

Grit.

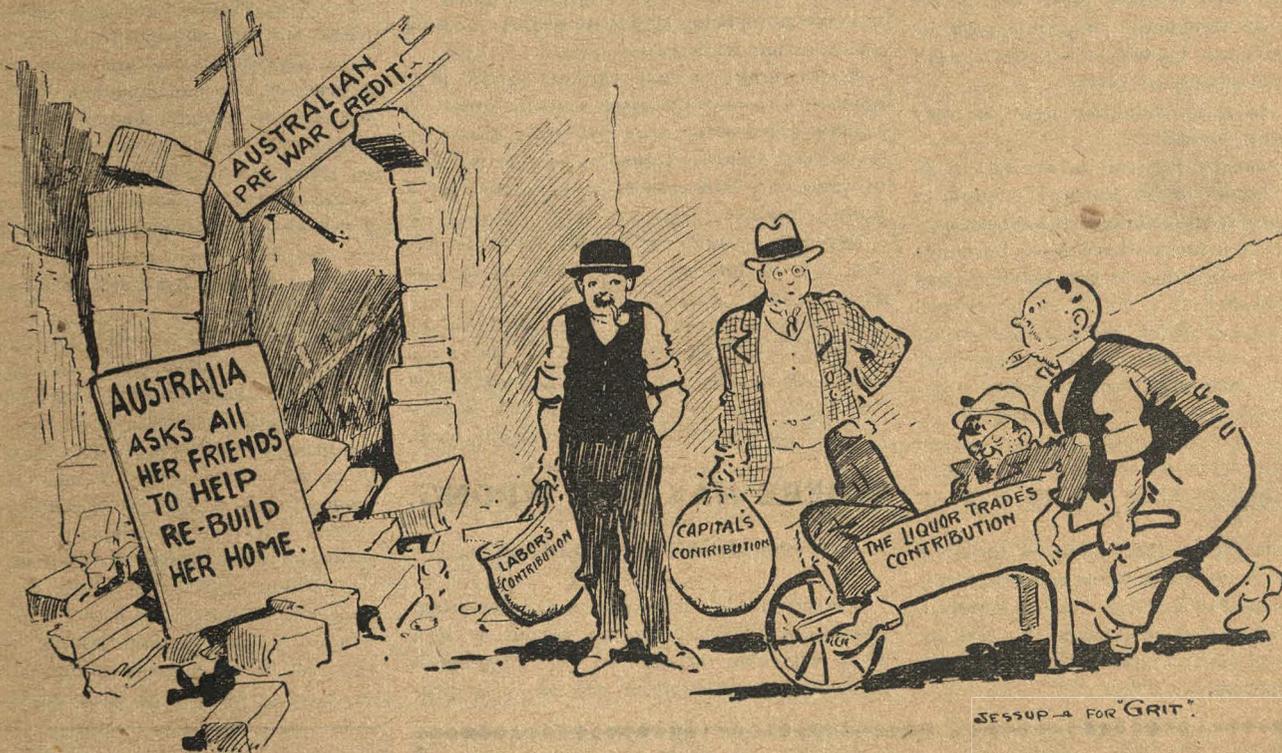
A JOURNAL OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY AND PROHIBITION

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Twopence.

SYDNEY, APRIL 14, 1921.

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"NUMBER OF DRUNKS IN N.S.W. SINCE THE ARMISTICE - 50,000 POLICE COURT ONES - 250,000 SEMI-PRIVATE ONES. (PAINFUL FACT.)"

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THE DRINK OF DEATH.

Editorial in San Francisco "Examiner,"
February 9, 1921.

The man who takes a drink of whisky in an ex-saloon, or follows a stranger out into the back room for a nip on the sly, is a fool.

Whether or not he was a fool before the days of Prohibition there may be differences of opinion, but that now he is a plain idiot there can be no question.

He is the same kind of idiot that points a revolver at somebody and then says he didn't know it was loaded, or exposes himself hilariously to deadly infection.

Because careless drinking now is very likely to mean—death!

The newspapers are full of terrible incidents that ought to be warning enough to anyone of the most primitive intelligence.

All over the country there have been accounts of tragedies due to the deadly "wood alcohol" used to put a "kick" in beverages.

Whisky was harmful enough even when the sale of "good" whisky was legalised. Doctored whisky may mean sure death.

The Industrial Research Laboratories, an association of general consulting chemists, is not an organisation of cranks or reformers, but of scientists. What they say is worth attending.

In a recent report they declared that the result of their investigations compels them to warn the public at large in this manner: "Drink nothing that is offered to you as whisky or any of its confederates, as it may be your drink of death."

There is no more good whisky to be had generally; the good whisky, so called, is in the hands of a few and is not being offered for public consumption. If any of this remaining good whisky does get into the hands of the peddlers, it is adulterated in such a manner that it becomes dangerous.

"We found our old friend Wood Alcohol in three samples out of ten," says the report, "and most samples ran low in proof. The samples containing wood alcohol were evidently made from denatured alcohol flavored with a whisky flavoring compound which we understand is being sold generally for making an imitation whisky."

The average person cannot obtain pure alcohol for this purpose, and in order to satisfy a greed for gain may even go so far as to buy denatured alcohol for the purpose of making a mixture that can be sold for a high price.

For the average individual there is but one rule to follow, and it is really a rule of warning:

Refuse to drink any of the so-called whisky offered to you anywhere, and at the same time pass this information on to your fellow man, who may not be aware of the danger that lies in the taking of one sociable drink.

WHERE MAXIM IS WRONG.

(Philadelphia Public Ledger.)

Hudson Maxim, who always is interesting, though occasionally wrong, is out with a high explosive attack on the Eighteenth Amendment. Prohibition, he says, is pro-

motive of crime. The country can not be made wholly dry, and the Prohibition law simply causes people to lose their respect for law. There have been many instances, he adds, in which they have been forced to break the law to provide themselves with liquor, which is absolutely necessary for medicinal purposes, and they are forming the habit of regarding the laws lightly and looking upon breaking them as a simple and justifiable matter.

Mr. Maxim is not fair. He does not give full allowance to the revolutionary character of the Eighteenth Amendment. Never in history was there anything so drastic in regulation of an age-long habit of the people. The marvel is not that the liquor law is evaded to some degree, but that it is observed to so great a degree. There was a time, and that well within the memory of living men, when intoxication was tolerated in business. To-day a man in liquor is looked upon with disgust by decent people.

Mr. Maxim is led into the common error of viewing Prohibition wholly from the moral plane and not considering its economic aspect. Intoxication became taboo in business because it was bad business. It became intolerable in industry because it was a gross waste. In Great Britain to-day production on Monday is low because, broadly speaking, workers have not recovered from overindulgence on Saturday night and Sunday. It is on economic lines, more than moral ones, that the Prohibition cause is making headway in Europe.

The world is viewing the Eighteenth Amendment in America as one of the most remarkable and important developments of modern times. It has been surprised that the masses of the people here have accepted it in such good spirit. It is watching the economic effect with deepest interest. If it results in increased production and in stabilisation of men there is no doubt of other nations following America's lead, for otherwise they will be under too heavy a handicap to compete in the markets of the world with any chance of success against the young, alert, sober, industrious giant of the West.

N.S.W. Alliance Annual Meeting

ANNUAL BUSINESS MEETING---May 12th, 8 p.m.

CONVENTION---May 13th, Morning, Afternoon & Evening

HARBOR PICNIC---May 14th.

SUNDAY DEMONSTRATIONS---May 15th.

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Canadian Farmers Speak.

THEIR REASONS FOR SUPPORTING PROHIBITION.

(By FRED. C. MIDDLETON.)

Canadian farmers are one of the best organised "groups" in our sister dominion. In each province their societies (women's sections as well as men's) meet regularly, and they exert a decided influence on the social, economic, and political life of the community.

In the days when Canada was wet, the "good old days" of personal liberty and the open bar, the farmers were strong supporters of the temperance cause. Now that the folks in the land of the Maple Leaf have had several years' experience of Prohibition, it is interesting to note that the tillers of the soil are more than even convinced of the benefit of abolishing the sale of alcoholic liquor as a beverage.

In several centres in the recent "bone-dry" campaign in Alberta, the local farmers' associations took full charge. The results of that campaign were very satisfactory. The four provinces that voted (New Brunswick, Manitoba, Saskatchewan, and Alberta) all carried the day for the stricter measure of Prohibition, the aggregate majority being 117,000.

Since the vote was taken several annual conventions of farmers have been held, and at these general expressions of approval of the result have been given.

The striking announcement printed in this page was made by the Alberta Grain Growers' Association, whose 13th annual convention was held in the city of Edmonton

on January 18 to 21. This association represents 892 local societies, with an aggregate membership of 28,250 farmers. The convention was attended by no less than 1465 registered delegates.

The pronouncement, which was carried by a standing vote, with only three delegates voting against it, expresses continued ap-

THE PRONOUNCEMENT.

"Whereas the recent referendum proves that the majority of the population are in favor of Prohibition, and whereas a bone-dry policy is the only sane method of overcoming the evils of the liquor traffic, and whereas Prohibition can be enforced.

"Therefore, be it resolved: That we are in favor of total Prohibition, and that we ask the convention to approach the proper authorities with the object of enforcing Prohibition to its fullest extent, and we hereby pledge ourselves as being willing to assist in its enforcement."

proval of Prohibition, and pledges the organization to assist the Government in the enforcement of the law.

The three reasons given for this action is worth while noting—1st, the proof given in the referendum vote that the majority of

citizens desire the law; 2nd, the belief of the farmers that a bone-dry policy is the only sane method of dealing with the liquor evil; 3rd, the conviction that Prohibition can be enforced.

We commend this splendid pronouncement of Canadian farmers to their progressive compatriots in Australia.

PROHIBITION PREMIERS.

Last December Premier Squires, of Newfoundland, was reported in the press as making the following comment on the effect of four years of Prohibition in that country:—"Living conditions are ideal, peace reigns supreme, strikes are unknown, and there is no poverty."

