

Grit.

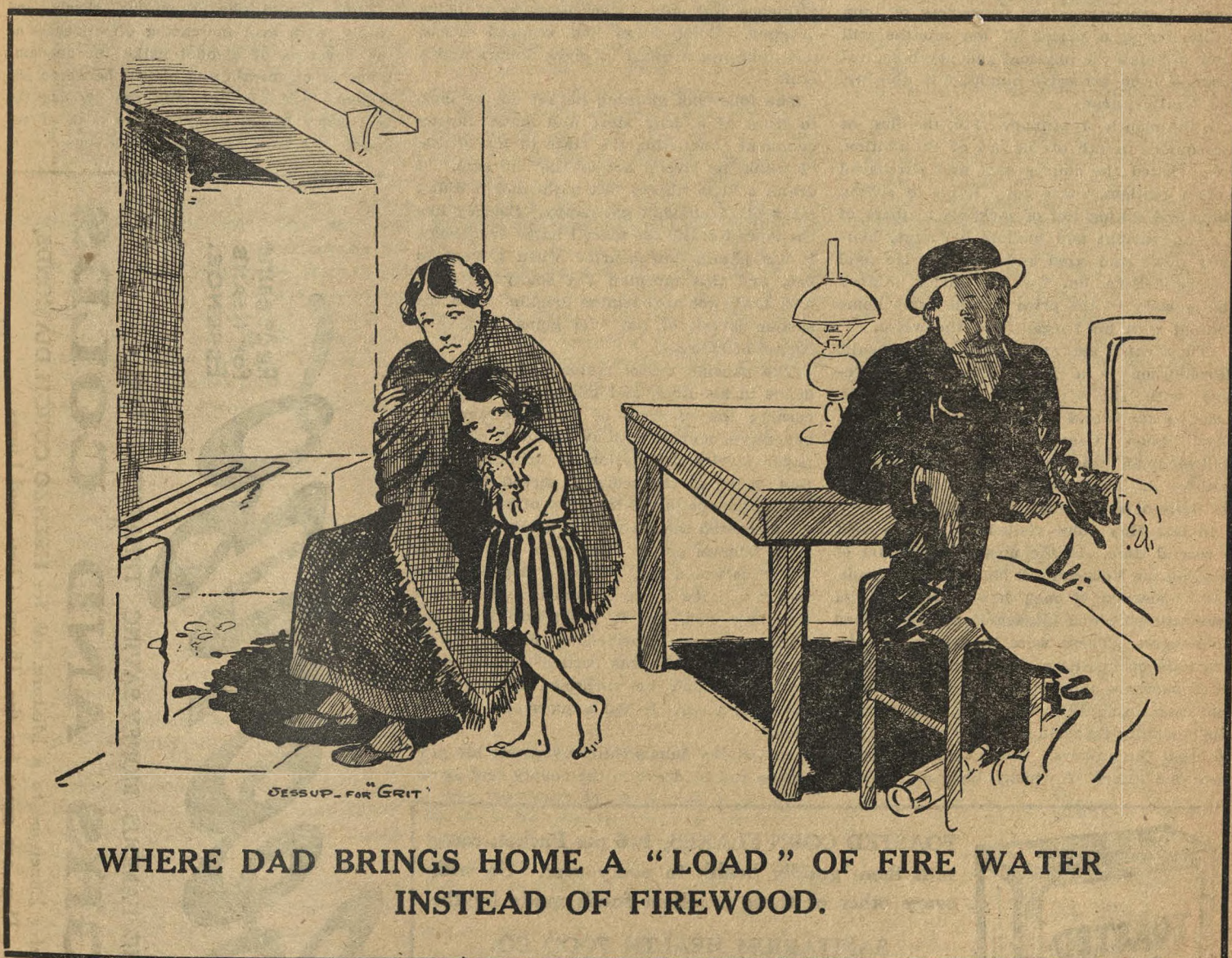
A JOURNAL OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY AND PROHIBITION

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Twopence.

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The Passing of Hooch.

By ROBERT QUILLEN, in "Saturday Evening Post," March 19, 1921.

A statute prohibiting the manufacture and sale of alcoholic beverages functions in accordance with the well-known law that persuades a burnt child to fear the fire. The recorded experiences and utterances of John Willis during a period of ten months will show in detail the physical and psychological progress from excessive humidity to absolute and final dryness.

In the month of January, 1920, the first or incredulous month of the era of Prohibition, John visited the county seat and purchased from a gentleman who got a living by selling chips and taking toll of jackpots a quart of rye—an ancient and mellow beverage, honestly made and aged and bottled. He paid twenty dollars, but the first drink effaced the memory of the price and he came home content with his bargain and the world.

"They can't get away with it," he said. "Prohibition is a joke. You can't interfere with the rights of a free people. Long as the world stands, be lots of liquor. Good liquor. Oceans of liquor. Promotes fellowship an' aids digestion. Can't get along without it. Don't have to get along without it. Lots of it. Always will be lots of it."

In late May John visited the county seat a second time. In the meantime the art of evading the Volstead Act had become a trade, and thousands of men had served a brief apprenticeship and blossomed as full-fledged bootleggers. These were by reason of their previous occupations skilled in the technic of crookedness and the psychology of suckers, and they employed in the cheating of patrons the ingenuity that had for years enabled them to cheat the gallows. Under their manipulation one quart of whisky became three or

four quarts of a beverage that retained in some measure the odor and taste of the original, and provided a strangely vicious kick in which there was no joy or feeling of affluence, but only a consciousness of being drugged. Competition had reduced prices, and John got a quart at eight dollars and a half.

The following morning he sat on the curb in front of a drug store and made gloomy comment concerning the state of his health. "I think my liver's out of fix," he said. "I drank a little whisky last night and it didn't set well. I couldn't get happy. Seemed like the more I drank the more I hated everybody. I was plumb downhearted when I went to bed, and this morning I'm shaky all over. A fellow's got no business drinkin' when his system is out of fix. I'm going to take a course of calomel."

The passing weeks restored John's confidence in his liver, and much reflection concerning the reaction of orthodox alcoholic beverages, coupled with avid reading of newspaper stories description of drinking bouts that ended at the morgue, served to shake his confidence in the integrity of bootleggers. He discussed the matter frequently.

"A fellow's got to know who he's dealing with," he would say. "There's plenty of good liquor, and it's cheap enough considering the risk they run, but it won't do to monkey with a stranger. The fellow I bought it from that night said it was bottled-in-bond stuff, but I wouldn't be surprised if he's right smart of a liar. It had a queer sort of farewell."

In October John's thirst overcame his prudence, and he drove to the county seat again,

resolved to avoid the plausible stranger and patronise some acquaintance who could furnish a guarantee with his wares.

He got home before midnight, and two of the neighbors carried him from the buggy to the house and stood awkwardly about the bed while the doctor prepared a stomach pump for action.

John was on his feet again within a week, apparently none the worse for his experience. The good-natured jibes of his neighbors left him unruffled, for his feet were planted in the way of righteousness.

"I'm through," he said. "I like my booze occasionally, but I like livin' better. A bootlegger can't help bein' crooked any more than a snake can help wigglin' when it walks. I'll bet there isn't a hooch peddler in the business who wouldn't poison his grandmother for two bits."

Thus Prohibition functions slowly and surely, with ever-increasing effectiveness as the devotees of alcohol make the acquaintance of chemicals and choose between abstinence and absence, and day by day the bootlegger hacks away at the neck of the goose that now lays him golden eggs.



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COUGHS AND COLDS

N.B.—If you prefer Lozenges to a Mixture, ask for HEENZO COUGH DIAMONDS. They are great for the Throat, Chest, and Lungs.

ECHOES from EVERYWHERE

BOOKS ON WHEELS.

This is a wonderful sight, to see these books go wheeling, wheeling over hundreds of miles of territory, over roads dusty and long, over creek bed and mountain peak, wheeling without ceasing, wheeling into the stately station homestead and to the lonely rider's hut.

A brave company of books they are, snugly wrapped in travelling attire for their long journeys, and honorably possessed of tickets of travel from His Majesty's Government. Onto wheels they go, tram wheels, train wheels, mail coach, buggy, sulky and bullock waggon wheels, and the facts and photos on their pages are just straining to welcome the lonely folk whose hands are ever ready to receive them.

Over the long 600 miles to Wilcannia, into the opal miner's hut at White Cliffs, swinging across the Darling Plains to the rail outpost of Bourke, the wheeled books have found their way, and to wheresoe'er the wheels will take them in our State. Governors, Judges, and leading men in America have from the pages of the books doffed their caps and said, "How d'ye do?" and "Have you heard?" to Australians on the track. Tens of thousands of these books entitled "With One Voice," and containing the facts of the success of Prohibition in America, are being sent to all postmasters, schoolmasters, stationmasters, editors, and those in charge of police stations.

Along with the books have gone the number leaflets, 600,000 in number, and now in massed battalions on foot the books and leaflets are being distributed free of charge in workshop and factory.

A transfer of 15,000 votes in the poll in Queensland last year would have given a victory for Prohibition!

Few, very few, books and leaflets wheeled their way to the vast North and Centre of that great State, and when the votes were counted it was in the districts to where the books and leaflets had wheeled that majorities for Prohibition were polled.

We want Prohibition majorities everywhere in our State when the liquor poll is taken, and church folk to-day, responding as they are so liberally—at services and public meetings—to the funds of the N.S.W. Alliance, are sending books on wheels wherever wheels can go.

Well begun, well supported, this educative work will merit a big well done when the day of liberation from liquor arrives.

T.E.S.

"THE TIMES."

A Nation's Paper Becomes a Brewers' Organ.

London, June 2.—Rumors are current in Fleet Street that "The Times" is changing hands. The weekly newspaper, "The Outlook," states that Sir John Ellerman, a millionaire shipowner, and head of the Ellerman, City, and Hall line of steamers, who is a substantial shareholder in the present company owing "The Times," has obtained the controlling interest, Lord Northcliffe selling his interest, as he is tired of the "expensive toy." The Walter family and other shareholders associated with "The Times" for many years deplored "The Times'" recent cheap, vulgar stunts, for which the Northcliffe regime was responsible.

It is believed that political influences are behind the change of ownership.

"The Times" henceforth will support the Coalition Government. This is a great political triumph for Mr. Lloyd George over his implacable enemy, Lord Northcliffe.

