

Grit.

A JOURNAL OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY AND PROHIBITION.

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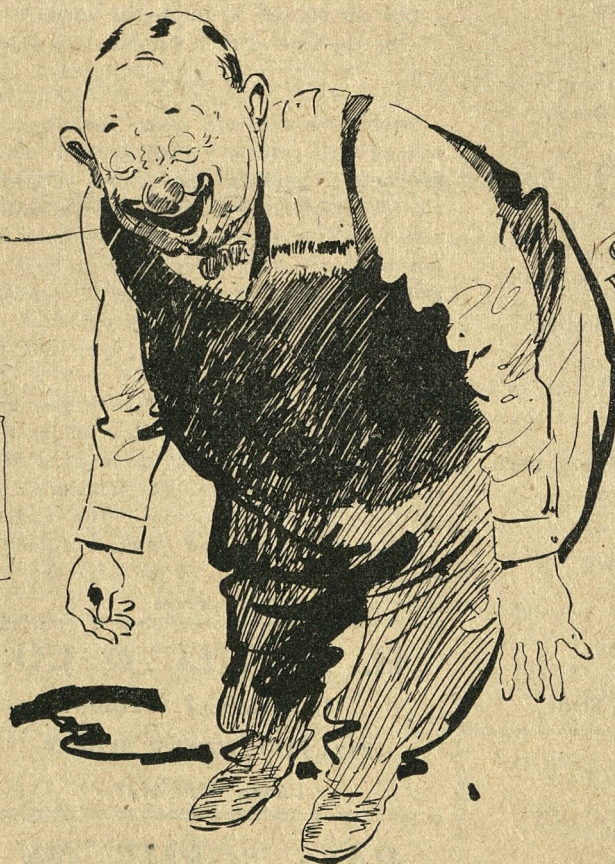
SYDNEY, MARCH 22, 1928.

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HA' HA' FIGHT
PROMOTER - EH!?
HA' HA' WHY I'VE
PROMOTED MORE
FIGHTS THAN EVER
YOU DREAMED
OF - HE! HE!!

MAY-BE - OLD
SPORT -
BUT YOU
NEVER WON
ANY OF THEM -

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We notice that the White Cross League, which for many years has, through the circulation of its wonderful little books, silently preached the Gospel of Purity, has just issued in leaflet form that forceful poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, entitled, "The Price He Paid," which we reprint below. How many unguided or misdirected youths failing to count the cost of their misdeeds in after-years voice these words:

THE PRICE HE PAID.

I said I would have my fling,
And do what a young man may;
And I didn't believe a thing
That the parsons have to say.
I didn't believe in a God
That gives us blood like fire.
Then flings us into hell because
We answer the call of desire.

And I said "Religion is rot,
And the laws of the world are nil;
For the bad man is he who is caught
And cannot foot his bill;
And there is no place called hell,
And heaven is only a truth
When a man has his way with a maid,
In the fresh keen hour of youth."

"And money can buy us grace,
If it rings on the plate of a church;
And money can neatly erase
Each sign of a sinful smirch."
For I saw men everywhere
Hotfooting the road of vice;
And women and preachers smiled on them
As long as they paid the price.

So I had my joy of life;
And went the pace of the town;
And then I took me a wife,
And started to settle down.
I had gold enough and to spare
For all the simple joys
That belong to a house and a home,
And a brood of girls and boys.

I married a girl with health
And virtue and spotless fame;
I gave in exchange my wealth
And a proud old family name.

And I gave her the love of a heart
Grown sated and sick of sin;
My deal with the devil was all cleaned up
And my last bill handed in.

She was going to bring me a child,
And when in labor she cried,
With love and fear I was wild,
But now I wish she had died.
For the son she bore was blind,
And crippled and weak and sore;
And his mother was left a wreck,
It was thus she settled my score.

I said I must have my fling,
And they knew the pace I would go;
Yet no one told me a thing
Of what I needed to know.
Folks talk quite right of a soul,
From heavenly joys debarred;
But not enough of the babes unborn
By the sins of their fathers scarred.

During the next few weeks several suburban centres will be visited, with a view to instructing parents and young people by means of specially-prepared moving pictures and brief illustrated talks. Parents need not hesitate about bringing their boys and girls with them, as the general opinion is that it is a fact to be greatly regretted that these splendid programmes were not provided years ago.

Will you please tell everyone you know in these districts about the approaching visits as the Council is strongly desirous of influencing as many as possible. Remember also the immediate needs of the Father and Son Welfare Movement, and forward a donation, either large or small, to the honorary treasurer at the above address.

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PASS "GRIT" ON.

THE LAST STRAW.

Our sympathy was appropriately expressed recently to one of our most corpulent acquaintances who had gone to a doctor about his weight, and had been ordered upon a four-day fast. A glass of orange juice twice a day—nothing more. On the night of the third day the man awoke from a nap in which he had dreamed that a thick, medium-rare beefsteak had been set before him. Restlessly he went for a stroll in the park, casting hungry, covetous glances at every youth with a peanut and every babe with a nursing bottle. Suddenly he was accosted by an individual, who said:

"Say, boss, you couldn't give a poor fellow a dime, could you? I haven't had anything to eat since this morning."

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THE "DRYNESS" OF THE "WETTEST."

NO ONE KNOWS WHERE THE BREWERY WAS.

By JOE LONGTON, Special Representative in America for the Sydney "Sportsman," for "Grit."

Madison, Wis.—Governor R. Zimmerman has vetoed the "Duncan Beer Bill."

The measure is invalid and attempts "by indirection" to nullify a law of the United States were the Governor's leading reasons for killing the measure, which would have allowed the manufacture and sale in Wisconsin of liquor containing 2.75 per cent. alcohol by weight.

The above clipping should about put an end to Australian "wet" propaganda that says wait until the end of the "dry" regime.

Wisconsin is the home State of the famous Blatz, Pabst and Schlitz beers—the beers that made Milwaukee famous. American "wets" and foreign money have an awful time trying to make the tail-end of a zephyr resemble a cyclone. Here in Omaha, Nebraska, where I write this, I asked fifty boys between the ages of 14 to 20 where the old Metz Brewery was located, and not one of them could enlighten me until I told them that it is now the Corn Derivatives Products Co., the Schermerhorn Cordage Paper Factory, the Omaha Warehouse Co., the Nourse Oil Refinery, the Affinity Hand Cleaner Co., the Ready Roofing Co., and the Omaha Salt Fish Co.

Alcoholic beverages are all but forgotten in America. The old soaks that seem impossible and the foreign bootleggers employed by the World's League Against Prohibition to do the dirty work and keep the home fires burning for the Battalion of Death have as tough a time interesting the rising generation in alcohol as the boarders at Mrs. Stoneheart's had of getting their teeth into the hide of the fowl she decorated the mahogany with on Sunday. And I get a good laugh out of Australia's degenerated and perverted "wet" press as I read how the sewerage scribes of my country dish-up the slumgullion for Aussie readers who are wise to that type of bunk right now. A few years back the Australian believed that Prohibition was a failure. Whether he acknowledges it or not he now knows it is a success.

In these days when bewhiskered athletes are as scarce as plug hats and monocles out along the Barcoo, and the layers of odds permit their chins to come up for air by not hiding their better natures behind facial forget-me-nots, and the old ex-drunkard in good, clean long pants feels as chippy as a kid in knee-breeches, a remarkable era is dawning over this remarkably sober nation that, in eight years of Prohibition, has reduced the consumption of alcohol to less than 5 per cent. what it was before Prohibition, and converted all its distilleries, wineries, breweries and bar-rooms into factories and retail stores that employ an army of sober workers that are numbered by millions. Imagine the volume the 177,000 ex-bar-rooms now sell since being converted into stores,

and you will get an idea of how many millions of people that the factories employ manufacturing their merchandise. Of course, all the booze factories of old are now turning out useful, non-maddening products, but they are only a cog in the great American industrial machine. The old murder signs are down. For instance, here in Omaha the Omaha Flour Mills Co., handling millions of bushels of grain, occupies what was Nebraska's largest brewery—Krug's. The Willow Springs Brewery is the Willow Springs Beverage Co., making "Te-To, the great Teetotallers' Beverage." The Buffalo Head Saloon, where Sad Sadie O'Brien was kicked to death by an infuriated maniac in the delirium tremens at 12th and Douglas streets, is the Farmers, Breeders and Supply Co. The Willow Springs Whisky Distillery is the Hoarman Vinegar and Pickle Co., the Great Western Foundry, and the enormous Linger Farming Implement Factory. Paul Lang and his wife posed for a picture at his box factory, which is in the distillery cooorage at the 4th and Pierce streets entrance. The Universal Millwork Co. is also in the old distillery. (If you do not believe me, make a date with the Editor of "Grit" and see the pictures.)

In Boulder, Colorado, the brewery is the Central Investment Co. and the Big Four Coal Yard. In Fort Collins, Colorado, Mick Flynn's Rawhide Salon is a clothes cleaning and dyeing company, with the slogan, "I will dye for you." In Julesburg, Colorado, the Indian Battlefield Saloon is a real estate office with the slogan, "The Declaration of Independence—Own your own Home."

Somebody had been feeding Healy raw beef in Denver. I went into Healy's saloon, now Healy's restaurant, on Champa-street in the 1500 block. Healy tells a story to every customer about the evils of Prohibition and some woman's lingerie getting exposed in a raid on a Denver "blind pig." Object, to make tourists with wives steer clear of Denver. According to Healy, every visitor to Denver gets pinched and his wife's lingerie is used in a war dance. It is Healy's madness. Healy is making more money to-day than he ever did, but that does not prevent me from tabbing Healy as America's greatest beeper and bellyacher. The trouble is, Uncle Sam has taken the black bottle from Healy's hand, and prevented him—along with 176,999 others—from continuing the business of a wholesale murderer.

