposal from Milwaukee. To open the way to light wines and beer is to open the existing dry laws to general assaults for all kinds of liquor. I am opposed to meddling with existing laws until it is shown conclusively that they have failed."—C. Clarence Neslen, Mayor.

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Our Objective: The Abolition of the Liquor Traffic.
Our Weapons: Education and Legislative Action.

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

ROUND-A-BOUT NOTES.

(By THE STATE SUPERINTENDENT.)

The Objectors' Committee at Five Dock is putting up a very commendable resistance to the obtrusion of a liquor bar into their suburb. It is most palpably unjust and irritating when citizens purposely make their homes in respectable localities that the liquor nuisance is permitted to come along and disturb their safety and harmonious surroundings. On Friday evening, 4th instant, the Rev. H. Putland and Mr. E. Richards, of the Alliance, attended open-air meetings in conjunction with the local committee, and the following Sunday afternoon another well-attended open-air demonstration was addressed by Messrs. A. Lane, M.L.A., and F. Wilson.

The petition for a publican's license at Mascot is being signed, and a strong local Objectors' Committee has been organised in that centre. As frequently pointed out in these pages the indications are that the "booze" business is determined to plant its liquor bars in every possible quarter, notwithstanding that their degrading presence is not required by the local residents.

On Tuesday evening, 8th instant, the Rev. H. C. Foreman, M.A. (President), and Mr. H. C. Stitt (State Superintendent) visited Newcastle, where they met the ministers and other representative workers in conference. It was a real pleasure to meet the "Coalopolis" people, and many aspects of the work were discussed. A general outline of the Alliance programme also was presented and met with favorable approval. A branch of the Professional and Business Men's Auxiliary is to be instituted.

The decision of the Alliance annual meeting to request the Government to appoint a commission to inquire into the wastage of men and money-power and the loss of national efficiency caused by the liquor traffic was endorsed unanimously, and Newcastle Branch will push the desirability of this matter in their city.

The annual meeting of the branch was fixed for July 26, and will take the form of a Teatable Business Conference, to be followed by a public meeting at 8 p.m., when addresses will be given by the Rev. H. C. Foreman, M.A., and the Hon. Crawford Vaughan.

The Rev. H. Putland has been working the northern line, and reports much interest and good meetings in the Muswellbrook district. Mr. C. E. Still spoke at very encouraging services in the Liverpool area. Mr. H. Macourt has been engaged down the South Coast, where he addressed well-attended meetings in the Berry district.

We were delighted to renew the acquaintance of the Rev. W. G. Clarke, President of the Prohibition League, South Australia, and also the Rev. Frank Lade, of Adelaide, both of whom called at our office when in Sydney on the return journey from the Methodist General Conference in Brisbane.

The Alliance Executive Committee is requesting the Senators and members of the House of Representatives who are favorable to the continuance of the No-License ordinance of Canberra to divide the House if any attempt is made to modify that reason-

FIRST FIGHT IN BUSINESS CAMPAIGN.

SIX O'CLOCK CLOSING MUST BE RETAINED.

(By CRAWFORD VAUGHAN.)

The first lunch-hour meeting under the auspices of the Professional and Business Men's Auxiliary will be held as this issue goes to press. A full programme has been arranged for the coming week.

The Auxiliary is determined not to waste its efforts and money on luncheons to busy business men excepting on the rare occasions when a distinguished visitor, who can attract men outside our organisation, is available to speak on National Efficiency and the Liquor Evil. Our work lies in putting the economic facts before employers and employees by lunch-hour addresses at plants and factories, in issuing special circulars to the different business interests and in stimulating opposition throughout the country to the proposed extension of the liquor trading hours.

The immediate fight is to retain Six O'Clock Closing of Liquor Bars until the electors decide otherwise, and we are asking our supporters everywhere to write their parliamentary representatives and leave them in no doubt as to where they stand on this issue. This should help to develop our organisation for the elections and the poll in 1928.

When we have successfully withstood the offensive of the enemy on Six O'Clock Closing of Liquor Bars we propose to develop our counter attack, aiming at the closing of the bars at 1 p.m. on Saturdays and before 9 a.m. In Scotland, the home of the whisky barons, liquor bars are open only 6½ hours a day, excepting in Edinburgh, where they keep open 7½ hours daily. Mrs. Helen Barton says this is looked upon as a disgrace to Edinburgh. What must Scotland think of New South Wales, where the liquor bars are open 12 hours a day—actually one hour longer than in liquor-ridden England? Still the liquor interests here are not satisfied, and want to extend their trading far into the twilight, the demand for 7 p.m. closing being merely an appetiser.

Our further work is to line up business interests against the liquor interests, bringing home to the former the fact that every penny spent on liquor is a penny less for general trade, for employment and for na-

able and long-standing ordinance. That is the way to make the "booze" members stand up to it, and have their names recorded for future reference in "Hansard." Why should this beautiful model city, which is being developed for the Australian capital, be disfigured by the liquor blot?

The greatest hindrance to "more, better and cleaner" sport is the liquor abomination. Notwithstanding that, the issue of the Rugby League "News" of June 5 contained forty advertisements, twenty of which were from liquor manufacturers and sellers. This represented an average of one "booze" advertisement for each page, including the cover. In fact, thirteen pages are dotted and blotted with intoxicating liquor advertisements. When will our sporting bodies realise that grog and athletics do not harmonise?

FIELD DAY APPOINTMENTS.

CENTRAL WESTERN CAMPAIGN.

SATURDAY, JUNE 19.

8 p.m.: Grenfell, open-air.
Rev. H. Putland, Mr. C. E. Still.
8 p.m.: Cowra, open-air.
Mr. H. Macourt.

SUNDAY, JUNE 20.

11 a.m.: Grenfell Methodist Church.
3 p.m.: Country Methodist Church.
7.30 p.m.: Grenfell Anglican Church.
Rev. H. Putland.
11 a.m.: Lonsdale Anglican Church.
2.30 p.m.: Caragabal Anglican Church.
7.30 p.m.: Grenfell Presbyterian Church.
Mr. C. E. Still.
11 a.m.: Cowra Methodist Church.
3 p.m.: Woodstock Methodist Church.
7.30 p.m.: Cowra Presbyterian Church.
Mr. H. Macourt.
11 a.m.: Bellvue-st. Methodist Church, North Sydney.
Mr. Evan Richards.
7.15 p.m.: North Sydney Methodist Church.
Mr. A. Lane, M.L.A.

MONDAY, JUNE 21.

8 p.m.: Parish Hall, Grenfell.
Rev. H. Putland.

TUESDAY, JUNE 22.

8 p.m.: Presbyterian Hall, Cowra.
Rev. H. Putland.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23.

8 p.m.: Presbyterian Church, Koora-watha.
Rev. H. Putland.

THURSDAY, JUNE 24.

8 p.m.: Methodist Church, Canowindra.
Rev. H. Putland.

tional production—to say nothing of national efficiency. General business can never shake hands with liquor, for liquor is a fungus sucking the sap out of the tree of commerce. Trade is productive; the liquor traffic is predatory. One adds to national efficiency; the other depreciates our efficiency. One fills the land with happy homesteads; the other fills our jails, hospitals, asylums and cemeteries. We have nothing against the law-abiding publican. We hope, indeed, to convince him of the truth expressed by Mr. J. M. Howie, chairman of the American Hotel Association, in his address before the National Hotel Convention, held in Cleveland, Ohio, on July 16, 1924. Mr. Howie said: "The Prohibition law raised the hotel proprietor from the level of a saloonkeeper and placed him on a level with other legitimate business men. His business is better to-day than ever before." The Convention, by a three to one majority, opposed repeal or modification of the Prohibition law.

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SUPPORT GIVEN TO STATE PRESIDENT AND SUPERINTENDENT IN PRO- GRAMME FOR YEAR.

"We have a unique opportunity in the parliamentary elections in 1928," said Rev. H. C. Foreman in his address at a conference with the Northern Branch of the N.S.W. Prohibition Alliance held in the Y.M.C.A. Rooms, Newcastle. He was discussing the 1928 referendum, pointing out the unsatisfactory nature of its compensation provisions, and urging the necessity of altering the personnel of Parliament so that more democratic legislation might be obtained.

Mr. Foreman stressed the importance of Prohibitionists making "Prohibition their politics" to secure the selection of men prepared to legislate for the abolition of the traffic and then putting all their votes behind them to secure their return. In this way only were they likely to obtain worthwhile legislation.

Mr. Stitt outlined the programme of the Prohibition Alliance, which by public addresses, advertising and educational leaflets was steadily influencing public opinion. Support of the Prohibition campaign had been consolidated to an extent that placed the movement in a better position than for some time past. Greater unity and more enthusiastic support still were needed, more particularly in view of the fresh enterprises which had been launched or were in contemplation.