It is of the greatest interest to know that Sir John Ellerman is chairman of Flint and Co., Ltd.; of the Lion Brewery Co., Ltd.; of J. W. Cameron and Co., Ltd. He is also chairman of the Brewery and Commercial Investment Trust, Ltd. He is following the brewers' usual method of capturing the press, where they have always made their final fight to keep people enslaved.

THE "MORNING POST" AND PROHIBITION.

Mr. Maurice Low, the American correspondent of the "Morning Post," who, like his paper, has always been a bitter opponent of Prohibition, at the close of a long diatribe against Prohibition as a class measure, says:

"Yet candor compels me to say that there is another side to Prohibition, and even in the short time in which the law has been in operation that side no honest person can ignore."

LYING ABOUT BEER.

The statement is being widely circulated by the Trade that beer contains more vitamins—essential food values—than any other food or drink, and that it had saved many lives. This statement was recently made by Dr. Roper, the Mayor of Exeter, and, commenting upon it, the "Brewers' Journal" says: "It is true that the presence of vitamins in

beer is of recent discovery, but, nevertheless, it is a proved scientific fact." So far from being a "proved scientific fact," recent investigations made by Trade chemists proved the tragic fact, as stated by the "Brewing Trade Review" in August, 1918, that "whereas yeast contains the anti-neuritic and anti-scorbutic principles in quantity, these are entirely lacking in ordinary ales and stout, and also in brewers' malt"; and a volume on "Vitamines," recently issued by the Government Medical Research Committee, dismisses beer in a contemptuous two lines: "Modern beer appears to be practically free from anti-scorbutic properties"—that is, vitamins.

"SPENT LIKE WATER."

Liquor Party's Money—West Australian Local Option.

Perth, 7/6/21.—Dr. Wilson, Anglican Bishop of Bunbury, in his monthly letter to his diocese, says: "I was quite satisfied with the result of the local option poll. It was only the first round of the battle, and although the anti-liquor forces were beaten at most places, reduction won in many."

"Money was spent like water by the liquor party in Perth, while in Collie £10 was offered for every motor car for polling day, but five driers declined and gave their services free to the anti-liquor side. We shall do better next time, and meanwhile the hotel-keepers will perhaps realise what they are bringing on themselves, and will run their hotels better than they now do."

PASS "GRIT" ON

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BLAC-IT
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The Great
Stove Polish
BEAUTIFUL SHEEN
Dries quickly
No labor
Economical
No smell

Insist on
BLAC-IT
Sold Every-
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ANSWER THIS QUESTION:—

As Reaney loses quite a number of intolerant patients through being a Prohibitionist, and considering he gives such excellent value and service to his patrons don't you think you might just wend your way to

DENTIST REANEY

'Phone M1420.

Opposite Grace Bros.
MOTTO: NO HUMBUG.

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New South Wales Alliance

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Cable and Telegraphic Address: Dry, Sydney.

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

NEWCASTLE FIELD PLAN.

SECOND WEEK.

FRIDAY, JUNE 24th.

8 p.m.: Open-air Meeting, Newcomen-street, Newcastle.

SATURDAY, JUNE 25th.

8 p.m.: Open-Air Meetings, Brown-street, Newcastle, Adamstown, and Wallsend.

SUNDAY, JUNE 26th.

11 a.m.: Charlestown Methodist.

Mr. Francis Wilson.

11 a.m.: Waratah Presbyterian.

Rev. F. C. Middleton.

11 a.m.: Islington Congregational.

Mr. T. E. Shonk.

11 a.m.: Boolaroo Anglican.

Mr. W. D. B. Creagh.

11 a.m.: Maryville Presbyterian.

Mr. R. J. C. Butler.

3 p.m.: Belmont Methodist.

Mr. Francis Wilson.

3 p.m.: Men's Meeting, C.M.M.

Mr. Middleton.

3 p.m.: Cardiff Methodist.

Mr. W. D. B. Creagh.

3 p.m.: Islington Park.

Messrs. Shonk and Butler.

7 p.m.: Adamstown Methodist.

Mr. Wilson.

7 p.m.: C.M.M.

Rev. F. C. Middleton.

7 p.m.: Dudley Methodist.

Mr. W. D. B. Creagh.

7 p.m.: East Mayfield Methodist.

7 p.m.: Lambton Congregational.

Mr. R. J. C. Butler.

7 p.m.: New Lambton Lay Methodist.

Mr. T. E. Shonk.

TUESDAY, JUNE 28th.

8 p.m.: Kitchener Hall, Adamstown.

Mr. F. Wilson.

8 p.m.: C.M.M., Newcastle (Central Rally).

Mr. Middleton.

LICENSING COURT.

An interesting licensing application was heard at the Metropolitan Court on Tuesday last.

The St. George Motor Boat Club at Sans Souci applied for a certificate of registration under the Liquor Act. This was the first of such cases for several years, and the result was awaited with considerable interest. It was stated by the secretary of the club that the membership totalled 197, and included two doctors, five members of Parliament, and quite a lot of aldermen.

Against such an array of "great ones" the modest few who attended to oppose the application seemed weak indeed. Trouble, however, came to the applicants when the secretary was asked by Mr. Tucker (for the objectors) to produce the minute authorising the application for registration. To the surprise of everyone this could not be found in the minute book. Several people knew it had been carried. Still it was not there.

Evidence—a good deal of it—was gone through for both sides, and addresses made. Then the presiding magistrate brought up that unlucky resolution again. He was not satisfied that this had been put before the Court. Mr. Bathgate (for the applicants) looked helpless. The majority of the Bench held this to be a serious omission, and dismissed the application.

Two applications by Lord Bros.—one for Haberfield and the other for Five Dock—were withdrawn. Local opposition was too serious to be risked. A public meeting at Five Dock helped matters.

Gamble's application for Ashfield was thrown out by the Parramatta Bench.

The appeal against the decision of the Metropolitan Bench to allow the removal of Best's license to City-road was dismissed.

FINANCING THE FIGHT.

"Dinky di," said the smiling Digger when question by one of our Field speakers concerning his promise card. "I mean to contribute what's written there: £2 per month; not just £2."

The lecturer had just concluded an earnest appeal for sacrifice on the part of those who believed in Prohibition in order to finance the Alliance in its big fight this year. "Our enemy," he said, "is deeply entrenched in the habits of the people, in the customs of society, and even in the institutions of the State. He is well financed, and can, with little effort, flood the press with advertisements and plaster the towns with his posters. He is unscrupulous in his methods, and delights in the use of poison gas and smoke screens. We must be prepared to put up a big but honest battle. Money is urgently needed for our organisers, lecturers, and literature."

Then followed the request that all present should fill in their promise cards for as much as they could afford each month. "Don't put your cross opposite the bottom line (2/6 per month) if you can afford any more. Never stand on the bottom rung of the ladder when it's possible to get a little higher. Go as high as the 20/- if you can. And if God has prospered you, show your gratitude by writing £2 or £5 in the blank space above."

The returned soldier lad handed his card back filled in for £2 per month. The speaker looked sceptical as he reckoned it out at £24 for the year. An explanation seemed necessary, so the Digger replied:

"When we were at the Front, Lloyd George said that we were fighting three foes—Germany, Austria, and Drink—and that drink was the worst of the unholy trinity. We knocked Austria into a cocked hat, and

beat Germany to the ground, but drink still defies us. Now we must finish him off as quickly as we can. Look at the destruction and death he causes every year. In this fight, sir, you're in the front line, and I'm helping to supply the finance. I've got a good billet, thank God, and will give you £2 a month."

This is the spirit which gave us the victory over Austria and the Hun, and the same spirit is necessary if we are to triumph over the third and fiercest foe—Drink.

ON THE HUNTER.

Mr. Job had a good time in East Maitland. On Saturday evening a crowd of men bombarded him with questions in the open air for an hour. When the last question concerning the success of Prohibition in America had been answered, an interjector shouted, "I'll tell you what Prohibition's like!" "Very well, brother," said the speaker, "give us your opinion." The audience, with rapt attention, listened to the reply: "Prohibition's like Bushell's tea—it speaks for itself." Loud applause followed.

On Sunday Mr. Job had a busy but happy day, for good gatherings greeted him everywhere. In the morning the Methodists turned out in big numbers and made a generous response to the financial appeal. Mr. Job visited Largs for a united service in the afternoon, and returned to E. Maitland for the Presbyterian service in the evening, and an after Church rally in the Mechanics' Institute. The latter gathering filled the hall, and Canon Portus made an excellent chairman. This meeting was also addressed by Mr. Wilson, who came in after preaching to a good congregation in the Anglican Church.

Mr. Francis Wilson had a good time at West Maitland, where he preached in St. Paul's, and spoke at the Salvation Army gathering. He had a large audience in the open-air.

Mr. Shonk visited Morpeth, Hinton, Pater-son, and Seaham, where he found a number prepared to carry on the fight. Revs. Gilby and Rapkins are carrying on.

(Continued on Page 16.)

"THE WORKER"

Invades every nook and corner of New South Wales, and posts more single copies direct to Australian Homes than any other Paper in the Commonwealth.

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Tied to the Brewer.

ANOTHER LIQUOR SCANDAL.—CITY COUNCIL IN A MESS.

Further serious disclosures with regard to the Gladstone Hotel, in William-street, were made at the Finance Committee of the City Council last week.

The meeting was generally in a state of confusion, and occasionally in uproar. Interest in "Spora's Hotel," as the place is generally called, attracted almost as many aldermanic visitors as members of the committee. Ald. Davoren took the chair.

Ald. W. P. McElhone asked was the Gladstone Hotel quite clear of all obligations—was it tied to any brewer?

Mr. Nesbitt (Town Clerk): No. All claims are settled.

Ald. McElhone. The present licensee came to see me in distress about the matter. He said that he had visited the Town Hall and had been told by someone there—an understrapper of some sort—that the Council was so busy that it was not likely to disturb buildings in William-street for some time. On that he paid some £2000 or £3000 bonus to get into the place. He also said that he was tied to a brewer until 1934, by an arrangement made by the Council.

Ald. Davoren: That is not so. Our officers say it is not so.

Ald. Burke: It looks to me as if we know nothing about the place even now. We don't seem to know where we are. Only a full inquiry can clear this up, and I move for that inquiry.

Subsequently Ald. Burke agreed to make his motion an addition to that already moved by Ald. W. P. McElhone, which was to the effect that the place be demolished, and tenders be invited for a lease of the property for 20 years, for the erection of a hotel, under a building covenant of £10,000, the annual ground rent to be decided by tender.

