

Spirit.

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POISON-BERRIES.

PATH TO THE WINE-BAR.

TWO PICTURES.

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

(Continued from last issue.)

Painted mirrors, empty bottles, dead flies—

Out of it all comes Gladys. Dusk is drifting over Sydney. Faintly out of the great smoky sky the hour strikes when the barmaid puts her hat on, and the wine-saloons give up their dead. A mild old gentleman with white hair is wiping up the

pools of sticky moisture on the tables. One by one they are leaving this little box of cheap wallpaper, "licensed to sell Australian wines."

Out of it all comes Gladys. Electric arc-lamps bathe her with a metallic flare. Women with purple beaks and pince-nez jostle from the bar. The proprietor nods an encouraging good-night. In a moment Gladys is in the turmoil of the street, and

the doors of painted grapes, of gilt advertisements and pimply mirrors have been closed.

Three pints of acid wine in Gladys's interior buzz in her head like bees. Trams roar past, dripping with electric light. Pedestrians, in hurrying rivers, engulf her, push past with heads in newspapers, elbow her from side to side, stream over her without a glance. Gladys doesn't care. She lets herself be jostled. She sways with the crowd, from shop-windows to kerb-stone. Men look at her and smile. Gladys smiles back loosely. Somehow her mouth seems to keep on coming open.

(Continued on page 2.)

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POISON BERRIES

HOME AND GLADYS.

It is growing late, and the streets are not so full. The city has crushed its way home. In a hundred thousand villas people are having dinner in quiet lamp-light.

But Gladys has no desire to go home. The fumes of cheap port, the pickle of half a dozen cocktails drive her on and on. Her little body, in its stained finery, aches for excitement.

Anything—even this drugged lurching on sidewalks—is preferable to going home. Home! A crumbling terrace of bricks, greasy with moisture and dirt; a backroom and a whining gas-jet; a tin trunk; an unmade bed. Anything is preferable to that. So Gladys stumbles on.

Stand in front of any of these cheaper wine-saloons at 6 o'clock some night and you will see Gladys coming out into the world. There is nothing evil about her; no taint of disease. She is an Australian girl, like thousands of other Australian girls. She likes to escape from reality. She seeks excitement. And she gets it!

From the glittering fruit-trees of the winter-garden to this dingy little wine-bar, hidden behind swing-doors and dummy wine bottles—is it such a gulf? Look for an instant at another picture. Turn to the lounge of any big hotel—

WINTER-GARDEN SCENE.

It is with a start that you realise that the enchanting young lady at the next table is drunk.

She has been sitting there so quietly, so perfectly genteel. She hasn't spoken for ten minutes. All round her there is the rattle and boom of conversation, sudden jangles of laughter, the stamp of feet, of chairs clattering, the ring of china and glass, voices coming out of nowhere, talking about nothing.

She has been sitting there so quietly, with a rubber-stamped smile, scarlet and fixed. Her eyes are bright, like stones. Suddenly, a bubble appears on her lips. Her flesh turns white, as white as chalk, and her forehead is moist. Abruptly, and in the worst of taste, she rests her head and one arm on the table. She remains there without moving.

A Jewish-looking youth, with a check tie, is the first to notice her.

"Good Gord," he exclaims dramatically, "there's Clara gorn!"

Clara becomes an object of immediate interest. There are murmurs of sympathy.

"I've never known her took like this before," says one of Clara's girl friends. There is a burst of evidence. Nobody has ever known her "took" before. Various suggestions are made, ranging from aspirin to absinthe and black coffee.

"Kid her old man won't hit the roof!" says Clara's girl friend, with a tremor of delicious apprehension. "You'd better get a taxi, old thing!"

HER "OLD MAN."

The Jewish-looking youth escorts Clara to the taxi. There are a number of fanciful

speculations as to the behaviour of Clara's old man. Clara's old man is a head clerk in a Government department. He thinks Clara is out, taking flowers to a sick school friend. Clara's father has never heard of a winter-garden, except in vague visions of vampires in diamond collars and leopard skins. Sometimes he thinks he doesn't understand Clara.

It is a depressing spectacle, this parade of Clara's. Not all of them have to be taken home in taxis. They walk to the door, a trifle unsteadily, with clouds of gold fumes whirling in their little heads, and trance-like grins. Consonants get clogged strangely in their teeth. When they laugh it comes out in a sudden rush, and they find it hard to stop. There is no doubt about it. Clara is "sozzled," well and truly.

And between Gladys, floating dully in Oxford-street, and Clara, being put into her taxi, what is the gap? From the winter-gardens to the wine-saloons is a short step; the breaking of a wall; a hardening of the senses. If Clara goes on getting taxis, the odds are that she will drift out to Oxford-street before her youth has finished.

RESPECTABLY DRUNK.

In Oxford-street, in Elizabeth-street and King-street and William-street, the bridge between the experimenter and the graduate is not long. Gladys rarely escapes, and seldom wants to. Clara goes to the winter-garden because it is fashionable, and she drinks cocktails because the Jewish-looking young gentleman is watching her, and she wants to appear a grande dame of the world.

But the wine bars are not fashionable, and any girl who drinks cocktails persistently behind these swing-doors, drinks them either because she likes them or because it is part of her business.

In defence of Clara, the hotel management can plead a number of excuses. How is a waiter to tell when a girl has drunk enough? "Struth!" exclaims the waiter himself. "Some of these tarts can put away enough to knock you or me silly, and never show it."

Naturally, if Clara were to exceed reasonable bounds, and insist on dancing the can-can or throwing the furniture about, she would be requested to leave at once. But as long as Clara remains drunk, quietly and respectably, nothing is said.

As for Gladys, as long as she doesn't attract the police she can do what she likes. If she is sick (and she frequently is) the other ladies present look after her critically, and see that her hand-bag does not get stolen.

Clara and Gladys. . . . The winter-garden and the wine-bar. The path is easy, with charming companions and no discomfort. And in the beginning Clara and Gladys are just Australian girls—a little empty-headed, and inclined to swim with the school. Poor Gladys! Poor Clara! The path from Oxford-street is less attractive, and much more uncomfortable.

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BOOKS TO READ.

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

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THE HAPPY IRISHMAN.

THE START OF A YEAR'S CAMPAIGN.

MUCH ENTHUSIASM AND THE EVIDENCE THAT GOD IS WITH US.

(By ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.)

As the R.M.S. Tahiti tied up at the wharf Mr. Bradley and I hurried on board to welcome W. P. Nicholson, but he had slipped off by the luggage gangway and was grinning at us from the wharf. This is characteristic of the man. He does not wait for things to happen; he makes them happen.

It was a perfect day, and this big-hearted, simple, downright, "stake-all-on-the-Word-of-God" man landed with his wife, two daughters and son under the happiest conditions.

Mr. Wm. Arnott, in his big, generous way, took charge of him, and within an hour they were exploring their own furnished cottage.

A warm and loving band of friends met the missionary at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bradley in the afternoon, and in a very few minutes we were all confident that here was a man we could not quarrel with. He says his hard sayings with an irresistible laugh. He is so frank, so sane, so logical, so humble that we can only admire the expression of his convictions even if we don't immediately agree with them.

Sunday was a great day. He started at the Presbyterian Church, Ashfield, in the morning; St. Clement's Church of England, to men, in the afternoon, and finished the day at St. Barnabas' Church in the evening. All the services were unusual. The evening one was very fine. Over 1000 people listened to his joyous, buoyant, inspirational sermon. Religion promotes laughter. Christianity is another word for joy; its start is when "they began to be merry" and then "the angels began to rejoice."

FELLOW MINISTERS.

On Monday, at noon, something more than 200 ministers met Mr. Nicholson. He won us all—so sane, so frank was he. His story of the mission at Cambridge was magnificent. We felt our faith in the Old Gospel gloriously strengthened. He told us he felt like Daniel in the lion's den, and just prayed that the Lord who did so much for Daniel by shutting the mouth of the lions would shut ours and open his. His prayer was answered.

A delightful lunch followed, when the Ven. Archdeacon Martin, the Rev. F. Hynes (President of the Methodist Conference) and the Rev. T. C. Hammond, M.A. (who was chairman of Mr. Nicholson's Dublin Mission), all spoke words of greeting and appreciation.

THE TOWN HALL MEETING.

The meeting at night was most encouraging and inspiring. It was a welcome rally, and again Mr. Nicholson struck a joyous note. He just bubbles over; he just bursts out; he just laughs because of the very joy of the Lord.

The most wonderful meeting in Australia, held every Wednesday in the basement of the Sydney Town Hall, was never greater

than on Wednesday, June 16. Seventeen hundred people were present between 1 and 2 o'clock. Mr. Nicholson's message was based on the words "Whatsoever ye ask that,"

NICHOLSON IN A NUTSHELL.