Mr. J. Breckenridge, the local President, was cordial and keen. Rev. J. J. Willings, Hon. Secretary for many years, Revs. J. H. Somerville and H. W. Woodhouse, earnest workers in many districts of the State, and a number of stalwart representatives of the movement in Newcastle and suburbs took part in the discussion. There was an encouraging eagerness to give a correct understanding of the local situation in relation to the campaign, and a desire to co-operate as fully as possible in the general educational programme.

The decision of the Prohibition Alliance annual meeting to ask the Government to appoint a Royal Commission to inquire into the effects of the liquor traffic and the general administration of the Licensing Act was heartily endorsed.

Rev. J. J. Willings moved, Rev. J. H. Somerville seconded, and it was resolved—"That the Branch invite Mr. Crawford Vaughan to visit Newcastle at an early date for the purpose of forming a business men's committee on the lines of the Business and Professional Men's Auxilliary."

Mr. Foreman, expressing appreciation of the spirit of the gathering, asked for the fullest co-operation in the general educational effort. Leaflets giving the facts concerning every phase of the question were being prepared, and it was desired to have these put into the homes of the district. The Publicity Department needed the help of workers in every Newcastle suburb, and would be glad to hear from those who could give it.

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"WET" PUBLICITY FAILS.

EXAGGERATED STATEMENTS CAUSE A NOISE, BUT IT IS OF LAUGHTER.

"Men wilt walk upright, women will smile, children will laugh, hell will be to rent!"

That was Billy Sunday's picturesque description of the effects of Prohibition. The "wet" publicity man tries hard to present another picture of bootleggers growing wealthy, drinkers going blind and dead, the jails being overcrowded by the people who are rushing to break the Prohibition laws, and a general condition of youthful demoralisation right throughout U.S.A.

No; don't laugh at the latter presentation! John Barleycorn is nearing his end. His maudlin expressions are bound to be confused, and some of his friends will be using bitter words, intended to scare the timid among those who would rejoice over his demise.

"Prohibition a failure!" exclaimed Mr. De Kay, who is just from Honolulu, touring Australia. "Why it is the most remarkable success among the enterprises of the American people." There is no reservations about Mr. De Kay's support of the attempt to get rid of the liquor traffic. The saloon has gone, and he is satisfied that criminal vendors of illegal liquor will soon disappear. Mr. De Kay is now in Victoria, and will be back in this State at the end of the month, and in July to give a series of public addresses. He has a valuable message, which should be heard by everyone who can take advantage of the opportunity offered by any of his meetings. Complete programme will be published in next issue.

The failure of the newspapers to give to the public the facts concerning Prohibition results in U.S.A. makes Mr. De Kay's visit particularly opportune. It comes right on top of the announcement of the decision of the special committee of the United States Senate to recommend the indefinite postponement of all proposals for the modification of the Prohibition law, including the holding of the national referendum. This is one of the hardest knocks the "wets" have had for a long time.

WELCOME TO MR. DE KAY.

"There is a good deal of suspended judgment concerning Prohibition; for which reason we are heartily glad to welcome Mr. De Kay among us to give that firsthand information so necessary."

In these words Rev. H. C. Foreman, President of the N.S.W. Prohibition Alliance, gave a welcome to Rev. G. H. De Kay, of Hawaii, at a luncheon given by the Executive Committee. He was supported in his welcome by Mrs. Helen Barton, who said they all desired that America should triumphantly succeed in the great effort to enforce Prohibition.

Mr. De Kay expressed pleasure in meeting the Prohibition leaders of the State, and would think his trip through Australia had been of real value if he were able to show them that American Prohibition was the greatest thing in that country.

Mr. De Kay is to speak at Albury on June 24, and on returning to Sydney will give addresses in a number of metropolitan centres, which will be mentioned in next issue.

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

LIQUOR'S BROAD HIGHWAY.

A READER OF "GRIT" MAKES SOME COMMENTS.

Dear Sir,—I read your article on the above and can quite hear out the story in the "Evening News" of a great broad highway stretching across "dry" America into "wet" Canada. The "damps" and "wets" of New York City have to travel as far as from Sydney to Albury—right to Quebec in fact—in order to get a real drink. The Highway which I have travelled crosses over the Mohawk trail, and is so dry that it is called "Death Valley," after the famous Californian Canyon. It is literally lined with stranded automobiles, the occupants of the cars having drunk the gasoline in order to quench their thirst for something like liquor! I don't mind them drinking the gasoline, but they're blocking the thoroughfare. Further west the oil pipe line that runs from Pennsylvania to Quebec was found to be full of liquor, the whisky running uphill on account of its volatile hydro-carbons. Clever, wasn't it? When Ontario opened its 4.4 per cent. beer, in spite of the referendum against it, wasn't there a rush from the States! But the 4.4 had no kick. We looked for a more powerful explosive, so the parched mob stampeded for Quebec, where you can get the real Mackay—the stuff that when it drops off yer beard burns a brown 'ole in yer shirt front! Even American jokes have become drier since Prohibition came in. Everything's dry in the States excepting the cows—and they, poor things, have to work harder than ever. Now that the breweries have really gone bung, the cows are called up to supply 12 gallons a day extra per head of the population. Of course there are more cows, but they never get a holiday, not even on Thanksgiving Day. That's why it annoys a man to read that you can get a drink anywhere in America. Do you think I'd go to Quebec if I could get a drink in Noo York, and me a real Noo Yorker? I strongly advise my brother "wets" when going abroad to keep out of the States, where a man can only get hair restorer, furniture polish and milk. I can stand the hair restorer and the furniture polish, but I wept tears of bitterness into the milk and it turned to cheese! Fact! I'm sending this to the "Evening Brews," with the hope that they will go on publishing the real dope about American Prohibition.—I am, sir,

JOHN BARLEYCORN.

MY BROTHER'S NEED IS MY RESPONSIBILITY.

The overwhelming suffering, the overshadowing temptations that distress the poor, the shifts to which the man is put who has a job and nowhere to stay and nothing to eat until pay day—these things crowd in on us every day.

The winter is here; sleeping out is fraught with danger. Deserted women get no pension; no Government help.

They take out a warrant for the man's arrest, but that does not bring them any money. They can only put him in jail, and the futility of this is pathetic.

Many of you helped me at Christmas; now the need is even greater, and I am desperately put to it to give any kind of help at all. The funds have all been used, and the piteous poor still crowd in upon me. Can you? Will you?

THE MOST WONDERFUL MEETING IN AUSTRALIA.

"I am full of encouragement, and, in spite of all our troubles, my heart is overflowing with happiness."—II. Corinthians, vii., 4.

Praying persons just smile quietly to themselves when folk enthuse over the wonders of wireless. It is true that there is an element of newness in wireless in so far as it relates to man communicating with his fellow man, but through all the ages those who have got beyond the formality of worship, and whose praying has just been a "talking with God," have known all about wireless communication.

It is unfortunate that so many praying people have only been one-way sending stations. They have sincerely talked with God, but they have not waited and listened and picked up His message to them. When I pray I undoubtedly talk to God, and when I read His Word He undoubtedly talks to me. There is, however, a world of difference between reading the Bible as an obligation or as a matter of interest and reading it on one's knees until you recognise in it God's message, His life-giving message, to you.

I am glad that the readers of "Grit" are availing themselves of this intercessory service each Wednesday, and it was a joy to present petitions the other day from West Australia, Queensland, New Zealand and Queanbeyan. Find a little time—no, make a little time—on Wednesdays to join this praying, praising band of nobodies who are learning to pray and who are daring to take God at His Word.

BE ENCOURAGED.

I place on record a few of the many notes of praise:

"While listening to the notes of thanksgiving last Wednesday I felt sad to think I had not joined the thankful ones in bringing a note, too.

"I have so many blessings to be thankful for, and I do thank God for the wonderful way He brings blessings out of the seeming evils for those who love and trust Him.

"A short time ago a little tract was given to me called 'My Blessing-Box.' It was the story of an old lady who, when asked to take a blessing-box and put in a penny for every blessing she could thank God for, thought it would be easy to put the few pennies in she could count blessings for. But when she began in earnest to look for her blessings she was amazed, and it was not very long before her box was full. I feel like that old lady, and could fill the box soon, too."

FROM DESPAIR TO JOY.

"Firstly, I want to say my father obtained the position in answer to your united prayers, and is to begin on Monday next. Of course, he could not have done so clothed as he was, and we were at our wits' end to know how to remedy the need. I went in on Wednesday almost defying God—well, really challenging Him—in a spirit almost crushed by constant defeat, not that I wanted anything for myself, but that my father could get a position—anything that would keep him from utter despair. I had prayed, yet it seemed as though my prayers did not reach even the ceiling of my little room. He has always been such a good father, and was out of employment for many months, only because the firm by whom he had been employed closed down, and a man of 59 years of age is not rushed with positions. He walked to and from the city every day, refusing to accept fares from me, saying it was bad enough to be as dependent as he was for shelter and food from me. He is a

gentleman by birth and education, and yet for weeks he walked in boots which had nothing between his feet and the hard foot-paths but brown paper. His suit was pathetic, and yet he held up his head and tramped day after day and month after month seeking the most humble positions imaginable, and then heard of this one in Kent-street, only to be told that he must come "respectably" dressed. Oh, God! how the tears rolled down his dear face as he told me that. That was the moment I felt God sent me to you, and now, in another man's clothing, clean, self-respecting and with a very deep gratitude to God in his heart, he begins to work again, and no longer will we feel hopeless and despairing. Will you please pass on the deep gratitude of my father's heart and mine? The suit and boots (two pairs) fitted as though made for him. I said this to him, and, with his eyes brimming over and a smile on his lips, he said, 'Well, it was by God, you know; He knew my size.' Now I wonder how I ever doubted that God heard prayer. As we knelt and thanked Him for His goodness we promised never to doubt again. The shirt, socks, ties and handkerchiefs all seemed the overflow of our cup of happiness."