Ald. Bramston: Yes, we want a full inquiry. I've been fighting this thing for years.

Ald. Walker: I have brought it up no fewer than six times, with no success.

Ald. Mallett moved that the Council build its own hotel on the property and lease it for a term of years.

MOTION FOR INQUIRY REJECTED.

Ald. Bramston said that the whole settlement had been a disgrace and had left the Council in the humiliating position of being tied to a brewer. They had resumed the place, yet it was not their own.

Mr. Nesbitt: It is our own property.

Ald. Bramston: It is not. It is tied to the brewers. And to make it worse, the more trade the licensee does the less rent the Council receives on account of the Licenses Reduction Act.

Ald. Bramston reaffirmed his belief that the place was a "tied house."

After more noisy discussion a vote was taken, and, on the casting vote of Ald. Davoren, Ald. Mallett's amendment that the Coun-

cil build the hotel was carried, and that of Ald. Burke for an inquiry rejected.

SETTLEMENT WITH BREWER.

Ald. Walker asked that the Gladstone Hotel item be re-committed. On turning up the records of the Council he had found particulars of the settlement with the brewer agreed to on October 30, 1918.

The records showed, Ald. Walker continued, that Messrs. Tooth and Co. had put in a claim for £11,759 compensation for loss of trade. The settlement made by the Council was that, in lieu of paying compensation, the brewer be allowed to continue the "tie" over the place until March 15, 1930.

The re-committal was agreed to, and an excited discussion followed. Ald. Walker moved that Ald. McElhone's motion, with Ald. Burke's addendum, be carried.

Ald. Jackson: Why was this not in the officer's report submitted at the last meeting?

Mr. Breden (comptroller of assets): You asked for particulars of the settlement with Spora.

Ald. Davoren: It's getting late. Let the matter stand over.

Ald. Bramston: No, you don't let the matter drop that way. I want to know whether, under the Licensing Act, we, as a Council, can give such a "tie."

Ald. W. P. McElhone: Yes, we can.

Another attempt by Ald. Davoren to have the matter deferred resulted in uproar.

"WHAT CAN WE DO?"

Ald. W. P. McElhone: Neither of the motions before the chair is of any use. The house is tied. If we build our own hotel it will be tied, and nobody but Tooth's will bid for it. If we call for tenders for a hotel, nobody but Tooth's will tender. We are in a mess all right, and this settlement has been badly messed up.

Ald. Jackson: What can we do?

Ald. Bridges: We can get out of it by paying a settlement to the brewer.

Ald. McElhone: No, you can't. Tooth's, probably, will not agree, and if they will it will be at their price.

QUESTION OF BONUSES.

There are three principal questions about which the aldermen are agitated, and about which the Municipal Labor Party is holding a caucus inquiry. They are:

Why was not this property demolished long ago?

Were bonuses paid by the various lessees since 1918?

If so, what undertaking, if any, did they have, and from whom, that the demolition would not be carried out as the Council proposed?

The property was resumed on June 1, 1919. The freeholder's claim was settled on July 24,

1917, for £9150, and that of the licensee on February 25, 1918, for £10,000. With interest added the total outlay of ratepayers' money on this property was £20,000. What return did they get?

The conditions of tenancy in the settlement to the licensee, G. F. Spora, provided that he should continue on in occupation of the premises as tenant to the Council, paying £6 per week rental, until delivery of possession of the premises for demolition.

"THE SOONER THE BETTER."

In a report to the Council in February, 1918, more than three years ago, the City Solicitor said:

"In view of the very small rental which the tenant is paying, and the fact that the full cost to the Council . . . will represent something between £20,000 and £25,000, I suggest with deference that the sooner this corner is demolished and a new lease of a new hotel arranged the better, as at present the rent being received does not represent 2 per cent. on the Council's outlay."

Since then, however, the Licenses Reduction Act has come into force, and the present financial position of the hotel, as set out by the Comptroller of Assets in March last, may be summarised:

Rental, £312.

Compensation fee, £225/16/9.

Insurance, £1/10/-.

Repairs, £22/10/-.

Net return per annum, £62/3/3.

On the outlay this represents a yearly return of .31 per cent., or about 6/3 per £100 per year.

It was on these facts that Ald. Meagher and Ald. W. P. McElhone at the last City Council meeting urged that the work be carried out at once.

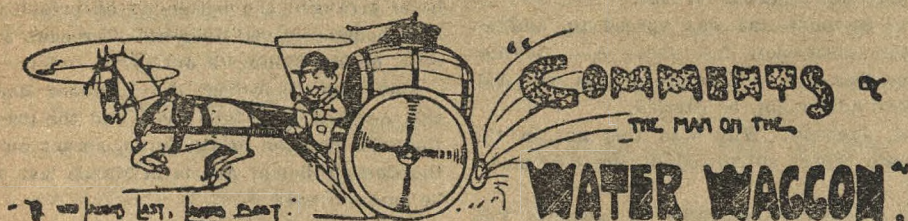
Both aldermen, however, went further, and urged that a thorough inquiry should be held into the whole business, on the ground that the lease had been "trafficked in," that a rental of £12 or £14 was being paid, while the Council only received about 24/- per week net for a property worth the same number of pounds weekly, and that bonuses were reported to have been received by someone connected with the hotel when the transfers took place.

FIVE CHANGES IN THREE YEARS.

The records show that Spora only remained as a tenant for a few months, and on July 8 he transferred to I. W. Ovens. A little more than a year later Ovens transferred to W. Derbyshire, who six weeks later transferred to John Whelan. Whelan held it for five months, and on February 10 last transferred to William Thompson, who some six weeks later transferred to A. E. Thompson, the present lessee.

In a report to the Council on June 30, 1920, the Comptroller of Assets reported that Mr. Spora had informed him that the transfers carried a covenant to pay to Mr. Spora £6 per week. There is no report available showing the rentals paid by the two later lessees.

WE ALL LIKE GRIFFITHS BROS. Special Afternoon TEA



WHAT ASPROS?

Aspro, or aspirin, or any other sedative you like.

This par. is no cheap ad. But consider what aspros is this community—as a collective thing or corporate unity—taking just now. Taking something it sure is. Something is keeping us quiet, giving forced sleep. Red murder, caused by whisky; divorces, ten deep, with booze playing star-boarder; manslaughters, robberies, grizzly tragedies, common as peas—these be our daily newspaper diet. If the community, this foolish something we call the “general” public, wasn’t doped, wouldn’t it do something? Wouldn’t it yell for redress, and hurl whisky and whisky-shop to uttermost gehenna? Verily!

But the community does not.

Ergo, it is drugged. What aspro does it take?

O, sleeper, wake! The knocking of horror’s hand is perpetually at the gate. But the State sleeps. And the politician, ear close to ground, he slumbers too, while booze creeps near the helm of State—too near.

“An unshockable people,” says Hammond. What aspro? What poppy, what mandragora? Does God or the Devil rest these nerves?

“Herald,” 9/6/’21: “Middle-aged gentleman would invest £300 in going concern . . . 1391, ‘Herald.’” Going—where? Invest in the liquor biz. Expect that will “go”—rather early. Middle-aged gent. can expect it gone much before he dies. Come on, thou 50-year investor.

Same paper: “Queen Victoria Sanatorium. —Wanted, Probationary Nurse, £50 per annum.” Also: “Wanted, young girl, general, no washing or bedrooms. Wages, 30/- Oriental Hotel.” This community doesn’t need shaking up, eh, when Florence Nightingale, Junr., is rated 25 per cent. less value than a pub. general!

—Writer heard R.B.S.H. address a meeting of 200 down and outs at St. Barnabas’ Hall. Have also heard many speakers, great and small, politicians, spell-binders, silver-tongues, bishops, etc., these many

years. For skill, humor, pathos give me R.B. The workless, hungry—legion—were as enchanted as I was. Oratory there, priceless fun, rare and novel jest—all with a tempered restraint and dignity. H. is (writer thinks) the finest speaker among men addressing he-men in this State of ours. Some of the public know it—and a lot are ignorant yet.

RE TIN LIZZIE.

The Royal Automobile Club—a swagger concern—ought to be a Prohibition circle. Billy Skinful, emerging at six o’clock, slips and breaks his bottle of XXX. Broken glass on road, costly tyres burst. This abominable nuisance to motorists will end with Prohibition. Writer drives a flivver, and suffers.

NO PUBS. HERE.

Sweetest, cleanest, most livable environs of Sydney are Roseville, Lindfield, and Killara. Not a pub. or wine den there. No drunks belching in the street, no broken bottles, and children can grow up without the polluting sights always hyphenated with booze. You who dwell elsewhere and have to put up with Bung-made scenery, go up and see Lindfield and Co., then return to work for the White Cause, which will put your suburb on the same map. Lots of brewery shareholders and beer-made plutos live in the suburbs named. Do they want pubs. there? No, sir. They know too much for that. But still content to get dividends from the filthy bars which damn suburbs where the other chap has to live!

TO SLOW.

A friend of mine, a city solicitor, says he is doing a great work for temperance! From time to time he has bought some Sydney pub. and turned it into shops. Says it pays handsomely—and it shuts the pub. He suggests to me that the Alliance ought to do the same, and leaves it at that. His motives are just financial, but it pays. Worthy of note. But at that rate of progress our grand-children will be buying hair-restorers before the last pub. has gone. No, sir, nothing but Prohibition will do. All other remedies for the disease are but as playing the fool. It has come to this, Mr. Moderate, that the dog’s tail must be severed by application of the tomahawk immediately behind the aural organs of canis domestica. Just there. Then we shall be just sure.

Nevertheless, e.g., I know of one pub. in the city of Sydney circumstanced thus. Rent to landlord £1500 per year—landlord pays rates. Mercantile men have offered to convert into shops and guarantee a rent of £150 per week, not annum. Tied house, see? Yet Bung’s men say Prohibition will hurt business! After they say it they go into some nice quiet hole for a laugh. Do they believe what they say? Does a cat eat cigars?

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Furnish Your Home
AT
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DIRECT FURNISHER 549 George Street, SYDNEY**

Direct “Factory to Family” Prices.

Guaranteed Qualities.

All Orders delivered free to Rail or Wharf, Sydney.

Adventures of a Cheerful Reformer.

REFORMS AS BIG GAME AND BIG GAMES.