With the Rocky Mountains to the west of me, I left Denver and visited Boulder, Colorado, where the world's largest tungsten mine (the Black Tongue) is located, with gold mines, coal, copper, silver, tin, platinum, aluminium, lead and zinc mines, as well as oil wells, producing 500 barrels daily, and Colorado's greatest gasser, all within a radius

of ten miles. (Please note, you geologists that say oil and copper will not live together.)

From Boulder I drove over into Cheyenne, Wyoming, and back to Greeley, via Longmont and Loveland. Then I left the State of Colorado near Julesburg and entered Nebraska, after visiting Fort Morgan, Brush and Sterling. I was not bothered by speed laws in Nebraska, where there are none outside towns and cities; and I made good time for over four hundred miles of the Platte River Valley through North Platte, Gothenburg, Kearney, Grand Island, Hastings, York and Lincoln to Omaha. I drove the 78 miles from Lincoln to Omaha in my Lincoln in one hour and fifteen minutes. Nebraska roads—about to be paved shortly—are of rotten granite and are very good when it does not rain.

To-day I went across the Missouri River to Council Bluffs, a prosperous city in the State of Iowa. For two thousand miles, from California to Iowa via Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Utah, Wyoming, Colorado, Nebraska and Iowa, the crops are wonderful. In fact, the best in America's history. Indian tribes with which I mingled on this trip have been Modocs, Umatillas, John Days, Tillamooks, Potlatch, Spokanes, Nez Perces, Utes, Bannocks, Blackfeet, Shoshones, Cheyennes, Piutes and Sioux.

I have been away from my Los Angeles home—on this little spasm of my trip for "Grit"—over four months.

Yes! I am away from my wife for long intervals at a time. At that she always manages to recognise me somehow or other, and I have never yet been away that long that I needed an introduction to her. She has already remarked that she would know my hide if it was hanging on a tanyard fence. Her advice has always been on my leaving home, "Joe, remember, never go from one misdemeanor to another, and don't try to do the other fellow before he does you. Send your cheque home as fast as you get it. Then you will not be worth doing."

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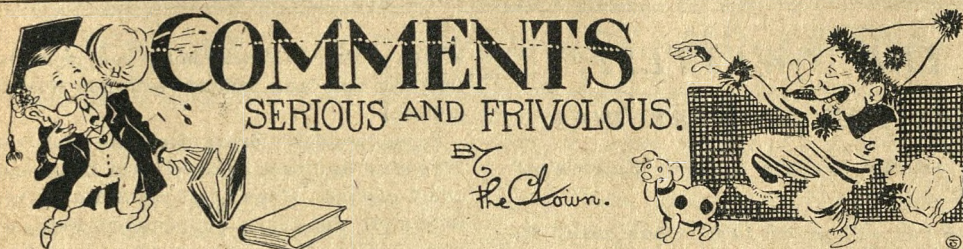
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PASS "GRIT" ON.



The old apple tree hasn't anything on some family trees when it comes to being shady.

Mr. E. C. Andrews is reported as having returned from U.S.A., where he declares he saw "thousands of drunks."

Mr. Andrews is described as a geologist. Now, if he had been an irrigationist, a televisionist, or even a spookist we could the more easily have understood this reference to "thousands of drunks."

Perhaps the newspaper was unkind and unfair and omitted some qualifying statement.

It may have been that Mr. Andrews saw "thousands who would like to have been drunks," or perhaps he saw a drunk who thought he saw thousands of swaying, jumbled people whom he was sure were drunks. Perhaps he met a chap whose grandfather had lived in the days when there were thousands of really truly drunks.

In N.S.W. we not only have many who are good and properly drunk, well and truly soused, we also have an immense number of persons who leave the pubs every night in the state described by the London policeman, who, in reply to the magistrate's question, "Was the prisoner drunk?" replied, "No, sir, not exactly, but he was insufficiently otherwise."

Some modern dances are so much like St. Vitus' dance that it's hard to tell which is twitch.

Turning from Mr. Andrews I find Mr. Wickham Steed, the eminent journalist, writing on his travels in the London "Observer" of December 18 last, says:

"Of the Prohibition controversy I have heard little. One or two cocktails offered before lunch or dinner in private houses, and here and there, a glass of light wine at meals (also in private houses) are all that have come my way. Even at semi-private functions where, six years ago, the whisky bottle circulated alongside of the 'White Rock'—the chief American mineral water—I have seen no whisky this time, nor has it ever been pressed upon me. The papers are full of stories of crime and suicide attributed to bad whisky supplied by bootleggers and in 'speakeasies'—a new name for semi-clandestine drinking saloons. Many Americans are said to drink hard as a form of sport, and also as a protest against a law they resent. But even 'near-beer' has disappeared from the lists of beverages in hotels and dining cars—the emasculated brew of which a colored gentleman is reported to have said: 'It tastes like be-ah, it smells like be-ah, it looks like be-ah, but, when it's down inside, it ain't got no authority.'

"My superficial impression is that, on the whole, Americans are becoming more and more reconciled to the 'water waggon.' One sign of qualified revolt against Prohibition I have, however, discovered in a bathroom at an hotel that shall be nameless. It ran:

"NOTICE.

"It is not our wish to encourage anyone to disregard Prohibition, but, for the protection of our furniture and for your convenience, you will find installed in this room a bottle opener.

"MANAGEMENT."

I read many papers and cannot but deplore the inaccuracy, the bias, the lack of proportion, and the frank unjustifiable nastiness of many of them. While human blowflies patronise and make a payable proposition of the muck-raking variety of paper, the great bulk of decent, sane folk complacently refuse to register a protest.

How nice-minded folk can tolerate the garbage-tin kind of paper on their table is beyond me. They would grow frantic if they saw their child picking damaged things out of the garbage-tin, and yet they take no precaution to prevent the same child picking the more virulent poison from the garbage-tin variety of press.

There are those who have found that the crucible of the print shop is one in which they may throw dirt and take out gold. So long as it pays, so long will those whose god is money continue to damage society and poison our youth with literary filth.

When you pay for such a paper you become a shareholder, and as such are liable.

To carry the banner of freedom at the head of a "wet" parade, or a "wet" demand," is patriotic blasphemy.

The Citizens' Rights! So runs part of the title of the little coterie that is doing the wood and water carrying for the Brewers.

They demand the right to drink; others demand the right to bring their children up free from the menace of this age-old foe to human progress and happiness. They plead

the comfort of their stomach; others more patriotic plead their country's good.

Citizens' Rights! Such a title is pure camouflage. No one has any right to protect for their selfish ends that which is inimical to the public good.

The "dry" movement is a genuine crusade of disinterested people against the most intolerant of all the exploiters of human life

Samuel G. Blythe, author, journalist, and staff writer for the "Saturday Evening Post," not long ago, writing in that periodical, gave credit to Prohibition for the era of prosperity coincident with operations of the law. He said:

"A new and gigantic purchasing power has developed in this country since we have had Prohibition that accounts for the prosperity of our railroads, our manufactories, and our trade in all directions. That, in a large measure, is a purchasing power derived from the diversion of former booze money into economic channels. It does not come from the rich, nor from the poor, although it has decreased the number of the poor, as any student of economics knows. It comes from the average American citizen, the blood and bones of this country, and it comes in part because booze is no longer an article of legal merchandise in this country, because the saloons are gone, because liquor to the average American is not worth the money and the effort required to secure it, nor worth taking the risks that go with the drinking of it. Hence, the individual, his family and general trade get the benefit of the wages and profits that formerly went to the non-productive saloon-keeper."

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SIR THOMAS LIPTON.

A CUP OF TEA AND THE AMERICAN CUP.

SEES PROSPERITY FOR U.S.A.

By JACK CREAGH.

Everyone in America and in all English-speaking countries knows Sir Thomas Lipton. He is a great business man and sport. Sir Thomas Lipton is interested in two cups—"a cup of tea and the American Cup." The first cup made it possible for him to go after the second. Sir Thomas Lipton packs his trunks and goes to U.S.A., in which country he is well liked, and deservedly so. Many stories are told about him, and after his visit across the Continent when he arrived back in New York the press waited on him for his report. The following are some things he had to say, and I would point out that Sir Thomas Lipton backs up all my previous statements regarding the health and prosperity of the people of the great United States.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON SEES PROSPERITY HERE.

**Praises Californian Climate on his Return
From Tour—Will Challenge for Cup
this Year.**

Sir Thomas Lipton, British yachtsman, declared last night that his recent transcontinental tour had impressed him with the great prosperity of America.

"The prosperity prevailing here is much more widespread than it was on my last trip across the United States, immediately before the War in 1914," he said in an interview at the Waldorf.

"I was also greatly impressed by the wonderful climate of California. I have travelled all over the world, but I have never found a finer climate. Never have I seen a healthier lot of men, women and children than in California. Late in the Fall I was motoring near Los Angeles and I saw flowers growing along the road that one can see only in the summer in England, and most of them could be found only in hot-houses. Los Angeles is growing very rapidly."

Sir Thomas said he was still determined to challenge for the American Cup this year, so that the international races might be held in the summer of 1929. The rules of the New York Yacht Club, he said, required ten months' notice of a challenge. He said he would submit his challenge later this year.