In the Canadian mail just to hand, we notice (see Montreal "Witness" of February 15) that Premier Drury, of Ontario, Canada, has been giving Toronto business men his opinion on Prohibition. Speaking on the question of the bone-dry referendum, which takes place on April 18, he is reported as follows:—"Our task as a Government is to enforce the law. Being a total abstainer and a Prohibitionist, I want to see the present fight won. As a private individual, I intend to take a stand on this question, because I shudder to think of the condition in which we would find ourselves if we lost. . . . With the carrying of the referendum, the Sandy Act, passed at the last session of the Legislature, would make effective the Ontario Temperance Act in preventing the 'short-circuiting' going on at present. And with the importation from an outside province stopped, it would mean that Ontario would have real Prohibition. The vote, if favorable to the Prohibitive cause, would mean a finality to the liquor traffic in Ontario. If we now dispose of it, it is disposed of forever."

OUR EASTER JAG.

(By W. D. B. CREAGH.)

Sydney has been through its usual Easter spree. Excitement, good, bad and indifferent, has been the order of the day.

A feast of good things has been dished up; the fattest bullock in the world has had crowds around it; the dogs, sheep, pigs, horses, etc., have had their admirers; the side-shows, the various field games and sports have had their devotees, real good enjoyment being the order of the day. Then the races, record crowds, exciting finishes, especially the finish that the ladies had on their dresses and hats. My, according to the press, who gave great space to it, there was some style! The papers show great interest in the colored taffeta and crepe-de-chine on the racecourse, but no interest in the crepe-de-chaff bag at the Benevolent Society.

It's a peculiar world we live in; enormous crowds watched a racehorse do a good stunt, flogged by its rider; they went crazy over the win. The same crowd will not show any interest in the fact that thousands of

women, as good, "if not better than the crowd on the racecourse"—yes, these have to go to the Benevolent Society, many with babies in arms, so that they may get a little charity to keep body and soul together. I often have my doubts about keeping the soul part. The crowd go mad when a racehorse makes a good finish; they are not interested in the more important matter of human beings having a bad time, and making a bad finish, I put in last week and the holidays helping the unemployed, raising the wind to enable them to tide over the rough patch. King Booze held high carnival; the police patrol, also ambulance waggon, were kept busy. The following cutting taken from the "Sun," 27/3/21, puts the case in a nutshell:—

"DRUNKS GALORE.

"LOCKUPS AND HOSPITALS BUSY.

"At festive seasons—as well as at other times—the Sydney police frequently are called on to deal with violent crimes. They

usually get them with a vengeance. Yesterday, however, they were obliged to deal with little more than a bunch of drunks. More inebriated people were accommodated with a free bed in the metropolitan lockups last night than has been the case for a long time.

"At Sydney Hospital, too, the casualty staff was kept unusually busy with a long queue of men—and a few women—who in the majority of cases had been picked up for 'half dead,' and found subsequently to need nothing more than the usual treatment all metropolitan hospitals have for drunks."

I went around with the police patrol; it was Sunday; the hotels were supposed to

(Continued on page 7.)

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NEXT FIELD DAY.

SUNDAY, APRIL 17.

11 a.m., St. Paul's, Chatswood.
7.15 p.m., St. Clement's, Mosman.
Rev. R. B. S. Hammond.
11 a.m., Presbyterian, Chatswood.
7.15 p.m., Congregational, Chatswood.
Rev. H. Allen Job.
11 a.m., Congregational, Chatswood.
Mr. Henry Macourt.
7.15 p.m., St. Barnabas', Chatswood.
Mr. Francis Wilson.
7.15 p.m., Church of Christ, Chatswood.
Mr. T. E. Shonk.
7.30 p.m., Presbyterian Church, Bogan Gate.
Mr. W. D. B. Creagh.
11 a.m., Presbyterian Church, Wagga.
3 p.m., Salvation Army, Wagga.
7.30 p.m., Methodist Church, Wagga.
8.45 p.m., United Church Rally, Masonic Hall.

Mr. Albert Bruntnell, M.L.A.

SATURDAY, APRIL 16.

Open air, Wagga: Mr. Bruntnell, M.L.A.
Open air, Bogan Gate: Mr. Creagh.

MONDAY, APRIL 18, 8 p.m.

School of Arts, Culcairn: Mr. Bruntnell.
Tolhurst Hall, Bogan Gate: Mr. Creagh.

AN OUTSPOKEN OPINION.

That other organisations view the liquor traffic as a national menace is shown in the resolutions bearing upon Prohibition carried at the recent Conference of the Protestant Federation. They were sent down by the Bathurst Branch, and were as follows:

That this Annual Conference of the Protestant Federation of N.S.W. desires to express its disapproval of the action of the Government in neglecting to comply with The Act providing for a referendum on the question of Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic to be taken not later than 30th June next (such action being opposed to the principle of constitutional government) and calls on the Acting-Premier, as leader of a Democratic Government, to arrange for the decision of the people on this question to be obtained without delay.

That in view of the national good to be achieved by Prohibition of the liquor traffic, this Annual Conference requests all members of the Protestant Federation to do all in their power to carry Prohibition into effect. The former was carried unanimously, and the latter with one dissident.

RIVERINA CONFERENCE.

The endeavor to consolidate the working power of Prohibitionists throughout the State is to be a feature of this year's campaign. To lose what has been built up would be disastrous. Because this is realised, efforts are being made to maintain the interest of workers everywhere.

At the coming week end an important Conference is to be held at Wagga. Delegates from surrounding centres have been invited to foregather there on Friday, April 15, and

already Culcairn, Leeton, Holbrook, Henty, and Junea have announced that they expect to be represented. Wagga committee has entered heartily into the arrangements, and are providing hospitality overnight, in addition to a delegates' tea on Friday.

Headquarters will be represented by Mr. Albert Bruntnell, M.L.A., and the Organising Secretary. Mr. Bruntnell will speak at the Conference; also at an open-air demonstration on the Saturday night, at various church services and a United Church Rally on Sunday night. On Monday he goes to Culcairn for a public meeting.

At the Conference there will be a discussion on the Alliance plan of campaign, particularly its phases of women's work, church services, and public meetings, the attitude of the man on the land, and finance. It is expected that these various phases will be introduced by Messrs. Chas. Hardy (Wagga), W. G. Balfour (Culcairn), C. W. Furner (Goulburn), C. Sangster (Leeton), H. C. McKay (Wagga), and other prominent workers. The results are likely to be very useful to the future welfare of the movement.

OUR ANNUAL CONVENTION.

This is expected to be a momentous event in the year's activities. The annual meeting has been fixed for Thursday, May 12, at 7.45 p.m.

The Executive has decided to associate with it a Convention extending to Maq 13, and a harbor picnic on May 14. Delegates to the Convention are being invited from Branches and Prohibition Committees in city and country and from kindred organisations. Many serious problems confront the movement at the present time. The solution of these requires careful consideration, in which it is necessary to have the views of those in touch with conditions in various parts of the State.

Hospitality will be provided for delegates during the period of the Convention, and in the case of those coming from distant parts of the State an allowance towards the fares would be made if necessary. Because, however, of the expensiveness of the campaign,

it is hoped that committees will undertake this responsibility for their delegates.

The business of the annual meeting will include Presidential Address, Annual Report, Balance Sheet, Election of Officers, and Amendments of the Constitution.

Proceedings of the Convention will be as follows: 11 a.m. to 12.30 p.m., Country Problems; 1 o'clock, President's lunch; 2.30 p.m. to 5.30 p.m., Industrial Problems, Commercial Problems, and Women's Problems; 6 p.m. to 7 p.m., tea provided by ladies; 7.30 p.m. to 9.30 p.m., Political Situation.

On Saturday afternoon there is to be a harbor picnic, which is expected to be the meeting place of many workers and friends.

WITH OUR SPEAKERS.

The wet weather at the week end was "wet," but can never be regarded as having any association with the "wet" condition produced by liquor. It did seriously interfere with propaganda work. Mr. Creagh at Walcha and Mr. Job at Singleton were right in the midst of the rain. It is expected that Mr. Francis Wilson missed it at Moree and Inverell.

Mr. Hammond went in the rain to Croydon Park meeting—so did the people. It was a fine gathering, considering the weather.

Next Sunday will be a special day in Chatswood, where Revs. R. B. S. Hammond and H. Allen Job, Messrs. Francis Wilson, T. E. Shonk, and Henry Macourt will be occupying pulpits during the day. Mr. Hammond preaches in St. Paul's, Chatswood, on Sunday morning, and in the evening will be at St. Clement's, Mosman.

Miss Grant is at present in hospital, where she went after a breakdown. It is hoped she will be out next week.

Mr. Fisher is on the North Coast, partly holidaying and partly to arrange a series of meetings.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT

Several items during the last few weeks have been given in our daily papers of the welfare of children. The "Herald" is publishing a series of articles on the subject, the "Daily Telegraph" has given a report on the Royal Society for the Welfare of Babies, and in the Profiteering Prevention Court a nurse gave astonishing evidence of the lack of nourishment which children in our great city receive. All these facts emphasise the value of the work for Prohibition. This is not a faddist movement, but is an organic part of the great world-wide movement which is seeking redemption of all classes of society. It is based upon that broad humanitarianism and social aspiration that place men before money, women before wine, boys before beer, girls before gin, homes before hovel, and a nation before revenue. Remembering this there is an added importance placed up the work seeking to link up all the young people of the State in the Prohibition Movement.



3/6 PER DOZEN.

(Continued on Page 16.)

Prohibition as the Sociologist Sees It.

By EDWARD ALSWORTH ROSS, Professor of Sociology, University of Wisconsin.
 "Harper's Magazine," January, 1921.

Fifteen years ago thoughtful Chinese woke to a realisation of how the opium cancer had eaten into their vitals. The use of the drug had spread with truly appalling rapidity. The Chinese people were using seventy times as much as they had used in 1800. Annually 22,000 tons of opium were absorbed, most of it converted into thick smoke and inhaled by a legion of smokers estimated to number at least 25,000,000. In the poppy-growing provinces a shocking proportion of the adults were addicted to the habit. In the cities of Szechuan half the men and a fifth of the women smoked. In Kansu three men out of four were devotees of the pipe. Districts were to be found in which practically the whole adult population had given themselves up to the seduction and were sinking into a state of indescribable lethargy, misery, and degradation.