A sturdy Irishman of more than middle height, having a most contagious laugh, a ready fund of wit, and an abundance of energy. Who delights in plain speaking, and who is out to fearlessly proclaim a gospel message, to revive the smouldering enthusiasms in the hearts of smug Christians, and to denounce all manner of vice amongst all classes of people—a veritable Amos come to light, ready and willing to again denounce the "cows of Bashan."

He is a quarryman who delights in blasting crude rock, who lets off



REV. W. P. NICHOLSON.

charges of dynamite and smothers himself in dust. A Christian with his coat off, and with his fists clenched, who is out to deal with the Goliath of sin with the "proved weapon" of the gospel of Jesus Christ.

Many will take offence, for many took offence from the words of Jesus, from His scathing denunciations. Already Nicholson has let off such a charge that the report thereof is reverberating through the press throughout the State that he's down on smoking.

Our expectations have been realised. We have got an unusual man, who uses unusual methods, and who achieves unusual results. There's nothing of the old-fashioned reaper about Nicholson; he's a thorough-going reaper and binder, and the Church is going to get sheaves of new Christians when this man has driven home his message into the hearts of the people of our State.

with an insistent emphasis on "that"—not some other thing, but the very thing you ask. God knew what He was saying and meant what He said. Hundreds hurried away to their places of business, but immediately every chair was filled again, and his message at 3 p.m. was broadcast. Following on his previous talk he emphasised in his inimitable

way the conditions attached to the "Whatsoever." It must be "in His name." Three kinds of people can rightly use a name. The child has a right to use his father's name, because he has been born into the family. We must be born again Christians. If we are not, then the devil is our father and we had better pray to him. The wife has a right to her husband's name so long as she is faithful to him.

"Don't flirt with the world. It is spiritual immorality to love the world and the things of the world, for they are at enmity with God." This was said at white heat, and many felt it was said in the power of the Spirit of God.

Partners can legally use the name of the firm just and only just so long as they keep the conditions set out in the deed of partnership.

It was a necessary, a wholesome, a correcting message. Many will thank God for it.

HEART TO HEART WITH MEN.

Some 500 men gathered in St. Barnabas' Church on Wednesday night, and after Mr. White had sung "Happy Day, when Jesus washed my sins away," Mr. Nicholson taught us all to sing:

Happy night, happy night,
When Jesus turned my black heart white;
He taught me how to pray and shout
And live for Jesus out and out;
Happy night, happy night,
When Jesus turned my black heart white.

The missionary's message was clear and emphatic; it was truth as he had found it; as he had tested it; as his life illustrated it.

Mr. Nicholson is what the Americans call a red-blooded he-man. If you don't believe what he believes you are quite convinced that he does so believe.

If you don't know what you believe you are quite sure what it is he believes.

Very many men stood up as he challenged them to decide for Christ. They afterwards came out and were taken into the vestry and welcomed, and were instructed by men who themselves had found peace and joy and victory in Christ.

Thank God this man is without covetousness; thank God he has brought his family with him; thank God he is determined to be thorough; thank God he insists upon a month's mission; and thank God he demands an inquiry room.

A VALUABLE HELP.

Messrs. Clarrie and Will White have taken charge of the singing at most of these meetings, and their unusual gifts have never been more splendidly bestowed. Mr. Will White, at the piano, has proved himself a genius, and whether as a soloist or as a song leader Mr. Clarrie White has increased the value of the meetings. The clergy will never forget his singing of "He Walks With Me" at the Monday meeting for clergy.

For the next month Mr. Nicholson will be in Goulburn.

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NEW SOUTH WALES PROHIBITION ALLIANCE.

Headquarters: 321 Pitt Street, Sydney.

Our Objective: The Abolition of the Liquor Traffic.

Our Weapons: Education and Legislative Action.

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

WOMEN IN THE CAMPAIGN.

THEIR ORGANISATIONS COMBINE TO GET THE FACTS AND TELL THE PUBLIC.

Madame Wolfcarius presided at the meeting of the Women's Consultative Committee, which represents the various Women's organisations in action against the liquor traffic. The principal business for consideration was the report of a special sub-committee which had prepared a plan of combined action.

The report was read by Miss Andrews (Hon. Secretary), and unanimously adopted. Its principal recommendations are as follows:

1. That a manifesto dealing with the liquor traffic and Prohibition be prepared and issued in the name of the Consultative Committee for the Associated Women's Organisations.
2. That a questionnaire be sent to the various women's organisations of America asking their opinions regarding the working of Prohibition; also to similar organisations in Great Britain for information as to the liquor traffic and its effects there.
3. That steps be taken to organise a women's demonstration in a large hall in the city for the purpose of expressing their views and a demand for more effective means of dealing with the liquor evil.

It was decided further that where co-operative action would enable more effective work to be done in certain suburbs steps should be taken to arrange this.

The proposals generally will be placed before a meeting of women which is being arranged to be held at the Y.W.C.A. Rooms, Liverpool-street, on Wednesday, July 7, when Rev. Geo. H. De Kay is to give an address on women's work in the Movement in U.S.A.

A request was made to the Representative Women's Prohibition League that they would undertake to bring up to date the report compiled a couple of years ago by the Women's Investigation Committee concerning conditions under the liquor traffic here.

The Representative Women's Prohibition League has sent a questionnaire to the Prohibition Enforcement Officers of America asking information concerning working of Prohibition.

South Australia is planning a vigorous Local Option Campaign for a substantial reduction of liquor licenses.

A bitter contest is on in the City Council concerning the license of an hotel to be demolished in Park-street. It is stated that the property would be a better proposition as shops.

IN THE FIELD.

Rev. H. Putland has been visiting Nowra and Milton, giving addresses in the Presbyterian and Methodist Churches and in public halls.

Mr. C. E. Still was the preacher at Campbelltown Congregational Church.

Messrs. Richards and Macourt visited Drummoyne and Five Dock in connection with opposition to new licenses.

During the coming week the Field Team will be at Grenfell, Cowra, Koorawatha and Canowindra.

FIELD DAY APPOINTMENTS.

SUNDAY, JUNE 27.

7.15 p.m.: Auburn Presbyterian Church.
Mr. H. C. Stitt.

11 a.m.: Yass Methodist Church.

3 p.m.: Country appointment.

7.30 p.m.: Yass Presbyterian Church.
Rev. H. Putland.

11 a.m.: Koorawatha.

7.30 p.m.: Koorawatha.

Mr. C. E. Still.

3.30 p.m.: Five Dock, open-air.

7.15 p.m.: Ashfield Presbyterian Church.
Rev. Geo. H. De Kay.

MONDAY, JUNE 28.

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

TUESDAY, JUNE 29.

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

Parish Hall, Rockdale.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30.

8 p.m.: Methodist Hall, Dalton.
Rev. H. Putland.

Parish Hall, Leichhardt.

Rev. Geo. H. De Kay.

THURSDAY, JULY 1.

8 p.m.: Methodist Hall, Gunning.
Rev. H. Putland.

THE REFORMATION AND MODERN LIFE.

VESTIBULE TOWN HALL, SYDNEY.

From 1.20 to 1.55.

REV. T. C. HAMMOND, M.A. OF DUBLIN.

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

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

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

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MR. DE KAY, OF HONOLULA.

AN AMERICAN VISITOR TELLS A GOOD STORY OF PROHIBITION SUCCESS.

"I don't agree with De Kay's principles; but he is sincere, fair and earnest. If there were more like him working for Prohibition half of the trouble concerning enforcement would be wiped out."

These are the words used by a prominent business man of Honolulu (he is also a wet) in the Honolulu "Advertiser," when referring to Rev. Geo. H. De Kay, who has been leader of the dry campaign in the Territory for several years past. Mr. De Kay is now in Australia on a holiday tour, and his offer to address some meetings is being gladly availed of by the Prohibition Alliance.

An enthusiastic believer in the effectiveness of the Prohibition law, Mr. De Kay tells a convincing story of results to date.

ALMOST NO DRUNKENNESS.

"Honolulu, with a population of about 100,000, has," he says, "almost no drunkenness. There is a large garrison of soldiers and sailors, who are the mark of the bootleggers, and are responsible for most of the drinking. It had to be remembered that there were not more than 40,000 whites in the total population in the Territory of about 300,000.

"They had heard of the statement published in Sydney that four deaths a day from alcohol were occurring in Honolulu. That had been fully denied by Governor Farrington. It was another illustration of liquor publicity methods. The last report of the Territorial Board of Health showed that there had been four deaths from alcohol during the year.