Note Sir Thomas Lipton's contrast with 1914 when U.S.A. was "wet." Sure he only backs up every statement made by the great crowd of visitors who go back and forth, sometimes every year.

AUSTRALIAN GUM TREES.

Sir Thomas Lipton's praise of the Californian climate is well warranted. It is somewhat like the climate of the coastal parts of New South Wales. They are ever-ready to adopt a new thing that means comfort, health and beauty. Things don't

happen there; that is why the various Australian gum trees have been adopted, and the history of those trees is hardly known to the natives, least of all to Australians. It is so wonderful that I will give "Grit" readers, particularly the young readers, a few points.

About sixty years ago a gentleman in the shipping world, by the name of Spreckles, visiting N.S.W., where his ships used to run, became charmed with the gums. He thought he would try and grow some in his beloved California. To that end he had seed and some plants sent over. The man who collected the seed when I last heard of him was working in a movie hall in Blackheath, on the Blue Mountains. The few pounds of seed and the plants thrived, and to-day the few trees have grown to many millions, and they will be encouraged to grow because of their great beauty, also for their utility.

A USEFUL TREE.

The Aussie gum is useful for the following reasons: It is a quick grower; for that reason it is used as wind breaks around the great orchards and vineyards. It grows, especially the sugar gum, where no other tree has taken root, on wind-swept ridges and plains.

It is a great tree, because the more you cut the tops the better it grows. The farmers use it in this way—for firewood, stakes and posts, etc.

One farmer told me he lopped his trees, and it took him four years to get right around the patch. At the end of the four years he was able to start all over again. The cutting had made the windbreak thicker and the trees had also grown bigger. Yes, sir, the farmer loves the Australian gum tree.

The town planners use the tree for ornamental purposes, the trees being straight, always in leaf, and undercutting of branches help to keep the tree in bounds.

THE MOVIES USE THE GUMS.

Perhaps the producers of movies use the gum tree more than anyone. They use the gum because the leaves droop and the bark is hanging. They can get the tree effect all the year round. Take notice when you see the next movie made in California; you will see the dear old gums of Australia. They often make me think of home.

GOVERNOR PINCHOT ON AL SMITH.

The nominations for Presidential candidates will soon be on, so the interest is increasing. The following statement is important:

PINCHOT PREDICTS "WET" WILL NEVER BE PRESIDENT.

Philadelphia, January 18.—Neither Alfred E. Smith nor any other man opposing Pro-

hibition will be nominated for President by the Democratic Party, former Governor Gifford Pinchot predicted in an address before the trustees of the Pennsylvania Anti-Saloon League at the City Club.

"I don't believe Al Smith has the slightest chance of getting the nomination," he said. "It is my opinion that the 'drys' will never permit a 'wet' to enter the White House."

So that's that.

Another statement made by Father Peter J. O'Callaghan, President of the Catholic Home Mission Society, is as follows:

THE STORY OF THE YOUNGER GENERATION.

He (Father O'Callaghan) said that drinking in colleges a generation ago was much worse than at present. He blamed the older generation for corrupting youth by boasting of their good old days.

Youth, he said, was all right, and boys and girls still cherished ideals. He urged strict enforcement of the Prohibition law.

At the same meeting another very important statement was made by a Catholic layman, Colonel P. J. Callahan, of Kentucky, Louisville:

He asserted Prohibition in that State (Kentucky, Louisville) had done away with every one of its thirty-seven whisky distilleries and had developed bathtubs and icecream plants instead.

That's good for Lipton, the gums, the O'Callaghans and Callahans. Sure for every "wet" there are many "drys." It's just a matter of time when the victory will be so complete that the appetite and money made by liquor will be done away with. Cheerio!

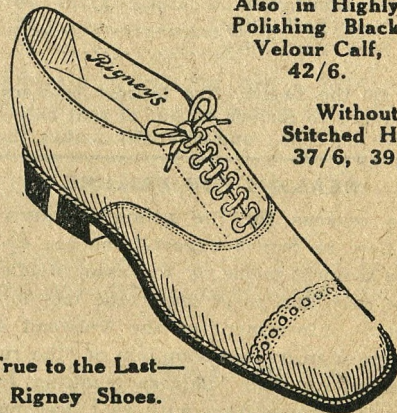
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SUCCESS OR FAILURE.

ECONOMIC AND INDUSTRIAL EFFECTS OF PROHIBITION IN AMERICA.

THE "MONITOR"-FELDMAN IMPARTIAL SURVEY.

ARTICLE XI.—NEAR-BEER AND THE BREWERIES.

Necessarily the first and most immediate economic and industrial effect of Prohibition was that which it had upon the liquor trade, and as beer constituted over 85 per cent. of the total volume of alcoholic liquor consumed in the United States, the chief incidence of the new situation fell on the breweries. As was shown in the last article, a huge capital, amounting to about £160,000,000, was invested in the brewing industry before Prohibition. What, then, has happened to the breweries?

At first it was thought that "near-beer" would take the place of beer and would prove the salvation of the brewing industry. "Near-beer," it may be explained, is non-alcoholic beer. To make it, it is first of all necessary to make real beer, and then, by re-heating it, to vaporise the alcohol in excess of one-half of 1 per cent. until near-beer is produced. There was some ground for supposing

that this beverage might really take the place of beer, because experience in Prohibition States had proved that such products met with public favor. The Anheuser-Busch Company, the biggest brewery in the world, had already in 1916 produced a near-beer called "Bevo," which became immensely popular, so that the company could scarcely cope with the demand for it, and for the first six months after Prohibition all the indications were that near-beer would, indeed, take the place of real beer as a national beverage.

COLLAPSE OF NEAR-BEER.

But these anticipations were to be falsified in the event. For reasons to be stated presently, near beer began to lose its popularity, and the consumption declined rapidly. The following figures show the consumption of near-beer in each year from 1921 to 1926:

Gallons.			
1921	285,825,830	1924	151,606,909
1922	196,781,781	1925	158,676,417
1923	163,329,982	1926	150,522,077

In 1914 the country's production of real beer was 2,051,873,663 gallons, so that the output of near-beer in 1926 was only about 7 per cent. of the output of the breweries in 1914. Professor Feldman gives the following figures for particular breweries:

PRODUCTION OF NEAR-BEER BY SOME OF THE COUNTRY'S LARGEST BREWERIES IN 1926 COMPARED TO PRODUCTION OF REAL BEER BY THE SAME CONCERNS IN 1918-1919.

(Near-beer Produced in 1925-26, as Compared to Amount of Real Beer in period around 1918-19.)

Location of plant.	Per Cent.	Location of plant.	Per Cent.
Erie, Pa.	2	New York City	15
Providence, R.I.	2	Brooklyn, N.Y.	15
St. Louis, Mo.	3	St. Paul, Minn.	15
Pittsburgh, Pa.	3	Chicago, Ill.	16
Newark, N.J.	3	Brooklyn, N.Y.	20
Milwaukee, Wis.	5	Wilkes Barre, Pa.	20
Akron, Ohio	5	Philadelphia, Pa.	20
Cincinnati, Ohio	5	Minneapolis, Minn.	25
Detroit, Mich.	5	Milwaukee, Wis.	33
Ogden, Utah	10	Philadelphia, Pa.	33
St. Louis, Mo.	10	Chicago, Ill.	100
New York City	12	Brooklyn, N.Y.	193
New York City	15		

Of the twenty-five largest brewers shown on the list, the proportion of near-beer produced to former output of real beer ranges in twenty-three instances from 2 per cent. to 33 per cent.; one company makes just as much as before, and one twice as much.

REASONS FOR FAILURE.

The reasons for the ultimate failure of near-beer to realise expectations are stated in the plainest terms by Professor Feldman.

The first and most important one is inadequate enforcement of the Volstead Act. Brewers of near-beer complain of "the ruinous effect on their business resulting from the unfair competition with real beer made in defiance of the law. On every side," says Professor Feldman, "one hears that in many plants the later stage of near-beer production, in which the excess of alcohol is supposed to be vaporised, is, in fact, not carried

through, with the result that in many of the breweries real beer is manufactured and made available to speakeasies and other outlets." It appears, also, that a number of "wild-cat" breweries were disposed of to bootleggers.

In this connection it is interesting to note the experience of the Anheuser-Busch Company, as described by Mr. George W. Eads, in charge of publicity and investigation. This company, according to Professor Feldman, has undoubtedly made an honest attempt to comply with the law. Mr. Eads says:

"Through the corporation's own travelling representatives, and its 2000 wholesale dealers, it learned that the entire country was being flooded with products prohibited by the Prohibition law. A considerable number of smaller breweries changed hands, for considerations of a fraction of their original value, and the new owners found it easy to make arrangements for their illegal operation in partnership with politicians—on a profit-sharing basis, of course. This soon grew to such enormous proportions that the sale of lawful cereal beverages was practically killed. The largest Chicago brewery was driven into bankruptcy trying to follow a policy similar to our own, and many of the other larger breweries of the United States, whose officials undertook to co-operate with the Federal Government in the impartial enforcement of the law, met a similar fate. And that is when the writer of this letter came into the picture. I was employed by Mr. Busch to co-operate with the Federal Government to get a fair administration of the law for the protection of lawful business, and devoted almost two years' time to that effort. This co-operation

(Continued on page 12.)

MENDING BROKEN MEN.

Monday Evenings, 7.40 p.m.
Over the Air, 2G.B.

Listen-in to Mr. Hammond's
Story.

"King of Kings"—Filmed

7.—The Children, the Beasts and the Shop!

By REV. SYDNEY HERBERT COX.