Realising that unless the people speedily renounced the vice that was undermining its manhood there was no hope for China among the nations, the Empress Dowager issued, in 1906, the famous Anti-Opium Edict, the opening gun in the most extensive warfare on a destructive private habit that the world has ever known. In 1910 I travelled for months through the far interior of China, and on every hand met evidences of the resolute fight to stamp out the production of opium. In many districts where the poppy had been the staple crop, like corn in Kansas or cotton in Alabama, not a poppy field was to be seen. As a result, the local price of opium was from two to ten times that of the year before, while food was more plentiful and cheap than it had been for years.

As week after week I traversed the scene of conflicts, often fierce and sometimes bloody, between the officials supported by the reformers and patriots, and the poppy growers, traders, and denkeepers supported feebly by the slaves of the pipe, I reflected, "Is any vice coiling itself about us whites as opium coiled itself about the Chinese?" As in a flash I saw that alcohol is to our people what opium is to the yellow race. And their experience had established that there are private drug habits society dares not let alone. For a very long time the

hand of Government had been withheld in China, and if any principle of self-limitation lurked in the opium vice it ought to have declared itself long before. But, as a matter of fact, opium smoking did not confine itself to fools and weaklings. It did not consume the chaff and leave the wheat. Like a gangrene, it ate deeper and deeper into the social body, spreading from weak tissue to sound, until the very existence of the Chinese race was at stake.

Moral suasion had not availed to arrest the progress of the gangrene. It had been found necessary to resort to heroic treatment—i.e., to make opium inaccessible. Might not our gangrene, despite the growth of temperance sentiment, go on eating into us until we made alcoholic beverages inaccessible?

Thus China's experience with the juice of the poppy converted me to Prohibition.

The "dry" movement in this country was by no means a fanatical outburst against a vice already beaten to its knees by a half-century of temperance agitation. What happened among us was that a part of American society turned away from liquor while the rest became wetter and wetter. The army of drinkers which survived the temperance simoom of the 'forties and 'fifties of the last century had been reinforced by millions of immigrants—Irish and Germans and Slavs—many of whom, owing to their relatively high earnings in this country, found themselves able for the first time to indulge freely in alcoholic pleasures.

Another momentous thing happened—a profound change in the system for supplying drink. The catering of liquor became commercialised. It came to be a "big business" intent on profits—always more profits. From being shrinking and apologetic, it became brazen and aggressive. It no longer pleaded humbly for leave to assuage existing thirsts. In order to "promote business" it deliberately and methodically set itself to create new thirsts. It advertised, gave away samples, subsidised convivial organisations, encouraged festal customs of a "damp" character, planted saloons in new places, and brought them into close partnership with the great social plagues, gambling and prostitution. In olden time alcoholic beverages were no more "pushed" than hen's eggs are "pushed." But as production and distribution were centralised, the business grew more capitalistic and the saloonkeeper came to be the brewer's man, systematic efforts were made to "shove" liquor, especially beer. Between 1880 and 1907 the annual per capita consumption of all liquors in this country rose from 10 gallons to nearly 23 gallons! Far, then, from being a gratuitous stroke at a dying social custom, Prohibition was an urgent social-defence measure forced by greedy liquor interests which were so short-sighted that they would not leave non-

drinkers alone. Continually they plotted to tempt the public into a larger consumption. Their ambition seemed to be to convert the rising generation of males into peripatetic tanks.

A long and variegated experience with attempts to regulate the liquor traffic showed that it was incapable of being made decent and law-abiding. It would respect no law, heed no warnings or protests. Always it was secretly digging under or insolently breaking over any bounds the community set to it. So, not out of a sour resentment of other people's pleasures, but out of bitter experience with an unmitigated social evil grew the sentiment for destroying it, "root and branch." When parents and other earnest people realised that here was a sinister thing doing its utmost to ensnare our boys and ravel out the fabric of sound principles and good resolutions which home and school and church had been at such pains to weave into the soul of youth, they hardened their hearts and struck it down.

Certain unforeseen developments have caused Prohibition to triumph sooner than one had a right to expect. In the early crusade against alcoholism what was deplored was the intemperate use of intoxicants. The "temperate" user was the model. Later, total abstinence was urged, on the ground that the moderate drinker sets a bad example to the weak, and, moreover, runs the risk of being overpowered by his habit and swept into the abyss of excess. But 30 years ago evidence began to pour out of European physiological and psychological laboratories that even in small quantities of alcohol is an upsetter and deranger of the functions of the mind as well as of the body. The sense of release and augmented power that comes with a glass or two was proven a cheat and a delusion. To his horror, that darling of the early moralists, the moderate drinker, was pulled from his pedestal and pilloried as an ignorant self-poisoner.

(Continued on page 10.)

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**As I Lay Athinking
 OF TWO GREAT WRITERS AND OTHER THINGS.**

By BREN PENBURY, for "Grit."

Once upon a time I bought a book about books. It was well written, and that means very much to a lover of books. But when I read the author's ideas about books I discovered that his favorite writers were not mine. In fact, some of the books he recommended I would not find room for on my shelves. Which simply goes to show that when I decided to write about "Great Writers" some of my readers may have very opposite views about the men I have in mind. If that is so we will endeavor to do the most difficult thing in life; that is, we will agree to differ. G.B.S., otherwise George Bernard Shaw, is an Irishman, who has spent most of his life outside of Ireland. Someone has said that Ireland is famous for her absentee landlords and absentee great men. I agree with the man who said that, and I am not an absentee landlord, but I have blood relationship with Ireland. Shaw has written several novels, a host of essays on art and other things, and very many plays. He is perhaps one of the three most famous English authors living to day. His life story is full of incident and real red life. At about the age of twenty he went to London to conquer or be conquered. He was one of many who came to grips with life in the big city where you feel the heart of the world beat. And his fight for place and position had its grey side as well as its moments of laughter. Shaw stood right up to disappointments, looked them in the face, and went on as though they had not come his way. He has humorously remarked that the only people who made any money from his first novels were Carter Pattison and Co., the carriers who received sixpence a time for carrying the MSS. to the various publishers. The thing which stood Shaw in good stead at this time was his faith in himself. He believed in himself, and was confident that in the end he would win.

And at last he forced other people to believe in him, and when he won it was as sporting men say, "a walk over." Many stories are told of this man's early struggles. He has told us that his dress suit was so green that he could only wear it after dark, and that his cuffs on his white shirt were trimmed to the quick. He once had a brown suit and wore it for so many months that one day when he got another a friend came to his room and saw the old brown suit hanging behind the door. The friend exclaimed, "Good heavens, Shaw has done it at last. I knew he would hang himself." After much hard wear his dress suit fell into pieces beyond the skill of the tailor to repair, and he got hold of a black velvet coat. Now his work took him to the theatre each evening to watch the plays, and then he wrote a criticism of what he saw, and the rule of the theatre was that to sit in the stalls one had to wear evening dress. Shaw turned up in his velvet coat and the usher followed him down the passage way, explaining that the velvet coat would not be allowed. With remarkable deftness Shaw slipped off the coat, handed it to the usher and went to his seat, the while remarking, "I refuse to take anything else off." Let me see, if I do not soon say something about his personal habits the editor will have something to say. This is the point: Shaw, who wrote more plays than I can think of, and was when at the height of his fame the most paragraphed man in newspaperdom, is a strict total abstainer.

TOO MUCH INSPIRATION.

I have often heard people say that certain great writers got their inspiration from the effects of alcohol. In reply I would remark that the writer whom I have mentioned has written such brilliant work that I am prepared to pit him against any two of the

alcohol-inspired writers. I remember once when I was earning an occasional crust on a country newspaper that we had one of these inspired gentlemen on the staff, and the trouble was that just when I was anxious to get some copy he would be so overcome by his inspiration that he was speechless. If we could only ascertain the truth I am confident that alcohol has robbed us of more great writers than any other cause. Then I recall Jerome K. Jerome, the author of "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," and many books. Here is a man who can find an audience all over the world without the aid of hotel bar inspiration. I suppose you remember what drove Jerome into the camp of Prohibitionists. The story has been told so often that I am nervous about repeating it. But as I once had lunch with Jerome in London I have a claim on the story. Walking down the Strand one day Jerome came to where a crowd had collected. The cause of all the excitement was a drunken woman—the most dreadful sight in the world. A policeman was attempting to arrest her, and the woman was pulling the man in blue round and round, and the wag in the crowd called out, "Choose your partners for the next waltz." The crowd roared with laughter, all except a tiny girl who was in tears. Jerome tried to quieten the little girl, and said, "Don't cry, it is only a drunken woman." "But she's my mother," said the child. And that incident made a Prohibitionist of Jerome.

And if we were not so case hardened we would show little mercy to this trade which ruins so many of the mothers of our race. Some time ago I had business at the Central Police Station in Sydney, and while waiting in the office two women were brought in. They were so very drunk that all sense of decency had left them. What a picture they made! One still showed traces of a beauty long since blotted out. With a lurch she gripped the side of the counter and said, "Sergeant, old dear, you will look after that kid of mine, won't you." And this poor wretch was a mother. Here she was, charged with breaking the law, and she would be sent to jail, whilst the wife of the publican who sold her the stuff would deck herself out in fine clothes and go to the theatre. Of course, if we had any real horse-sense we should not tolerate a thing like this for twenty-four hours. When I hear people say that many brewers are quite decent chaps I think of the broken women, the products of their infamous trade, and I wonder if I saw my mother brought into a police station in the state I saw this other mother brought in.

(Continued on Page 16.)

Atlantic City Plans Fine Park.

Who said that Prohibition would kill the summer resorts? Probably nobody but the brewers' publicity man and he long ago qualified as a false prophet. Atlantic City is to have a new 500,000dol. amusement park. Plans and specifications for the building of this big park were filed last week, and it is expected that the park will be ready for next season's pleasure seekers.

Australia's Moral Pioneers.

SOME MEN WHO MARCH WITH THE AGES.

III. WILLIAM BOWRING.

There is a man in Mildura whose name is scarcely ever heard of outside that town. His name is William Bowring, head of the firm of Bowrings, Ltd. And when the real history of the settlement of Mildura comes to be written there should be a special chapter devoted to the outstanding character of this man.

Not that William Bowring has ever been prominent in any way, in the political sense, in the making of that great and successful irrigation settlement of Mildura. On the contrary, his life has been characterised by a stern avoidance of the limelight, and by a rigid attention to business and to every form of work. But in almost every town there is some citizen who seems to specially stand for something. Some man who has a moral force and poise that makes him a decisive factor. And looking broadly, to-day, at the growing city of Mildura, the writer of these articles would say that the character of William Bowring has a particular lesson and a particular importance for Australia. He is, I believe, the sort of person who ought to figure in the coming Australian Convention. As a representative of the mid-Murray, most emphatically he is the man.