"Criminal cases showed a decrease of 25 per cent. during the past six years, though there had been an increase of 22 per cent. in population. Another important feature was the savings bank depositors, who had increased from 31,259 in 1917 to 69,259 in 1922. Later figures disclosed a further advance on these. Within the last two years several fine bank buildings had been erected in Honolulu. A new hotel, costing two million dollars, was under construction. There had been five new churches built during the past three years, one costing 600,000 dollars. There were new schools in many districts. Indeed, in every part of the city there were convincing signs of improved conditions, while the price of real estate had increased tremendously."

NO DRINK AND ONE DRUNK.

Asked concerning the position in the United States, Mr. De Kay left no uncertainty. He said that shortly before leaving for Aus-

(Continued on next page.)

PROHIBITION WITHOUT COMPENSATION.

To be decided by Referendum, with bare majority, in State and Local Areas, and to operate within two years.

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

tralia he had been on an extensive trip through the country. He had spent twelve days on Pullman cars, a week in Chicago, another week in Los Angeles and one in Sacramento, and several weeks in and around the San Francisco Bay cities. In all that time he saw only one drunken man. And, further, he saw no drink, except on the steamers between San Francisco and Honolulu, where some of the passengers had brought it.

Governor Farrington had stated that on his visit to Washington and other American cities no one had offered him a drink.

"The thing is fading out," is the general conclusion.

MR. DE KAY'S ITINERARY.

Thus the Honolulu "Advertiser": "There is nothing pussy-footed about De Kay and his stand for principles. There is nothing wishy-washy about his attitude. He is a two-fisted crusader in the cause of enforcement of the Prohibition laws who is willing and ready to battle for the cause."

Mr. De Kay's New South Wales programme is as follows:

- Thursday, June 24: Town Hall, Albury.
- Sunday, June 27: 3.30 p.m., No-License Demonstration, Five Dock; 7.15 p.m., Presbyterian Church, Ashfield.
- Tuesday, June 29: Parish Hall, Rockdale.
- Wednesday, June 30: Parish Hall, Leichhardt.
- Thursday, July 1: Parish Hall, Botany.
- Sunday, July 4: 7 p.m., Crow's Nest Methodist Church.
- Tuesday, July 6: Methodist Hall, Turramurra.
- Wednesday, July 7: Women's Meeting, Y.W.C.A. Rooms, Liverpool-street.
- Thursday, July 8: School of Arts, Hornsby.
- Fixtures for Sunday, July 11, to be announced later. Friends in these places are urged to co-operate in making these as successful as possible.

OLD CLOTHES.

PLEASE SEND THEM JUST BEFORE THEY ARE TOO OLD.

A railway regulation says: "Left off clothing consigned to charitable institutions will be charged at quarter rate."

Now, if you address parcels to me personally they will charge them full rates; if they are addressed to St. Barnabas' Poor Relief Department, George-street West, Sydney, and marked "Left off clothing," they will come at quarter rates.

Thank you.

ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.

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LIQUOR'S GUERRILLA WARFARE. PRAYER FOR PROHIBITION.

APPLICATIONS FOR NEW LICENSES MULTIPLY AND SPREAD.

The refusal of the Federal High Court to allow an appeal in the test case to determine the legality of selling liquor with meals after 6 p.m. leaves the recent Full Court decision as the correct interpretation of the law upon the point.

Thus has the six o'clock closing law been protected, and full confirmation given of the action of the Prohibition Alliance in having the matter tested so as to get a correct interpretation of the term "inmate." Hotel-keepers will not be allowed to serve liquor with meals after 6 p.m. to casual diners.

In other quarters the Prohibition Alliance is maintaining a vigorous attack to meet the guerilla tactics of the liquor interests. The latter are persisting in their efforts to obtain new licenses in the "home areas" of the metropolitan district. There are many places menaced.

A petition is being signed for an hotel license at Five Dock.

The Licensing Bench will on June 28 hear a petition for an hotel license at Collaroy.

A petition is being signed for an hotel license at The Entrance, near Woy Woy.

The petition for an hotel license at Cronulla has been handed to the police.

A petition for an hotel license at Matraville is being signed.

The preliminary steps are being taken to obtain an hotel at Bondi.

Another hotel at Mayfield, Newcastle, is being sought.

Dural is being attacked by a petition for an hotel.

Harbord petition is not yet finalised.

Appeals are pending regarding Thirroul, Wangi Wangi and Crow's Nest.

In all these matters the Prohibition Alliance and local objectors are fighting strongly to resist the encroachments. They illustrate the difficulties and burden of the campaign. Prohibitionists are, however, in splendid spirit, all the time looking for victory.

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The second monthly united prayer meeting, organised by the Women's Consultative Committee, was held in the Conference Hall, Castlereagh-street. Rev. H. C. Foreman, M.A., was leader, and an encouraging feature was the much increased attendance, which can be accepted as an indication of the growing desire to associate the Prohibition Movement with the prayer life of the community.

Mr. Foreman stressed the importance of prayer as a factor in any great movement. The fight against the liquor traffic was inspired of God, therefore they could seek divine help and guidance in their campaign. Prayer would help them to take a wider view of personal responsibility and inspire them to strive for the welfare of those who suffered because of social evils.

Mrs. Coyle acted as accompanist, and there were present representatives of the various organisations associated in the Consultative Committee.

MRS. HELEN BARTON.

THE SCOTTISH ABOLITIONIST IN SPLENDID FIGHTING FORM.

Mrs. Helen Barton is meeting with great success at every suburb she has visited. Crowded meetings almost everywhere demonstrate the great favor in which Mrs. Barton is held personally, and also as a platform speaker. Her power of marshalling her facts in an attractive and humorous style ensures an enthusiastic and appreciative response from her audience.

There is a strong appeal in Mrs. Barton's addresses, particularly when she tells the story of the Scottish No-License Campaign and the results following the closing of liquor houses in Kirkintilloch, Rosyth, and many other towns and districts. She mentioned that in the former place under license two milk carts were sufficient to supply the family needs; now there are seven. More milk for the kiddies is a natural result of less beer for father. And the death rate among babies had gone down from 136 per cent. to 69.

Prohibition anywhere is good! It speaks for itself.

A SPLENDID FLAT TO LET.

UNFURNISHED.

Five rooms and kitchen; three balconies. Electric light, Tennis Court.

CREMORNE (three minutes from Ferry). £4/4/- per week. Ring Y1885.

STRIKING FACTS FROM U.S.A. PRESS.

THE DOINGS OF YEARS AGO.

PROHIBITION ALWAYS HELPFUL.

I have just gathered this medley of statements from the American papers, sent by Joe Longton. Hidden away in various parts of great papers they are not very striking, but placed together here they are convincing.

13,700,000 DOLLARS FOR OHIO AUTO TAGS.

Columbus, March 3.—Ohio owners of motor vehicles paid approximately 13,700,000 dollars in license fees for their 1926 tags, it was announced to-day at the Secretary of State's office. About 1,140,000 pleasure cars have been licensed in Ohio this year, it was stated.

NEW YORK BRICKLAYERS GET 14 DOLLARS A DAY AFTER MAY 1.

New York, April 10.—The bricklayers of New York and Long Island will be paid 14 dollars a day, beginning May 1, said to be the highest rate paid in the building trades in the United States. They asked an increase of 4 dollars a day, and compromised on two dollars. The contract, signed yesterday, is for three years.

825,000 TONS OF CANDY SOLD.

Chicago, February 26.—America consumed 825,000 tons of candy last year, the National

Confectioners' Association announced to-night. The 1926 candy appetite may exceed the 1925 record-breaker, the report said, adding that 75,000 retailers now sell candy. Among the items which went into last year's candy crop were 425,000 tons of sugar, 50,000 tons of chocolate coating, 7500 tons of chocolate liquor, 50,000 tons of nuts, and 225,000 tons of corn syrup.

ANDREWS SEEKS NEW BRITISH RUM TREATY. PROHIBITION CHIEF TO TAKE STATE DEPARTMENT AIDE ON TRIP TO LONDON.

Washington, April 30.—Gen. Lincoln C. Andrews, Chief of Prohibition Enforcement, will sail for England on May 22 to negotiate a new anti-liquor smuggling agreement with Great Britain, it was announced here to-day.

Andrews will be accompanied by Admiral F. C. Billiard, Commandant of the United States Coast Guard, and William R. Vallance, Assistant Solicitor of the State Department.

Basic features of the agreement are understood to have already been agreed upon.

Under the pact, American coast guard cut-

ters would be permitted to enter British West Indies possessions in quest of rum runners, or information as to liquor smuggling.