VICTORY OVER FEAR.

"In case there may be those who are burdened with a big fear, who may be helped by hearing my experience, I want to give thanks and glory to God for having, I believe, delivered me from a great fear which has troubled me very much for years. It may have been unreasonable and unnecessary, but nevertheless it was very real in its grip, and only those who have, perhaps, had a similar experience can know and understand the agony of mind and body a secret fear can cause and the way Satan can exaggerate it.

"I knew it was wrong and a reflection on my Christian faith to be afraid of anything, but this didn't help much.

"I prayed and prayed earnestly about it, and although it would not always worry me it took very little to bring it back.

"I know now that, although it was of Satan, yet God used it to bring me to know and trust Him more fully, and to a greater usefulness in the prayer life, as I know what He has done for me, and so can more confidently ask for others.

"But it was not until I had fought my way through all doubt to the certain knowledge and belief that we can be and are 'more than conquerors through Him that loves us' that I knew and felt that I could absolutely

claim the victory over this evil in the power of Christ.

"I had come to realise that the fear was from Satan, but yet Satan, the great discourager, would tempt me to give in to it when it became very strong. But I always found that when I had reached my limit God was always there, and He always gave me a message of encouragement from His Word or in some other way that gave me the strength I needed to resist and keep on fighting.

"And it was very wonderful how every time that message was one that told me to look to Him and trust Him without the question, as the battle was not mine, but His, and it was only when I could do this and not try to reason the thing out myself that God's peace came into my mind.

"I have truly learnt through my experience the value of 'never giving up' nor being discouraged at the smallness of faith, as it is surely only the practice of faith that leads to perfection.

"And as these meetings have been used greatly by God to bring me through, I would thank Him for them and the deliverance which I believe He has now given me.

"One thing He has greatly used is the verse:

"For God has not given us the spirit of fear, but of power and of love and of a sound mind."

"This is so definite that fear is not from God, and must therefore be from Satan, but the power to overcome is from God, so that, as a Christian writer has put it, 'A Christian should never really be defeated; so a defeated Christian is really a disgrace and a reflection on his or her Lord and Master.'"


HE DOES THE IMPOSSIBLE.

"Thanks to God for answers to prayer offered here about two weeks ago for a married couple and family who were in financial trouble. Several of their difficulties have already been overcome, and the husband has had the offer of a position."

"Please pray for my brother who drinks. His wife is in very poor health, worrying because he still continues to get drunk every Saturday and stays out late at night. But praise and give thanks to God, the one that you gave thanks last week for is still keeping away from drink. All praise and thanks to God."

"A few weeks ago thanks were given for a great improvement in a woman whom five doctors had agreed was suffering from an incurable complaint, and who was only expected to live a few months. She is still living, and the months have passed, and it is now believed that she will recover, she is so wonderfully better."

"Giving thanks to our dear Heavenly Father for three years' freedom from the excruciating pain of eyeritis. For eleven years before the healing mission I had to wear colored glasses, and could not bear any bright light. I took them off in the Cathedral three years ago, and have never worn them since."



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THE MENACE OF THE FOREIGNER.

THE WONDERFUL JEW.

(By JOE LONGTON, for "Grit.")

The daggers and dirks of Latin America drip with blood; finger nails are caked with clotted carmine; nostrils are expanded with the stench of gore; chops are smacked with satisfaction; the Latins are masters of the situation.

The Gringo (white foreigner) politician kow-tows and salaams; he needs their vote; he thirsts for the dirty greenback; he's a dollar hound.

This situation confronts Australia, which must benefit by the inextricable dilemma in which the whites of America wallow.

Now is the time for Australia to decide whether its pioneers are governors of the land, or caretakers for the Mediterranean hordes that are ready to take it over.

British stock carried civilisation and the Union Jack to America, the Mecca for the undesirable, vicious and un- and semi-civilised degenerates that migrated with the few civilised that left Italy, Greece, Sicily, Poland, Spain, Assyria, Turkey, Slavonia and Serbia; and now that the immigration bars are up those countries have concentrated their attack upon Australia, Tasmania and New Zealand.

Italy and Spain have colonies. Why don't they migrate to them or the Latin republics of South America?

Why do they flock to, and violate the moral standards of, the white races?

I must answer those questions by stating that those priest-ridden countries do not offer such virtues and opportunities for slaughter; that their methods and desires in similarity propagate a want for dog to eat dog and fire to fight fire.

These vicious, savage races I mention retard rather than further the progress of a nation; they have had, since before the Anno Domini, and failed miserably, to build themselves up into progressive and prosperous nations; they have formed nought but countries they consider good enough to desert for another in which they hypocritically swear allegiance, and which, after removing the wrinkles from their stomachs, they begin transforming into a Latin bull ring or slaughter house.

Chicago's slogans, "A murder a day keeps decency away," "Our blades are bloody," and "Every day in every way we're getting rotten and rottener," can be heard from the whisky distilleries of Canada to the outlaws of Mexico, and the Barbary Coast of Frisco's Chinatown to Hell's Kitchen in New York. This disgraceful situation arose when Chicago extended its lily white hand filled with plenty to the Latin immigrant to bite.

Australia, you are laying the bricks of your foundation; keep the Latin out; there are plenty of whites in the world to encourage to your shores; keep Australia white

and keep it Australian; discourage newspapers printed in foreign languages, foreign tongue reception and broadcasting over radio, and the conversing in any other language but English, whether it be through ether, in a school, public place, or on a thoroughfare.

A very wrong conception is often formed of the Hebrew race, and in justice to the Jews of America I must say that they are a very honorable, thrifty, law-abiding race that have fewer law-breakers than any other.

It took Christopher Columbus, a Genoese Jew, less time to build three ships and discover America than it takes a 20th century Gentile to get started in it.

There are few boards of directors upon which a Jew does not sit; they are born financiers, and the American-born Jew is a great spender; he is a good loser that forgets losses and thinks only of gains.

That none carry hods or "gandy dance" (use a pick and shovel) is suggestive of superior intellect, and there is not a unit in American industrial life that Jewish brains are not part of the mainspring in the momentum; besides that they will go out on to the land.

The Chicago "Tribune" of March 12, 1926, has the following to say about the Jews that have taken to the plough:

"75,000 JEWS NOW FARM MILLION ACRES OF U.S. LAND, REPORT SHOWS."

"New York, March 12.—Seventy-five thousand Jews in the United States are farming one million acres of land, and their real estate holdings and personal property are valued at more than 100,000,000 dollars, the Jewish Agricultural Society, Inc., reported to-day. Last year the report says the society's extension department visited 1573 Jewish farmers, instructing them in up-to-date farming."

In the same newspaper the following day it says:

"Joe Leblang symbolises one of the Broadway romances, strangely interwoven with the theatre. Romance that has lifted men and women from a muck of mediocrity to pinnacles of wealth and affluence. He began selling cut-rate tickets in his stuffy cloak and suit loft many years ago. Leblang is an Hungarian Jew, born in Budapest."

"When he took the cut-rate ticket idea to Broadway he installed himself in a shoe-shine parlor in the rear of a drug store. Now he owns the drug store, the skyscraper in which it is located, and the George M. Cohan Theatre next door."

"But that is not all. He owns a Manhattan bank, a big department store in a Jersey city, the Forty-eighth street theatre, and

huge parcels of valuable midtown real estate. All of this came from a by-product of the theatre, long considered waste."

When Joe Leblang came to this country he began to learn the language, abide by the laws, and become a useful citizen. He did.

He employs thousands of Gentiles at standard wages in sanitary surroundings; he does not hoard his money—he puts it into circulation.

Among the great Jewish philanthropists of America I will mention the names of Nathan Strauss, who spends his millions on milk for babies, and Julius Rosenwald, the Chicago philanthropist, that builds Young Men's Christian Associations; ex-President Roosevelt termed them "America's greatest citizens."

I know Jews all over the world, and I can speak of them in only the highest praise; they have made America what good it is to-day; they have no flag, no army, no navy, no country other than the land of their adoption, to which they become devoutly patriotic.

This attribute belongs to the Jews, and I'm proud to have "Grit" give them this pat on the back.

The Jews are not bootleggers; they realise, though they may not like it, that the Eighteenth Amendment is a constitutional law.