[The International News Service placed a sketch of the work of the Superintendent of the International Reform Bureau, of which following is an abridgment, in hundreds of papers in the United States and elsewhere, on January 22, 1921, when subject of these "adventures" had been for three months the target of "blue law" brickbats, manufactured by the Ananias trust of commercial organisations whose profits were lessened by laws against liquor selling, gambling and Sunday traffic. He had been pictured by cartoonists and scribblers as sour, severe, and impracticable. This sketch of his abounding joy in making this a "better world" here and now, and so a happier world, came as a surprise to thousands who believe everything they see in the papers.]

REFORMS AS BIG GAME.

A lawyer presiding at one of my early reform meetings frankly said: "You are starting out to reform people. They don't want to be reformed. You've got a hard job." Some might make it so, but to me reforming has been a series of adventures. The joy of the football captain overcoming a strong line-up, of the hunter conquering big game, of the soldier winning against great odds, all of these have been mine. For twenty-five years I have taken but a month's vacation because variety and victory are all the recreation I needed.

I had rather hunt news-dealers to clear the streets of perils for youth or hunt Congressmen in the interest of good laws than to hunt or eat wild game. My mental attitude in clearing newsrooms in a score of cities was expressed in the heading I put on the story in one case: "Hunting in the Wilds of Pittsburgh." In two days I cleaned fifty-one newsrooms there by simply showing the offender in each case, calling him quietly aside, the law he had broken, and taking his promise to quit.

CLEAN UP NEWSDEALERS.

In Cleveland I hunted in an automobile with a Bible class teacher and Y.M.C.A. religious work director. It was as enjoyable as an elephant hunt in India, or a tank attack in France when it was new, as we cleaned up twenty newsdealers in two hours and a half.

For once it was the wicked, not the good, that were afraid, as we showed the dealer's liability in each case to a maximum punishment, for exposing evil pictures where a boy might see them, of two thousand dollars fine and five years' imprisonment.

This law palsied them, and they were ready to promise complete cessation of their cancer planting. We could scarcely keep back the laughter at their terror. It was a striking fulfilment of Dr. Parkhurst's revised version: "The wicked flees when no man pursueth, but he makes better time when somebody is after him."

Half a thousand times I have won such victories, and winning some benefit for others is, after all, the greatest satisfaction.

I remember once weeping for joy as I read a chapter in Professor Samuel Zane Batten's "New Citizenship" on the ecstasy of

self-sacrifice in unappreciated civic battles for public welfare. There has been scarcely a week in more than thirty years of reforming when I have not had the reward of some victory achieved; a righteous vote in some legislative body, or some violation of law abated, or some act of tenant or landlord or bill poster responding favorably to kindly remonstrance.

It will seem almost incredible to those who think of reformers as delighting in jails that I have secured obedience to law in more than four hundred cases with no arrest but "the arrest of thought," and never arrested but one man in any other way.

ALWAYS "IN AT THE DEATH."

Many "fans" have counted it the crown of the year to see the "world's series" in baseball before the gamblers threw a fog of suspicion over it by bribing our best players; but what if you could be pitcher and "fan" in the same game? That is my privilege, for after promoting a good bill in Congress for months or years I get in the gallery to see the final fight on the floor with a greater joy than any "fan" ever knew when his own nine won the pennant. "A good time is one that don't go off with the having," and the joy of winning a good law goes on forever. It has been my fortune to be "in at the death," as hunters say, in every great battle for moral legislation, save two, since 1882, when national moral legislation began in the anti-polygamy law.

THRILLS IN REFORMING.

Some fellows get their supreme pleasure in "fanning" prize fights, and in movie thrills, and joy-riding, but how tame that is compared to my joy in knocking out Fitzsimmons, Jeffries, and Willard by helping to secure Governmental acts that barred Fitzsimmons from his arena at St. Paul and drove Jeffries from San Francisco to Reno, and kept the Willard-Johnson films from entering this country.

No man ever got so much real fun in winning stakes at a horse race as I did in beating "Boss Quay" in the Legislature at Harrisburg in his plan to legalise race gambling.

Generals thrill with delight when by strategic flank movements they win a battle, but never victor was happier in these bloody battles than when, again and again as a Christian "lobbyist" at the doors of Congress, I could not carry a bill that was side-tracked far down the calendar, but got in on some bill as an amendment—which I call the reformer's side door.

In that way we won the first anti-canteen amendment, prohibition for immigrants, the law of Christ on divorce, and war Prohibition.

In defeats, also, I claim a place among the sports, since the supreme test of a "good

sport" is to take defeat without a grouch, in which the impuritans, thinking they include all the sports, prove that they haven't any. In Mayflower year, fighting the pugilists in New York and Massachusetts in their efforts to legalise knockouts. I was knocked out twice myself, and instead of the defeated man's consolation share of the winnings, it cost me 2000 dollars to be licked, but I came up smiling both times, and am putting in more money and effort to arouse and equip the preachers' meeting in thirty-nine State capitals where the fight on legalised pugilism is momentarily expected.

PLEASURES OF AUTHORSHIP.

The joy of electing laws that will go on forever—not one of my eighteen has been set aside by the courts—is hardly greater in my case than the joy of writing. There is no financial inducement to write serious books. Every one of my sixty-three has gone beyond the first edition, and "Successful Men of To-day" has had a circulation of 45,000, but "there is no money in it." That makes no difference to a man with a message any more than the pay conditions the picture of a true artist who paints for self-expression and for public service. Every truly professional man puts first the performance of the service he can render, and salary is secondary.

It has been one of the special joys of authorship to me that I have been a pioneer in most of my book ventures. In these cases there is the thrill of blazing a new trail. My first book, "Through the Eye to the Heart," was our book, for in authorship my wife has been a comrade from the first. We started as book partners, and when the time came to divide the profits I took her into the firm. It was the first book on plain black-board work for Sunday schools. So our second book, "Childhood, the Textbook of the Age," was written before the word "child study" got into verbal currency. My book, "The Sabbath for Man," was the first one taking the orthodox view that had been issued in twenty-two years. My "Practical Christian Sociology" was the first book on that subject by an orthodox man, and my "Internationalism," in 1908, more than anticipated the League of Nations ten years later.

In early manhood I took a hint from Cromwell, who planned to master one big special problem each year. That was my steady hour hand, with a minute hand of many duties. That is the secret of my forty-three books. Most of them represent one-year studies, first spoken, then published for a distant audience.

PLANNING FUTURE BOOKS.

What I hope to make my best book is an enlarged edition of "The March of Christ Down the Centuries," showing that we must make Christ King by making His principles the laws of nations. It drew audiences growing to seven hundred people when given in Holy Week as a series of lectures in Brown Memorial Church, Baltimore, years ago, but needs some quiet months for its completion.

A Personal Chat with my readers

IF WE ONLY KNEW. "Treasurer in earthen vessels." This Scripture has been much in my mind of late. It is the reverse of the old saying, "All that glitters is not gold." The

butterflies are beautiful in the sunlight, but then the sunlight is enough for most of us, and butterflies are a luxury. Now the glow-worm is just a modest little brown fellow—but when it grows dark, and the brightness has faded, and one feels the chill and grows depressed with loneliness, then "little brownie" proves himself a treasure in an earthen vessel, for he shines so bright, and glows so warmly that one would not swap one of them for a hatful of butterflies.

There are gems of wondrous brightness oft-times lying at our feet, And we pass them, walking thoughtless, Down the busy, crowded street. If we knew, our pace would slacken— We would step more oft with care, Lest our careless feet be treading To the earth some jewel rare.

If we knew what hearts are aching For the comfort we might bring; If we knew what souls are yearning For the sunshine we might fling; If we knew what feet are weary Walking pathways roughly laid, We would quickly hasten forward, Stretching forth our hands to aid.

If we knew what friends around us Feel a want they never tell— That some word that we have spoken Pained or wounded where it fell; We would speak in accents tender To each friend we chance to meet— We would give to each one freely Smiles of sympathy so sweet.

A COMFORT IN ONE'S SORROW. Mothers have sorrows no one else can ever fully appreciate, but they also have comfort born of the seed they planted through patient years and watered oft-times with loving tears. I want to print a boy's letter to his mother, written at Gallipoli. I do so in the hope that some mother may find fresh courage and inspiration to sow in the heart of her boy seeds that will bear such fruit as this letter in the days to come.

This mother spent the first thirteen years of her married life at sea with her husband. Her children were born in different parts of the world—conditions were far from ideal, but with splendid faith she brought them up in the fear of God, and when the supreme test was applied they did not fail her. In the evening of her life what a joy to read and re-read this letter, and what a blessed

hope to know they will meet at the journey's end:

"9th April, 1915.

"My Dear Father and Mother,—

"Just a line, which I shall leave with a comrade at the Base with instructions it be forwarded **ONLY** in the event of my receiving the 'great call.' So, if you see these lines, it will be because your boy has 'gone aloft.'

"Personally, I will have regarded it a grand way to have died, and I shall be well satisfied, and you, dear hearts, must be the same. I shall have believed that, as well as I could, I have fought the good fight, and have finished my course."

"George will let you know of my will. Our home will, of course, be released, and that thought, in itself, makes me happy.

"I have had a great life and many happinesses, and no ending could be better than existing conditions.

"Finally, I know God's great pity will be greater than my many sorry failures.

"With heart's fondest love to you, the girls, and Henry.—I am

"Your ever-loving son."

"A MAN CALLED RIGBY." A commercial traveller named Rigby was compelled to spend a week-end every quarter in Edinburgh. He always stayed at the "Waverley," and worshipped at Free St. George's, being attracted by the wonderful ministry of Dr. Alexander Whyte. It was his invariable custom to try to persuade some other visitor to accompany him to the services. On one occasion, after breakfast, he saw a fellow-traveller writing busily, and approached him to ask if he were going to any place of worship. The man answered that he was too busy, and was also a Roman Catholic. Finally he consented to accompany Mr. Rigby, and was so impressed that he asked permission to go with him again at night. At the evening service his heart was strangely moved, and he yielded himself to the call of Christ.

The next morning Mr. Rigby was passing the house of Dr. Whyte, when an impulse prompted him to call and tell the preacher of the help he had given to one soul. As the doctor listened, tears rolled down his cheeks, and then he told how he had come away from the previous evening's service feeling that everything had been a failure. Then he bethought himself to ask the name of his caller, and on being told that it was Rigby, he exclaimed, "Why, you are the man I've been looking for for years!" Dr. Whyte went to his study, and returned carrying a bundle of letters, from which he read such extracts as these: "I was spending a week-end in Edinburgh some weeks ago, and a fellow-commercial called Rigby invited me

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 to grindstones—the more grit they contain the better they wear.