The British and American Governments will co-operate in obtaining information relative to the movement of criminals.

Officials explained that a successful termination of the negotiations will mean that the British Government will prosecute ship operators for violation of clearance papers.

Many liquor ships clear from Great Britain with papers showing the Bahamas, Cuba or Canada as their destination. In reality they lie off the coast of the United States until able to land cargoes of liquor. Information concerning these violations of clearance papers would be submitted to the British Government, which under the agreement would enter proceedings against the ship masters.

WE HAVE MADE IT DIFFICULT.

Occupying the stand for more than an hour, Mayor Dever told the committee the Volstead Act could be reasonably enforced by a thoroughgoing co-operation between the Federal, State, county and municipal authorities. He said it was being enforced in many sections now.

"We have driven the open liquor traffic out of Chicago," he declared. "By that I do not mean that we have stopped whisky drinking or the under-cover sale. But we have made it difficult for liquor to be obtained."

Of National Importance --- and profit to you!

LIKE every important undertaking that endures the New Zealand Perpetual Forests is the answer to a definite economic need, in this case a world shortage of timber, which is rapidly becoming acute to the point of famine.

WHY THE COMPANY WAS FORMED.

To buy large tracts of lands suitable for growing trees, to plant them, to build roads through them, provide transportation, and develop the organisation of highly trained experts required to control them is an undertaking demanding enormous capital, and out of the question for the ordinary company.

The New Zealand Perpetual Forests Limited evolved a co-operative plan that met all these requirements, and enables the largest number of investors to participate in a venture of national importance from which it is estimated a return of £500 will be obtained from each £25 bond purchased.

The plan briefly is this: The Company owns 160,000 acres of land in New Zealand specially suitable for growing softwoods which form 75 per cent. of the world's timber consumption.

To finance the undertaking £25 bonds are issued. Each bond purchases one acre of freehold land and its entire yield. The Company contracts to plant, maintain and develop these trees for 20 years when they will be sold in the interests of bondholders. The Company acts as managers for bondholders in developing their holdings, the return from each acre being estimated to be £500.

By November, 1925, 10,000 acres had already been planted out. By November, 1926, about 54,000 acres will have been planted with young vigorous trees. Bonds exceeding £1,500,000 have already been taken up in Australasia.

The undertaking is thus firmly established and operating on a large scale.

Full particulars of this profitable investment are given in a handsome illustrated booklet, sent post free on request.

This is the first of a series of advertisements published by N.Z. Perpetual Forests Ltd. The second deals with "The Growing Value of Timber."

N.Z. Perpetual Forests Limited

KEMBLA BUILDINGS, MARGARET STREET, SYDNEY.

DOES GOD ANSWER PRAYER.

TOWN HALL INTERCESSORY SERVICE.

IMPRESSIONS OF A VISITOR FROM NEW ZEALAND.

In all his fifty-four years' travels the Sydney Town Hall intercessory service had eclipsed anything he had ever seen, such was the declaration of the Rev. F. B. Meyer.

With such eulogy as this in one's mind, it was with mingled feelings of expectancy, praise and gratitude that, as visitors to Australia, we found ourselves in the meeting of which we had heard so much. It was indeed a unique experience, a revelation of abounding faith in prayer.

The Town Hall service lifts the veil and reveals something of the sorrow and distress of human lives. Outside, but a stone's throw distant, are the busy throngs that crowd the thoroughfares of the city. The huge emporiums and attractive shops, with offices and warehouses, present a hive of industry, whilst theatres and picture houses everywhere cater for the demands of a pleasure-loving community.

But what a contrast! In the Town Hall basement there is assembled a gathering of a thousand or more, for one common purpose—prayer. What a study of humanity! Week by week come the aged and infirm, many in the eventide of life, obviously suffering physical infirmities. Tales of sorrow and anguish are written deep in many faces. In striking contrast are the young men and women, still on the threshold of life, together with city business men, who apparently make it a regular practice to be in attendance at the intercessory service. Certainly they are not drawn by gaudy attractions and popular programmes. They are believers in a Prayer Hearing and a Prayer Answering God—the faithful covenant-keeping God.

The procedure of the service is simplicity itself. A few favorite hymns intersperse the proceedings. Brief addresses are given by some of the cream of Sydney's preachers. The predominant feature of the gathering, however, is prayer, prayer, prayer.

Between 200 and 300 petitions for prayer and notes of praise are received weekly. Time does not permit of anything but the salient points of the letters being read, except in special instances, and the subject matter of these sheaves of messages is reverently commended with all sympathy to Him Who said: "Come unto me all ye who are weary and heavy laden and I will give you rest." Requests pour in from all over the city and State; in fact, it is claimed, from distant parts of the world, to which news of this remarkable prayer meeting has spread.

Space does not permit of our drawing aside the veil to detail the varied nature of the petitions. Suffice it is to state that many a broken-hearted wife has sought the throne of Heavenly grace on behalf of an unfaithful and brutal husband. Mothers have appealed for wayward sons and daughters.

Husbands for the recovery of beloved wives, friends on behalf of relatives. Domestic and financial troubles, physical infirmities and sickness all go to make up the budget of appeals so skilfully and sympathetically submitted to a loving Heavenly Father.

Much encouragement is received from many notes of praise and thanksgiving. "You prayed for me last week and God has answered your prayers." This and numerous notes of a similar character convey appreciation from grateful hearts of the wondrous things which God hath wrought. Some indicate repeated requests extending over a couple of years, and the suppliant returns to announce that prayer has at last been answered.

Without attempting any unnecessary eulogy one cannot help being impressed with the cheerfulness with which Mr. William Bradley conducts this four-hour service, and the kindly personal touch he applies to the whole proceedings. Aply is he supported by the Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, who despite his busy life finds time to spend an hour or more each week. He brings into the service by his determined, striking personality an atmosphere that speaks of his uplifting association with the under-stratas of society.

Practical assistance is also rendered by speakers drawn from many denominations, ranging from the evangelical clergyman of the Church of England to the street and mission workers of the city. The soloists and pianists are deserving of the warmest commendation, as they convey their messages in song and praise. Numerous personal voluntary workers are in attendance in the entrance vestibule, distributing suitable literature as the people go out.

The service is essentially for prayer, and apart from helpful addresses the speakers repeatedly raise an evangelical appeal and personal workers are thus afforded an opportunity of pointing inquirers to the Saviour.

For over three years these intercessory services have continued without a break. The cost amounts to over £10 a week. No collections are taken up, but boxes are provided for contributions, and in the words of our Lord, "Behold how they cast into the treasury." Many a story of the widow's mite could be related, judging from inquiries on this head, and as is often the case in Christian work to-day, the generous-hearted souls are not always those who are rich in this world's goods, but have laid up treasure in Heaven.

CANBERRA.

LIQUOR BAR FOR PARLIAMENT HOUSE.

MELBOURNE, June 10.

A resolution favoring the establishment of a bar at the Parliament House at Canberra has been agreed to by the Joint House Committee of the Federal Parliament. Although there was not a full attendance the resolution was agreed to by seven votes to three.

This action is likely to raise very keen controversy in Federal circles. One of the ordinances of the Federal Capital Territory provides that no alcoholic liquor can be sold in the territory. Although this ordinance was not actually agreed to by members of the Federal Parliament it was tabled in both Houses, pursuant to statute. If the House Committee's recommendations were carried into effect, therefore, the anomalous position would be created of the whole of the territory being "dry," with the exception of Federal Parliament House. Many members oppose a proposal of this kind quite apart from their views upon the liquor question in general. It would be most undesirable to make any differentiation between the freedom allowed to members of Parliament at Canberra and to the residents of the territory generally.

What will happen in view of the House Committee's resolution is a little uncertain. The Parliament as a whole has, of course, the final say in the matter, and it is probable that a private member will shortly raise the question in the House of Representatives with a view to testing the opinions of members.

LIQUOR AT CANBERRA.

Mr. Mackay (Q.) asked whether the Government intended to have a liquor bar in Parliament House at Canberra, in spite of the fact that the area outside would be dry.

Mr. Marr, Honorary Minister, replied that the ordinance prescribed that the territory should be "dry." Whilst the matter had not received consideration by the Government, Mr. Marr's opinion was that no resolution adopted by the House Committee could alter the ordinance.

The Prime Minister assured Sir Elliot Johnson (N.S.W.) that the House would be given a full opportunity of expressing its views upon any contemplated action regarding admission of liquor to Canberra.

NOTICE OF OBJECTION.

In the House of Representatives Sir Elliot Johnson (N.S.W.) gave notice of a motion that the House disapprove with that part of the report of the House Committee regarding the retention of the parliamentary liquor bar at Canberra, and confirm the existing ordinance prohibiting the sale of intoxicants throughout the Federal Territory.