The Latin races are the law-violators that trample on the Constitution and steep the flag in blood.

Take that leaf from America's book, Australia, and read the history of its Latin cancer; and if you have no cold shoulder to offer him when he knocks at your gates for admittance, hand him a cake of ice.

BOOKS TO READ.

Clarke's "Term of His Natural Life," 4/6; p. 4d. Merejkowski's "The Forerunner," 4/6; p. 4d. Maclaurin's "Post Mortem," 8/6; p. 4d. "Confessions of a Capitalist," by E. J. P. Bann, 16/-; p. 1/6. "Head Hunters of the Amazon," by F. W. Up de Graff, 6/-; p. 2d. Hall Caine's, "Deemster," "Bondman," "Manxman," "Scapegoat," "Eternal City," "Prodigal Son," "White Prophet," "Woman Thou Gavest Me," each 3/6; p. 3d.

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A Personal Chat with my readers

GRATITUDE.

In common with all those who go out of their way to do good turns to needy folk I have from time to time felt a little sore at what seemed to me ingratitude. Thinking the thing out the soreness soon goes away. Sometimes folk appreciate what you have done, but they are shy or diffident about expressing themselves, and the absence of a "Thank you" does not always prove a person ungrateful.

Sometimes folk do not know, or are incapable of appreciating, what your service has involved. From your side it has seemed big; from their side it is trivial and easily forgotten.

Most frequently, however, the trouble is a much more common thing than those I have mentioned. Being ungrateful is like being unmusical—if it is the absence of something in our make-up.

Many people enjoy music who can't play any instrument; they love singing without being able to sing "God Save the King."

It is equally true that we can enjoy gratitude without ever being grateful; we can miss it without being able to supply it. There are varying degrees of musical capacity, ranging from the musical genius to the one who only plays a gramophone; and just as there are people who cannot sing a note and never could be taught to do so, so also are there varying degrees of gratitude capacity.

There is "undying gratitude," quite as rare as musical genius, and there is the conventional "Thank you," quite as common as gramophone players.

Being ungrateful would be as unblameworthy as being unmusical but for the fact that we have invested gratitude with a moral significance, and that it touches us personally as music can never do. Were gratitude more common, then our response to the wonder of Christ's supreme sacrifice would be more spontaneous and sustained; so that most of our unchristian conduct is just the evidence of our incapacity for gratitude.

"Only one returned to give thanks," and I daresay that is about the average to-day, even if it does not happen to be my experience.

Folk may sleep in the bed you gave them without saying a prayer for you, wear the clothes you provided and not cross the road to say "Hullo," or use your gifts to do things that really "slap you in the face," and do it light of heart simply because they have no capacity for appreciating what you have done or responding to it.

The ding-dong effort to make a child practise the piano will not create a genius,

but it may make a tolerably useful pianist; and in the same way the "How often must I tell you to say thank you" can never make a lovable and grateful soul, but it can lay the foundation in a child that will produce the response to service which is the greatest encouragement to its continuance.

Sometimes unusual service is rewarded by nastiness and special unkindness. This is due to the sense of inferiority created by an undeserved kindness. The pose of belittling a gift is often the attempt to claim equality, and so escape from a sense of obligation which depresses.

I am writing this to take the sting from a particularly hurtful experience, and just sum it up this way: either they have no gratitude capacity and can't give what they have not got, or they have never been educated rightly and can't be blamed for what is someone else's fault. The fact that nine cleansed lepers did not seek out the wonder man of all the ages and thank Him for what He did in no way deterred Him from going on "being kind to the unthankful and the evil."

* *

OVER THE AIR.

Folk have asked me from time to time why I did not broadcast my Sunday services. Well, I never did care to encourage folk to listen at the keyhole.

Come inside and join up has almost become an obsession with me. The keyhole brigade contribute nothing to the warmth, heartiness and fellowship that go to make up a church. It seems to me that wireless may be a disintegrating force.

Why go when you not only hear as well without going, but are under no obligation to participate in the worship and can cut out when you grow tired?

Why be loyal to your minister when a strange voice can charm you without any obligation on your part?

It seems to me that it may minister to spiritual laziness, spiritual meanness, and spiritual aloofness.

Then there is another side of it. Your first business is to minister to those present. When you introduce the keyhole brigade, who, while an unknown quantity, are, it may be presumed, entirely different to those present, you are increasing the already great difficulties of preaching by the necessity of talking at one time to two totally different audiences.

Further, you place yourself under a censor, who may cut you off if he does not consider your convictions suitably expressed. This is resented by all fearless preachers, who are responsible to God alone for what they say. You add to your difficulties by

GRIT

A JOURNAL OF
NATIONAL EFFICIENCY
AND PROHIBITION.

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

Editor—ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.

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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, JUNE 17, 1926.

"running" your prayers and sermons by the clock, and no man can do his best with one eye on the timepiece.

There is a further subtle temptation to cater for those whom serious worship has ceased to attract. Let us have singing, music—they like it; let us be popular with those who have long since renegaded from the church that made them what they are and gave them the standards by which they live.

I am inclined to think that this temptation is being yielded to in large degree.

It is interesting to note that while here and in Melbourne church services are declared by vote to be the most appreciated things put over the air, yet they are the only ones these wealthy money-making concerns don't pay for. People have demanded religion over the air, and the broadcasting companies, while contemptuous of the church, are prepared to make money out of it and cry a "poor mouth" when they ask for the services of a parson.

But we poor parsons are so flattered at being wanted by anyone that we delight to give our services free, and so we number the wealthy broadcasting companies as the recipients of the churches' free and charitable services.

* *

Very frequently I receive donations from those who give me no opportunity for saying "Thank you." Some time ago L.P. sent £5. Someone sent £1 and asked that it be acknowledged in the "Daily Telegraph." I asked them to do so, but they did not. I wish my silent, unobtrusive friends would make it easier for me to let them know how much I appreciate their remembrance.

THE EDITOR.

RESCUED FROM CHAOS.

CIVIL WAR TO REVIVAL.

REV. W. P. NICHOLSON IN SYDNEY.

THRILLING STORY OF ULSTER MISSION.

Four years ago the North of Ireland presented a scene of chaos. An armed camp marked the border between North and South. Fear and uncertainty filled the minds of the people. Politicians were at their wits' end. Murder and destruction prevailed. The hopelessness of the situation appeared almost beyond description as conditions drifted from bad to worse.

Into the arena stepped a man—not a politician or military autocrat, but a mere itinerant evangelist—to proclaim the evangel of peace on earth and goodwill towards men. As the outcome of his arresting message flames of religious fervor swept the whole countryside. Bloodshed gave place to religious revival. Bitter strife and unrest were supplanted by peace and liberty.

The central figure of Ulster's wonderful revival was none other than the Rev. W. P. Nicholson, who arrived in Sydney this week on his fifth voyage round the world. He is still an ambassador of the same Evangel, and for the next twelve months will command public attention throughout Sydney and other cities of the State.

An ex-British Cabinet Minister was so impressed with Nicholson's remarkable work in the North of Ireland during 1920-21 as the only possible solution of Ireland's civil war, that he paid the expenses of the evangelist and his family in order to bring him back from America. This was a unique recognition of the tremendous value of his message.

SEETHING WITH EXCITEMENT.

It was in 1922, when the political warfare was at its height, that Mr. Nicholson began his mission in Belfast. Republicans were dissatisfied with the treaty, particularly with the partition clause, and gunmen endeavored to create a division by opening an attack on the northern citadel, Belfast. The border was patrolled by special constables. Shots were frequently exchanged between the hostile forces and periodic raids were made. Belfast was held at numerous vantage points by snipers. Trains entering or leaving the city were frequently subject to a fusillade of shot, sometimes with fatal consequences. Passengers flung themselves on the floor as the trains were rushed across the danger zone at top speed.

Infuriated sections extracted stern reprisals. Householders were attacked and murdered in their own homes. Barricades had been thrown across the streets at strategic points, and shooting was the order of the day. Military detachments were hurried from place to place in the attempt to quell the sporadic warfare. Cars with armed police, sometimes accompanied by armored cars, were to be seen in all directions. The regular military establishment had been increased, apart from the enlistment of special constables; men "armed to the teeth," soldiers in full fighting kit, including shrapnel helmets, were stationed at every corner.

In uninviting conditions such as these, when men's passions were unloosed, whilst the lawless section of the community seized the opportunity to rob and plunder, the Rev. W. P. Nicholson resumed his evangelistic mission. Holding a special passport to all zone areas in official recognition of his outstanding influence, Mr. Nicholson stepped out into his unparalleled undertaking. Facing sentries and a hail of bullets, he took up his work. His success was so outstanding, as to form the subject of cables to the Australian press.

REVIVAL BREAKS OUT.

Surely there was never such an atmosphere for a spiritual revival in which to break out. Christian people in the grave extremity of the situation were thrown upon God, and prayer meetings were organised from house to house.