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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, JUNE 23, 1921.

to accompany him to St. George's. The message of that service changed my life." "I am a young man, and the other day I came to hear you to preach, at the invitation of a man called Rigby, and in that service I decided to dedicate my life to Christ."

Dr. Whyte went on to say that twelve of the letters were from young men, of whom four had since entered the ministry.

THE EDITOR.

PASS "GRIT" ON

I SAW YOUR AD. IN "GRIT"

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

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MODERN WOMAN.

THE WORLD'S SADDEST SIGHT.

BY A MAN WHO LOVED AN OLD-FASHIONED MOTHER.

Some years ago a well-known speaker made the speech of his life in a single sentence. A dinner was given in honor of the franchise being granted to women—he was called upon to propose the health of the ladies. He did so in these words: "I propose the health of the ladies—God bless them. Once our superiors, now our equals."

And many of them did not like it, though they could not say what was wrong with the sentiment of the toast or the terms in which it was couched. There can be little doubt that woman paid for the privilege of the vote by parting with a portion of her influence.

A woman has a right to a vote.

A woman is as competent to exercise voting judgment as a man.

A woman is not necessarily better than a man—though she is essentially different.

The world does not need for its betterment that women should do men's neglected jobs, but that they do their own job better.

While a woman can practically do all that a man can do, yet her supreme glory is that she can do that which man cannot do.

In competition with man she is only a she-man, and must often suffer loss.

In her own sphere she is supreme, and can never be defeated; man has no ambition to be a he-woman.

SOME QUESTIONS.

Every man is the product of a woman's care, love, and education—or neglect.

Every bad man is the prima facie evidence of a woman's failure. Every good man owes it to his mother.

The question is, if men have failed to treat women fairly and govern the world rightly, is it not because woman has failed to mould him in his plastic youth?

If woman has failed to govern man in her home, can she hope to govern the world?

Is it a fact that one generation of great mothers would transform the manhood of the world? Woman is sublime when she rocks the cradle; surely she is perilously

near being ridiculous when she sets out to rock the world.

THE PITY OF IT.

Man needs some one better than himself—when woman fails him he goes to the dogs.

When men cease to worship women they enslave them.

Men are mean enough to take all that is takable and content to pay less than the price asked.

While men are willing to treat all women with respect as a tribute to their mother



AND THAT EXPLAINS SO MUCH.

and would like to do so, yet they cheerfully accept a woman at her own valuation.

The saddest sight of modern days is the growing and extensive immodesty of women. Next to that is the monkey-like way in which women imitate men's tricks. I heard a man say the other day that when he was

a boy he wanted to smoke because it looked manly, now he does not smoke because it is so effeminate.

TIMES HAVE CHANGED.

Years ago a woman's face was her fortune; now it is a fortune for the powder and paint manufacturer.

Years ago, while women may have been vain, as they went out to show off their clothes; they are now merely depraved, as they go out to show off themselves.

The womanly woman is a delightful mystery to a man, the most alluring, fascinating and desirable of all things.

The woman who challenges attention, lays bare her mystery of sex, is like a Punch and Judy show to a man, who wonders why he raved over it as a boy.

A GOOD WOMAN IS THE WORLD'S BEST HOPE.

Thank God for the sane woman—the woman who is proud of motherhood, the woman who won't tolerate a man in her kitchen and does not want him to tolerate her in his politics or business. As it is said in the Book of Proverbs:

"Strength and honor are her clothing.

"In her tongue is the law of kindness.

"She looked well to the ways of her household.

"Her children rise up and call her blessed.

"A woman that feareth the Lord she shall be praised."

HER PATH.

Let her but live her life from year to year
With forward face and unreluctant soul.

Not hurrying to, nor turning from, the goal;
Not mourning for the things that disappear
In the dim past, nor holding back in fear
From what the future veils; but with a whole

And happy heart that pays its toll

To Youth and Age, and travels on with cheer.

So let the way wind up the hill or down,
O'er rough or smooth, the journey will be joy;

Still seeking what she sought when but a child,

New friendship, high adventure, and a crown,

Her heart will keep the courage of the quest,
And hope the road's last turn will be the last.

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the Quality
Starch
For dainty women

THE TIDE OF TODDLERS.

An ever-flowing tide—a tide of tiny hands and feet, of sunshine smiles and household happiness, of golden sovereigns from God's treasury—the ever-flowing tide of children.

A wonderful tide, flowing onto the beach of the world, but a tide which, alas, brings its wreckage.

Out from the world's beach are rocks, and against them many tiny toddlers are hurled—the rocks of poverty, malnutrition, inherited disease, and brutality.

Cora Frances Stoddart, in the "World Digest," of 19/3/21, writes of how one rock has been removed in her country of U.S.A.

"In New York City alone," she says, "in 1915 there were 5175 of God's little sovereigns lost to the world before they were one month old, their lives allowed to flicker for such a brief span, and then dashed out—by poverty, disease, carelessness, inherited vice, and malnutrition."

With the increase in population of the big American metropolis the number crept up to 5370 in 1918—5370 little coffins, 5370 heart-aching mothers, 5370 pairs of dimpled hands, of kicking futile legs, motionless, motionless!

And then—

1919!

1920!

With one voice the Americans shouted for the removal of a rock, demanded the removal of a rock, removed the rock, and almost immediately seventeen out of every hundred babies, hitherto doomed to die, were piloted safely to shore.

Seventeen out of every hundred! Is it worth while?

The smugglers and wreckers who made money out of the humanity-wrecking rocks cried out against the loss of their rock.

Was it worth while destroying the rock, to save seventeen out of every hundred doomed children? Surely it was worth while.

The liquor rock has gone from America.

Prohibition IS worth while.

Why not here?

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Industries Claim Distilling Centre

Section of Peoria, Illinois, Once Devoted to the Manufacture of Whisky, Quadruples Forces in Productive Capacities.

Peoria, Illinois.—Peoria's South Side, once the centre of America's whisky manufacturing, is now producing more than 30 staples for the market, and the plants which once employed 1000 persons in the distillery business are now employing 4000 workers in legitimate trade enterprises.

It was this section of the city which formerly paid 36,000,000 dollars annual revenue to the Government, the greatest single source of taxes from whisky. When Prohibition came, its opponents predicted early desolation throughout the South Side, but just the opposite resulted.

Bank clearings in this city for the year will show a gain of nearly 20,000,000 dollars, bankers say, and deposits show a gain of 15,000,000 dollars in the first year of Prohibition. A new bank, with 200,000 dollars capital and 50,000 dollars surplus, has just been opened.

Options have been taken on property by Decatur interests, and it is announced that they plan a 10,000,000 dollar sugar and glucose plant which will compete with the company which amalgamated thirteen breweries and distilleries in a similar business during the last year.

Buildings once devoted to the distilling of liquors are now producing not only industrial alcohol, but wheat flour, cane syrup, preserves and jellies, jams, stock feed, corn oils, vinegar, and a score of similar food-stuffs and feed.—"Christian Science Monitor."

JAMES MARION MEMORIAL FUND.

£5 5s.—G. Boardman, Mr. Marsden.

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£2.—Mrs. W. Scott.

£1 4s. 6d.—Burwood Church of Christ.

£1 1s.—Mr. Lee, Miss C. B. Smith, Mrs. J. N. Moffitt, P. N. Slade, Arthur Hulme.

£1.—R. S. Cranna, J. Missingham, W. McNeill, A. B. Robinson, junr., A. B. Robinson, Miss Beer, Misses Frost.

10s. 6d.—A. G. Davis, Mrs. Lee, Bowral Methodist Men's Bible Class.

10s.—Mr. Wright, Miss Brown, Mr. Simmonds, Rockdale Sons of Temperance, Misses A. M. and E. A. Muscio, J. Richardson.

5s.—Mrs. Crane, Mr. and Mrs. Thornbury, C. F. Smith, G. Harrigan, M. G. Riley, Mrs. Wark, Mr. Marsh, Miss Sage.

4s.—Mrs. Marsh, senr.

3s. 6d.—W. W. Newman.

2s. 6d.—Mrs. Hughes, R. Loseby.

2s.—Mrs. White, A. Friend.

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HERE'S A NEW STANDARD IN
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GA15.—A Special Line of Fine White Longcloth, nice soft finish, 34/35in. wide. Usual Price, 1/6 yard. Sale Price, 1/- yard, 11/6 dozen.

GA16.—34/35in. Heavy Quality Medium Calico, a good strong cloth. Usual Price, 1/9. Sale Price, 1/4 yard.

GA17.—34in. Fine White Longcloth, pure finish, an excellent cloth, with good-wearing properties. Usual Price, 2/2. Sale Price, 1/7½ yard.

GA18.—An Exceptionally Good Medium Calico of Heavyweight and Pure Finish, suitable for Pillow Slips and hard wear usage, 35in. wide. Usual Price, 2/2. Sale Price, yard 1/7½

MADAPOLAMS.

All Pure-finished Cloths of Fine Texture.

GA19.—36in. wide. Usual Price, 1/6. Sale Price, 1/3 yard.

GA20.—36in. wide. Usual Price, 1/11. Sale Price, 1/7½ yard.

GA21.—36in., very fine make. Usual Price, 2/6. Sale Price, 1/11 yard.

GA22.—35/36in., very good quality. Usual Price, 2/11. Sale Price, 2/3 yard.

WHITE TABLE DAMASKS.

GA41.—57in. wide. Usual Price, 5/6. Sale Price, per yard 3/11

GA42.—A Special White Damask, with fine satin finish, good designs, 63/64 in. wide. Usual Price, 7/6. Sale Price, per yard 4/11

NATURAL-COLORED MOLLETON FLANNELETTE.

GA10.—27in. wide, a good line for Children's Bloomers, etc. Usual Price, 1/6. Sale Price, 1/4 yard.

GA25.—A Special Line of Heavy Quality White Twill Sheeting, showing a big reduction. 54in. wide. Usual Price, 4/6. Sale Price, per yard 3/3

UNBLEACHED TWILL SHEETING. In a good heavyweight Twill.

GA34.—54in. wide. Usual Price, 4/6. Sale Price, 2/9 yard.