YOU HAVE TO DO WITHOUT

Something else if you pay big fees for your dental work.

MY FEES ARE VERY FAIR.

DENTIST REANEY

OPEN FRIDAY NIGHTS.

OPP. GRACE BROS.

M1420

A Personal Chat with my readers

OUR SHIPS. We all have some hopes of the future, and we all expect things to be better some time; however, we are too often like the famous Dickens character, Mr. Micawber, who spent his life waiting for something to turn up. His was a stupid, disappointing optimism; his end was a dismal failure.

The Old Book bids us give a reason for the hope that is in us. The only ships that we have a right to expect to come in are those we have sent out.

What reason had the man who built his house on the sand to hope that it would weather the storm? The point that is in my mind is crystallised in these lines:

I have seen men stand looking wistfully out
On the Bay of Heart's Desire,
And say, "When my ship comes in I will
have

All the things to which I aspire."

One would have fortune and one would have
love,

Thus fell the words from their lips,
And I wondered as I looked at the men,
If they had sent out any ships.

When our ships come in! Do you really know
What we are talking about?

For how can our ships come back into port,
If we never have sent them out?

* * *

MEMORY AND GRATITUDE.

Last week I had something to say about gratitude, and I must just touch on it once again.

A special cable to the "Sun" from London says:

"That the memory of the public is short is revealed by the announcement that subscriptions to the fund to perpetuate the memory of the late Professor Maxwell Lefroy, the famous entomologist (who died in October last from the effects of poison gas, with which he was experimenting to eradicate pests to humanity) realised only £79, of which £50 was spent in postage and printing.

"The trustees of the fund have purchased two gold medals, costing £33, and will award the first this year for an essay on flies. In the meantime, it is hoped that someone will donate £300 to make the award permanent."

We in Australia have made millions of pounds out of the wheat that the patient genius of Farrar discovered for us, but we neither thanked him while he lived nor remembered him after he died. Think and thank come from the same root word, and we may truly say a "thankful" person is a "thankful" one.

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A NOTABLE STATEMENT.

Only one paper printed it, and that paper excised it from its country edition and its later city edition. Truly this is wonderful:

"Mr. E. M. Lawton, Consul-General of the United States, in the course of an address on 'America' at the meeting of the Gordon Progress Association, urged that Australia should follow the slogan 'It pays to advertise.' He said that one of the outstanding features of a comparison between the United States and Australia was the fact that Australians did not sufficiently boost their country. 'You are too modest,' said the Consul-General, 'but the time is coming when it will be forced upon you. You must not talk about your 'puny' efforts, for Australia has reached the stage when she is a sturdy infant, playing an important part in problems of world-wide interest.' While he did not wish to force the ideals of the United States on another country, he desired to give a full denial to the reports, obviously inspired, that Prohibition had been a failure. He considered that, after the experience of the United States Fleet in Australia, the next generation of Americans would not care about drink. Thirty-six States had voted for Prohibition, and it would be necessary to get the votes of that number of States even to start to rescind it. 'You can guess for yourselves,' added the Consul-General, 'what chance there is of getting three-quarters of the population of the United States to rescind Prohibition; there is as much chance of discovering perpetual motion.'"

* * *

OUR COMMON DISHONESTY.

The Railway Department have made public the most damaging and serious evidence of our common dishonesty. The ticket examiners, of whom there are but a handful, detect on an average 40,000 irregularities on the railway every month, i.e., nearly half a million every year. One person in every four in the State is caught being "suspiciously careless" or frankly dishonest. These detections return to the department £25,000 per annum.

Now it is reasonable to suppose that at least one-quarter of the people of the State never enter a train in the year, one-fourth are strictly honest, and of the rest, which is just half the population, one out of every two travelling is actually caught red-handed—and it is absurd to suppose that all the dishonest ones are detected.

In one month 30,500 passengers were caught without tickets, 3600 travelling past their destination, 3500 travelling first-class on second-class tickets, 180 persons travelling on expired tickets, and 25 persons over 18 travelling on children's tickets. One "girl" claiming to be 17 turned out to be

It is curious how little attention was given to a most notable statement made in Sydney last week.

GRIT

A JOURNAL OF
NATIONAL EFFICIENCY
AND PROHIBITION.

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

Editor—ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.

Address: Box 390F, G.P.O., Sydney.

Office: N.S.W. Prohibition Alliance, Macdonell House, 321 Pitt-street, Sydney.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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Change of Address or non-delivery of the paper should be promptly reported to the Manager.

SYDNEY, THURSDAY, JUNE 24, 1926.

a married woman with two children. Add to this the evidence of extensive pilfering, i.e., common theft on the wharves, and one may be excused for becoming pessimistic. There is even more and, if possible, worse evidence. The Retail Traders' Association formed a deputation to the Minister of Justice a few days ago.

Members of the deputation said that the extent to which shops, both large and small, were being robbed by shoplifters was reaching alarming proportions. Several shops were losing as much as £80 or £90 a week. One shop had lost £1200 in ten days. Apart from this, the large establishments were expending thousands of pounds a year in the employment of house detectives.

The thieving by a percentage of the staffs employed by the various houses, also, it was stated, had reached alarming proportions, and it was felt that the counteracting efforts of the shopkeepers would be fruitless unless they were supplemented by the authorities.

Most of the offenders are women.

We ought to face the fact that no laws can possibly remedy this gigantic common dishonesty.

We must return to God. We must once again hark back to the Ten Commandments—in a revival of religion is our only hope. By true religion I mean that which is described by Harriet Beecher Stowe in these lines:

As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
Pervades it with a fragrance not its own;
So when Thou dwellest in a human soul
All Heaven's own sweetness seems about
it thrown;
The soul alone, like a neglected harp,
Grows out of tune, and needs Thy hand
Divine;
Dwell Thou within it, tune and touch its
chords,
'Til every note and string shall answer
Thine!

The Editor

PROUD TO BE AN AUSTRALIAN.

THE MORE I SEE PROHIBITION THE MORE I LIKE IT.

(By JOE LONGTON, for "Grit.")

In the second richest city in America, where a mottled community make Detroit, Michigan, a hive of industry, I write this.

Across the Detroit River lies Windsor—Canada. Windsor lives off Detroit, and those murderous monuments, the breweries and distilleries, that silhouette on the Canadian border like the picture of Grim Death with the scythe—so often the representation of plague.

"Dry" Detroit has a population of 1,500,000 people; "wet" Windsor has 15,000. Those Canucks that do not live off the liquor traffic live off Detroit, Henry Ford being a kind of fairy godfather.

All of which makes me feel chesty about Australia, which hasn't got to turn boot-logger or eat Ford pie for a living. Australia pays Australia off, and if Australia does kill off a few hundred of the human race with bottled snakebite annually the victims are Australians, not Americans, so if there's any goring done it's done on Australia's oxen.

As I journeyed along the even tenor of my way I recently noted that the following in Indiana, i.e., Elkhart's new seven-storey Hotel Elkhart stands on an old "rat-hole," and that the Standard Bar is the Koffee Kup Restaurant; at Kokomo the Franklin Bar is the Sanitary Restaurant; the Webber Brewery, in Kendallville, has been pulled down to make way for the Lakeside Hospital; the Brewery in Marion has been converted to the Burge Abattoirs and Meat Packing Co.; the Broadway Bar in Gary is a millinery parlor; the Hammond Brewery has a dozen small factories in it; the Goshen Bottling Works is a ladder factory. In South Bend Grissinger's, Kam and Schillinger's, Jegler's, Muesel's and the South Bend Breweries are the Hoosier Creamery, Primo Invalid's Tonic, ice and ice cream, food storage and cordial factories respectively; the Logansport Brewery is the Express Storage and Transfer Co. In Bluffton Jim's Place is an eating-house, as is Joe Hope's old "rat-hole." Joe lives in hopes of liquor coming back, but there's no hope for Joe. Terre Haute's Brewery is the ice plant and the garage, repair shops and storage of the Electric Traction Co. The Citizens' Trust Co.'s skyscraper is on "Hogan's Last Chance."

In Chicago, Illinois, I noticed where the Maple Pharmacy, the Orig Market, the North Park Skyscraper Hotel, Max-Montynbad's Men's Wear, the Paris Barber Shop, Estelle's Gown Shop and Wyman's Cafeteria were in old "rat-holes" on North Clark-street, and that the North-Western Brewery was a huge garage and battery station; while out on Archer-avenue the big South Side Brewery was the Calumet Baking Powder and Refrigerator Co.