Some of the fiercest fighting took place at Marrowbone. For a time only the very adventurous would attempt to enter or leave that area. Notwithstanding the dangers incurred, so great was the attraction of the mission from that district that several not only attended, but subsequently many became the brightest converts.

The men's meetings were a sight long to be remembered. On Sunday afternoons they packed the hall. Tension and conviction were widespread. Bodies of men volunteered to enlist under the blood-stained banner of the Cross. What a contrast these scenes presented to the open warfare transpiring outside, often close to the mission hall! The crack of rifles and machine-guns could be heard whilst the services were in progress.

NEW SPIRITUAL FORCE.

A new spirit was introduced into the community as the outcome of Mr. Nicholson's campaign. Large numbers who otherwise would have been caught in the excitement of the hour were held night after night under the powerful spell of Mr. Nicholson's fearless and uncompromising preaching of the Gospel. The advent of a new spiritual force born in the midst of all this tribulation came to the aid of the authorities who were struggling with the bloody situation.

Great credit was due to the brave men who, in face of all danger, stood between the opposing factions and gave protection to life and property. Both civil authorities and Christian leaders affirm that the influence of the spiritual revival, appealing to the better instincts of thousands of men, was the greatest factor in stifling wrath and hatred, and bringing about the cessation of bloodshed. It was more effective than all the civil and military forces then in operation.

INDESCRIBABLE SCENES.

Scores of gunmen and hot-heads were truly converted, whilst law breakers handed themselves over to the authorities. Indescribable scenes of religious enthusiasm were witnessed in many centres as the revival spread throughout Ulster. Thousands were brought to Christ. Shipyard workers on two occasions marched in procession from the shipyard of Harland and Wolfe's to the revival meetings. Gates and railways were carried away by the pressure of the throngs to gain admission. Two hundred men at one of these meetings openly made their stand for Christ, and many publicly destroyed their betting cards. The daily press devoted considerable space each day to the revival. Salvation became epidemic, and in street and car the topic was Nicholson and his work. Tramwaymen, railwaymen, policemen and postmen were caught in the movement, and the spiritual fervor of the people rose to a height unparalleled since the

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famous '59 revival. Never in all his wide and varied experience had the evangelist seen such a marked and definite movement amongst men of 50 years of age and upward. The work was deep and thoroughly masculine in character. There was not a town where he visited but that churches were enlarged, and membership in places was even doubled.

Apart from Ulster, Mr. Nicholson has conducted equally successful missions in other centres, notably at Dublin. The Presbyterian General Assembly of Ireland lent him the Belfast Auditorium, seating 4000 people, the largest building of the kind in Ireland. Here for a month, despite the holiday season, the premises were packed night after night. The Keswick Convention last July, on the occasion of their fiftieth anniversary, gave Mr. Nicholson the honor of conducting their largest evangelistic meetings. At Cambridge University recently he was associated with such men as Dr. Stuart Holden and Dr. Norwood, of London, also Dr. Temple, Bishop of Manchester. Here at this triennial mission, Mr. Nicholson was given the leading part, and nearly 200 undergraduates responded to his appeal.

His undaunted and uncompromising stand for truth, his fearless denunciation of sin, his faithful warnings and unscathing exposure of religious hypocrisy have commanded the attention of the religious press of the Old Country, and have won thousands of recruits to the cause of Christianity.

Though in most things my way I see,
These problems always puzzle me:
Should chops and steaks be underdone?
Do guinea pigs cost one-pound-one?
Do lovers as they spooning stray
Mean all the silly things they say?
Do people coughs or colds endure
Who know of Woods' Great Peppermint Cure?

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SPECIAL AFTERNOON

TEA

THE TRAIL OF THE SERPENT.

**PEOPLE INJURED.—FOREIGNERS IN TROUBLE.—MOTOR
DANGERS INCREASED.—A WOMAN SLY-GROGGER.**

FIGHTING MAD, SHOT RESCUER.

STEALING FROM WOUNDED MAN.

In Levinson's George-street shooting gallery on March 5 there was a fracas, the outcome of which was that William Francis Robertson, a gallery attendant, was shot in the stomach. For days his life was in danger.

The story was told at the Central Police Court, where John Walter Sheaf was charged with shooting at Robertson with intent to murder him.

Robertson, who is a returned soldier, still looked very ill, and had to be assisted into the witness-box. He spoke with difficulty, and appeared to be in great pain.

He said that about 7 p.m. on March 5 he saw accused at the shooting-gallery. "He stopped at a punching machine," said witness, "and two drunken louts challenged him to punch on the machine for two bob. He didn't want to have anything to do with them, but they kept pressing.

"Sheaf won the punch and took the 2s. The other two kept on punching, made a bigger punch than his, and demanded the 4s.

"He said, 'No.' With that they got into him—knocked him down, kicked and punched him all over, unmercifully. I went to his assistance, and got knocked out.

"I called on the public to protect him, which they did. They dished the other two fellows up in good style. . . . Sheaf came to, and was getting up in a sort of dazed way, and said he would shoot someone."

Witness said he hurried to move the rifles out of the way, but Sheaf grabbed at them, and two went off accidentally, and Robertson was wounded in the stomach and the finger.

NO ONE HELPED.

"I cried out, 'I'm shot!'" he said. "No one would come to my assistance. I stood there till I collapsed. . . . It seemed hours. But I was not unconscious. They were trying to steal my watch and chain out of my pocket."

Detective Robinson said he took Sheaf to the injured man's bedside at Sydney Hospital, and Robertson said to him: "It's all right, old man. I know you didn't mean to shoot me."

Medical evidence was that the defendant was operated on, and the bullet, which had pierced his intestine, removed. A further operation to remove a kidney was still necessary.

Mr. Gates, S.M., said he was satisfied there was no case of shooting with intent to murder.

"There is a case of inflicting grievous bodily harm, I think," he said.

**MOTOR JAZZES.
DRIVER FINED £10.**

A motor jazzing along College-street; heavy traffic; a 75-foot skid nearing Park-street in a successful attempt to avoid an old couple at the crossing.

At this stage Constable Murray intervened, and the driver, Victor Johnson, aged 27, pleaded guilty at the Central Police Court to driving a car while under the influence of liquor.

The constable said the defendant admitted that he had had "the usual number of drinks."

He was fined £10, and his license suspended for its duration.

BEER ON TRAM.

**SPOILT GIRL'S PARTY DRESSES.
POSER FOR MAGISTRATE.**

At the North Sydney Court Septimus Leafe

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pleaded guilty to two charges—interfering with passengers on a tram and using indecent language.

Emily Richards said she was with her daughter on the Chatswood tram when defendant got on board. He used "absolutely shocking" language, and began to fling beer about. Her daughter was dressed for a party, and some of the beer was flung over her. The dress was spoilt, and her daughter was so upset that she was unable to go to the party.

Defendant said he was too drunk at the time to remember anything about it. Addressing the Bench (Mr. MacDougall, S.M.), appealingly, he asked: "Can your Worship explain to me how I came to have two black eyes and a swelled lip the next morning?"

In fining defendant £5 or 14 days on each charge, Mr. MacDougall remarked: "This is the eleventh time you have been before the court on similar charges. Do you intend to continue that conduct?"

Defendant shrugged his shoulders and did not reply.

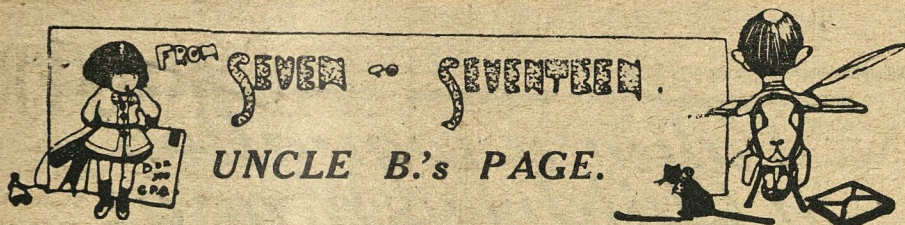
"RESPECTABLE LARRIKIN."

"THEY CALL ME A WOWSER."

Patrick Bunch, aged 48, a dealer, when charged at the Redfern Court with using indecent language and behaving in a riotous manner in Abercrombie-street, stated, in a loud voice, that he could call on "all the old policemen of Redfern to say that he was a respectable larrikin." He said he was only a larrikin because he got drunk at times. "They call me a wowser. I have four stitches in my nut," added defendant.

For the language defendant was fined £3, in default 21 days' imprisonment, and for the behavior he was fined 10/-.

(Continued on page 18.)



UNCLE B.'s PAGE.

OUR LETTER BAG.

A SPLENDID TRIP.