Thirty-four years ago, when the Chaffey settlement at Mildura was first mooted, there was a place of business in Wentworth known as the Bowring and Jacka store. With its own steamers, this firm traded up and down the Murray and the Darling, supplying the river stations with everything from soap to shears. And William Bowring, tall, erect, and lean and vigorous, was then as always the prophet of the mid-Murray; holding that Wentworth was destined to become a great city. And so it would have done if the politicians, far away in Sydney, could have heard his banging of the mid-Murray's progressive drum.

In Sydney, unfortunately, thirty-four years ago there were other things to talk about. Henry Parkes, for one, was emphatic, not upon the development of the West, but with regard to the necessity of building the North Shore bridge. And if, to-day, this State is in the process of being politically

ripped asunder—if there are separation movements in full swing, alike on the North Coast and in the Riverina—it is precisely because three decades of politicians have ignored the moral importance of men like William Bowring. And all such men are now full up.

In the beginning, Wentworth—and not Mildura—might have been the centre of a great mid-Murray irrigation scheme. But the politicians in Sydney, then, were virulently hostile to any move that meant the populatative slowing-down of Sydney in the race with Melbourne. And so certain preliminary negotiations came to naught. Instead the Victorian river-settlement of Mildura was founded. Promptly, thereafter, a process of Wentworth absorption began—a process whose effects have endured to the present day.

William Bowring, disappointed in his own dream of a greater Wentworth, was the first business man in the mid-Murray area to foresee the future importance of Mildura. So a branch of the Bowring and Jacka firm was instantly established in the raw, red-earthed young settlement on the Victorian side of the river. And all the commercial energies of William Bowring were devoted to the shoving of Mildura ahead.

Mildura was very lucky. To that town, as to all new places, flocked business adventurers from far and near. Some of them even came from as far away as England and the United States. But the Bowring store set up a standard. And to-day any man who walks along Deakin Avenue, Mildura, and who scrutinises the Bowring stores, will do well to remember that it was the setting-up of that standard, and the strict adherence to it, which has made the firm of Bowrings, Ltd., the Anthony Horderns of Mildura.

The word "firm," as applied to a business, receives a very direct and specific exemplification here. What is a firm? Why, a firm is a thing that is firm. Something that is right and square and strong, firmly and irrevocably rooted in the soil. That is the house of Bowring. It is simply the firm, square, just, upright character of William Bowring himself, poured into the veins of a great mid-Murray business, and feeding it and invigorating it with a mighty moral sap.

As might be guessed, William Bowring is a keen Wesleyan. It is curious, indeed, in looking over the whole history of Mildura to see how emphatically the church of John Wesley has stamped upon that settlement a character all its own. Broadly speaking, Mildura is a Wesleyan town. The De Garis family, the Bowrings, the Laphornes—these, with many others, have made the faith of Wesley a dominant religious feature in Mildura. And the moral atmosphere, generally,

which these Methodist pioneers have created in their town is one of which Australia may be proud.

William Bowring has been a mighty force in that work, from first to last. Never obtrusive, and with his name scarcely ever mentioned in the papers, he has been and is a sort of veritable backbone of Mildura. A man towards whom all men in moments of difficulty turn. Firm and calm he sits at his office table—a man whose whole character is written into the lines of his strong and kindly, resolute face—the kind of guiding character of which Australia to-day has urgent need.

It is a pleasure, here, to say how much this kind of citizen counts for in the firm and lasting fabric of our true Australian life. Politicians everywhere are being everlastingly written about, talked about, and generally shoved into the foreground, whilst the strong men of business—the men who keep the real affairs of our country moving—are ignored. Thoughtful men, however, have learnt to look beneath the surface. To-day there is a revolt beginning—a moral revolt against the undue predominance and general worthlessness of politicians. And the evidences of it are visible everywhere. The Church of Wesley, in particular, and all churches in general, will soon be called upon to rise to the level of the occasion, and to play an earnest and a vital part in the guidance of the nation. When that time comes, let the Church of John Wesley remember that in the far-inland town of Mildura it possesses a man, William Bowring, who still emphatically believes in the possibility of a Greater Wentworth, and in the general expansional future of the mid-Murray. William Bowring, whose whole life has been devoted to quiet, faithful, energetic, honest service. Is not this precisely the kind of man that Australia should hold a special census for, finding out who's who to-day?

Our Easter Jag—

(Continued from page 3.)

be closed; crowds of men were clustered around the closed doors; they took it in turn, and were being passed inside in batches; the patrol came along, examined those around, then passed on, only taking those who were about helpless.

What a farce! What a travesty on justice! What hope has the great love and spirit of the risen Christ got? What chance is there of getting the business of this old mudheap done, so that human beings will get and give a square deal? I think I'll alter my praying a bit. Instead of putting in most of my time praying for the unfortunate drunks, or women of the streets, I think it best to pray for those boneheads amongst the rich, also for that big batch of workers who see more in a pint of beer, or a race-horse, than they do in those thousands of victims of booze, or other things that degrade and crush them down until they are hopeless.

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A Personal Chat with my readers

"THE BULLY." The Sydney "Bulletin" has been called "the Bible of the bushman."

Maybe that accounts for the eclipse of so many bushmen. This paper won world-reputation through the genius of many of its contributors, some of whom were lost to Australia through alcohol before they did their best work. This paper has degenerated, and from being generally witty it has become often coarse; from being clever it has fallen to being only sometimes smart. No matter how inaccurate or unfair its paragraphs may be, this is the most difficult paper in which to obtain the right of reply or a correction of fact.

Here is a recent sample:

"The Rev. Prohibition Hammond is the man who would most gladly say that six o'clock closing of New South Wales hotels had been a success; but, at Bathurst, he admitted its failure. Last year, in Sydney alone, the convictions for drunkenness were 2000 more than in the previous year; and the increase in drunks was vastly more. Woolloomooloo, Darlinghurst, Surry Hills, Redfern and Pyrmont—not to mention other places—are now a network of sly-groggeries; and the man who can stand for three minutes on any street corner away from the main thoroughfares and not be accosted by someone who hoarsely whispers, 'Lookin' for a booze?' must have the appearance of a wouser or a 'tec. Early hotel-closing made sly-grog selling highly profitable. At night now the determined drinker pays more for his liquor, drinks it surreptitiously in sidelanes or parks, and, if he is quarrelsome, has an empty bottle left to be nasty with. The police, who know just what the shutting up of the pubs has done, would welcome a re-opening for reasonable hours; and it is good to find Hammond admitting the ill his work has done. A Prohibitionist so seldom admits anything—except gingerbeer."

IN REPLY. I did not say six o'clock closing was a failure, nor was I even reported as saying so.

I did say the Church philanthropies were a failure, and that it was time we adopted Prohibition as a better method than Rescue Homes and Benevolent Societies. As a matter of fact, since six o'clock closing the convictions for drunkenness have decreased throughout the State, though they have increased in Sydney.

In speaking of the Commonwealth drunkenness, I said in the first 21 years of the federation of the States there had been over one million convictions for drunken-

ness. The actual total was 1,061,873 from 1901 to 1918.

In 1914 there were 77,162 convictions for drunkenness in the year, and while this number decreased during the next four years it is steadily mounting up again. I say the Church has failed to inculcate sobriety, has failed to cure drunkenness, and that, in spite of sincere and costly effort, we have employed the wrong methods. I look upon Prohibition as much more an instrument of God than a rescue home or police court mission, for it accomplishes its purposes. Take San Francisco as an example. The last year of the open bar gave 17,341 convictions for drunkenness; the first year of Prohibition reduced these to 1814. If the drunkards are the peculiar care of a church that believes no drunkard shall enter the Kingdom of God, then the sooner it makes Prohibition its first and pressing business, the sooner will it discharge its responsibility towards this unfortunate section of society.

The other assertions in "The Bully" statement are, of course, just assertions incapable of being supported by evidence. If it is true that "Prohibitionists seldom admit anything—except gingerbeer," it is about equally true that the anti-Prohibitionists never admits anything but booze—the enemy that never fails to steel away one's brains.

LIGHT WINES. We hear a good deal about the "necessity and value" of light wines and beers. You might as well talk of clean dirt as to make a harmless wine.

The harmless wine advocate is up against the same proposition as the man who spent his life inventing a way to keep a mule so weak that his kick would not hurt and yet so strong that he could do the ploughing.

A swap from whisky to wine is one only of degree and not of kind, and leaves one with the same old breath. Now in America we are told that since Prohibition Americans have taken to eating onions. As Lincoln prophesied, the nation is having a new breath of freedom.

The lightest wine is heavy enough to break down the average human will and brush the bloom off the cheek of innocence.

**LET US
FACE THE
FACTS.**

We are an irreligious people, which means an irresponsible people, responsible to neither God nor man. Public worship is irksome to 90 per cent. of the people. Meetings for prayer are quite unknown in most churches. Why not face these facts? The distaste for public worship may be blamed to the clergy, but

GRIT

A JOURNAL OF
NATIONAL EFFICIENCY
AND PROHIBITION

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

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the neglect of prayer cannot be laid to his charge.

What is wrong with us? That something is wrong surely no one can dispute. A well-known business man in America says:

"Our whole commercial structure rests upon the sanctity of contracts, and they in turn upon solemn moral and religious obligations. If our country is to endure it must rest upon the eternal principles of justice, truth, and simple honesty in our dealings with other nations. The background of a religious life will make our contracts sacred, all obligations binding. We can talk about prosperity, but prosperity is of little account and cannot exist without a fine sense of honor and an enduring respect for our obligations—in other words, the maintenance of good faith. We all want prosperity, but our honor is more important. Indeed, real permanent prosperity is impossible without honor. We need a deeper religious conviction underlying every walk of life."

The remedy is "to exercise ourselves in Godliness." There is no short cut, there is no easy way, there is no political or religious remedy; it is a question of spiritual culture, patient, tiresome, dutysome effort, and it means that I have no right to urge this upon anyone but myself.

The Editor

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF HELL.

(By ONE WHO HAS RETURNED.)

XI.

THE NEW FREEDOM.