SOON after De Mille's film is well started, the children (Christ's models) are in the front of the picture! Australia can well do more for its kiddies.

There is an idiot-boy out of whom the demon of insanity is to be driven. The boy is little Mark, destined later to write the memoirs of Simon Peter—long after Christ's death. The boy finds a blind girl piteously struggling to grope her way to the Master. But—the city is so full of sick people. Blind children are a nuisance.

The cured boy becomes "Sir Galahad"—he will find a way! With impetuous gratitude he pushes his friend into the Great Presence! The children and the birds sweeten the sadder portions of the film. Sorrow's clouds have their silver lining. Heaven rests its hopes on the potency of the young. And the young play with animals! Men slaughter them—one beast destroying another. The R.S.P.C.A. is quite a modern institution. Christendom has taken all it can out of the defenceless animals, and given to them, as little as it has had to do. The Jewish traders drove their sheep and cattle into the Temple—just as they drove them out—merely as beasts of burden and profit, made for Jewish advantage. So we are back once more, facing the vice that built the Cross.

The cackling of the critics is heard again—"there are too many cattle, etc., in the limited Temple-predicaments! What of it! Morals, not arithmetic, are at stake!"

There will always be critics who can "strain at a gnat, and swallow a camel—or a De Mille!"

From the Temple to the Shop is only a step. Zion's Hill was close to the slums. Slums surround the churches now—neither are ashamed! In the Shop, a passer gazes at Jesus fixing two bits of wood crosswise, and the casual caller remarks—"I make crosses too, they pay well!" Jesus smiles, but does not reply. It is the smile of a coming conquest over a world that is always deluded by the catch-cry "they pay well!"

GRAINS OF GOLD WORTH PICKING UP!

Nothing dies but something mourns.

* * *

Patience is bitter, but its fruit is sweet.

* * *

There is nothing insignificant, nothing!

* * *

To live long, it is necessary to live slowly.

* * *

Nature is the living visible garment of God.

* * *

Love has no power to act when curbed by jealousy.

* * *

Hours are golden links—God's token reaching Heaven.

* * *

The only joy that one gets from labor is the joy that he puts into it.

* * *

If you are ungrateful you do an injury to all those who stand in need of aid.

* * *

Your own heart, and not other men's opinions form your true honor.

* * *

Act upon your impulses, but pray that they may be directed by God.

* * *

Good manners is the art of making those people easy with whom we converse.

* * *

Pleasure soon exhausts you and itself too; but Endeavor never does.

* * *

Wisdom is oftentimes nearer when you stoop than when you soar.

* * *

Frank sincerity, though no invited guest, is free to all, and brings his welcome with him.

* * *

Friendship is composed of a single soul inhabiting two bodies.

* * *

An able man shows his spirit by gentle words and resolute notions; he is neither hot nor timid.

* * *

The future does not come from before to meet us, but comes streaming up from behind over our heads.

* * *

He that is taught to live upon little owes more to his father's wisdom than he that has a great deal left him does to his father's care.

* * *

You do well to improve your opportunity; to speak in the rural phrase, this is your sowing time, and the sheaves you look for can never be yours unless you make that use.

Fear of Failure Will Keep You Down.

To be ambitious for wealth, and yet always expecting to be poor; to be always doubting your ability to get what you long for, is like trying to reach east by travelling west. There is no philosophy which will help man to succeed when he is always doubting his ability to do so, and thus attracting failure. No matter how hard you work for success if your thought is saturated with the fear of failure, it will kill your efforts, neutralise your endeavors, and make success impossible.

TO-DAY IS OURS.

By MARY E. GRENNEY.

To-day is ours, our very own,
But not for us to claim alone;
Its dreams, flowers, and memories fair
We must always with others share.

A friendly word of greeting say
To our fellows along the way,
To keep stray feet upon the road,
We may give help to bear the load.

Never to fail in duty's hour,
Ever worthy friendship's flower,
Beautiful thoughts and loving deeds—
These are the things the Spirit needs.

To-day is ours, our very own,
But not for us to claim alone.

Quiet Thinking Will Help All.

Really great minds seem to have cast off from their hearts the grave's earth, as well as dissipate the clouds which conceal the heavens from view, and they thus disclose to themselves a clear and blissful world of everlasting repose. The beauty of such minds appears simple and unagitated, extending, like the blue ether, over the world and time. It is the repose produced by satisfaction and completion, not exhaustion from the fatigue of continuous endeavor, which gives an expression of serenity to their eyes, and imprints its quiet on their lips.

Grateful acknowledgments are given to "Forbes," "The Silent Partner," "Unity," "Christian Business," "Science of Thought Review," and "Trotty Veck Messenger."

The over-curious are not overwise.

* * *

A falling drop at last will cave a stone.

* * *

Discretion in speech is more than eloquence.

* * *

Men willingly believe what they wish to be true.

* * *

Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune; but great minds rise above it.

* * *

Occupation was one of the pleasures of Paradise, and we cannot be happy without it.

* * *

Let the sap or reason quench the fire of passion.

* * *

Cultivation to the mind is as necessary as food is to the body.

* * *

God gives every bird its food, but does not throw it into the nest.

* * *

Perfection is attained by slow degrees; she requires the hand of time.

* * *

Free and fair discussion will ever be found the firmest friend to truth.

* * *

Put not your trust in money, but put your money in trust.

* * *

Enthusiasm is the best shortening for any job; it makes heavy work light.

* * *

When a man is wrapped up in himself, he makes a mighty small package.

* * *

Liberty consists in the power of doing that which is within the law.

* * *

The mind ought be sometimes diverted, that it may return the better to thinking.

* * *

Pleasant words are like a honeycomb—sweet to the soul, and health to the bones.

* * *

Getting money is not all a man's business: to cultivate kindness is a great part of the business of life.

* * *

Courage consists not in blindly overlooking danger, but in seeing it and conquering it.

* * *

Don't worry when you stumble. Remember a worm is about the only thing that can't fall down.

The Editor will be glad to hear from readers as to what they think of this page, and will also be glad to publish "Grains of Gold" sent in from time to time.

A Personal Chat with my readers

HAS PRAYER presiding over the legislative destiny of our State **A PLACE IN** numbers among its members three Methodist local

preachers, the son of a famous Methodist preacher, a former Salvation Army leader and several others prominently associated with religious organisations. Probably every member of the Cabinet confesses to a belief in the value and virtue of prayer. All acknowledge the grave problems with which they are confronted, and the subtle and sinister temptations that wait to ensnare them. On great public occasions they unite in acts of worship, and pay fitting tribute to the indispensableness of true religion. The House of Commons and our Federal Parliament acknowledge God by seeking His blessing in their undertakings. Why not follow and improve on this example? A prayer in a public place may be likened to the flying of the national flag on a great occasion. It is a tribute to our convictions; it is the raising of a standard, and it is the creating of an atmosphere. It is something more than all this since it is a conscious effort to link ourselves with the Divine purpose, as it works out to accomplish the redemption of the ends of the earth. This is something that ought to be done, and therefore can be done. First, urge your minister to pray definitely and regularly at both services each Sunday that all God-fearing men in public life will witness to their faith. Secondly, ask him to urge his congregation to put such public men in their private prayers. Thirdly, write and invite your member to move that God be acknowledged in the councils of the people.

* * *

THINGS TO We need to become conscious of the sacredness and
PRAY sanctity of the science of Government, generally called
FOR. politics.

We need a deep conviction that next to the ministry of the Gospel the highest service to be rendered to the community is that of making its laws. The three great qualities necessary are wisdom, courage and endurance. The great dangers to which law-makers are so often the victims are when one's party clashes with one's principle; when the vote of the majority seems more important than the virtue of measures, and when the next election becomes more imperative than the next generation. Only by God's help can we frail creatures realise that the unborn are a part of the State, and

cry dumbly for our protection. Only in response to a spiritual experience can we have greater reverence for the truth than the past. It takes divine grace to enable us to be independent alike of tyrannical majorities and trading minorities when the truth abides in neither. There are no people as a class less prayed for, or more in need of our prayers, than politicians.

* * *

THE VALUE OF DREAMS.

Dream and don't be ashamed of your dreams. Build your castles in the air; visualise "your ship coming in," and come back to earth with renewed vigor to work that your dreams may come true. "This dreamer" was a term spoken in contempt, but it really was a very fine compliment.

I can't help quoting lines by Robert N. Rose, who wrote:

Ships are the nearest things to dreams that hands have ever made,
For somewhere deep in their oaken hearts the soul of a song is laid;
A soul that sings with the ship along through plunging hills of blue,
And fills her canvas cups of white with winds that drive her through.
For how could a nail and a piece of wood, tied with a canvas thread,
Become a nymph on moon-washed paths if the soul of the ship were fled?

Her bosom throbs as her lover's arms clasp her in fond embrace,
And the joyous kiss of briny lips is fresh on her maiden face,
No storm can smother the hempen song that wells in her laughing throat—
Small wonder then that men go mad for the love of the sea and a boat.
For the singing sheet is a siren that tugs at the hearts of men,
And down to the sea they must go once more, tho' they never come back again.

* * *

THE POISON IN A WORD.

We may easily acquire the habit of careless comment and thoughtless repetition of idle talk. It is curious how much poison a word can carry. We have all been the victim, maybe we have sometimes been the culprit. It was Will Carlton who wrote:

Thoughts that we think may
Sometimes fall back dead;
But God Himself can't kill them
Once they're said.

I was prompted to write this as an excuse for quoting the following lines:

'Twas but a breath—
And yet the fair, good name was wilted—

GRIT

A JOURNAL OF
NATIONAL EFFICIENCY
AND PROHIBITION.