Eunice Crawford, 89 March-street, Orange, writes: During the Easter vacation we went to Bourke by car. Mr. and Mrs. Symington and family went with us in their car. We took our camping outfit, and when the weather was fine, camped out. The first night we pitched our tent at the side of the road between Bogan Gate and Condobolin where there were hundreds of rabbits. Some were black. We children chased some right over the hill, and we very nearly overtook three, but they were too smart for us, because just as we were going to throw some stones at them they escaped into their burrows. The second day we went as far as Cobar, and camped some distance outside of the town. There seems to be no grass growing there, and I wondered what the thousands of Cobar goats ate to keep themselves alive. The third afternoon we reached Bourke, and camped close to the Darling River. I paddled for a while in the river, which was yellow with mud on account of it being in flood. The mosquitoes are very large and savage, and we were glad we had taken mosquito nets with us. The following morning we were awakened by the screeching of thousands of galah parrots. Leaving Bourke, we returned to Cobar, and from there went on to Nyngan. Between Bourke and Cobar we saw many camels, some eagles, emus, kangaroos, a fox and a dingo. At Nyngan we had to truck our cars back to Orange on account of the blacksoil plains between Nyngan and Dubbo being impassable. On the sixth day arrived home at Orange after travelling 900 miles.

(Dear Eunice,—That must have been a delightful trip. Cobar and Bourke are about the only two well-known places in N.S.W. that I have not been to. The car and the 'phone have made a world of difference since I was your age.—Uncle B.)

* * * *

FROM W.A.

Violet Thorn, "Thorndale," North Dandalup, W.A., writes: I hope I am not a scallywag, Uncle; but if I am, will you please cross my name off that horrid black list? Last week we had our school holidays, and I went to Perth to hear the final night of the Eisteddfod competition. It is a singing and musical competition held annually. I enjoyed the evening very much. The singing and playing were splendid. Many beautiful bouquets were awarded to the winning competitors. Miss Eileen Joyce, who won the piano solo competition, was awarded a gold medal, and is to be sent over to London and the Continent to be taught thoroughly. It has been very wet here lately. Has it

been wet over there, Uncle? Last month we had about 5½ inches and about 3½ inches of rain this month so far. The clover fields are looking nice and green now, but the vines and fruit trees have begun to lose their leaves. I must close now, with love to you and all my "Grit" cousins.

(Dear Violet,—I was pleased to hear from you again, and that the clover patch is fine. We are having some of the rain that you did not get, and lots of people here seem to think it is cold, but I just love cold weather.—Uncle B.)

* * * *

MAKING UP FOR IT.

Chris. Rigney, "Walenore," Clanville-road, Roseville, writes: I suppose I am well and truly on the scallywag list by now. However, I shall endeavor to make up for it in this letter. I was away in Tasmania during the Easter vacation with the Y.A.L., and I will now tell you a few of the experiences I had and the things I saw for the benefit of some of my "Grit" cousins, who have not had the luck to visit the little island State of Australia. We sailed from Sydney Harbor under very dark skies on the s.s. Riverina. We ran into rough weather on the first night. However, when we woke up the next morning the sea was as calm as a mill pond. When we reached the Tasmanian coast we were all greatly impressed by the formation of the cliffs at what is known as Pillar Cape. Here the coast is like a lot of great stone pillars all joined together. After leaving Pillar Cape we sailed for a few more hours down the coast until we came to the mouth of the Derwent River, which we steamed up. The trip up the river is extremely pretty, and all the Tasmanians seem to think it better than Sydney Harbor, but I have my own ideas on that. Arriving in Hobart the fellows were greatly amused by the frail-looking double-decker trams, and, indeed, of the whole city, which was more like a country town than a city. We climbed up to the top of Mount Nelson, and had to walk all the way as there is no road up which a motor car could go. We were all pretty knocked up when we got to the top. However, it was worth the climb, for the view was simply superb, and at the top there is an observatory in which there is a giant telescope; we all had a look through this at the lighthouse (which is about eight miles along at the mouth of the river), and one would have thought it was but a hundred yards away. Another day we went to Mt. Wellington. We were luckier here, for there is a road goes up half-way, and the consequence was that we were taken half-way by motor. However, it is a long walk from the end of the road to the summit, and only a few chaps got there, as we only had an hour in which to get there and back, so that the fellows who did get there had to run practically all the way there and back. I got a good way up the path and then climbed up on to a big rock, so that I was pretty high up. The view here was even better than Mt. Nelson; there is nothing in Sydney to equal it. Half-way up the path.

(Continued on next page.)

JUST POOR FARM BOYS.

Away back—before you and I were born—in 1857, two farm boys sat down on the steps of an old barn and had a talk.

They were 20 and 18 years old. They were poor. All the money they had between them was 12/6.

Their father was poor. All the farmers near by were poor. They were too little islands of ambition, wholly surrounded by poverty.

One of their older brothers had left the farm and found a job in a silk factory.

So, these two left-behind lads were naturally thinking of silk.

"Suppose we write to Dave and get some silk and sell it to the farmers' wives," said one of the lads.

They did. To their amazement, Dave sent them a big bundle of silk and a bill for £30.

They put packs on their backs and tramped from door to door. They sold the silk, paid the £30, and bought more silk.

They did this for ten years. They now had £8000. They bought a small factory and began to make their own silk.

That's the way Belding Bros. was started—a firm that sells all over the world.

Their firm now has assets of £3,000,000. Their factory covers 20 acres.

All the Beldings—sons and grandsons—are very prosperous.

One of those two lads is still alive. He is 87, but he had a ride in an aeroplane last year.

This is a true statement, but the following one is just a joke:

A provision merchant who commenced business twenty years ago with a capital of £50, recently retired with a comfortable fortune of £50,000. He states that his good fortune is due to industry, economy, conscientious effort to give full value, indomitable perseverance, and the death of an uncle who left him £49,950.

The Beldings began their success by thinking, then they decided, next they faced the exacting, discouraging hard work of going from door to door. That is the recipe for success—thought, decision, work. They are to success what spirit, soul and body are to a man—they are it.

UNCLE B.

Seven to Seventeen—

there is a tablet erected where some man died in the "Go-as-you-please race" to the summit. We visited McQuarie Plains, the great apple-growing district of Tasmania. Here some of the fellows might have been seen walking around with an apple as big round as a saucer in one hand and one little bigger than a cherry in the other. We visited the Wadamanor power station, Jones' jam factory, the Electrolytic zinc works, and several others while we were in Hobart. After a stay of seven days in Hobart we caught the Launceston express for Launceston. This is called an express, but the engine that pulls it is about the size of one of our suburban engines, and their suburban engines are like what I should imagine Stephenson's "Rocket" was like. Launceston seemed to me to be a bigger and better city than Hobart; it has better streets, better trams, and bigger and better shops. We came back via Melbourne, where we had about twelve hours, and during this time we went to the Capitol Theatre. This is a wonderful theatre, with a gorgeous ceiling; I am not sure as to which is the better, the Prince Edward or it. Well, if I wrote about all my experiences and all I saw I would just about fill up all of the seven to seventeen page, so I will ring off now.

(Dear Chris,—Your letter is fine. I expect all your "cousins" will say when they read it, "My, he is a lucky dog!" I enjoyed a trip to the top of that mount in Hobart; there was much snow on it, and I got tumbled in it several times, but, as you say, it was superb. Thank you for your interesting account of your trip.—Uncle B.)

* * * *

LISTEN-IN.

Bob Butler, Perth, W.A., writes: Dad has just told me that he has had a letter from you and that you asked him in it to remind me to write. I suppose that I am a scallywag by now, but please cross me off this time, will you? I have a crystal wireless set now, and a friend of Dad's is going to make me a set that I can get Sydney on, so I ought to be able to listen-in, too, sometimes. Have you got a set? I can type pretty well now, don't you think so? I typed this letter myself on Dad's little Remington portable. We enjoyed that joke of yours about "Fifty-fifty." I thought of it at tea time as we were having rabbit. I have had another holiday in the bush with some friends of ours and had a lovely time. I have joined the Y.M.C.A. I have a good time there in the swimming pool and in the gym. Since starting this letter I had a nasty accident to my hand and arm; it was a very painful fracture; it is getting better now. I hope you and all my "Grit" cousins are well. I have promised that I will write more often, so I must not forget.

(Dear Bob,—Glad to hear from you. No, I have not a listening-in set. If you get that set that brings you in touch with Sydney you may hear my voice before long. You certainly have improved in your typing; practise on me as often as you like.—Uncle B.)

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ALL ONE PRICE, 19/11

2.—COSY ALL-WOOL FLANNEL FROCKS, with Bloomer to match, round collar and belt from sides, bound with contrasting color to tone, in V. Rose, Navy or Fawn. Sizes, 18, 20 and 22 inch. Fit little girls of from 2 to 6 years old.

SPECIAL PRICE, 9/11

3.—These Bonny LITTLE BEAVER COATS are for Infants and Tiny Tots, and can be had in pretty tonings of Sky, Saxe, V. Rose, Beaver or Brown. In sizes 16 and 18 inch. Lined through and buttoned to neck, finished with two large Pearl buttons.

WINN'S PRICE, 19/11

4.—An Ultra Smart WINTER COAT for Girls or Maids, in a beautiful quality All-Wool Suede Velour in the newest and popular shades of Tan, Light Cedar and Light Brick, with rich collar of clipped Wool Fur and turned back cuffs and pockets, as illustrated. Lengths, 24, 27, 30, 33, 36 and 39 inches.