In Toledo, Ohio, the Hebner and Buckeye Breweries are industrial units; the Home Brewery is the General Food Storage and Products Co., and Link's Winery has had a four-storey high addition put to it, which gives about 20,000 extra square feet of floor space to the De Vilbliss Spray Company, which manufactures atomisers and sprays of every known description—sprays to rid fruit trees of bugs, sprays to perfume miladi, sprays to whitewash a fowlhouse or kill fleas on a dog.

In Detroit, Michigan, the Home Brewery, that made Bundus beer, is the Zaka coffee mill, and Voight's Brewery has been pulled down for the Detroit Transport Sales Co., the Shell Gasoline and Wayco Service Station, the White Used Car Sales, Service and Repair Garage, and the Poster Advertising

Agencies for the Fur and Insurance Storage, Oldsmobile Agency, Stott's Columbia Flour, the American Legion and the Wayne County Dime Savings Bank.

The death dispensaries in America that were, in the true sense of the word, licensed murder mills are as extinct as the sick husband that delivered his wife's washing, and he's as passe as the moa.

We have with us yet the cold-blooded burglar, murderer, forger, highwayman and pickpocket; also the speak-easy and boot-logger that peddles a brand of booze that is classified as "rearing horse," "third rail," "tiger's milk," "snake oil," "bottled death," "canned lightning," and "coffin water." Any of them are guaranteed to turn your upper and lower plates into chewing gum and start you beating your mother-in-law's brains out with a German sausage.

THE OLD "WILD WEST."

I write this in Cheyenne, Wyoming, where they're wild and woolly and full of fleas and tough to curry below the knees. Cheyenne stages a "round-up" once a year; the hotels stage a "hold-up" all the year round. In fact, they're not hotels, but rather places where the ghosts of Ned Kelly, Steve Hart and Dick Turpin hitch their horses at that. You can die here with either your own or somebody else's boots on if you're lookin' for excitement.

Business men, working men and women of Australia, with the nation's progress in mind, and who are "sitting on the fence" waiting for the "battalion of death" (the liquor interests) to weaken in the homeland, will never know from "wet" propaganda, what I have personally noticed since my last article, that the following changes have occurred in the State of Missouri:

In Kansas City, the headquarters for Temp's beer, is now the distributing agency for Thos. Southard's chicken feeds and "the original starting and growing buttermilk chick puddin'." The Anheuser Busch branch is the Interstate Brokerage Co. and Candy Factory as well as the Union Material and Supply Co., dealing in terra cotta, clay piping, cement, slate, brick, lime and other home-building materials. The Fallstaff Beer Bottling Works is the "Eagle," making orange crush, cherry cola, grape juice and other fruit juices that have put the orchardist where the brewer stood. The Meuhlbach Brewery is making a delightful non-intoxicating pilsener that has about as much alcohol in it as there are feathers on a bird dog. In St. Joseph (a city that was not called after me) the Goetz Brewery has enlarged and makes country club beverage.

In Kansas City the ten-storey Commonwealth Hotel is on the site of an old "snake den." The other breweries are chemical, milling and supply factories. One in particular, in the East Bottoms, is the Empire Food Storage Co.; and the Church of God is in an old saloon at the Bridge and 12th Street. The Salvation Army is erecting a divisional headquarters and community centre at Charlotte and 11th Street on a site occupied previously by opium, cocaine, morphine and heroin joints run by niggers and low-trash whites.

Leaving Missouri I crossed Kansas, the State that Carrie Nation cleaned up before many men of to-day were born. I cannot report anything but the strictest sobriety from there, where there was nothing to remind me that in America's wheat belt such a curse as alcohol ever existed.

In Colorado I saw where the Singer Sew-

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ing Machine Co. and the Creamery Restaurant were in old "rat-holes" (bar-rooms) in Lamar. In Las Animas the City Bakery and the City Pharmacy were doing big business in old merry mucilage parlors. In La Junta the bar of the Jones Hotel is Goodman's Clothing Store. In Rocky Ford Funk's Newspaper and Cigar Store and the R.F. Produce Co. sell literature and spuds where bottled snakebite and barrellèd murder were previously sold. In Pueblo the "misery mansions" have been converted into stores retailing every conceivable legitimate variety of merchandise, which employ many workers in its manufacture. In Colorado Springs the Savoy Bar is a harness and dog-collar store and the Clinton sells auto accessories, while the Wigwam Curio Shop is in an old "death adder den" (bar).

In Denver "Blackie's" Chile Con Carne Parlor is in an old "pig pen" (bar), as is the motor bus station. The McFarland Bar is an office fixture company. Other bar-rooms are the James E. Bennet Brokerage Exchange, Fair Drug Co., Kline Investment Co., First-Aid Pharmacy, Eller's Cash and Carry Grocery, the Kelly Koffee Kompany, W. A. Gutling's Grocery and Meat Market and a lady barber's tonsorial salon. One old brewery is a packing house; another is a food storage and ice plant. The Capitol Brewing Co. is a lumber yard and sash, door and window supply company, specialising in home-builders' supplies.

Between Denver and the Wyoming frontier I noticed where the Model Garage is in an old highway dive. At Brighton a "rat-hole" has been fumigated and turned into the Shirley Restaurant opposite; Mike O'Brien's is the Model Creamery. At Fort Lupton Ertel Bros.' hardware and Neil's men's furnishing store were old bar-rooms; as were the joints in Platteville that are now the School Supply Shop and the H. C. Dennis General Merchandise Co. Greely, Colorado, was founded by Horace Greely, of "Go West, young man," fame. Horace saw that the charter of one of America's greatest 10,000 population cities tabooed rum. I met men of 25 years of age there that had never seen a bar-room.

In my earlier articles I neglected to mention that the K.B.C. (Kittaning Brewing Company), of Kittaning, Pennsylvania, is still the K.B.C. (Kittaning's Best Creamery), greatly enlarged, and employing three times more in the manufacture of cheese and the production of cream and milk than heretofore. Mr. Kupp, an old "foam fan," told me that he has quit being a brewery slave and now pulls down 200 dollars (£40) per month from the creamery with the aid of ten cows.

PROHIBITION IN INDIA AND JAPAN.

From the "Missionary Review of the World" (May number) we extract two interesting paragraphs:

INDIA.

"The Prohibition League of India was organised at a conference held at Delhi late in January. The plans for the conference indicate the strong and rapidly growing Prohibition sentiment. Fifteen hundred delegates represented 'all religious communities and every shade of political thought.' The resolutions passed included the following:

"This Convention is of opinion that the prohibition of alcoholic liquor is not only in consonance with the sentiments of the people of India, but also imperative for their social well-being and for the promotion of their economic efficiency. The Convention therefore urges the Government of India and the local governments to accept the total prohibition of alcoholic liquor as the goal of their excise policy. . . . The introduction of local option laws is, in the opinion of this Convention, the best means of ascertaining the wishes of the people in this matter. . . . This Convention calls on the leaders of the various communities to take immediate steps for an effective organisation of public opinion throughout the country in support of the prohibition of liquor."

JAPAN.

"More than two hundred official delegates were registered in advance for the Sixth Annual National Convention of the Temperance League of Japan. The programme of the Convention listed over 30 propositions to be considered by the delegates, the chief of which were the following:

"1. The adoption of Prohibition as a political issue.

"2. The possible formation of a 'dry' party and the election of 'dry' members to the Diet under universal suffrage.

"3. The election of 'dry' candidates in local assemblies as a first step in political reform.

"4. Means for the crystallisation and more effective organisation of the growing Prohibition sentiment throughout the country.

"5. Co-operation with and development of the student Prohibition movement.

"6. A more adequate programme for scientific temperance education.

"7. More effective enforcement of the juvenile Prohibition law.

"8. Proposals for advance legislation in the next session of the Diet.

"It is anticipated that the extension of suffrage in Japan will greatly aid the dry cause."—"American Friend."

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WANTED—A REAL MISSION.

To the Editor, "Grit."

Sir,—A short time ago in one of our religious papers a writer referred to one of Gipsy Smith's doctrines, viz., "repentance."

He, the writer, enlarged upon missions very nicely. As I understand him, he stressed "earnestness," "sympathy" and "atmosphere" as the necessary conditions of a successful mission.

All that may be very good, but there is a strong reason to believe that to a hungry family the quality of a meal is much more urgent than the manner of serving it up. Too well we know that modern missions frequently fail, because the converts dwindle into formalism, and perhaps worse.

By fruit we judge and know the nature of the tree or plant. Hence the poor results, outlined above, must mean defective missions. Shall we endure this? I hope not. Better far to rise to the occasion and cure the disease. Science has enabled us to cure smallpox and leprosy. All other maladies of the flesh must ultimately yield to her persistency. Shall we triumph in natural things which must fade away, and take defeat in spiritual things which alone are abiding? Reverently I say, God forbid.