(This story is written for the readers of "Grit" by a man just out of jail.—Ed. "Grit.")

How I came to discover it is very simple. I had lived two thousand years within four days. On the morning of the fifth day, I had to go in to Court again, in order that some magistrate or other might hear argument upon the now strange and faraway question of bail. It was curious how remote and apparently unimportant my own mere, narrow, legal affairs had become, now that I had commenced, in prison, to see facts that are spiritual, and to meditate upon life.

I travelled in to Darlinghurst, as usual, in the closed-in prison tram. Jammed into my compartment, along with half a dozen other prisoners, were four sentenced and convicted men. They were on their way to Goulburn Jail, fastened to one another with clanking iron chains.

Strange and fearful creatures they seemed. The head of each was like a bristling billiard-ball. And the color of each human ball was a dirty grey, with the exception of one man, whose skull was a dirty red. In every case the hair was clipped almost to the skin. The principal item in each man's clothing was a most hideously fashioned, short, dirty-grey jacket—one could not call

it a coat—fastened at the throat with a single trouser-button. No external pockets of any sort were visible. And without pockets a man is lost. Worse than that, to have no pockets is far worse than having pockets that are merely empty. To be without pockets, for a man, is the sign of being a slave.

My normal coat! What is it? While I am walking about it is at once my office and my bank. In this pocket I keep my cheque-book and important papers. In that pocket I keep my knife and small change. In another pocket I keep a piece of string for emergencies. In another pocket I keep coppers for car-fares, along with ferry-tickets. In yet another pocket—

Absently, I felt into the lot. And they were empty, every one!

"Slavery!" I ejaculated inwardly, looking at the human billiard-balls that once were free, self-acting men. "Slavery! A coat without pockets in it! Is that what going to Goulburn Jail really means?"

No bank! No office! No chucking-in of ferry-tickets! No nod to the morning lift! No buying of three bobs worth of flowers for one's wife on Wednesdays and Satur-

days! No arguments with her about whether we would go to the Conservatorium and hear Verbrugghen's orchestra, or whether we would be lazy and stop at home! No cigars in my own comfortable chair! No—!

This was what was ahead of these men, then, on their way to Goulburn Jail.

It made me think. And it made me look at them again, very closely, studying every conceivable detail of their attire. Of their unjust, infernally hideous, and so mentally and morally depraving personal attire!

Beneath their vile, degrading-colored coat-jackets each man wore a pocketless, ill-fitting, dirty-grey vest, made of approximately the same materials. Imagine having no pockets in your vest! Coarse white pants, made of a rough stuff that looked like canvas; rough, much-worn, and ancient-looking blucher boots; hats, unshapely and hideous. woven out of rushes by prison-labor—such was their garb.

"Good God!" I thought, as I looked at their billiard-ball-like heads, and at the chains upon their hands, "if the worst comes to the worst, will I have to go to Goulburn Jail like this?"

In that accursed Botany Bay rig-out? And in clanking iron chains?

The stark and grisly idea of it made me shudder.

Almost exactly eight months later, indeed, I did set out for Goulburn Jail. And I did go there in the same fashion, clad in exactly the same sort of clothes, and fastened to my fellow-men with chains. Only, in my case, the chains did not fasten me to a chain-gang consisting of white men who spoke my own language. On the contrary, I went there under conditions that in bank-and-office, flower-buying days would have made my blood run cold. I went there, on a certain 19th of August, chained to Chinamen and jabbering Russian Finns.

But all that was in the future, far away.

This morning, on my way to Court, I sat in silence, thinking about pockets. Thinking what a tremendous lot they meant. Wondering, with a sudden burst of illumination, whether wives and daughters and all sorts and conditions of women were not in a certain sense our prisoners—were not our slaves. We condemned them to go without pockets! To carry everything in a little, silly bag!

"No," I decided mentally. "We men are not responsible for that. Women go in for bags on their own account. My wife can have pockets all over her if she likes. Only, if it made her costume look ugly, I suppose I'd be the first to kick up a row. I'd tell her to go out and call on the Smiths by herself."

Pockets? There was a thundering lot in pockets, after all!

Abruptly, I noticed that one of the bullet-headed, convicted, and sentenced men was regarding me with a very earnest, albeit a smilingly, humorous eye. His fellow-convicts the while were disputing about some racehorse. "Blimey!" one of them ejacula-

(Continued on page 12.)

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Prohibition as the Sociologist Sees It—

(Continued from Page 5.)

Then the development of industry came to help the besiegers of the fort of folly. The travelling public began to be nervous about the drinker at the engine throttle, the telegraph key, the switchboard. The factory system supplanted the handicrafts, and a new class, the employers, came to realise how drink plays havoc with production. As workers became machine tenders the damage from the liquor habit in impairment of efficiency and in injury to delicate and costly machinery became ever more unmistakable. More and more employers came to look upon Prohibition as a labor-efficiency policy, and it was largely these men who financed the movement which brought the liquor interests to grief, despite their millions for propaganda.

The World War was the crowning disaster to John Barleycorn. In the interest of military efficiency and as a food-conservation measure all the belligerent Governments set clamps on liquor. This staging of drink as an economic drain and the foe of national strength has been an illuminating object-lesson to thoughtless millions. In the face of the whole world King Gambrinus has been shamed and set at naught, so that the outlawing of the drink traffic by the Governments, as already the opium traffic has been outlawed, appears to be only a question of time.

Broadly seen, Prohibition is the device of the young northern peoples to overcome their constitutional handicap in competing with the older and soberer races. It seems as if all varieties of men at their first contact with intoxicants literally go crazy over them. In vinous exaltation the primitive races especially find the most glorious experience of life. To supply a tribe of Eskimos or Australian blacks with plenty of strong drink proved to be a swift way of despatching them. The infatuation of the American Indian for "fire water" has been proverbial. The affinity of the indigenous population of Mexico for pulque and mescal is notorious. All down the Andean uplift the natives are gradually destroying themselves with chicha and pisco. The "unconquerable" Araucanians were in the end bowled over by the product of distilleries planted among them for that very purpose. The worst alcoholism in the world to-day is among the Chilean masses, who are more than half Indian.

Once a people has easy access to what an Irish poet, who sang a thousand years ago, called "the heavenly dew," it begins to undergo "alcoholic selection." Those to whom the delights of intoxication are irresistible sooner or later drink themselves to death or, at any rate, leave a weakened progeny which quickly perish. Conversely, the sober survive and they transmit to their posterity their distaste for vinous exhilaration. Some of the Mediterranean peoples have known the vine for four or five thousand years, so that long ago those among them who could not

refrain from abusing the "blood of the grape" eliminated themselves. Sooner or later their intemperate stocks ran out, the result being that the sobriety of these peoples is the marvel of the later arrivals at the banquet of civilisation. Alcoholic selection no doubt set in among the nomad Israelites with their settlement in the Promised Land. It was sure to come when every man dwelt "under his own vine and fig tree." Naturally, therefore, the Old Testament abounds in warnings against wine, but not the New Testament, for by then the Jews had become the liquor-proof people which we find them to-day.

The early Greek lawgivers struck at drunkenness with a severity we have never touched. Alexander's Greeks were so bibulous that in one of the wine-drinking matches which he encouraged 36 contestants died from overdrinking. Yet in a few centuries alcoholics were nearly extinct among the Hellenes, while the modern Greeks are models of sobriety.

Having never been exposed to the test of the flowing bowl, the early Teutons were terrible wassailers. Tacitus remarks, "Intemperance proves as effectual in subduing them as the force of arms." But in the course of the Dark Ages the monasteries spread the cultivation of the vine over the slopes of southern Germany, so that all through the Middle Ages their furious drinkers were quaffing themselves to destruction. This is why to-day the Germans occupy in respect to alcoholism a middle place between northern and southern peoples. An analysis of 2075 charity cases in our cities showed that drink as the cause of poverty occurs but half as often among the German cases as among the Irish, and two-thirds as often as among native American cases. Among the foreign born in our jails and prisons only one German in twenty-two was committed for intoxication as against one out of three Irish, one out of five Scotch, and one out of eight Scandinavians.

How amazing is the contrast between races in their constitutional craving to be "lit up" comes out very clearly in the records of the charity hospitals of New York. Liquor is responsible for more than a fifth of the cases treated. It is the root of the trouble in a quarter of the native Americans treated, in a third of the Irish patients, and in two-fifths of the native born of Irish fathers. On the other hand, one out of sixty Italian patients, one out of seventy Magyar patients, one out of eighty Polish patients, and one out of a hundred Hebrew patients is in the hospital on account of inebriety!

Or take the sons of the "land of the vine." The proportion of Italian charity cases chargeable to drink is only a sixth of that for foreign-born cases and a seventh of that for cases among native Americans. Alcoholism is found among the Italians in the charity hospitals from a tenth to a twentieth as often as among north European patients in the same institutions.

(Continued in next issue.)

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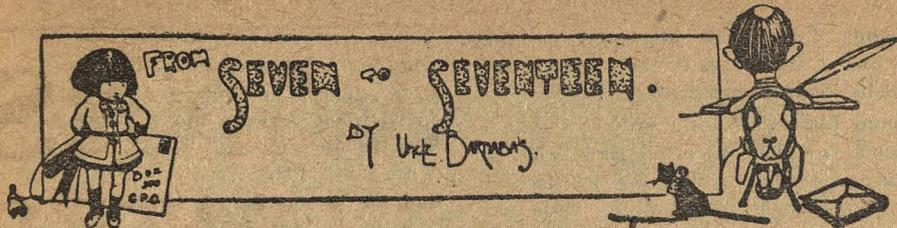
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DID YOU KNOW?

The boundaries of New South Wales constitute an irregularly shaped four-sided figure, the southern frontier deviating most widely from a right line. The extreme length of the State, measured diagonally, is 900 miles; its greatest breadth something less than 850 miles; and its mean breadth about 500 miles. Its superficial area is 323,437 square miles. New South Wales is about three times the size of Great Britain and Ireland, and larger than any State of Europe except Russia. The entire length of the coastline is 800 miles.—Uncle B.

LOVELY TIME.