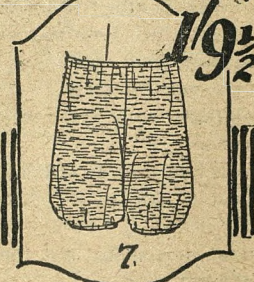
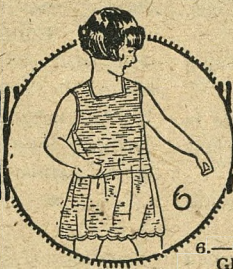
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CONFIRMING HIS FEARS.

Mother—"Yes, Doris has been learning to play the violin for six months. We were trying to keep it a secret!"

Suffering Member of the Audience—"I thought somebody had let the cat out of the bag!"

WHERE DO YOU BUY THEM?

"Can anyone tell me how a stove-pipe is made?"

"First you take a big, long hole, then you wrap some tin around it."

TRUTHFUL.

"Did your last employer give you a reference?"

"Yes, but it doesn't seem to be any good."

"What did he say?"

"He said I was one of the best men his firm ever turned out."

SPEED OF SOUND.

Josh Billings was asked: "How fast does sound travel?" And his idea is that it "depends a good deal upon the noise you are talking about. The sound of a dinner horn, for instance, travels half a mile in a second, while an invitashun tew git up in the morning I have known to be three-quarters uv an hour goin' two pair of stairs, and then not hev strenth enuff left to be heard."

HIS REASON.

An Italian, having applied for American citizenship, was being examined in the naturalisation court.

"Who's President of the United States?"

"Mr. Coolidge."

"Who is Vice-President?"

"Mr. Daw."

"Could you be President?"

"No."

"Why?"

"Mister, you 'scuse me, please; I vera busy worka da mine."

About the only feminine mystery left is why she doesn't spend the afternoon at home occasionally.

But if there is anything in a name, how come the distinguished archeologist, Dr. Ales Hrdlicka, is not a bootlegger?

The automobile may be putting a few railroad trains out of business—but not when they meet on a grade crossing.

It is reported from London that the Prince of Wales is not as heavy as he used to be. Yes, we noticed in the papers that he has been falling off a good deal lately.

Revised proverb—a drinking man will clutch at a straw vote.

MANLY DEFIANCE.

Boss—"Did you collect that bill?"

Jenkins—"No, sir. He kicked me down a flight of stairs."

Boss—"You go back and get that money. I'll show him he can't scare me."

FOR WINTER RIDING?

Combination stove and bicycle for sale. Phone Lafayette 5353-J.

HE OUGHT TO KNOW.

Charles Van Brunt appears on scene and declares it was not his body found in seed house.

TRUST THE EXPRESSMAN.

A Devon Council possess an old safe which they cannot open. Nobody seems to have thought of sending it for a journey by rail, labelled "Fragile."

RESIGNATION.

Customer: "Have you the same razor you used on me yesterday?"

Barber: "Yes, sir, the same identical one."

Customer: "Then give me gas."

Hand-painted knees are the latest on Fifth Avenue. You wouldn't know the old joints now.

A speaker in Seymour, Indiana, says the "farmer of America deserves a place in the sun." Goodness! doesn't he get it?

PROSPECTS GOOD.

"Well, how's trade?" inquired the travelling salesman of a young man who had just been taken into his father's hardware store as a partner.

"Very good," replied the young man with enthusiasm. "I think father will soon be earning enough to enable me to retire."

THE ABLE FIREMAN.

It was a sleepy village and its fire brigade was anything but up to date. One night a fire was announced by the violent ringing of the alarm bell, and the sleepy brigade arrived at the scene of the action to find the burning building a mass of smoke. No flames were visible from the outside.

The captain made a careful survey. Then he lit his pipe and started to smoke.

"We'd better leave it alone and let it burn a bit," he said. "Then we'll be able to see what we are doing."

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get everything so
spotlessly clean
& bright?

Mrs. Ma'am, it do
look nice but it's
very little trouble
when you use
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DAILY INSPIRATION.

(By FAIRELIE THORNTON, author of "The Southern Cross, or the Unseen World," etc.)

SUNDAY.

"The time is short, it remaineth that they that have wives be as though they had none, and they that weep as though they wept not; and they that rejoice as though they rejoiced not, and they that buy, as though they possessed not. And they that use this world, as not abusing it. For the fashion of this world passeth away."—1 Cor., 7, 29, 30.

What will it matter in the end whether we have lived in large houses or small—if only we enter the house not made with hands? What will it matter whether we have worn raiment fine or threadbare—if only our robes are washed white? What shall we care whether we have been popular, or despised and persecuted—so long as we have those words "Well done!" at last? What will it matter about the society we have mixed in so long as we did not fail to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction? What will it signify if we have won the prizes of this life, or made what men call a failure, as long as, in spite of all failure, we kept ourselves unspotted from the world?—J. R. Darlow.

MONDAY.

"But I would have you without carefulness."—1 Cor., 7, 31.

"Surely he is disquieted in vain. He heapeth up riches and knoweth not who shall gather them."—Ps., 39, 6.

What will it matter by and by

If thou art slighted, nor by man esteemed?
Wrongs will seem trivial when we come to die

Which once so heavy seemed.

What will it matter by and by—

The sting which pierces now thy troubled heart?

The grief which weighs so heavily to-day,
And makes the teardrops start?

What will it matter by and by?—

A few short years shall roll and pass away,
And the great loss with buried things will lie

Which seems so hard to-day.

What will it matter by and by

Whatever bitter things our lives befell,
If we but follow Him beyond the sky

Who doeth all things well?

—Fairelie Thornton, from "Southern Cross."

TUESDAY.

"If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses."—Matt., 6, 15.

Of him that hopes to be forgiven, it is indispensably required that he forgive. It is therefore superfluous to urge any other motive. On this duty eternity is suspended; and to him that refuses to practise it the throne of mercy is inaccessible, and the Saviour of the world has died in vain.—Samuel Johnson.

WEDNESDAY.

"If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."—Matt., 5, 24.

Fill us with Thy mighty love,
Nought shall then our spirit move.
No ingratitude or scorn,
Though it made Thy Spirit mourn,

Ever caused Thy lips to sin,
Or Thy heart to burn within.
If Thy mind were all in me,
I should thus forgiving be.

When I brood o'er other's sin,
Let me search my heart within.
Surely I have done to Thee
More than they have done to me.
When their sins again arise,
And my heart for vengeance cries,
May I, Saviour, only see
Thy forgiving grace to me.

I should love the sinner still,
Though for good he give me ill,
Though ingratitude return
All the kindness he doth spurn.
I should love him though he grieve,
I should love him and forgive.
Fill me with Thy love divine,
That Thy Spirit may be mine.

THURSDAY.

"A friend loveth at all times."—Prov., 17, 17.

A friend is the gift of God, and only He, who made hearts, can unite them. For it is He who creates those sympathies and suitablenesses of nature that are the foundation of all true friendship, and then by His providence brings persons so affected together.

It is an expression frequent in Scripture, but infinitely more significant than at first it is usually observed to be, namely, that God gave such or such a person grace or favor in another's eyes. It is an invisible hand from heaven that ties this knot, and mingles hearts and souls by secret, strange, and unaccountable conjunctions.

Nay, so far is human friendship from being of any human production, that unless nature be disposed to it by its own propensity or inclination, no arts of obligation shall be able to abate the secret hatreds and hostilities of some persons towards others. No friendly offices, no obligations, no benefits whatever shall ever allay or alter that diabolical rancor that frets and ferments in some hellish breasts, but that upon all occasions it will foam out at its foul mouth in slander and invective, and sometimes bite too in a shrewd turn or secret blow.—Robert South.

FRIDAY.

"Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you."—John, 15, 14.

But now, on the contrary, he who will give his name to Christ in faith unfeigned, and a sincere obedience to all His righteous laws, shall be sure to find love for love, and friendship for friendship. The success is certain and infallible, and none ever miscarried in the attempt. For Christ freely

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(Writer of "Daily Inspiration.")
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offers His friendship to all, and sets no other rates upon so vast a purchase, but only that we would suffer Him to be our friend. Thou perhaps spendest thy time in waiting upon a great one. . . . Now, I say, turn the stream of thy endeavors another way, and bestow but half that sedulous attention upon thy Saviour. . . . and in a word, study as much to please Him who died for thee, and thou shalt make Him thy friend for ever—a friend who shall own thee in thy lowest condition, speak comfort to thee in all thy sorrow, counsel thee in all thy doubt, answer all thy wants, and, in a word, "never leave thee, nor forsake thee."—Ibid.

SATURDAY.

"I am the Lord, I change not."—Mal., 3, 6.

What are earthly friends at best?
Failing, changing, like the rest.
E'en the dearest earthly love
Weak and faithless oft will prove.
For when life itself has past,
Love will seldom always last.
Others soon will take the place
Of the old familiar face.
There is but one love divine,
Oh, my Saviour, that is Thine.