"Character is everything" said the dying seer. Then it behoves us to allow only

those missions which can give us Australians a higher type of character every time they come.

In conclusion I will give just a sample of what I would like the next large mission to embody. Suppose the Gipsy says "repentance" more for saints than sinners. "Repentance" with exceeding joy, and a splendid ringing laugh at every newly-discovered fault. "Repentance" with compensation on the Zaccheus plan. Further, suppose he indirectly cures the world's labor troubles by the following interpretation of Christ, viz.: As much as I can always do, for the least wage I can possibly take, leaving all issues with the Heavenly Father ONLY. And yet again, suppose he teaches the people never more to "parrot off" the Lord's Prayer on Sundays, but to practise all its incomparable and vitalising principles every day of the week, Sunday included. Well, then, in such a case I think I could trust him as a leader. It would go a long, long way towards prompting me to join with others, and pray Heavenly Father we claim a mighty blessing on the Gipsy Smith mission to all people inside or outside the visible Church in New South Wales.—Yours, etc.,

PETER A. ALLEZ.

Trundle.

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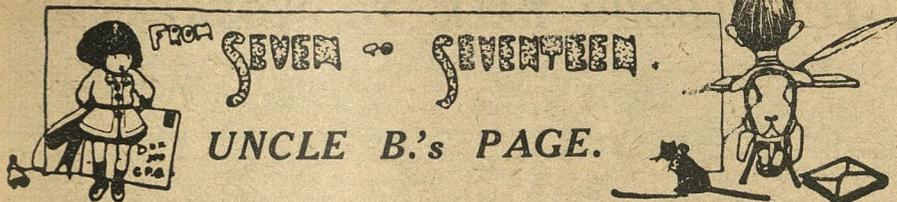
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All boys and girls between the age of seven and seventeen are invited to join the family of Uncle B. Write only on one side of the paper. Send the date of your birthday. There is no fee to pay. If you do not write for three months you are a "scally-wag."

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

THE BOY WITHOUT HANDS.

In an English orphanage there is a boy without hands who edits a school magazine. By putting together the stumps of his two crippled arms he holds his pen, and he has learned to write with a delicacy of touch that is almost incredible. The report of the orphanage gives a specimen of his writing. It is a prayer for the Boy Scouts, and is taken from a booklet that he copied and then presented to the chaplain at the dedication of the Scouts' colors. It reads: "Give them courage, and may their courage ever rest in their sure confidence in Thee. May they show their self-control in the hour of success, patience in the time of adversity, and may their honor lie in seeking the honor and glory of Thy Great Name."

The prayer must have been answered in this boy's case. He must have shown uncommon courage and patience in overcoming the loss of his hands.

He is a Scout, one of a troop that includes boys with deformed limbs, artificial legs or no legs at all. When he came up for his tenderfoot test and had to tie various knots the Scoutmaster, who wanted to make it easy for him, suggested that if he tied one of the six knots usually required that would suffice to win his badge.

"No fear," said the lad. "I won't take the badge if I can't tie the lot."

He tied all of them and got his badge on the same conditions as all the others.

That boy is like a certain English gardener. Although the gardener also was without hands he somehow managed to have the loveliest garden in his part of the country. Folk came for miles to see it.

If misfortune comes to us it is good to remember such people. They teach us that life can still have its achievements and that triumph is the sweeter for the obstacles we overcome.

UNCLE B.

OUR LETTER BAG.

OLD FRIENDS.

Hamilton Marcus, 3 Portland-road, 'Wang, writes: I am a new Ne, but an old friend. This is my first letter to "Grit." I used to go to your church with Grandma Whitford, and I did love Scout morning and strangers'

service, and then to shake hands with you after. We live in Wallerawang now and go to Mr. Hughes' church and have such happy times at service, Scripture Union and choir practice. We all love our minister and try to do good and be good so as to please him, and he does have such a great smile when he is happy. We are going to Sydney by car next month and will be glad to see you again and the poor men who sit in the back of the church, which you never see in any other church. I have been in Queensland, N.S.W., Victoria, Adelaide, Hobart, Launceston, and lots of other places. I will be ten years old on August 26. Will now say good-bye and good luck to good old "Grit."

(Dear Hamilton,—I am so glad you are now a Ne. I remember your coming to St. Barnabas, and I was always pleased that you liked to shake hands with me. It will be a pleasure to meet you again, my little friend and Ne.—Uncle B.)

A NICE BOOK.

Gwenda Reader, West Bay, West Tamar, Tasmania, writes: Since I last wrote I have been for a holiday. I was staying with my auntie at Hagley, and I enjoyed staying there. I have just been reading a book called "Westward Ho!" Have you read it, Uncle? I am very fond of reading, and I have read many nice books. Our teacher has had a bad leg, but it is well now. There is a football match on this afternoon. On Empire Day we had a bonfire and concert at the State School. My sister and I took part in a dialogue. I have to help get tea ready now, Uncle, so I will say good-night.

(Dear Gwen,—I am always glad to hear that my Ne's and Ni's love nice books. "Westward Ho!" and "Hereward the Wake" are two great books. I have read them, and cried over them both. They were written by a great and good man. A good book is like a good friend—something to cherish and care for.—Uncle B.)

LOVELY TIMES.

Keith Chisholm, Portland-road, Wallerawang, writes: I am a new Ne, but an old friend like my cousin Ham. I am having a long holiday here in 'Wang, and love it. Wish my mother and father lived here, too. They live in Parramata-road, Petersham. My Grandma Whitford always takes us to your bazaar, gives us lots of money to spend, and we have great fun. I do enjoy the Rev. T. Hughes' services, and have such lovely times at Scripture Union and choir practice. I will be eight years old on December 23. Well, dear Uncle B., I must now say good-bye, but will see you next month at St. Barnabas'.

(Dear Keith,—Thank God for dear Mr. Hughes. It is splendid to hear that his meetings are just lovely times. I once tried to get him to be my assistant. It would have been a comfort and strength to me if we had joined forces. I will be glad to see you again.—Uncle B.)

OUR FARMER NE.

Jim Brown, "Midlands," Goolagong-road, Grenfell, writes: As I would not like to afflict your valuable paper with the picture of my dial you see I am writing again. But unless you can photograph me by wireless without me knowing it I don't see how you're going to get a picture of me. Every day or so we get a shower of rain up here. It is annoying. Every time the ground gets dry enough to work it rains again, and puts us off for another fortnight or so. We have about 120 acres of crop in, but only about 40 acres of it is up properly. Twenty acres we will have to sow over, and perhaps 50 more. About three weeks ago a fox visited our fowl-yard and took a fowl off the perch. The next night dad set three baits around where the fox ate the fowl. In the morning we had a fine brown fellow. About a week later I was going for the cows and came across another, a grey one, lying dead in the grass. To-night as I was bringing the cows home I found another, but the crows had been eating him and had spoilt the pelt. We weaned the calves lately, and ever since the cows have been milking splendidly. We get about 22lb. of butter a week from four cows. The grass around here is about a foot high and all the stock are mud fat. It is a most peculiar season. I think I have told you all the news, so I will close.

(Dear Jim,—There are more ways of killing a cat than choking it with butter, and I can think of several ways by which I might get a map of your face, so you had better watch out. So you knocked out three old foxes. I always feel sorry for them, but there is no other way I suppose. I wonder how fat "mud" fat is and why it is "mud" fat?—Uncle B.)

WHAT IS NEWS?

Tom Prisk, 36 Mortlake-street, Concord East, writes: It is a long time since I wrote to you last, and I suppose my name is on the black list, so please cross it off. In my last letter I forgot to mention my age and date of birthday. I am 13 years old and my birthday is on October 20. There is no news out here except that we have had plenty of rain, and I don't suppose that is much news to you, as the rain has been pretty well everywhere. We have just finished our term exam. at school, and I hope I have passed. We had a letter from Mr. Hughes, and he is very well.

(Dear Tom,—So news is scarce. Well, I think you overlooked some good news. Why not tell us about the services, about what you do on holidays, about what you are going to do when you leave school? It would all be news to us.—Uncle B.)

(Continued on next page.)

Seven to Seventeen— A LOVER OF BOOKS.