Hazel Miller, "Park View," Omega, writes: Dear Uncle B.,—It is a long time since I last wrote to you. We spent our holidays at Katoomba and had a lovely time. Our auntie and cousins from Sydney were at Katoomba in a cottage beside ours, so you may guess we had a lovely time. Sometimes there were nine girls and three boys, besides our parents, and when it was wet we used to have concerts in each other's cottage. We went to all the lovely sights. I was sorry when our month's holidays were over and we had to come home. When I went to school after the holidays I was put into fifth class. We have had a lot of rain the last few days. The country is looking lovely down here now, and there is plenty of grass. We have three little pups, and my two little brothers love to play with them. I have no more news, so will close, with love to all "Grit" cousins and yourself.

(Dear Hazel,—It is always joy to me to know that my Ne's and Ni's have spent happy, profitable holidays. Now you must try to make your studies just as pleasant and they will bring you a greater reward.—Uncle T.)

A PRIZE COOK.

Lorna Miller, "Park View," Omega, writes: Dear Uncle B.,—I was pleased to see my letter in "Grit." When we were on our holidays at Katoomba we had a lovely time. I went to Leura, Wentworth and Katoomba Falls, also the Grand Canyon, Govett's Leap, and Jenolan Caves. I liked the Caves best of all. We had a lot of fruit this year.

When we were at Katoomba Mr. Hammond gave a lecture in the Town Hall, which we went to. Do you know Mr. Hammond? I am in lower sixth class at school, and I am hoping to go up for the Q.C. exam. this year. There are a lot of foxes about here, and they take a lot of fowls. One day we went gathering blackberries; we got a kerosene tin full of them. I have been waiting to get my photo, but it turned out no good, and I am going to have another one taken. Kiama Show was held in January; I won some prizes for cooking. Well, as news is scarce, I will have to close.

(Dear Lorna,—Delighted to hear of the good time you have had. Yes, I have met Mr. Hammond. I am going to tell you a secret—men's hearts are mostly won by good cooking.—Uncle T.)

"HOPES."

Beryl Brown, "Llanelly," Croydon, writes: Dear Uncle B.,—I am sure it is more than three months since I have written to you. Our Sunday school anniversary is coming soon; I will be on the platform, and hope to get a prize on the following Monday night. In my next letter I hope to tell you if I get one or not. I am in the highest class at school, and at the end of this year I will be sitting for the Q.C. We play vigoero and basket ball at our school, but I like vigoero best. We are looking forward to your picnic next month, and hope we have as good a time as last year. Last Sunday we had our harvest festival; it was a great success. With love to all "Grit" cousins and yourself.

(Dear Beryl,—I, too, hope that your hopes will be fully realised. I shall be delighted to hear of your success, so do not fail to let me know.—Uncle T.)

"TROUBLES."

Ivy Blaxland, "Dunvegan," Parramatta, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Last time I wrote to you I thought we had finished all the sickness we were going to get, but we have not. We have had three days' rain, and it is raining now. We have not had many grapes this year, but if the birds don't eat them we might have about three dozen bunches. This morning my little brother went to the drainpipe and got his hair very wet, and came along very excitedly, saying, "Georgie's headie all wet." He is eighteen months old now, and can say nearly everything. Greg, my brother, is getting along well at school; he is top of the class for arithmetic, and has been promoted to the big boys' cricket team. Doreen hurt her leg at school, and has been laid up with it for a week, so has not been to school, and it is very disappointing. For our holidays we all went to the entrance of Tuggerah, and had a lovely time swimming

and trying to catch fish. I have no more news now. With love to all my "Grit" cousins.

(Dear Ivy,—If we take patiently the troubles that fall to our lot and rise above them it is surprising how soon we overcome them, I am glad to hear that you all had a happy holiday.—Uncle T.)

BEANS.

Herbert Ward, Bowraville, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I thought it about time I wrote to you again, so that I shall not be a scallywag. A few weeks back I planted some beans, and next week we shall be able to have some for dinner. We are getting a magazine from school each month, and there are some nice stories in it, which we have to learn, and then the teacher asks us to write about them. With love to yourself and all "Grit" cousins.

(Dear Herbert,—I am pleased to note that you do not want to be a scallywag. That is the right spirit. Like the beans—if you sow good deeds you will reap a harvest of good character.—Uncle T.)

MEMORIAL SERVICE.

Matt. Chaseling, Lower Hawkesbury, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I hope I haven't become a scallywag. I don't think I have. I am a chum in the "Methodist," and write to the G.S. We have to pull nearly two miles to church every Sunday, and started Sunday school here again after a few months' spell. I have got a sister who has been in the hospital for nearly twelve months with a paralysed leg. She came out of the hospital yesterday, and has gone to stop with a friend for a while; then she will come home. Our minister, Mr. Scharkey, preached this morning; it was a memorial service for an old church member. I helped mother make the motto. It was this: "I, even I, am He that comforteth you." I will soon have to "ring off," because it is going on for bed time. I must say good-bye to you and all the other Ne's and Ni's.

(Dear Matt.,—Thanks for your letter. I am also pleased to hear of your sister's recovery, and I hope it will be a permanent cure. Your motto is one that applies and appeals to all.—Uncle T.)

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First Impressions of Hell—

(Continued from Page 9.)

ted. "Not see him win the Sydney Cup! Ain't it stinkin' luck? I tell yer, he'll be headin' 'em by about seven lengths, goin' round Oxenham's Corner."

Then Bullet Head spoke. He was the red-headed young man, and his fingers were leisurely engaged in rolling a dirty-looking cigarette.

"Say, bloke!" he said, shooting one hand into a trousers-pocket. "Any chance of you gittin' out on bail?"

I thrilled. Not at what he said. Not at the reminder that there was such a thing as freedom. No! But because I saw that there were really pockets in prison—real pockets in your pants—after all.

"Wake up!" my bullet-headed acquaintance exclaimed, since I was so enthralled by this discovery that I had not answered. "Any chance of your shickser gittin' you out on bail?"

Shickser? What was that? I didn't know. But I knew that I had good friends and expensive lawyers working for me. I knew, dimly, what I was going in to Court for, and so I nodded.

"Yes, I think so. It is possible that my bail may be fixed up to-morrow. I don't think it will be done to-day."

His eyes looked curiously at me.

"You're one of those coves that talk like a blanky book," he said. "Every word just right. Does it hurt much, handin' it out like that?"

"Not much."

He laughed.

"All right. Then do us a favor, will yer? Will y' go along to Gehrig's Winter Garden, and give my shickser the office from me?"

"Gehrig's what?"

"Their Winter Garden," he laughed again. "Anyway, that's what we call it. It's a blanky wine saloon in Oxford-street—a place with seats in it, where you can sit down with a girl, just like you'd do with some swell bit of skirt at the Hotel Australia."

I began to see light.

"Only, instid of cocktails," he went on, "you git colonial wine at Gehrig's—Australian wine, at sixpence and threepence a time."

I nodded again.

"All right. And you want me to go there, if I get out on bail? You want me to see somebody? Who?"

"Sloppy Lizzie," he answered promptly. "Ask any of the blokes or tarts yer see there. She'll be knockin' around."

Sloppy Lizzie? What a name!

"You'll spot her there, all right," he continued carelessly, flicking the ash from his cigarette. "She'll be drinkin' wine with somebody or other. She's all right."

"Yes? And then?"

"Aw! When yer spot her, tell her you've got a message from Bluey. Say you've come from the Pillar-Box King."

"The what?"

One of the other men in the chain-gang began to laugh. It did not seem to worry him—or Bluey either, for that matter—that they were fastened together like cattle with iron chains.

"Blimey, mate!" he said. "You don't know Bluey! Where've ye been dragged up? Y'aint heard about Blue—the champeen pillar-box worker of Australia! Bluey, tell him your lay."

Bluey's light blue eyes went moving leisurely around.

"Huh! It's nothin'," he said. "I just made meself Postmaster-General and went in for collectin' the mails."

"But how?"

"Dead easy! Y'er can take it on yerself, if yer like. Just git a job in the G.P.O. for a couple of months. Go around with the vans. Find out, yer see, where they dump the likeliest stuff into the boxes—right out in the suburbs, I mean, where they collect the mails. Then, when yer know enough, pinch some other postman's cap and coat. Pinch a mailbag and a letter box key as well. Then simply fergit to come back to work."

"And after that?"

"Why, yer just go around with a mate and work. Yer want somebody, yer see, if yer work in the daytime, to stand on the other side of the street and pretend to be readin' a paper. That's the best way of keepin' nit. I tried it both ways—workin' the boxes day and night. It's safest in broad daylight. Yer can open up a hundred blanky pillar-boxes if yer like. I mean if yer got at it properly. And nobody'll say a word!"

"Why not?"

"Why, ain't yer got the flamin' official cap and coat on? What else does anybody want? Yer can just start in wherever yer like. Open up a likeli-lookin' pillar-box and fill yer bag. Have a go at it! Nobody'll know that y'aint takin' the letters straight to the G.P.O."

"H'm! That's an eye-opener," I exclaimed. "And what used you do with the letters?"

"Do with them? Whip off home to Surry Hills with the lot. Then tear 'em open! Sloppy Lizzie used to read all the love-letters, while I collared the cheques, postal notes and cash."

"Yes! And Sloppy Lizzie used to go around with Bluey sometimes," one of the chain-gang men exclaimed proudly. "She's a bit of alright! Went around with Bluey, keepin' nit and dressed up like a man! Didn't she, Bluey? Ain't she a bonzer shickser!"

That's the sort of girl—one that will watch for the Johns while yer fill the bag!"

"My oath!" responded the gentle Bluey. "And when yer spot her at Gehrig's, tell her that Bluey said—"

But no! The message that Bluey gave me for Sloppy Lizzie is not for you. Not the main portion of it, anyway. It would not be fair. Only the last part of the message concerned myself. Queer though it was, and casting such an extraordinary light upon the moral ethics of the underworld, it may be told.

"Tell her to work with you, if yer like," he concluded. "You can have her. Only I want her back when I've done my wheel. Git hold of her, and don't let her lap up too much of that juice in Gehrig's. She's yours, mate! Y'ain't a bad sort of a bloke. But tell her I'll cut her throat if she goes near the flamin' Chinks."

As Bluey said that the prison-car rolled into the station yard at Darlinghurst. Padlocks were unbolted. The chain-gang clanked out of my compartment, on its way to Goulburn Jail. I was hustled out, along with dozens of others. We were surrounded by police.