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

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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, MARCH 22, 1928.

And friends, once fond, grew cold and stilted;
And life was worse than death.

One venomous word,
That struck its coward, poisoned blow,
In craven whispers, hushed and low—
And yet the wide world heard.

'Twas but one whisper—one
That, muttered low for shame,
The thing the slanderer dare not name—
And yet its work was done.

A hit so slight,
And yet so mighty in its power;
A human soul, in one short hour,
Lies crushed beneath its blight.

The Editor

PARENTS OR GUARDIANS.

We want you to send to our office and ask for "HELPS TO PARENTS IN EXPLAINING MATTERS OF SEX TO THE YOUNG," issued by the Bishops and General Synod, together with 10 White Cross booklets suitable for parents, boys and girls.

You will never regret the expenditure of ONE SHILLING in providing yourself and family with knowledge on the most important subject of sex in the purest style.

THE AUSTRALASIAN WHITE CROSS LEAGUE,

56 ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY.

W. E. WILSON, Hon. Secretary.

A WORLD AGAINST "BOOZE."

REMARKABLE STUDIES BY INTERNATIONAL STUDENTS.

By PHILIP CHEVASSUS, for "Grit."

"The hope for ending the world liquor problem lies in education, especially of youth, in the truth about alcohol and the waste entailed by the liquor traffic. To this end, the Council of the World League Against Alcoholism re-emphasises the necessity that the work of temperance organisations in all countries be based on modern scientific knowledge concerning the nature and effects of alcoholic beverages. The Council calls upon educators not only to teach youth these ascertained facts, but to train those who will be the citizens of the future to recognise and accept responsibility for world emancipation from alcoholic customs."

Complying with the spirit of the above resolution passed at the Congress of the World League Against Alcoholism held in Indiana, U.S.A., in August last, the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association, of Washington, D.C., recently initiated an essay competition on the subject of the world movement against alcoholism amongst foreign students who are actually attending universities and colleges in the United States. Twenty cash prizes were offered, and among the winners fourteen different countries were represented, the first seven honor places being gained by students from Belgium, China, British Guiana, England, Greece, Bulgaria and Canada. Summaries of the more interesting papers submitted are here given. The great interest which the subject awakens among thoughtful students may be deduced from the great variety of the aspects of it chosen for treatment.

THE ANTI-ALCOHOLIC WAR IN BELGIUM.

Taking for his text the dictum of Jules Claretie that "Alcoholism too is an invasion," J. A. H. Donnay, of Liege, Belgium, the first prize-winner, traces the growth of the Anti-Alcoholic Movement in his country from its first "cold reception" away back in the seventies to the establishment of the "Bien-Etre Sociale" in 1895, supported by many distinguished people, and among them Cardinal Mercier. Just before the Great War, a considerable number of religious and non-religious temperance organisations existed and received small subsidies from the Government, but these have been withdrawn since from motives of public economy. During the German occupation, the German Army authorities issued very stringent regulations against drink owing to the serious effects of immoderate drinking in the German Army itself. Poverty among the civil population also contributed toward sobriety. In August, 1919, the Vandervelde Law was passed barring the sale of distilled spirits in all cafes, cabarets and estaminets, and permitting their sale for consumption off the premises in not less than 2-litre lots. The

sale and consumption of wines and beers is absolutely free.

PSYCHOLOGICAL EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL.

Hsiao-Hung Hsiao, of Hengyang, China, a student of psychology in the Columbia University, as the result of an exhaustive study of the researches of such writers as Kraepelin, Rivers, Dodge and Benedict, Hollingworth and Miles, comes to the conclusion that these point logically to the conclusion that all the changes brought about by the action of alcohol "are in the direction of depression and decreased efficiency."

THE MOVEMENT IN THE UNITED STATES.

Jeremiah W. Moore, of Berbice, British Guiana, in concluding a paper on the social, moral and economic effects of drink in America in the past, says that "the case for Prohibition is clear. Because the proved evil effects arising from the use of alcoholic liquors are of exceptional magnitude and severity, because these evils are inseparable from the liquor traffic, because they are by no means confined to those who participate in the traffic, but extend to society in general, and because these evil effects include a large part of the criminal offences of the country, the loss of thousands of lives each year, a waste of millions in money, and either directly or indirectly threaten the stability of national life, therefore the liquor traffic, which is at war with the public good, should be prohibited in order that justice may be better established, domestic tranquility insured, the general welfare promoted, and the blessings of liberty to the present generation and to posterity secured."

DRINK IN ENGLAND.

George E. Gooderham, of Ipswich, England, is of the opinion that local option will be the prelude to Prohibition, which is inevitable eventually owing to the tremendous cost of drink. If drink is not solely responsible for the economic distress of the recipients of the "dole," it certainly aggravates the position. Recently the working people of Bermondsey raised £4500 in a week for the rainers and patted themselves on the back for such a result, but they spend £26,000 a week on drink. Great Britain's drink bill in 1926 was larger than the interest on the national debt, four times as large as the expenditure on education, and forty times as much as the cost of voluntary hospitals. The drink bill for 1924 represents a year's labor of one and a half million men at four pounds per week. "England has ever been painfully slow in her reforms, but has always been positively sure. She will be slow to adopt Prohibition, but she will be sure. England will realise that drink is too expensive; she

will understand that drink prevents her progress; and she will acknowledge that Prohibition is right."

A GREEK POINT OF VIEW.

Looking at the obvious effects of Prohibition in the United States from the point of view of youth, George E. Zacharides, of Icaria, Greece, declares that there has been a notable increase in the number of young men entering college in search of higher education. Prohibition has provided them with the funds to realise their intellectual ambitions, and "it is true from now on that the United States will develop thinkers instead of drunkards. Life without liquor is almost ideal, and extremely good to any wide-awake youth of the twentieth century."

AS A CANADIAN SEES IT.

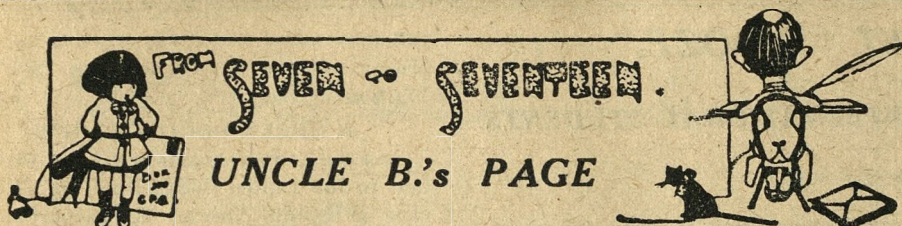
L. B. Moore, of Binbrook, Ontario, Canada, notes that liquor appears to have reconquered some lost territory in Russia, in the Scandinavian countries of northern Europe, and in Canada. But this, he says, does not signify utter defeat. "A close examination reveals the fact that liquor, in its temporary victories, stands convicted and self-condemned, as never before in history. The world has recently witnessed country after country authorising the sale of liquor, not because it was in itself desirable, but because the people had been deluded into believing that it was a lesser evil than the liquor abuses which arose where Prohibition was in force. One needs to make no careful study to realise the ultimate effect of that belief. When liquor is condemned in the minds of an increasing majority, its abolition is inevitable, even though it come by progressive stages. To-day, in every country of the world, liquor, as a beverage, is condemned in the minds of an increasing number of the rising generation."

BULGARIAN VIEWS.

George A. Poppoff, of Sevlievsko, Bulgaria, points out that "the degenerating effects of alcohol are restricted to no age, profession, class, nation or race. The drinker," he adds, "becomes anti-social and an undesirable member of society. By freeing itself from the drink custom, the modern social order will eliminate one of the greatest causes of crime, and enlist to its services men with the irresistible will to live and to work. The modern social order can free itself from the calamity of venereal diseases, and save itself from degeneracy, sterility, and extinction only when it stops the use of alcoholic beverages."

Vasil Furnadjieff, another Bulgarian student, thinks that the success of Prohibition rests with the younger generation, because the problem is not one of more efficient enforcement of the law, but rather one of education. Abstinence is a habit, the foundations of which are or are not laid during early childhood. The abstinence from alcohol is only one side of this general habit, and "the complete cure will be one where a contra-habit has been built, and the previous habit tied up with newly-introduced unpleasant associations."

(Continued on page 11.)



All boys and girls between the age of seven and seventeen are invited to join the family of Uncle B. Write only on one side of the paper. Send the date of your birthday. There is no fee to pay. If you do not write for three months you are a "scallywag."

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

BUFFALO BILL.

When I was a lad Buffalo Bill was one of our greatest heroes. We had all heard of his wonderful shooting. Some of us had seen him. He would mount his horse and gallop across a field. As he galloped three glass balls would be thrown high into the air, and, guiding the horse with one hand, and firing his rifle with the other, he would take wonderfully quick aim, and smash the three balls one after the other before they reached the ground. To do this with a shotgun, while standing still, would be a clever feat, but Buffalo Bill could do it with a rifle, firing a single bullet, while his horse was galloping at its fastest. And Buffalo Bill was a staunch teetotaler.

One day a gentleman asked him: "Why are you such a strong teetotaler?" He replied:

- "One. To enable me to shoot straight.
- "Two. For health's sake.
- "Three. For pocket's sake.
- "Four. For reputation's sake.
- "Five. For example's sake."

Remember these five good reasons. They teach us very clearly that drinking doesn't pay.

OUR LETTER BAG.

A NEW NE.