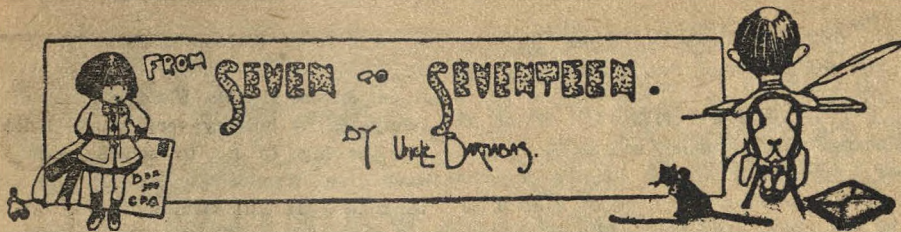
GA35.—70in. wide. Usual Price, 5/6. Sale Price, 3/11 yard.

Send at once for your copy of our 24-page SALE CATALOGUE. We'll mail yours Free.

We pay Freight on all Drapery Mail Orders of 20/- or over anywhere in New South Wales.



PASS "GRIT" ON



All boys and girls between the age of seven and seventeen are invited to join the family of Uncle B. Write only on one side of the paper. Send your photo as soon as convenient. Send the date of your birthday. There is no fee to pay. Uncle B.'s birthday is celebrated in April each year by a picnic, to which he invites all his Ne's and Ni's. If you do not write for three months you are a "scallywag." Address all letters to Uncle B., Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

TWO SISTERS.

Mary Grant, "Weona Farm," Belmont, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Please forgive us all for being so long without writing to you. We have a busy life here, and last year Dorothy and I were studying for our exams, too. Dorothy gained a bursary and I passed the Q.C. Dorothy goes to Newcastle High School and I have been going to Adamstown. We had to leave home at 7 o'clock in the morning, and did not get home till half-past seven at night, so we had not much time for anything else. I have been sick, and the doctor says it is too long for me to be away all day like that, so I have to stay at home now and will have more time for writing letters. We have been busy with the fruit season, but the fruit is all done now. We lost half our crop with the heavy rains in December. We are getting on well on the farm. We lost our two horses, Dolly and Don, but we have another nice horse now; she is very fond of Dad. When it is getting near feed time she comes up to the house and watches for Daddy. We always know when Dad is coming, for she whinnies as soon as she catches sight of him. We have a nice grey cat, and when we took her little kittens away from her she was very lonely and went crying about the house. Mother had three chickens a day old by the fire, so she let the cat have them for company, and pussy was quite satisfied. She lay in a box with them and treated them like kittens, but next day she lay on one and smothered it, so mother put the others with a hen. For fear you have forgotten, Uncle, I will tell you my age and birthday again. I was twelve on the 8th of August, and Bernice was seven on the 12th of August. Love to all "Grit" cousins and yourself.

Dorothy Grant, "Weona Farm," Belmont, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am going to try and write more regularly now. I think Mary has told you nearly all the news. Thank you and all "Grit" cousins for birthday wishes. You have my name on the 25th instead of 26th of February. We were very sorry to hear of Mr. Marion's death, and hope you will have someone else to carry on his good

work. We are busy with church work here; Belmont, Swansea and two other places have been made into one parish. We are having an induction service on Friday night for our new minister, Rev. R. Finger. The church has bought a rectory up here, and we have to keep working to keep the funds up. We are going to have a tea meeting and social evening in the rectory grounds shortly, and are busy practising songs and duets for the programme. We had a very nice Anzac service to-day, and our church was nearly full. We had draped it with flags and made a wreath of white flowers in memory of my uncle and mother's three cousins who fell in the war. The President of the Red Cross Society here makes a pretty red cross of flowers and sends to the church when we have a special service like Anzac, Easter, or All Saints' Day, in memory of our brave men. Is it not a nice idea? With love to all "Grit" cousins and yourself.

(Dear Mary and Dorothy,—It is very pleasing to me to get two such nice letters from sisters. They are both very interesting and will be read with pleasure by your "Grit" cousins.—Uncle T.)

A NEW NE.

Kenwyn Hall, The Rectory, Mulgoa, writes:

Dear Uncle B.,—Will you please take me into that great company of Ne's? I am 11 years old and my birthday is on the 24th of May. I haven't my photo yet, but I will send it as soon as possible. Has your birthday picnic been held yet? Father is rector of our parish. I have a brother who is eight years old and a sister who is six years old. It has been rather warm lately. I am afraid I must close now, so good-bye, Uncle, with love to you and all my "Grit" cousins. I hope I will never be on that horrible scallywag list.

(Dear Ken,—You are welcome. You have a duty to your brother and sister—to instruct and encourage them to become "Gritites" also.—Uncle T.)

A Q.C. PASS.

Dorothy Wykes, "Coolah Farm," Bourne-wood, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I suppose it is quite time I wrote to you again, or I will be having my name on that awful scallywag list. How did you spend Easter, Uncle? I had a very enjoyable time. We had visitors till Thursday, then on Friday we went to one of my aunt's, who lives over thirty miles away. When we went back to school after Christmas holidays my teacher got a letter to say that four had passed the Q.C., and I was one of them. We were very excited after that, to think that four children had passed out of six. It was very good, wasn't it, Uncle? I am

very sorry, Uncle, I cannot attend your birthday picnic, as I live over two hundred miles away. Oh! that reminds me, I must thank you very much for the nice birthday greetings you sent me for the 23rd of April. I will be fourteen this month, so I am soon going to leave school. I always look forward to going to school, because I like it that much, so I will miss it when I leave off. Well, Uncle, we went for our holidays and have just been home five weeks. We went by car, and it was beautiful. My uncle and his family went with us in another car. Crossing the mountains is just beautiful. We stopped one day and went to Wentworth Falls; they are beautiful, too. We rented a cottage at Manly and every morning we went in surfing. The fruit is nearly done now, except a few grapes and quinces. We have had a lovely lot of fruit. We gave a lot of cases away, and when we went to Sydney there were buckets and buckets of plums went to waste. The vegetable and flower gardens look very well now. It was very sad about poor Mr. Marion, wasn't it? He came up to Wellington one time, and on the Sunday Mr. Dunkly (our minister) drove him out to Bourne-wood and he gave a lecture in the church. Mr. Marsh Little came with him. Last Sunday was our Thanksgiving Sunday. The church was decorated very nicely and Mr. Dunkly preached a very nice sermon. All the fruit, vegetables and flowers were given to the district hospital. Well, Uncle, I will conclude, or I will be filling all "Grit." Love to all "Grit" cousins and a good share for yourself and Uncle T.

(Dear Dorothy,—You certainly did have a fine holiday, and I am pleased you enjoyed yourself. Well, when you have to leave school you will find there are other duties in life which are just as attractive.—Uncle T.)

A NEW NI.

Dorothy Wilson, "Henley," St. Peters, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I would be very pleased to join your family of Ni's. My name is Dorothy, and I was eight years of age on the 17th of March. I am in 3B class at school. I have only been absent from school one day this year. It was a very wet day, and I have a long walk to school, and was so sorry to lose one day, but it is better than to chance getting wet and suffer for it after. I would very much like to come to your picnic. I will send you a photo of myself later on. I will not be a scallywag, as I am sure I will find some news to write about in three months. I will now close, with love to yourself and all "Grit" cousins.

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(Dear Dorothy,—In putting your name down on our family roll I feel sure that you could never become a scallywag. You must prove that I am right.—Uncle T.)

A NEW NI.

Florrie Bridge, St. Peters, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I hope you will accept me as one of your Nis. I am eight years of age and my birthday is on the 27th of May. Our Easter holidays have not long gone. I enjoyed them very much. We went to the Show on Monday and Friday, and we bought some samples and other things. I am learning music now; my first lesson is on Monday. My mother said that if I become a good player she will let me be a teacher. My sister and I went out with my father on Saturday to Canterbury to see a man about a cow. I do not want to be a scallywag. With love to all "Grit" cousins and yourself.

(Dear Florrie,—You will never become a scallywag if you are constant and true to your duties. Success in all things comes through careful and regular practice.—Uncle T.)

A YOUNG TRIER.

Gwen Newbery, Hurstville, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I saw my first letter in "Grit" and I think it is about time I wrote again. Our little baby is six months old. I have my cousin staying with me. I am trying to make her write to you. My auntie is here now; she brought some beautiful flowers with her. With love to all "Grit" cousins and yourself.

(Dear Gwen,—Very pleased to hear again from you, especially to note that you are trying to win others to the cause. Keep trying.—Uncle T.)

A NEW NI.

Isabelle Brown, "Rosslyn," Albion Park, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I hope you are quite well, as I am. I had a very happy holiday. Did you? I went to Klamia and to Dapto. My brothers went to Sydney Show, but I didn't. I am nine years old. I will send my photo as soon as possible. We have two cats and two dogs. I hope I will never get on that scallywag list. Most children who say they will try not to get on the list get on; but I hope I won't. We play rounders at school and we are going to have our test match. I am on the English side, and my mate is on the Australian side. We have gardens at school, but there are not many flowers in them. The names of the flowers that are out are cosmos, snapdragons, coxcombs, and a few others. With lots of love to all "Grit" Nis and Nis, and some for yourself.

(Dear Isabelle,—Very pleased to add you to our family. You must write soon and

send the date of your birth. That will help keep you off the scallywag list.—Uncle T.)

A NEW NE.

Leonard Cocks, Windsor, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I wish to be one of your Ne's. I will be nine years old on May 9. I am in 3rd class at school. We have two orchards—one orange and the other mandarin. The couch grass is very hard to keep out of the orchards. We have a swimming bath, 16 feet by 12 feet, and I can swim right around it and a bit more. I had two cousins (boys) from Brisbane staying here for three months, and we had great fun. As there is no Sunday school near, mother gives me a Bible lesson. Father takes "Grit." I like reading the letters in it.

(Dear Leonard,—Very pleased to put you on our family list. Although you have not the same advantages that other boys have—and neglect—I feel sure you will prove to be a worthy member of our family.—Uncle T.)

ANOTHER NEW NI.

Una Pickard, "Warwick," Bowral, writes:

Dear Uncle B.,—I would very much like to join your Ni family. I am seven years of age, and my birthday is on July 5. I have been reading "Grit" and I thought it was interesting. My grandmother has been taking "Grit" for fourteen years. We have four cows, and daddy has a big shop, and he has 15 horses, and I have a pony named Queenie. I go to the Church of England Girls' Grammar School, and I am in third class. I have two sisters and one brother. I had better finish my letter because I have to go to bed. With love to all "Grit" cousins and yourself.