"Good-bye, bloke!" Bluey shouted. And that was the last I saw of him, until we met again in Goulburn Jail.

"This way!" the station-keeper said. "I'm puttin' you in a little yard by yourself. You don't want to go in with that stinkin', worby mob!"

And so I was placed in a small, square open tube—a rectangular tube with a single iron door. A plain square tube that nobody on earth could justly call a yard. It measured about nine feet across. Just simply four cement walls, with the top wide open to the sky. Stone floor! Stony sides! What nameless Legions of the Lost have passed through that square and hideous police station tube miscalled a yard!

I walked around. This way, that way, and then the other. I thought of Bluey, of Sloppy Lizzie, of Gehrig's Winter Garden—of all that strange, mysterious under-life of a great city, which is hidden from the entirely stratified, ultra-respectable world.

I heard Black Maria arrive. I heard iron doors slam open. I heard the shuffling tramp of prison feet—the loading up of jail's in-

(Continued on page 15.)

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MISLAID.

It has come to our ears that a bricklayer who has been resting for the last six months suddenly decided last week to return to work, but unfortunately could not remember where he had left it.

* * *

GOING UP.

A very junior officer was trying his first case.

"Seven days confined to camp," he snapped.

"Beg pardon, sir," whispered the company sergeant-major. "You mustn't give a sentence like that. You—"

"All right, then, fourteen days," retorted the sub.

"But, sir," pleaded the sergeant-major, "it's not—"

"Arf a mo', major," interposed the Tommy.

"Don't check 'im again or 'e'll give me twenty-one. 'E ain't a horcifer—'e's a hauctioneer!"

* * *

REASSURING.

An old lady was greatly frightened when the train thundered into the Empire Tunnel.

"Do you think," she asked the ticket-collector, "this tunnel is perfectly safe?"

"Don't be afraid, madam," replied the waggish collector; "our company got you in this hole, and we're bound to see you through."

* * *

A young man fell into a state of coma, but recovered before his friends had buried him. One of them asked what it felt like to be dead.

"Dead!" he exclaimed. "I wasn't dead. And I knew I wasn't, because my feet were cold and I was hungry."

"But how did that make you sure?"

"Well, I knew that if I were in heaven I shouldn't be hungry, and if I was in the other place my feet wouldn't be cold."

HE FOUND OUT.

A man down in Missouri put his hand in a mule's mouth to see how many teeth the mule had. The mule closed his mouth to see how many fingers the man had, and the curiosity of both man and mule was satisfied. We like to see everybody pleased.

* * *

The hours that were lost by the foot on the rail will now be made up by the hand in the mill.

* * *

THEY CAME BACK.

"When I was a little child," the sergeant sweetly addressed his men at the end of an exhaustive hour of drill, "I had a set of wooden soldiers. There was a poor little boy in the neighborhood and after I had been to Sunday school one day and listened to a stirring talk on the beauties of charity I was softened enough to give them to him. Then I wanted them back and cried, but my mother said, 'Don't cry, Bertie, some day you will get your wooden soldiers back.'

"And, believe me, you lobsided, mutton-headed, goofus-brained set of certified rolling-pins, that day has come."

* * *

PERHAPS HE DID.

A witness at the Glebe Police Court gave a fair explanation of the betwixt and between stage. "E wasn't drunk, your Worship, but 'e wasn't himself, and when I last saw 'im 'e'd been washing his face in a puddle, and was tryin' to wipe it on a rubber doormat, cursin' the 'oles in the towel."

* * *

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

Magistrate: "Do you mean to say that such a physical wreck as your husband gave you that black eye?"

Plaintiff: "Your Washup, 'e wasn't a physical wreck until 'e gave me the black eye."

*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
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DAILY INSPIRATION

"Now is Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept."—1 Cor. 15, 20.

SUNDAY.

"Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom of their Father."—Matt. 13, 43.

"GEMS."

Love is not getting, but giving—it is goodness and honor, and peace and pure living—yes, love is that, and is the best thing in the world and the thing that lasts longest.—Henry Van Dyke.

No one is useless in the world who lightens the burden of it for anyone else.—Chas. Dickens.

Life is made up, not of great sacrifices or duties, but of little things in which smiles and kindnesses, and small obligations, given habitually, are what win and preserve the heart and secure comfort.—Sir H. Davy.

MONDAY.

"I am not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."—Matt. 9, 13.

THE CALL.

Oh, then, if gleams of truth and light
Flash o'er thy waiting mind,
Unfolding to thy mental sight
The wants of human kind;
If, brooding over human grief,
The earnest wish is known
To soothe and gladden with relief
An anguish not thine own . . .
Though only to the inward ear
It whispers soft and low . . .
Noiseless as dew fell, heed it well,
Thy Father's call of love.

—J. G. Whittier.

TUESDAY.

Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of His might. Put on the whole armor of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil.—Eph. 6, 10-11.

BE STRONG!

The golden hopes of mankind can be realised only by men who have iron in their blood; by men who scorn to do wrong and

equally scorn to submit to wrong; by men of gentle souls whose hearts are harder than steel in their readiness to war against brutality and evil.—Hon. Theodore Roosevelt.

WEDNESDAY.

"If ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others?"—Matt. 5, 47.

"OTHERS."

Lord, help me live from day to day
In such a self-forgetful way
That even when I kneel to pray
My prayers shall be for—others.

Help me in all the work I do
To ever be sincere and true,
And know that all I'd do for You,
Must needs be done—for others.

Let "self" be crucified and slain,
And buried deep; and all in vain
May efforts be to rise again,
Unless to live for—others.

And when my work on earth is done,
And my new work in heaven's begun,
May I forget the crown I've won,
While thinking still of—others.

THURSDAY.

"The spirit of the Lord came upon Gideon."—Judges 6, 34.

WORKING THROUGH YOU.

Do you ever think that God is waiting for you? Thomas Carlyle looked one day upon the hideous slums of London, and cried out in bitter anguish, "Oh! God does nothing!" Perhaps God was waiting to clothe Himself with Thomas Carlyle. Who knows? God has chosen to work through human lives, and you are known, and marked out in that encircling world of spirit; and God is waiting, waiting and watching, to clothe Himself with you. Will you let God do that? Will you?—George A. Buttrick.

FRIDAY.

"In His name shall the Gentiles trust."—Matt. 12, 21.

TRUST.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee—
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade, as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow;
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow—
Every day begin again.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

—A. A. Proctor.

SATURDAY.

"I will give you a mouth and wisdom which all your adversaries shall not be able to gainsay nor resist."—Lk. 21, 15.

MANY ADVERSARIES.

Have you ever noticed that magnificent turn which the apostle gives to a certain passage in his second letter to the Corinthians? "I will tarry at Ephesus . . . for a great door and effectual is opened unto me, and there are many adversaries!" "There are many adversaries . . . I will tarry!" The majestic opposition constitutes a reason to remain! "There are many adversaries"; I will hold on!—J. H. Jowett.

The Old Folks.

Jack and I were married just a year when we took a run out to visit the old folks at home. We took the twins with us of course and mother was delighted. She said she was so pleased they were two boys, for the world needed more good men. I am glad too they are boys; but Jack says the world's supply of men would run very scarce if there were no more mothers born.

Mother had been up quite early that morning and had her week's wash all out when we arrived by noon. She was all cleaned and dressed and one would never think an old lady like mother, at her age, could do such a wash and be so pleasant after it; but dear old mother knows the virtue of Sunlight Soap. Sunlight Soap is just the soap for an old lady who has to do her own work. There is none of that sweltering over vile steaming suds; just a little rub of good Sunlight Soap, an hour in the suds, a rub out, a rinse and the clothes are done. A twin bar of Sunlight Soap is, I think, almost as great a comfort to mother, in a way, as my twin babies are to me.



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First Impressions of Hell—

(Continued from Page 12.)

voluntary guests. "Now it's my turn!" I thought. But nobody came.

Not a soul!

"Hi! You've forgotten me!" I shouted, banging upon the iron door. "Hi! Hi! I've got to go into Court!"

Dead silence. And so I banged and banged, and raised a tremendous row. Presently an iron centre-plate in the clanging door fell open. The fat, bare-headed, good-natured-looking station-keeper gazed in.

"What's all the row about?" he inquired genially. "Ain't y' happy?"

"Happy! I've got to go into the blanked Court at the Central," I said. "All the rest have gone. Why am I stuck here?"

He handed in a packet of cigarettes.

"Instructions," he said, briefly. "Somebody rang up. Rotten, ain't it? How'd yer like a cup of tea?"

Tea! Were there really people left in the world who cared whether one would like a cup of tea? Was the world all Blueys? All Clever Bills? All Johnnie-Walkerised? Or were there really some kind, decent, sympathetic-natured people—even in uniform—left in it? People who felt human about things? People!—who asked one about the worth-whileness of a cup of tea!

"I'd give anything for it," I said, as briefly as himself. "But is it a joke?"

"Nix!" he responded shortly, stooping down. Then, to my amazement, a real, genuine, smoking cup, garnished with slabs of bread and butter, came through the slot in the iron door. "Get this into yer!" said my laconic friend. "Y'ain't a bad sort. Keep cool!"

With that the iron centre-plate slammed fast again, and I was left alone with my cup of tea.

The day passed. I thought about my own utter helplessness, shifted hither and thither by the Law. "I am a slave," I reflected aloud. "What freedom of action is left to me, except the action of my own mind and soul?" And then, as I thought and thought, and looked up, out of my small square tube at the blue sky, a new sensation of freedom came to me. I realised that out of that tube one might be able to send up a cry like a shot from a loaded cannon. "It IS a cannon!" I exulted. "And I am the living shell that God Almighty has deliberately placed within it. What is my destiny? To wake the world to a sense of where it stands? To thunder forth from the depths, a message charged with the soul-forces of universal misery? To be the pro-

phet of the new spiritual freedom? The leader of a revolt against all human slavery—was it for this I entered jail?"

The day passed.

Black Maria came back again, dumping her daily prison-freight, and still I was alone. The prison tram rolled forth to Long Bay, and still I was alone. The kindly station-keeper gave me another cup of tea, together with a huge bread-and-meat sandwich. But still. . . the day passed. And I was alone.

The day. . . ending! Up and down I walked, and up and down. Where were my lawyers? Where were my wife and friends? Not going out to Long Bay to-night? Not taken to Court? What did it all mean?