Lyle Lawrence, "Lilybrae," Cammeray-road, Cammeray, writes: My auntie takes "Grit," and I like page eleven and would like to join your family. My birthday was on September 10, 1927. I was ten years old. I am in 4B, Mosman Public School. Our exams. took place just before our Christmas holidays, and mother thought my report was very good, I being top of my class. In the 100 I got reading 95, writing 92, dictation 100, composition 90, intelligence test 84. I have a stamp album.

(Dear Lyle,—I welcome anyone between seven and seventeen, and give a double welcome to those who come top, like you did. I am sending you some stamps, which I hope you will like.—Uncle B.)

A PLEASANT OCCUPATION.

Joyce Button, 32 Condor-street, Burwood, writes: I am rather late in sending you my New Year greeting, but I hope you will excuse it, as we have been away for a fort-

night's holiday. We went to Harbord, which is the next beach to Manly. We had a couple of swims every day when it wasn't too cold. The next beach the other side of Harbord is Curl Curl, and there is a lagoon there. One bank is rather steep and diving is possible, while the other has a gentle slope. I think bathing a very pleasant occupation. On our way back to the bus we came across a merry-go-round. Mother let us have a ride, and when it was time to get off Hazel, our sister, aged three, put her arms around the horse's neck and started to cry, because she liked it so much. We are going back to school to-morrow. I will have to take my lunch, as I am going to the Burwood Domestic Science School, which is half-an-hour's walk from home.

(Dear Joyce,—I agree that in this weather bathing is indeed a pleasant occupation, but you do not say anything about the sunburn! I addressed an envelope to you long, long ago to write and thank you for your Christmas help and to say how sorry I was to be too busy just then not to ask you to come into my den. Perhaps your mother will bring you to see me some other time.—Uncle B.)

FISH AND COSTUMES.

Wes Brown, Midlands, Goolagong-road, Grenfell, writes: It was Fred's birthday yesterday, and we went for a trip to the Lachlan River. We left at 1.30 and travelled about 28 miles. We were two hours travelling. When we got there we had a swim. We put our lines in the river, but did not catch any fish worth mentioning. Fred caught a little one, which weighed two ounces. An old black who was there caught two nice fish. He said they weighed two pounds. Dad bought one, and when we weighed him he was 3lb. 2oz. We went in the water again, and when Beryl took her bathing suit off she left it on a snag to dry. The wind began to blow then and it blew the costume into the water, and when she went to get it to fetch it home there was no costume to be had.

(Dear Wes,—My, I wish I had been with you on that birthday outing! If I hear of anyone catching a fish in a bathing suit I will know he picked up Beryl's costume. A fish weighing 2oz. is not much good, but that 3lb. one must have been a beauty.—Uncle B.)

THE CHIEF "GO-GETTER."

Bob Butler, Box C131, G.P.O., Perth, writes: I suppose you will be surprised to learn that I am the president of the "Go-Getters." Our friend, Uncle Joe, has appointed me. The object of the Club is to "Promote and Encourage the Oratorical and Literary Genius of our Youth." The idea is also to try and keep the crowd

together after age has pushed us off the 7 to 17 page. I hope that it will be of some use and help in some way the work that you are doing.

Over the New Year holidays a friend of mine, one Norm, and I, went camping to Waterman's Bay, a small but very lovely seaside resort. We took an 8 x 10 drill tent and other ordinary camping necessities, which, no doubt, you are well acquainted with. Our first duty on arrival was to pitch the tent. As neither of us had ever pitched a tent before, you will appreciate it was rather a trial. We persevered, and the tent was erected. I will admit that it sagged in the middle, and had a decided lopsided appearance, still things like that are of no consequence to two boys on holiday bent. On the second night of our stay it became so oppressive in the tent that we took our blankets on to the open beach, and slept there. After three days of this life we, like the Arabs, rolled our tent and departed. We arrived home tired and sunburnt late on the third day.

Thank you very much for your last letter, and all the stamps it contained. One of my friends, who is a member of the same Stamp Club as myself, is always anxious to know what stamps you sent when he hears that I have heard from you.

For a week or two before Christmas we were very rushed in the warehouse. On the cash sales we had to have two or three extra boys from the departments to help us. My word, if you could have seen the crowd! It was awful, and to crown all it was well near the 100 degrees practically all the time. I have just read Arthur Mee's "Talks to Boys." Father Christmas brought one of the boys this book. It is a great book, and I would suggest that all the "Go-Getters" get a copy and read it.

(Dear Bob,—Your letter is fine, though it has taken a long time to make its appearance. Yours was a delightful holiday. If you have not read Peter Kynes' "Go-Getter" I will post it over to you. Don Weaver read it lately. Arthur Mee is the greatest human for boys and girls the world has ever known. I am glad you appreciated that book of his.—Uncle B.)

A BULL'S-EYE.

Doric Birk, The Rectory, Dapto, writes: I had a good aim in 1927 not to miss one day from Sunday School, and I missed none. We

(Continued on page 11.)

YOUR WEDDING PICTURE

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2752

LIQUOR APPEAL CASES.

(This is a letter addressed to a big Sydney daily and not published.)

The Liquor Act is certain to be considered for amendment, whether by Mr. Bavin or his successors does not yet appear. One salient question is as to the continued existence or otherwise of the Licensing Court. This Court was established, without doubt, as a conclusive and specialised tribunal to handle all licensing matters, its chief and permanent function being the grant or refusal of new publicans' and wine licenses. The Court is constituted of three able and experienced magistrates, with an expensive staff, all separately housed and forming in effect a little Government "department." Local option was surrendered and this expert tribunal created in its stead. But the whole purpose of the Act in this respect has long been nullified. It was discovered that an appeal lay from every decision of the Licensing Court, an appeal indeed to a most extraordinary and unexpected authority, viz., a Judge of Quarter Sessions. Now "Quarter Sessions" is a Criminal jurisdiction, and its Judges were not appointed to be, nor can they be expected to represent, an adequate

and specialist tribunal for hotel licenses. But there stands the fact, that, in practically every case either of grant or refusal, the case goes as a matter of course to a Quarter Session Judge, whose decision is final. This appeal is the surprising result of a flaw in the Act. In consequence, the long, costly and laborious investigations of the Licensing Court are a mere futility. They act only as a curtainraiser to Quarter Sessions, where the whole complicated and weighty process has to be done de novo. That surely was never intended by Parliament, when Mr. Ley brought the present liquor law into operation! Nor was it the mandate of the electors, who have exchanged their former democratic "Local Option" for the decision of a remote and harassed Quarter Session functionary. There are three alternatives now available to the Parliament: (1) To abolish the Licensing Court, since it only acts as an introduction to the Quarter Sessions, or (2) take away the anomalous appeal from the highly trained and expert licensing magistrates, or (3) give back to the electors authority to be masters in their own house, which means Local Option.

A World Against Booze—

(Continued from page 9.)

SITUATION IN RUSSIA.

Paul P. Chefranoff, of Koorsk, Russia, says that, though it never had a fair chance, Prohibition in Russia from 1914 to 1926 was attended by remarkable results. The greatest destructive force in Russia was, and is, alcohol. It was the shame of the Czarist Government that its budget was built on the money received from the sale of liquor which was poisoning the soul and the mind of the people, and it is equally the shame of the Soviet Government that it resumed the sale of alcoholic beverages and re-established the State monopoly for the sale of vodka. The best brains of the country—Dostoevsky, Tolstoi, Maxim Gorky, Nekhasoff, Kolzoff, Leonid Andreeff and others—all insist that alcohol is the national menace. "The Russian people need now, more than ever, organisers of a Prohibition movement. The sentiment for Prohibition is in the hearts of many, it has only to be roused to take the form of action."

IN KOREA.

Louise Y. Yim, of Kim San, Korea, says that her home town, as the result of drink, has grown worse and worse, "the people doing little or no business." The use of alcohol is economically costly and wasteful to the Korean nation. Half of the agricultural resources are put into alcohol. "Not only is it wasteful, but the significant results are famine, sorrow, and bereavement, over the entire country. How we do need some strict form of Prohibition!"

A PHILIPPINO STUDENT'S VIEW.

Horatio Ledesma, of La Paz, Hilo, Philippine Islands, says that "alcohol is not merely a local or national problem, but that it is an

international problem. The battle in the Philippines will be long and hard, but the noble cause for which we stand is a fountain of courage, purity and justice. It seems to be ordained that men should slay one dragon after another. The Siegfried of this generation must slay the dragon, alcohol."

FROM WEST AFRICA.

Samuel Tuboku-Metzger, of Kissy, Sierra Leone, West Africa, says that the strongest supporters of the liquor traffic there come from the ranks of the traders, who argue that it is impossible to carry on business without liquor. In point of fact, however, "not only will the import trade in the long run be improved by restrictions or total Prohibition, but the export trade will be greatly increased." The vast amount that is now being spent on liquor will be used by the people in the purchase of useful articles which will tend to increase their comforts and supply their needs, and the farmer will have money to effect necessary improvements affording increased yields, instead of going on from year to year, as he does at present, without visible improvement.

SITUATION IN JAPAN.

Yoshizo Takahashi, of Aikawamura, Nakagun, Japan, thinks that the economic aspects of Prohibition, as applied to the beverage liquor traffic, are likely to prove the determining factor. In the case of Japan, a rapidly-growing population with no outlet to other countries needs ever-increased food supplies, and if importations of these are to be kept down as much as possible, the misuse of large quantities of rice and other grains to make sake and beer will have to stop. At present 15,000,000 bushels of rice annually are consumed in making sake. "We

can solve the pressing food problem for some years, if we adopt Prohibition. Therefore, we have to go dry from the political and economic point of view, saying nothing of the moral standpoint."