(Dear Una,—You are welcome to our family, and I hope you will be a faithful and hardworking member for the benefit of your fellows. Write again soon.—Uncle T.)

STILL ANOTHER.

Unknown, "Vera Cottage," Mortlake, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Our minister (Rev. Mr. Hughes) gave me a copy of "Grit" and I read pages 11 and 12, and I thought it was very, very nice. I am going to ask you if I can be your Ni. I am twelve years old, and my birthday is on December 14. My little sister broke her arm after Sunday school on Sunday, April 10. We have a very nice meeting every Tuesday evening in our Sunday school hall. I am sure you would like to come, as it is grand. We had a concert on Saturday evening last, and each one brought a little gift for admission; and there is going to be a sale of work on Saturday next; so good-bye for the present.

(Dear Ni.,—Of course you can; but I hope you will write again soon and send me your name. I like to know who the members of my family are.—Uncle T.)

"BOYS' JOY."

Alan Wilkinson, "Hillside," Wyong, writes:

Dear Uncle B.,—I have just come home after spending a month at Katoomba. We saw all the sights, such as Wentworth Falls,

Govett's Leap, Katoomba Falls, Leura Falls, the Cascades, the Bridal Veil, the Weeping Rock, Minna Ha Ha Falls, Echo Point, etc. I enjoyed by holiday very much. I did not like having to go to school again. We have great games after school with a cart we made. It will carry six boys. We have named it "Boys' Joy." I go twice a week to my music lesson, but I am always glad to get out to play. Love to all "Grit" cousins and yourself.

(Dear Alan,—Very pleased to hear of your pleasant holiday. That is a splendid name you have given your joy waggon.—Uncle T.)

GIANT ALCOHOL.

Colless Barrett, Parkes, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I hope you had an enjoyable time at your picnic. I go to Parkes Methodist Sunday school. Sometimes I ride. It is six miles. Rev. Allan Job preached in our church on Sunday. He told the boys and girls a nice story about Giant Alcohol. We have three little lambs. I hope you are well. With love to all "Grit" cousins and yourself.

(Dear Colless,—Thanks for your letter. I hope you will never let that horrid giant get near you; but always strive to be a giant-killer.—Uncle T.)



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GOING TOGETHER.

"Old-fashioned family doctor is disappearing." So is the old-fashioned family.

EXCEEDING INSTRUCTIONS.

Employer: "George, I want to speak to you regarding your attentions to Miss Sweetly during office hours. I engaged you as billing clerk. No cooing was mentioned. That's all for the present."

THE UNEXPECTED.

"I never dreamed of anything like this when I invented the telephone," said Dr. Bell after a demonstration. Neither as a matter of fact did we when we hired ours.

AFTER THE TIFF.

Wifey: "Marriage soon ceases to be a matter of billing and cooing."

Hubby: "Oh, the billing part sticks all right."

HERE AND HEREAFTER.

"Agnes always finds something to harp on."
"Yes; I only hope she'll be as fortunate in the next world."

NO POSSIBLE OBJECTIONS.

"How do the Joneses seem to like their little two-room kitchenette apartment,"

"Oh, they have no room for complaint!"

WHERE HE COULD GO.

A man "buted in" at a waiting line before the railroad ticket window at New York, and the men who were in a hurry glowered.

"I want a ticket for Boston," said the man, and he put fifty cents under the wicket.

"You can't go to Boston for fifty cents," returned the ticket seller.

"Well, then," asked the man, "where can I go for fifty cents?"

And each of the fourteen men in that waiting line told him where he could go.

HOW I'D SOLVE THE HIGH COST OF LIVING.

Oh, I'd like to be a cave-man with a husky little wife

Who had never heard of "peachbloom" or of "georgette" in her life;

And who'd wander out with me at night beneath the hunter's moon

With nothing round her shoulders save the skin of a raccoon.

Yes, I'd like to be a cave-man with a tomahawk and spear,

And a bow strapped to my biceps with the sinew of a deer;

When I wished a new tuxedo I would take my little bride,

And we'd slay a dinosaur and she'd make one from the hide.

In the evening we would snuggle in our cavern cool and chaste,

Her head upon my shoulder and my arm around her waist;

In our troglodytic haven we would slumber quite content,

For there'd never be a landlord coming in to raise the rent.

I would bring her pterodactyls and the luscious trilobite,

And she'd roast them in a skillet, fashioned from a stalactite,

In a stove my hands had fashioned from some metamorphic bricks,

On a fire I had kindled by abrading little sticks.

We would live in peace primeval with a living cost of nil;

We would never need a lawyer; there could never be a bill;

There'd be nothing bought or bargained; there'd be nothing sold or spent;

We'd have everything we needed—and it wouldn't cost a cent!

C. H. H. RUMBOLD.

CERTAINLY SO.

Teacher (after lesson on snow): "As we walk out on a cold winter day and look around, what do we see on every hand?"

Pupil: "Gloves!"

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



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

DAILY INSPIRATION

Jesus said: . . . "Continue in My word . . . and ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free."—John 8, 31 and 32.

SUNDAY.

"The goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance."—Rom., 2, 4.

THE BLESSING OF PENITENCE.

"The memory of transgression will always give pain. Penitence is not the best thing; innocence is far better. But, having sinned, penitence is infinitely better than despair. And even out of the sin, the shame, and the sorrow God can bring blessings for ourselves and for others. While we cannot undo our wrong deeds, God can keep them from undoing us, and can even bring good out of them in some strange way, if we commit the whole matter to Him."—"Green Pastures."

MONDAY.

"Cast thy burden on the Lord."—Psalm 55, 22.

DAILY WORRIES.

Little daily worries
Press upon my heart,
Overcharge my spirit
Till the tear-drops start.
I can only bring them,
Mighty Lord, to Thee,
Asking Thee to give me
Loving sympathy.

Little golden mercies
Flit across each day,
Gilding every shadow
Lying in my way.
Then I bring my gladness,
Loving Lord, to Thee,
Thankful for the sunbeams
That thou sendest me.

TUESDAY.

"By love serve one another."—Gal. 5, 13.

THE EXPRESSION OF LOVE.

"There are friendships which are true enough, but which are not hallowed by those graceful attentions and tokens of thoughtfulness which cost so little and yet are worth so much. The kindly feeling in the heart ought to find some way to utter itself—a

"When cold winds blow" on wings of snow,
And bring wild winter in their train,
When gulls skim low where white crests flow
Neath mists of drenching rain,
All nature then grows grey and drear,
And colds we all endure,
But world-wide sufferers feel no fear
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way in keeping, too, with the delicacy and beauty of the sentiment. The affection ought to exhibit in amiability, in gentleness, in thoughtfulness. We ought not to be so chary of our kind words."—J. R. Millar, D.D.

WEDNESDAY.

"The Lord is my shepherd."—Psalm 23, 1.

THE TWENTY-THIRD PSALM.

In "pastures green"? Not always; some times He
Who knoweth best in kindness leadeth me
In weary ways, where heavy shadows be.

And by "still waters"? No, not always so;
Ofttimes the heavy tempests round me blow,
And o'er my soul the waves and billows go.

But when the storms beat loudest, and I cry
Aloud for help, the Master standeth by
And whispers to my soul, "Lo, it is I!"

So, where He leads me, I can safely go
And in the blest hereafter I shall know
Why, in His wisdom, He hath led me so.
—Selected.

THURSDAY.

"I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house
of my God, than to dwell in the palace
of wickedness."—Psalm 84, 10.

"We do not all need to share in the big things. But very few are there of us who do not crave the kindly thought, the little service, the smile, and the friendly nod in our daily lives. The big things make the big wheels go round, the little things oil the little wheels, that are just as much a part of the great machine of life, and mean more, perhaps, to many than the larger things, which do not enter too intimately into every-day experience."

"The school of difficulty is the best school of moral discipline."

FRIDAY.

"Whoso findeth Me findeth life."—Prov. 8, 35.

BEST OF LIFE.

Let me but live from year to year,
With forward face and unreluctant soul!
Not hastening to, nor running from the goal;
Not mourning for the things that disappear
In the dim past, not holding back in fear
From what the future tells; but with a whole
And happy heart, that pays its toll
To youth and age, and travels on with cheer.

So let the way wind up the hill or down,
Though rough or smooth, the journey will be
joy;

Still seeking what I sought when but a boy,
New friendships, high adventures, and a
crown.

I shall grow old, but never lose life's zest,
Because the road's last turn will be the best.
—Henry van Dyke.

SATURDAY.

"My meat is to do the will of Him that
sent me."—John 4, 34.

"God gave us our will, our imagination, our
individuality, not that these priceless posses-

sions should be crushed and broken, but trained and sanctified. The idea of having the soul and life a blank page, without will or desire, is found in old monastic writings, but it is found nowhere in the Bible. It is living men and women whom the Father in Heaven calls to be His children; it is red-blooded humanity to which He entrusts His work on earth. The disciples of old had a common faith, one Lord, one purpose, but they remained Peter, John, and Paul while life lasted."

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Prohibition as the Criminologist Sees It.

(Written specially for "Grit" by T. J. WILBUR.)

In dealing with the problem of crime and its relation to society it can be taken as an undeniable truth that (to paraphrase a French aphorism) "a nation has the criminals it deserves." The average citizen is a strictly law-abiding individual who, while heaping vials of wrath and righteous indignation upon the heads of evil-doers, gives little, if any, thought to the underlying causes which prompt men and women to criminal actions. And when we do give the matter a little sane consideration our sense of smug respectability and complacency suffers a rude shock because we find beyond any doubt or question that society is responsible for the majority of crimes which are preventable; therefore, as units functioning in society we are individually responsible for some of the hideous crimes which we condemn. In order that we may not be charged with dealing in sweepingly broad generalisations, which count for little, we will approach our problem by defining terms. Criminology is a science which has for its subject matter the study of crime and criminals, and consequently its practical application is the prevention of crime. Many of the greatest scientific minds of the century have been engaged in this most essential and interesting branch of science. Dr. Havelock Ellis in England; Ferri Lombroso, Grafalo, Fornasari di Verce and others in Italy; Lacassagne, Tarde, Corre and Baer in France; and last, but probably the most brilliant criminologist in Europe, Dr. Willam Adrian Bonger of Holland.

THE INFLUENCE OF HEREDITARY.