At last, about six o'clock, the iron door swung open, and the smiling station-keeper appeared.

"Come along," he said, genial yet brief as ever. "Y' goin' out on bail."

On bail!

With those magic words ringing in my ears, I followed him along a corridor, through a room and a passage, and so into another room. A fusty-looking man sat there—he might have been a grocer or a draper in a small way of business. Anything! And he was chewing a pen.

He read out something to me. Something printed upon a blue paper. And then he said, "Sign here."

I signed.

"All the rest of the formalities are fixed up," he said. "Now you're right!"

Right! Did he mean that I was free? This man—this J.P.—did a single dip in the inkpot and a word or so from him mean that I was again physically free? It looked like it. For first my watch was given back to me, then money, then a cheque-book and other papers, then a bunch of keys. My empty pockets were filled! Mechanically, I put the right things in the right place. Only five days! And yet, having things in one's pockets—a watch that one could snap open, money that one could spend—all this felt as queer as if I had had nothing in my pockets for fifty thousand years.

"Good-night!" the station-keeper said. "And good luck!"

Mechanically I left the police station at Darlinghurst and walked out into the open street. Trams were roaring past, loaded with girls. Yes! With real girls! What extraordinary phenomena they seemed, those girls! Those grave or cheerfully and cheekily laughing things in skirts!

I got on board a tram.

And a girl sat opposite me—a girl with deep, dark eyes.

"Which way is this car going, miss?" I said. "I'm all at sea, after being in jail.

Is it going into the city, or out of town?"

"In jail!" she exclaimed, looking at me with startled eyes, and forgetting to answer my question. "Have you been there long? Forgotten everything? Oh, you poor man!"

I looked at her quietly. Just a little typiste, I thought. Somebody in a shop or office. But somebody with shining eyes and a living human heart.

"Long, sis?" I said "It all depends. Practically, I've only been in Long Bay for five days, but in that time I have lived more—lived back in to the Stone-Age brutality of fifty thousand centuries. I have felt. . . have seen—"

And there, together, on a common, everyday tram, rolling into Sydney, we looked at one another in silence. And our eyes were filled with tears.

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As I Lay Athinking—

(Continued from Page 6.)

I wonder should I think the brewers are very decent chaps. I think we should call a spade a spade, and not forget that the creator of drunken mothers is morally unclean, and should be treated as such. I once knew a very little man who was a parson. He was so small that if his hat had been one size larger he would be almost snuffed out. One day a brewer, who lived in his parish sent him a big money gift. My little parson sat down and wrote a very courteous letter to the brewer and told the brewer to keep his tainted money. This little man was very poor, as well as very small, but he had a sense of the fitness of things, and in my eyes he became very big after he blushingly showed me the copy of the letter which he sent to the brewer.

I have thought myself rather off the subject I started on, but perhaps the editor will let me "lay athinking" about a Shaw play another time.

"GRIT" SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Received to 5/4/21, and where not mentioned the amount received is 10s.: W. G. Bassett (N.Z.), 23s., 30/12/22; Mr. H. Allez, £1, 30/12/22; Mr. J. Pascoe, 5s., 30/1/21; W. A. Crawford, 18/10/22; H. A. Brown, 30/12/22; Canon W. P. Oakley, 20s., 30/9/21; Sydney Smith (N.Z.), 10s., 15/11/21; Mr. P. Peters (N.Z.), 23s., 30/12/22; Mrs. J. Baily, 5s., 30/7/21; Mr. W. Wilson, 12/2/21; Mrs. Enoch Brown, 20s., 28/2/22; Miss Johns, 9/4/22; Mr. Harrington, 5/4/22.

The following are paid to 30/12/21: Mrs. D. Paine, Mrs. Wm. Moxey, E. Roose (N.Z.) 21/6, G. Gilbert, Rev. L. Peacock 7/6, Rev. C. E. Godbehear, Mr. S. Pickering, Mrs. J. J. Willis, Mrs. H. Beesley 18/6, Mr. J. W. Budge, E. S. Waller, Mr. J. R. C. Higman, Methodist Book Depot 28/-. Mr. D. Morice (N.Z.) 11/6, Dr. Lapraik (N.Z.) 11/6, Thomas Brownlee (N.Z.) 21/6, Mr. W. Walsh 18/6, T. F. Locke, Dr. Upham (N.Z.) 21/6, Mr. N. Phillips, Miss R. Pearce, Mr. N. Macindoe, Mr. W. H. Winn, Rev. F. Reeve 18/6, Rev. W. B. Roden, Mrs. Emert, Mr. A. W. Earl, Mr. H. Albury, M. Clarke, Mr. C. J. Garland, Mr. F. Wicks 12/10, Mr. W. A. Clark (N.Z.) 21/6; Miss McKillop (N.Z.) 11/6, Mr. J. Jones (N.Z.) 11/6, F. G. Marshall (N.Z.) 11/6.

New South Wales Alliance—

(Continued from Page 4.)

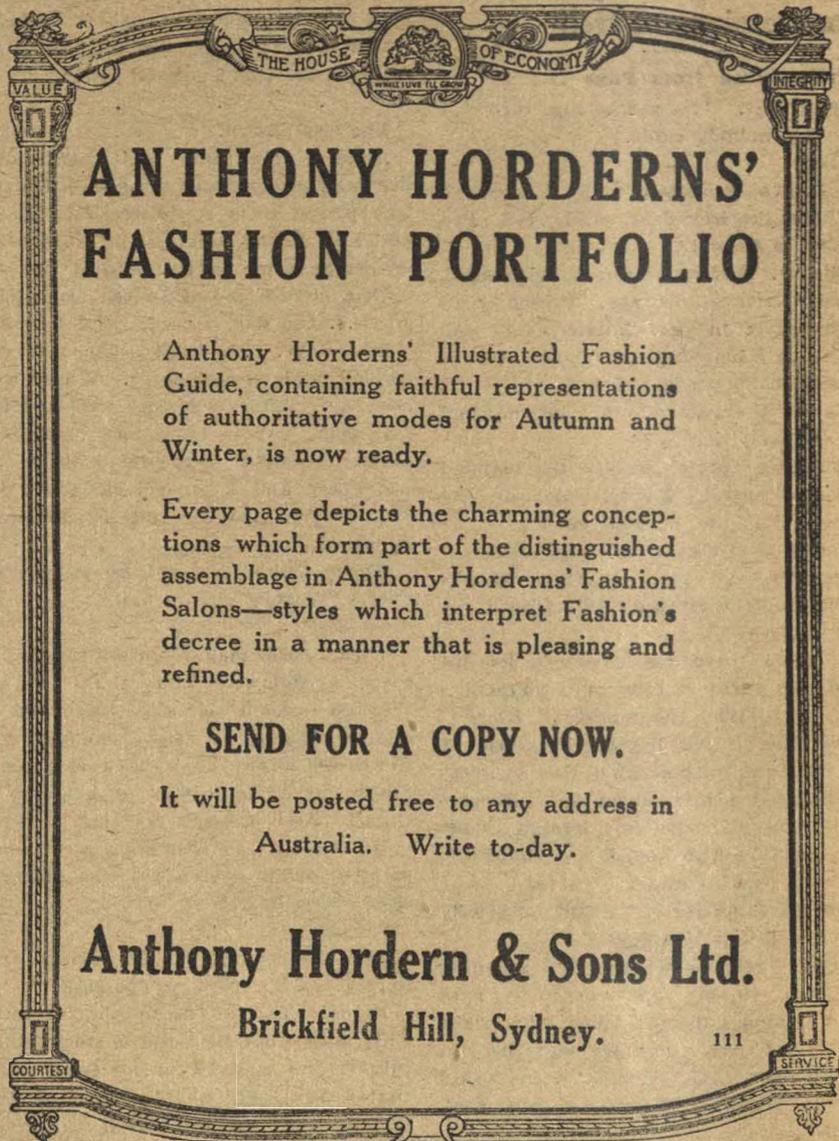
REGISTRATIONS.

No. 13—Mortlake Young People's Scripture Union (Church of England). Secretary, Miss D. Yeldon.

No. 14—Hurstville (Bellevue) Congregational Society. Secretary, Mr. A. M. Walker.

AN ACTIVE SOCIETY.

The Blacktown Band of Hope has just held its second annual meeting, and the report tells of excellent work done under the leadership of Mr. A. J. Barnes. During the year 15 meetings have been held all well attended. Amongst the speakers have been Mrs. Lee Cowie, Messrs. Creagh and Middleton, and the local Shire President and the Mayor of St. Mary's. One interesting night was an elocutionary competition, when prizes were



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awarded, donated by Councillor J. C. Page. Forty-one members have joined the Society during the year, and the total membership at present is 108. This is a complete record, and sets a high standard for other societies to obtain.

MARION MEMORIAL.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Crawford, Mr. W. R. Glasson, Mr. Bickley Reaney, £10 each.

Mr. C. W. Furner, £5/5/-.
Mr. Albert Bruntnell, M.L.A., Mr. T. J. Hoskins, M.L.A., A Friend, Mr. A. C. Pratt, £5 each.

Mr. H. M. Hawkins, Mrs. Phipps, £3/3/- each.

Mrs. M. J. Lane, £3.
Mrs. E. E. McDonald, the Bishop of Bathurst, Mr. T. Guthrie, I.O.R. Star of Hope, Messrs. Terrill and Pollock, Sir Thomas Henley, Mr. B. I. Doe, Rev. W. H. Howard, £2/2/- each.

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Mr. and Mrs. Abel, £1/10/-.
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Mr. R. J. Rickerby, A Friend, £1/1/- each.
Lithgow Alliance, Mr. L. J. Curwood, Mr. J. F. Thornton, Mrs. E. Lambert Martin, Mr. A. Gale, Mr. J. R. Miller, Mrs. Killen, Mrs. Berry, Mr. A. A. Kelly, Mrs. R. Lake, Mr. F. S. Stevens, £1 each.

Mr. F. M. Reeve, Mr. J. Robinson, Rev. T. Daves, 10/6 each.

Mr. Jessup, Mr. H. A. Brown, Mr. R. McKean, Miss Johns, Tamworth W.C.T.U., Mrs. Merrifield, Rev. W. H. Croft, Mrs. H. E. Green, 10/- each.

Mr. L. G. Hancock, 7/6.

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