From Seven to Seventeen—

(Continued from page 10.)

visited the Upper Hawkesbury for a few days. It is like the land of Canaan—flowing with milk and honey. Nearly all the people are friendly up there. My dad was rector there for six years.

(Dear Doric,—That was a good aim, and we are all delighted that you hit the bull's-eye. You will understand what I mean by that, won't you? I wonder what you are aiming to do in 1928. I wish you had called to see me when you were in Sydney.—Uncle B.)

PRIZES.

Marion Marshall, Punch-street, Gundagai, writes: We celebrated our Sunday School anniversary. There were three services, at which the children sang. In the afternoon the prizes were distributed. Mine is "The Big Book for Girls." In day school I came second in our class, and the prize I got is called "Jan at Island School." I passed the permit to enrol examination this year. We go swimming now. I am learning to swim. I know one of your Ni's, Isa Robson. I met her when I was in Gunning on holidays.

(Dear Marion,—I am very proud of my ne's and Ni's. So many of them are like you in the way they make a habit of winning prizes. I hope to hear from you soon again.—Uncle B.)

A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

Ruth Tunncliffe, Kokako Native School, Hawkes' Bay, New Zealand, writes: May I become one of your Ni's? I write to Dot, who has a page for children in the Otago "Witness," and I thought it would be nice to write to you. I thought also it would be nice to tell you a story. This is what it is: A little girl was walking along the road with a pretty white dress on, and white shoes and stockings. She had a nice bunch of flowers, too. A little boy saw her, and getting up off the ground he was sitting on, threw dust at her. Now, what do you think that little girl did? She took the prettiest flower from her bunch, and threw it at him. Of course, the boy felt very much ashamed of himself, so he went home and never threw dust at her again. Don't you think that little girl taught him not to be so rude? If you like that story I will tell you one another time.

(Dear Ruth,—You are very welcome into my family, and your story is a lovely one. Thank you for it. Please send us another.—Uncle B.)

Father (of popular daughter): That young man seems to take a deuce of a long time to say good night.

Mother (wearily): Men haven't changed much.

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Success or Failure—

(Continued from page 6.)

was undertaken upon the invitation of the United States Commissioner of Internal Revenue, then the chief Prohibition enforcement official."

Professor Feldman states, however, that there has been some improvement in the position since 1926 as the result of the establishment of a new brewery unit which is taking up the matter of violations "in all sincerity."

Another reason for the failure of near-beer is home brewing, and "with this," says Professor Feldman, "Prohibition officials will not be able to cope very successfully." Finally, the brewers themselves are partly at fault through not taking the position seriously enough. They flooded the market with "cheap and tasteless near-beers, whose odor alone was often repellent," and so "public confidence was lost." It will be noticed that two breweries in the list given above have equalled or exceeded their previous output. Nevertheless, in the final issue, near-beer is not real beer, and this alone accounts for the diminished consumption.

WHAT HAS BECOME OF THE BREWERIES?

In 1914 there were 1392 breweries in the United States. By 1918 the number had been reduced to 1092. Then came National Prohibition. What has been the fate of all these breweries?

"We should like," says Professor Feldman, "to be able to report the good news that through some miracle all the huge plant and equipment was profitably converted to other uses without waste, and the workmen all better off or taken care of by other industries. This is not the case. Prohibition has had the not unexpected result of reducing some of the breweries to junk, and made it difficult for some of the workers to adjust themselves to other occupations. The favorable side of the picture is the success of the more capable and fortunate minority in re-adapting their business to new conditions, and also the fact that a good deal of the property made available through the closing

of the saloons was secured at a bargain by other industries serving as a subsidy to many concerns requiring industrial property cheap."

Professor Feldman points out that the peculiar structural requirements of breweries ill-adapted them for conversion to other industrial purposes. "Tall buildings, with huge storage cellars of impenetrable walls, containing high vaulted chambers to accommodate enormous-sized tanks but having small windows so as to keep out light; uneven floors of cement; specialised equipment almost useless for other purposes; often a location inconvenient for other businesses—it was inevitable that adaptation to other lines would be a serious problem."

In 1921 667 former breweries were making non-intoxicating beverages, and of these 431 made other beverages than near-beer. Some found the new products profitable, but others lost a great deal of money. Anheuser-Busch has been notably successful in the production of over a million gallons of ice cream annually, and other breweries are making cider, syrups, other fruit juices, condensed milk, edible vegetable oils, egg powder, commercial feedstuffs, and a variety of other dairy and general food products. The Pabst

Brewing Company of Milwaukee makes cheese and has parcelled itself out to a dozen uses, ranging from a tyre plant to a garage. Between 150 and 200 breweries are making ice, and several have been converted into cold storage plants. Other brewers got out of business entirely and sold their plants—"in some cases even to China."

LIQUOR TRADE EMPLOYEES.

According to Professor Feldman, Prohibition undoubtedly hit some liquor trade employees hard. In so far as skilled brewers who had never been at any other occupation are concerned, "while there were numerous cases of successful readjustment, and some are better off because of the change, there is no question that some of the older and less adjustable types have suffered a good deal. Quite a few who have found jobs work at salaries much lower than they had been accustomed to getting as expert brewers."

As regards bar-tenders (there were no barmaids in America), about 15 per cent. took to dispensing soft drinks in dance-halls and other places of entertainment. The more adaptable went into other trades. The less scrupulous work in speakeasies. Some are waiters.

"To attempt to trace the effects of Prohibition on the various industries affected by Prohibition would be a huge task," says Professor Feldman. "It would, in all probability, lead us to the conclusion that many industries depending for their business on the established demand from breweries and distilleries lost a good part of their market and had to make it up in other directions, and the workers were similarly diverted to other trades." Though a large number of glass-blowers, for instance, have left the trade, the secretary of their Union, reports that they have not fared badly.

(To be continued.)

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The Young Matron: Oh, yes. We never go in debt beyond a certain definite sum each month.

* * *

NECTAR?

Tommy Jones, a village boy,
Liked to have a frolic,
Kissed a flapper on the lips
And died of painter's colic.

* * *

AND THE ACHE WARNED HIM.

George had been warned that the green apples that were growing in his grandmother's yard would be bad for his stomach, but one day the temptation became too great and he was seen with one of the big, green beauties meditating deeply, then was heard to exclaim: "On your mark! Get ready! Look out, stomach, it's a-coming!"

* * *

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"Well, then it's had a relapse."

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THE RENAISSANCE.

When I was a lad of eleven or so,
If memory serves me a-right,
The legs of the maidens I happened to know
Were always in obvious sight.
Their stockings were black, with a high button shoe,
In summer as well as December.
I turn back the pages of childhood's who's who,
And these are the legs I remember:

Lulu's were lumpy, and Ollie's were thin,
Bess ran to ankles and Susie to shin,
Nellie's were knock-kneed, and spread like a fan,
Fanny had fat ones that shook when she ran.

Well—thirty-odd years are supposed to pass by;

In fact, that is just what occurred;
The legs of my childhood concealed from the eye

By skirts, as you doubtless inferred.
Then fashions for women restored them to view,

Commuting their term of obscurity,
And every fond leg that my infancy knew
Now offers itself in maturity:

Lulu's still lumpy, and Ollie's still thin,
Bess has more ankle and Susie more shin,
Nellie's still knock-kneed (I laughed when she sat)

And Fanny's are fatter—no doubt about that.

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pants.
Have you ever found a hole
in your pants
and been distressed by it?
Hammond
is dealing with a
number of men
who are deeply
distressed.

This is what he says:—
"You have a
spare pair
of pants
and maybe half a dozen
surplus shirts.
I know personally over
100 men
whose pants are
too well ventilated for
decency.
They feel like
walking about sideways
with their backs
to the fence
Some of them
have not enough
shirt
to make a
thumb bandage."

Hammond
will do
your job for you
if you will let him
Will you please
send your
clean old clothes
and maybe
a donation
to.
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R. B. S. Hammond
St. Barnabas Church,
Glebe, Sydney.

The cost of this advertisement is paid for by an admirer of the work of the "Mender of Men."

PASS "GRIT" ON

DAILY INSPIRATION.

By FAIRELIE THORNTON, Author of "Sunset Gleams," etc.

SUNDAY.

"My house shall be called the house of prayer, but we have made it a den of thieves."—Matt, 21, 13.

The temple of old was dedicated to the worship of God, and Jesus found it turned into a place of merchandise. This roused His righteous indignation, and He asserted His sonship by turning out these desecrators of what He termed His Father's house. We read in the next verse "And the blind and the lame came to Him in the temple and He healed them."

Many since that day have desecrated His house. When it is turned into a money-getting concern it is made a house of thieves. In other ways, too, this may be done. Have you never bought and sold in your mind when supposed to be at worship? Have your thoughts wandered to your farm or merchandise, to what you should eat or wear, to things which perish with the using? If so, you have been harboring a den of thieves. "God is a Spirit, and they that worship Him must worship Him in spirit and in truth." But you are also making it a den of thieves if you never enter it. You are robbing God of the worship due to Him, you are robbing yourself of the spiritual food you might obtain there, you are robbing others of the example you should set of reverencing the Sanctuary, you are robbing the minister of the encouragement of your presence. "Will a man rob God? yet ye have robbed Me." A house of prayer is a call to you to prayer. Every time you are deaf to that call, you are robbing God.

MONDAY.

"Bringing every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ."—2 Cor., 10, 5.