SYMPATHETIC UNDERSTANDING.

Professional skill is not the only requirement of a funeral director. He must perform his sensitive tasks quietly and unobtrusively, and in a tactful manner that inspires confidence and goodwill.

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"Our Work is Still the Best."

THE BOOMERANG.

A LITTLE STORY TRUE TO LIFE SHOWING HOW OUR UNTHINKING SELFISHNESS CAME HOME TO ROOST.

By JOHN REULL, in "Sparks Fortnightly."

Keen, shrewd, efficient in the ways of keeping down expense, and a driver of men, Philip Jevins had been appointed to the position of managing director of the Fleet-
ing Brewing Co., Ltd., at the age of 27.

Congratulations were showered upon him by his friends and a complimentary dinner was arranged to do him honor.

Responding to the toast of himself, coupled with the company, the newly-appointed manager won the goodwill of every shareholder present. He was, as usual, sparing of words, but what he did say was to the point.

"There are," he said, "too many teetotal meddlers interfering with the brewing industry, but as far as my control is concerned, I will use every bit of brains I possess to crush them. We are accused of wrecking homes by breaking lives. (Cries of 'shame' and 'lies' from many present, already well primed with strong liquor!) There is a movement on foot to press for Prohibition. We must, in line with all other breweries and kindred business houses, form a strong defence league with vast funds contributed by us from all our profits, to tear up these movements the moment they appear, by disciplining every business man associated with them." It was his closing words that roused the people present to loud and prolonged applause: "It would be a sorry day for Australia and Australian progress were wines which maketh glad the heart of man made unprocurable. We must use all our power and all our influence and plenty of money to keep in with all political parties, because from this source alone could final action come."

Philip Jevins was married three months after his appointment, and the one child with which the union was blessed was the joy of his life.

The brewery prospered. Under such efficient control it outstripped its competitors. Perhaps—who knows?—one chief reason was the fact that its manager was a strict abstainer from anything alcoholic.

Years passed, and Jimmy had grown to sturdy manhood with his father still controlling the brewery.

In college the boy was extremely popular, not so much because of his own winning ways, his prowess on the playing fields, or his scholarship, but because of his always liberal pocket.

His father was always ready with his counsel, "Never touch strong drink, Jimmy. If you hope to make a success of life, you can't afford to allow the thief of alcohol ever to muddle your brains."

Jimmy, on these occasions, looked wise and remained silent. Often he had wished to closely question his father as to why he drew all his money from such a source if he so heartily despised it. Then, later, as is so often these days, Jimmy came to look upon his father as a milksop.

The day following Jimmy's eighteenth birthday, his mother approached her husband before he left for the office.

"Phil, Jimmy came home drunk last night!"

"What!" he shouted, "drunk! How dare he. Where is he now?"

"In his room, too headachy to go out."

It was an unhappy scene in that bedroom. The pride of the father was aroused, and the liver of his son was in a horrible condition.

"Did you dare to get drunk yesterday, Jim?"

"I did, Dad! Any objection?"

"But, Jim, you know how much you are to your mother and myself. What made you get drunk?"

"Your beer, Dad, and it's real lively stuff too! We all got drunk on it."

"But how often have I warned you to leave drink alone."

"Pooh, Dad, why all the boys in our set love 'our' beer; I've been drinking it since I was sixteen."

"Very well, my boy, I'll break your wasteful habits. You shall have no more money from me until you promise you will never drink alcohol again."

The managing director of the Fleet-
ing Brewing Co. was not in a happy mood on this day. The sting of the trade had penetrated into his own home and he was thinking in a way he had never imagined he would think. He loved his wife and he loved the boy. The look of anguish and reproach on his wife's face that morning had shocked him.

That night Jimmy was late again. His father waited up for him, and opened the door to admit his own flesh and blood in a state of beastly intoxication. The irony of it! Here was a man who had been engaged in the brewing of beer for twenty-five years; a man who knew every trick of the trade almost; who had laughed when his new brewer had suggested a lighter, cleaner beer; who had studied the art of inciting men's appetites, yet who stood like the veriest fool before the spectacle now confronting him.

How his words of advice to managers of his drink palaces now came back to him—"I would never tolerate a drunk on my premises because they drive others away. As soon as a man is drunk, shunt him, or send for the police to remove him."

As is usual with cases of drunkenness where the drunken state is the opposite in mood to the sober state, Jimmy, who when sober was always polite and cheerful, as soon as he recognised his father became vilely abusive.

His father, losing control, at last hit the boy between the eyes with a terrific punch, only to turn and see his wife rush to them.

"You coward, Phil. How dare you knock a defenceless man like that!"

"But he was abusing me—"

"And only because he had been rendered brainless by similar stuff to that you make our money from."

The next day Philip wrote his resignation as manager of the company, and, like many another man who had only remained in the trade truly thinking it to be less harmful than it is, once he was clear of it and having disposed of his shares, he denounced alcohol and all its associations.

Truly with the poet it can be said: "He jests at scars who never felt a wound."

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TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.

In the past we have inserted a paragraph in this paper asking if you have realised the importance of sex instruction for your children in a clean wholesome manner. The response has been to a certain extent satisfactory, but we feel we have a sacred duty to try and reach thousands of other parents for the sake of the rising generation. You can by sending 1/- in stamps or P.N. obtain an 18-page instructive Report for 1924-25 and ten more booklets to help parents, boys, girls, youths and maidens.

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BACKWARD BOYS.



Keep in touch with your boys. Encourage them to speak frankly to you concerning their school difficulties, and if they are in trouble at school, remember our special General Educational Department where the boy will be treated individually, personally, and helped over his difficulties, enabling him to go to his ordinary class next day and tackle the work with confidence renewed. Our booklet for backward boys, entitled "At the Crossroads," should be in the hands of every parent.

METROPOLITAN BUSINESS COLLEGE.
338 PITT STREET, SYDNEY.

The Trail of the Serpent—

(Continued from page 10.)

MOTORIST FINED.

William Symon, aged 26 years, was charged before Mr. Longfield, S.M., at the Central Police Court, with having driven a car in Park-street, on May 7 last, whilst under the influence of liquor.

Constable E. Maynard said he saw defendant's car collide with another vehicle. Defendant, who was drunk, appeared also to be sick.

For the defence, it was stated that defendant, prior to the accident, had sustained a fall, which had caused concussion of the brain.

The magistrate said he had no doubt that defendant was under the influence of liquor, although he undoubtedly was also affected by concussion. Defendant was fined £5, in default two months' imprisonment.

ARABS AND DRINK.

Eboo-el-Kadar, aged 30 years, a seaman from the steamer Clan MacTavish, was charged before Mr. Longfield, S.M., at the Central Police Court with having inflicted grievous bodily harm on a shipmate, Hasson. Hasson, who was brought from hospital, appeared in court wrapped in rugs.

An iron bar about a yard in length was produced, and it was alleged that the defendant had struck Hasson on the head with this weapon.

Hasson, through an interpreter, said that on May 1 defendant had had shore leave, and had returned to the ship drunk. Defendant asked witness for some bread and water, and on receiving it hit witness on the head with a bar of iron.

Eboo, after praying and bursting into tears in the dock, gave evidence through the interpreter. He said that after coming on board the ship Hasson had given some food, in which there was too much salt. Witness complained to Hasson, who said, "If you don't like it leave it," and hit witness with a shovel. "Then," said witness, "when Hasson saw blood pouring out of my head he picked up the iron bar and hit himself with it. I did not hit him at all."

In answer to Sergeant Caban (Police Prosecutor), Eboo admitted that he had taken drink that day.

Defendant was committed for trial at the June Quarter Sessions.

SLY GROG.**WIVES COMPLAIN TO POLICE.**

Because she sold beer without holding a license, Maria Phoebe Last, of Granville, was fined £30 at Parramatta Police Court.

Sergeant Parmeter said that the defendant admitted that she had been engaged in sly grog running for the past 12 months. Complaints had been made to the Granville police by women, who said that their husbands bought beer off her on Sunday.

"Many people have been arrested for riotous behavior, bad language, and drunkenness

near her cottage," stated the sergeant, "while wine is sold to youths, who take it to dance halls and drink it between the dances," he added.

"GRIT" SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Grit subscriptions received to 9/6/26, and where not mentioned the amount received is 11s: Miss Rielly, 30/5/27; Mrs. Pullen, 10s., 30/5/27.

The following are paid to 30/12/26: Miss Butler, E. E. Hines, G. H. Locke, John Lawton, Miss E. P. Cato (and 7s. 6d., don.), Miss McIntosh (12s. 6d.), Mrs. Cumbræ Stewart (31s.).

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TUESDAY, June 29th—"The Reformation and the Social Order."

TUESDAY, July 6th—"The Reformation and the Spiritual Ideal."

The closing gatherings for Mr. Hammond's work in Sydney will be at St. Barnabas' Church, George-street West, Monday and Tuesday, July 5th and 6th—afternoon and evening each day.