It is now a commonplace truth that hereditary traits of character, coupled with economic environmental factors, have the most important bearing upon our every-day actions. What is meant by "hereditary traits of character"? Hereditary traits of character are those particular characteristics, normal or abnormal, which are inherited from generation to generation. Just as in breeding cattle a knowledge of these fundamental laws of heredity have been applied for the purpose of generating some particular strain, so in man Nature relentlessly carries on the same selection, even though we may be unconscious of the process. We have as a

legacy at birth the good and bad points of our forefathers.

By environmental factors is meant all those material elements which affect us from the moment of our birth, and which are necessary for our existence—home surroundings, education, recreation, and many other things which enter into the moulding of a normal life. I use the term "education" in that broad sense which includes all those things which influence children in their early formative years, and which tend to submerge the worst and elevate the best in their characters. I hold that if we took a keener and more scientific interest in the child we would have more real educational institutions and ultimately less jails.

THE CURSE OF THE SLUMS.

To make myself clear. In a beautiful rose garden you will note that the gardener does not grow his choicest blooms in a mouldy corner which is always water-sodden and dark. In such a place a slimy fungus will flourish and poisonous weeds thrive, but roses will die. In our cities we have such spots. Slum areas where the refining influences of a comfortable home life never enter, and where the light of education shines dully. In such cancer spots a portion, and a large portion, of our future generation of men are reared, surrounded by vice and crime in their vilest aspects. In such places bodily comfort may be lacking, culture may have no meaning, but the inevitable "pub" is always there with its atmosphere of moral and physical degeneration. These vicious phases of life, from which you would gladly hide your own children, are the normal surroundings of many unfortunate children from the moment they can lisp their baby prattle. Thus we have men and women growing into maturity with their whole outlook on life, their very natures warped and broken. And for such as these Society, which is the arch-criminal, has no mercy. I do not know if I have made my contention clear to you, but I insist that if we are to make serious attempts at race regeneration, then we must see to it that the children of the nation are reared in an atmosphere where the refining influences of Art, Music, Science and Literature will enter their lives like golden threads woven through the grey web of life. At present our sense of the fitness of things is so remarkable that we allow their musical education to be determined by the mournful strains of a drunken cornetist on a "pub" corner. Briefly and crudely, the remarks stated above are what the criminologist means by environmental factors. We must bear in mind that they do not end with childhood, but are continued through life.

THE PART ALCOHOL PLAYS.

According to the evidence of the scientists who have specialised in this particular subject, the direct relation of alcoholism to crime

is this: it reduces and robs a man of his sense of responsibility; it arouses all the atavistic instincts which have been checked by thousands of years of civilisation, and, finally, but most seriously, it arouses any hereditary weaknesses which the individual has, and which under normal circumstances would have remained submerged and inactive. Just quoting from memory and culling our experience from local conditions within the last few months, a series of particularly brutal murders have taken place in N.S.W. by persons under the influence of drink, and who, as far as we can judge from surrounding circumstances, would not have exacted such awful payment had they not been brutalised by drink. The dismal tale of the police courts supplies us with invaluable evidence as to the direct bearing of alcoholism on crime. To quote Dr. Bonger: "The harmful consequences of alcoholism are numerous, especially as regards criminality, because, first, it leads directly to violent crimes, and, secondly, it leads indirectly to degeneracy." What do we mean by degeneracy? By degeneracy is meant the lowering of the physical and mental standard of a man to a point where it is impossible for him to beget healthy children. In fact, Dr. Purdy, the Metropolitan Medical Officer of Health, made the following statement within the last few days: "The two chief causes of defects in the small proportion which suffered at birth or soon after were alcohol and syphilis." Thus we see from the viewpoint of the criminologist, alcoholism is one of the greatest factors in crime and the production of the criminally inclined. I do not propose to weary you by reiterating the statements of authorities whom I have quoted, but would point to the practical results which have been achieved by Prohibition in U.S.A. I do not wish to sway you by sentiment, but rather to convince you by scientific facts which are indisputable. If alcoholism is the cause of an extraordinary amount of crime, not on the assertion of a Prohibition crank, but on the well-balanced evidence of scientists, then the onus rests with Society to lessen crime by abolishing its main cause. There is no trick of logic in that assertion. When you seek the advice of a medical man for the treatment of some disease, he does not stand off and say, "Well, I can cure you by giving you special treatment and getting down to the cause of the trouble, but you would have to do exactly as I tell you, and

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to do that would be robbing you of the individual liberty of pleasing yourself." You wouldn't hesitate, my friend; you would allow that doctor to go right ahead. The same applies to Prohibition. Society suffers from the social disease of crime; the main cause is alcoholism, the cure Prohibition; a healthy recovery rests with society and you as an individual. I will conclude this article, which I hope has a sufficiently scientific basis without the inevitable dryness, by again quoting Dr. Bonger: "It is Society that prepares the crime," says the true adage of Quetelet. For all those who have reached this conclusion and are not insensible to the suffering of humanity, this statement is sad, but contains a ground of hope. It is sad because Society punishes severely those who commit the crime which she herself has prepared. It contains a ground of hope, since it promises to humanity the possibility of some day delivering itself from one of its most terrible scourges."

New South Wales Alliance—

(Continued from page 4.)

Mr. Creagh speaks with appreciation of his reception at Branxton. He writes: "Branxton just now, through rain and liquor bars, is decidedly wet. I felt quite at home when I landed from the train to see the smiling face of a young Digger, to hear his voice say, 'You stop with me while in this old town.' Later I found myself in his home, his young wife doing her utmost to make me comfortable, and the best room given up to me. My, I did thank God for his goodness to me. Next day the four services held were made easy by the thought and kindness of the clergy. To all of these good friends I give my thanks."

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

THE VALUE OF THE PLEDGE.

Mr. W. E. Wearne sent a striking message of his "friends of the Methodist Department" on the subject of intemperance. "I give you my temperance record," he says. "I joined the Band of Hope at Ryde, on the Parramatta River, when ten years of age. I then signed the temperance pledge. I am now 52 years of age, and have not, all my life, tasted spirits, wine or beer. I have been successful in business and public life. My biggest temperance fight was between 17 and 21. My greatest tempters and enemies were my boy pals. Their greatest instrument of torture was ridicule. My weapon of defence was my Band of Hope pledge. I won, and so can you. If you start right, do right, and drink right, you must win."

PLEDGE CARDS.

At last, after many delays, the supply of Pledge Cards is ready. We now have three varieties on hand, as follows:—

No. 1.—A plain card, with pledge and place for signature, witness, and date. Size, 3in. x 4½in. Price, 6d. per doz.

No. 2.—Temperance Pledge, with pledge

text, place for signature, date, and witness. Beautifully colored. Size 5in. x 6½in. Price, 1/6 per dozen; 10/- per gross.

No. 3.—Band of Hope Card, with pledge, text, place for signature, witness, together with a certificate of membership to be signed by the Secretary of the Society. Beautifully colored. Size 5in. x 6½in. Price, 1/6 per dozen; 10/- per gross.

Frames suitable for No. 2 and No. 3 can be procured on order.

When ordering state variety of card, number required, and enclose remittance. All the orders we have received previously are now being fulfilled. Get busy upon a Pledge Signing Crusade.

INDIGNATION AGAINST LICENSES

The people of Concord West are not prepared to acknowledge defeat in connection with the liquor licenses recently granted. A meeting to protest against what is regarded as the worst means of introducing liquor into the homes was held last night. This was the second one, and shows what can be done once people are aroused.

Others are urged to be watchful. It is much easier to stop a license being granted than to have one removed.

"GRIT" SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Received to 16/6/21, and where not mentioned the amount received is 10s.:—Mrs. E. Jones, 30/8/22; T. Lowry, 30/6/22; E. B. Rutledge, 8/4/22; Mrs. C. S. Aird, 16/6/22; L. J. Watt, 21/5/22; G. A. Williams, £1, 10/6/21; J. E. A. Thomas, 26/6/22; A. A. Rutledge, 8/4/22; Y.M.C.A. Field Service, 1s. 8d.

The following are paid to 30/12/21:—Mrs. Bingle, Canon Fairbrother, Mrs. Munns, A. E. Rose, E. P. Wingfield (N.Z.) 21s. 6d.; Mrs. D. Wass, Miss Boydell 11s. 6d., P. Brown, E. Clout, Eva Cato (N.Z.) 11s. 6d., Mr. I. Winn, H. Holland, 11s. 6d.

ROGERS BROS.

DYERS,

181 OXFORD STREET,
775 GEORGE STREET, and
445 PITT STREET.

"THE HOUSE OF ECONOMY."

Anthony Horderns'



New Values Keenly Priced.

Widths and shades sufficient enough to delight and satisfy the wants of every woman await your inspection. All the favorite colors are quoted at prices which show a reduction assuring you value that is worth while.

RICH GLACE SILK RIBBONS, in Black, White, Pink, Blue, Brown, Saxe, Malze, Vieux Rose, Emerald, Coqueticot, Navy.
Widths ... ¼in. 1in. 1½in. 2½in. 3in.
Originally ... 7/6 ½ 7/6 1/1 1/6 1/11 yd.
NOW ... 5/6 ½ 7/6 10/6 1/3 1/9 yd.

GLACE SILK RIBBON, for Hair Ties, Bows, &c., in White, Cream, Pink, Blue, Navy, Saxe, Vieux Rose.
Widths ... ¾in. 1in. 1½in. 2½in. 3in.
Originally ... 1/8 2/3 yd.
NOW ... 1/4 1/11 yd.

RICH SILK FAILE RIBBON, dependable quality, in Black, White, Cream, Pink, Blue, Navy, Cerise, Emerald, Saxe, Vieux Rose, Mastic, Jade.
Widths ... ¾in. 1in. 1½in. 2½in. 3in.
Originally ... 1/11 2/6 2/11 yd.
NOW ... 1/6 1/11 2/6 yd.

RICH HEAVY SATIN RIBBON, Oriental designs, with gold tinsel stripe on borders, 2½ inches wide.
Originally ... 3/11 yard.
NOW ... 2/11 yard.

RICH SILK FAILE RIBBON, embroidered tinsel, Purple with Silver, Pink with Silver, Geranium with Silver, Light Brown and Silver, Grey and Gold, Beaver and Gold, 2½ inches wide.
Originally ... 5/11 yard.
NOW ... 3/11 yard.

RICH COLORED GLACE SILK RIBBON, reliable quality, for Hair Ties, &c., in a variety of useful colors.
Originally ... 1/3 yard.
NOW ... 1/ yard.

Ribbons, First Floor.

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