Have you ever tried to do that—to bring every thought into captivity; not letting your thoughts run hither and thither as they will? That seems an impossible task. You can only do it as you think your thoughts in Christ's presence; think to Him, get into the habit of talking inwardly with Him, and realising His immediate presence. Every thought, not just only your thoughts when in His house, or on your knees, but all your thoughts all day long. When you find a thought that is not Christlike entering in, making it captive, not letting it have an entrance to your heart, Murmuring thoughts, discontented thoughts, peevish thoughts, selfish thoughts, self-pitying thoughts, doubting, fearing thoughts, will then nevermore trouble you. As soon as they present themselves for admittance and wish to bear sway, you will bind them fast. "Bringing every thought into captivity to the obedience of Christ." "Does He approve of this thought?" you will question, and when conscience whispers "No," it will at once be turned out. So will your mind be kept in perfect peace, and you will be in the fear of the Lord all the day long.

TUESDAY.

"The poor have the Gospel preached to them."—Luke, 7, 22.

This was the case in the early days of Christianity. St. Paul said, "Woe is me if I preach not the Gospel." He was continually exhorting others not to be turned away from the simplicity of the Gospel of Christ, telling them some were turned aside to cunningly devised fables, preaching another Jesus, not the Divine Son of God. How many are preaching another Jesus to-day! "If the

trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself for battle?" It has been giving a very uncertain sound of late years. Doubting Thomas is best out of the pulpit. We want men who can say, "What we have felt and seen, with confidence we tell"; men of fire with a passion for souls. Nothing else will save the world. "It has pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe." Not by the foolish preaching of some men who perhaps have the wisdom which is foolishness with God. Confessing themselves fools, they might perhaps become wise. It is by the preaching of the Cross of Christ which is foolishness with men, that men will become wise unto salvation. Why is the sense of sin almost dead in the world to-day? Why is there no fear of God before men's eyes? Why is worldliness paramount, both in the church and out of it? It is because the plain preaching of "sin, righteousness and judgment to come" has been substituted by the more palatable teaching of the modernist. The preaching which filled Spurgeon's tabernacle, which brought crowds to Moody's tents, by which Wesley saved England from a revolution, has gone out of fashion. People have been trampling underfoot the blood of the Covenant and counting it an unholy thing. They have grown wiser than their Maker. To be called "narrow-minded, old fashioned, out of date," they dread above all things. Consequently, the common people who heard Christ gladly have wandered away, and just live to seek their own pleasure on God's day, while the preachers are saying, "Peace, peace," when there is no peace. Many wolves in sheep's clothing are standing in the pulpit to-day, feeding themselves while they starve the flock. They are just out for popularity and a fat living.

WEDNESDAY.

"God hath chosen the foolish things of the world to confound the wise, and God hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty; and base things of the world and things which are despised hath God chosen, that no flesh should glory in His presence."—1 Cor., 1, 27.

Not the mighty, not the wise,
Not the things which men most prize,
But the things which men despise,
Find most favor in God's eyes;
From the ground He bids them rise,
And He lifts them to the skies.

Things deemed great are oft passed by,
Worthless in the Saviour's eye,
While He stoops to where there lie
Hidden things which else would die,
And they sparkle by and by
Into immortality.

Thus the power is all His own,
His the glory, His alone,
And whate'er by us is done,
Which can stand before His throne,
When all secrets are made known,
As His work will there be shown.

THURSDAY.

"I give tithes of all that I possess."—Luke, 18, 12.

In the Old Testament much is made of giving tithes or a tenth of all the spoils taken in war to the service of the Lord, also a tenth of their increase to the poor and needy. This is a good rule for those who would not give otherwise; but in the New Testament the old rules were superseded by better ones. This Pharisee thought he had done all that was required of him by keeping the laws given under the Old Covenant. In Christ's time the disciples had all things in common; those who were sent out to preach the Gospel followed their Master and lived in the simplest style possible. Later the members of the new church kept to the same rule. This, of course, would scarcely be possible to-day; but it is possible to dedicate all to God, to use only what is necessary for one's self in order to carry on His work. If Christians would do away with the superfluities of life, especially those who are set apart for the Master's service, there would be fewer in want, less pride in the Church, and no Church debts.

FRIDAY.

They "kept back part of the price."—Acts 5, 2.

The sin of Ananias and his wife was not in keeping part of their possessions for their own use, but in professing to have given all as the others had given. They wished to appear generous and acted hypocritically. They might have owned that it was not all the price when asked by Peter, but they deliberately lied about the matter. God requireth truth in the inward parts. He wants

(Continued on page 15.)

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(Document prepared by the Buffalo Citizens' Committee of 5000 for Law Enforcement).

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EMPLOYERS—

Who benefit by increased production and a reduced labor turnover (6); by sober workmen, fewer accidents—and no more "blue Mondays" (6).

FARMERS—

Who buy three times as much farm machinery, and who sell 45 per cent. more milk than in 1920—and who rarely have a drunken farm hand (4).

BANKERS—

Twenty-three million new depositors since 1920 have increased deposits in the savings banks by **9 Billion** dollars—an increase of 60 per cent. (1).

INSURANCE MEN—

Who have sold 51 Billion dollars of new insurance since 1920, which is a 130 per cent. increase. **Sixty Million** persons now hold life insurance (5).

REAL ESTATE MEN—

Who sold an average of **seven hundred and forty-one new homes** every day last year, and who find rents and payments easier to collect (2).

MANUFACTURERS—

Manufactured products in 1925 and 1926 reached **62 Billion** dollars in value (6), which is more than the peak of after war-time production.

MERCHANTS—

Who get much of the **Two Billion** dollars formerly spent in drink, and who have thousands of buyers where they used to have hundreds.

EVERYBODY'S WIFE—

Who shares in all this increased prosperity—and rejoices in all it means to her family. Probably she has one of the 612,000 washing machines; (1) surely she has one of the One Million Vacuum cleaners, (1) or some of the **Nine Hundred Million** dollars' worth of (1) furniture which has been sold each year since 1924. A million farmers' wives are enjoying the 1,000,000 bathrooms which were put into farm houses last year (3).

EVERYBODY'S FAMILY—

There is one passenger automobile to every 14 families; (6) and one radio set to every five homes in our country (7). Colleges have doubled their attendance in four years, (8) and schools of every kind are full to overflowing.

This splendid condition is, of course, not due solely to Prohibition, but leading financiers and economists attribute to the Eighteenth Amendment a "very large share" of our present prosperity.

Dr. T. C. Atkinson, Washington representative of the Grange, says: "We shall not know the full measure of the blessings of Prohibition until three generations have passed."

- | | |
|---------------------------------|---|
| (1) Girard Trust Co. | (5) Ass'n Life Insurance Presidents. |
| (2) Bureau of Labor Statistics. | (6) U.S. Dept. Commerce. |
| (3) U.S. Dept. of Agriculture. | (7) President Radio Corporation of America. |
| (4) Ill. Agricultural Ass'n. | (8) U.S. Bureau of Education. |

Daily Inspiration—

(Continued from page 14.)

no divided service. Covetousness is a sin in his sight, and double dealing even more so, if possible. He would have us give all into His keeping. He entrusts us with certain goods or money to be used as shall be most necessary for our own requirements. Many keep back part of the price and deliberately use for themselves the talents, the gifts, the time He has given them, and think if they devote one day in seven to Him that is sufficient. What we yield up to Him He will give back sanctified and blest.

SATURDAY.

"Yield yourselves unto God, as those that are alive from the dead, and your members as instruments of righteousness."—Rom., 6, 13.

Make us willing now, O Jesus,

Just to yield our all to Thee.

All that we account most precious

May our freewill offering be.

Loosen now the grasp which tightly

Clingeth so to things of earth;

May we use the powers rightly

Which from Thee first had their birth.

Make us willing, O our Saviour,

To account all things as nought

So that we obtain Thy favor,

And obey Thee as we ought.

All the love that Thou hast planted

In our hearts be Thine alone,

All the blessings Thou hast granted

Used, that Thy will may be done.

Fix our heart's affections solely

On Thyself whate'er betide,

May our hearts be pure and holy,

Thus shall we in Thee abide.

N.B.—Unless authors' names are given, the articles and verses in this page are by Fairlie Thornton. In No. 50 this page was erroneously stated to be taken from other writers.

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"Grit" subscriptions received to 16/3/28, and where not mentioned the amount is 11s.: I. Brown, 1s., 19/4/28; Miss L. M. Burlace, 24/3/29; per Miss N. Gray, 6s., 14/9/28; Miss Aileen Tuck, 14/3/29.

The following are paid to 30/12/28: Miss R. Barton, Miss E. Hensley, Mrs. R. E. Hughes, J. A. Milne, Rev. A. S. Rowe (12s.), Miss G. M. Vile, W. Worling, Miss B. Graham, H. W. T. Hambly, T. A. Jones, Mrs. Loutit, Mrs. Peebles, E. S. Waller, Mrs. Alban Gee, Master Elwyn Woods (8s. 9d.), Wm. C. Dixon (12s. 6d.), Mrs. A. G. Dale (20s.), J. B. Wild (25s.), Mrs. E. S. Smith.

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Miss Gibson was very rich and Mr. Hanna was very poor. She liked him, but that was all, and he was well aware of the fact. One evening he grew somewhat tender and at last he said: "You are very rich, aren't you, Helen?"

"Yes, Tom," replied the girl frankly, "I am worth about two million dollars."

"Will you marry me, Helen?"

"Oh, no, Tom, I couldn't."

"I know you wouldn't."

"Then why did you ask me?"

"Oh, I just wanted to see how a man feels when he loses two million."

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