Wallie Johnston, Rose Valley, writes: I think it is about three months since I last wrote to you. Please cross my name off that scallywag list. Gerringong and Omega schools celebrated Empire Day on the Gerringong Recreation Ground. Speeches were made by the school teachers and aldermen. The children enjoyed themselves in playing football and other games. Do you like reading? I do. Here are some books I've read: "The Boy Who Sailed with Blake," "In Savage Africa," "Jacky the Butcher Bird," "Fuzzy-Wuzzy and Buzzy," Arthur Mee's "Talks to Boys," "Little Tom," "The Water Folk," and "Captains of Harley." Have you read any of these books? It is bedtime. With love to all "Grit" cousins and yourself.

(Dear Wallie,—I do not know some of the books you mention, but I know and love Arthur Mee's books. He is a wonderful man and has done more for boys and girls than any human man that ever lived. When I was a boy Kingston, Henty and Ballantyne wrote wonderful books for boys. Have you read any of their books?—Uncle B.)

* * * OUR PIANIST.

Horace, 53, Arcadia-street, Penshurst, writes: I am learning music (piano). Our class has an exam. every month, and I came first last month and once before I came second. I hope you are well and all cousins too. When I first learnt music the teacher gave me a music book and a lot of cardboard notes. We have some nice sweet peas out in front of the house. I would like to give you a bunch, Uncle. We have a pony and sulky, but the roads are bad now.

(Dear Horace,—Stick to the piano and I will make you my pianist, and some day you must play at one of my meetings. You can give a lot of pleasure if you stick to it and practise hard.—Uncle B.)

In "Give and Take" mankind contentment finds

Each act of kindness soothes some ranking rift;

A point conceded oft a contract binds;

A favor granted wins a gracious gift.

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LUNCH-HOUR TALK TO WORKERS.

The first lunch-hour talk to workers under the auspices of the Professional and Business Men's Auxiliary proved an unqualified success. The men at Messrs. Danks and Co.'s factory, Blackfriars, showed a keen interest in the story of the effects of Prohibition in U.S.A. on labor. During the present week at meetings at Messrs. Morrison and Sinclair's shipyards, Balmain, the Clyde Engineering and the Marrickville Margarine plants the keenest interest was shown. Questions were, as Bret Harte says, "frequent and free."

"Does a drop of beer hurt a man?" came from one quarter. "No," replied the speaker, "a drop doesn't hurt a man, but it takes many drops to quench a real liquor thirst. "And what do you get for it?" asked Mr. Vaughan. "Dead marines and a headache—often a heartache."

"Now," he went on, "if you spent that money on an overcoat it would keep you warm all through the winter, and it would give work to someone making another overcoat to replace the one you bought."

"What would Tooth's men do if you shut up the breweries?" was asked. "Drift into better jobs, as the liquor employees did in America, which not only absorbed all the former workers in the booze trade but took in 1,000,000 immigrants a year as well. Australia absorbed 200,000 men after the war," said the speaker. "When you spend your money on boots instead of beer, on furniture instead of 'spots,' there will surely be no difficulty in absorbing the handful of employees in the breweries."

Mr. Vaughan was telling of his addresses to shipyards workers in America. "A half-mile queue of cars belonging to the workers stood outside the plants," he remarked. "I saw a half-mile queue of cars at Tom Ugly's last Sunday," an interjector said. "But they didn't belong to workers," replied Mr. Vaughan. "Under Prohibition there would be no reason why the workers shouldn't own their own cars as they did in U.S.A. The present automobile position reminded him of what he used to say in South Australia,

where he lived next to a rich pastoralist. 'My neighbor and I owned a million between us—but he had it all.'

"While Labor was asking for the 44-hour week the breweries were asking for an extension of the hours of liquor trading till 7 p.m.," was another telling point made. "Scotland got along with the liquor bars open for only 6½ hours daily excepting Edinburgh's 7½ hours, and even in England the bars operated for 11 hours out of the 24 as against 12 hours here."

"Why buy another tied house for the brewing monopoly when you might be buying a home of your own with the money you pass over the bar?" asked the speaker, and there was a silent approval of this thrust.

"It cost the average worker's family £25 a year for liquor in Australia, and as many workers did not drink liquor cost the drinker's family from £30 to £40 a year. That money spent on the home would make life better for the wife and youngsters. As it was part of it went to the affluent brewer and part to the whisky barons of Scotland.

"No, Prohibition was not 100 per cent. enforced in U.S.A., but it was better enforced than were the liquor laws under the Australian licensing system. That was proved by the number of convictions for drunkenness, which totalled only 9000 in New York City, with a population of 6,000,000, against 29,000 in New South Wales, where the population was 2,000,000.

"A million lives were saved in America through Prohibition, according to the Subcommittee of Congress," said Mr. Vaughan. "Those were mostly workers' lives, and if Prohibition had done nothing more that result overwhelmingly justified it."

The effect of liquor on national efficiency was dealt with at length, and the workers were told that while high wages and short hours were highly desirable these advantages could only be maintained if accompanied by increased efficiency.

A full programme of lunch-hour talks has been arranged for the coming week.

How to Cure Unemployment in 12 Months.

Speaking on September 23 at a United Kingdom Band of Hope Conference of Leicester, Sir George Paish, the well-known publicist, said the economic situation in Europe was very grave.

Europe was heading straight for bankruptcy, in which event the entire world would collapse.

The end of the war brought the wrong kind of peace, with the result that the wealth of the continent was never smaller than today.

If two-thirds of the money spent on drink in Britain were placed under his control, he guaranteed that unemployment would cease in twelve months.

"GRIT" SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Subscriptions received to 18/6/26, and where not mentioned the amount is 11s.: Mrs. Brown, 5s., 13/10/26; Mr. Dennison, 22s., 14/6/28; A. C. Roweth, 30/4/27; Miss Whitford, 24/5/27.

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OLD ENOUGH TO SHAVE.

Mrs. Bing: "Oh, I wish these receipts would be more definite."

Mr. Bing: "What's the difficulty, dear?"

Mrs. Bing: "This one tells how to use up old potatoes, but it doesn't say how old the potatoes must be."

MARY'S SUGGESTION.

The maid was leaving and her mistress said to her: "Now, Mary, I should like to give you a good reference, but my conscience compels me to state that you never got the meals ready at the proper time. Now, I wonder how I can put it in a nice way?"

"Well, mum," retorted the girl, "you can say that I got the meals the same as I got me pay."

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

He was a salesman in one of the great London stores which was visited by a lady who toured each of its departments, putting the salesmen in each to much trouble, but making no purchase. At last one of the salesmen said to her: "Madam, are you shopping here?" "Certainly," she replied, "what else do you think I am doing?" For a moment he hesitated, and then said quietly: "Well, madam, I thought you had been sent to take an inventory of our stock."

ENEMIES ALL.

In the early days of the world war the officer in charge of a British post, deep in the heart of Africa, received a wireless message from his chief:

"War declared. Arrest all enemy aliens in your district."

A few days later the chief received this communication:

"Have arrested seven Germans, three Belgians, four Spaniards, five Frenchmen, a couple of Swedes, an Austrian and an American. Please inform me whom we are at war with."

On one deficiency of the Prohibition law both the wets and drys are agreed—there is not enough punch in it.

The Countess of Cathcart has written a play called "Ashes," which will doubtless soon find its way into the proper receptacle.

OFTEN THE CASE.

"It's not the school," said the little boy to his mother; "it's the principal of the thing."

ARISTOCRATIC DOG.

"But are you sure he's highly bred?" "Ighly bred! Why, mum, ter git the best hout of this little dog, yer 'usband will 'ave ter wear spats an' a tall 'at."

WHERE ELSE?

Two fleas were talking in the zoo. "Join me in a game of golf," said one. "Where?" said the other. "Over on the lynx," said the first.

DIFFERENT.

Otto Kahn, the financier, art patron and philanthropist, said at a dinner in New York:

"Communism, Bolshevism and kindred movements are bound to fail. Why? Because they're based on hate, not love.

"As I understand it," a man said to be a Bolshevik, "the fundamental idea of Bolshevism is to divide up with your neighbor."

"Nothing of the kind," snarled the Bolshevik. "The fundamental idea of Bolshevism is to make your neighbor divide up with you."

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TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.

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

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DAILY INSPIRATION.

(By FAIRELIE THORNTON.)

SUNDAY.

"His compassions fail not."—Lam., 3, 2.

Of only One can this be said. Human compassion is apt to fail when most needed. Few can stand the strain of sympathising with constant complaints, and not weary of them. Friends may be very sympathetic at the first recital of our woes, but when oft repeated their sympathy is apt to get exhausted. Have you ever noticed how hardened nurses and doctors get, as a rule, to the sufferings of others? It is a law of nature. They have become inured to them. Were they to feel too intensely perhaps they could not perform their tasks. But there is One whose compassion is exhaustless. He is always touched with suffering of whatever kind. You need never fear to weary Him with your complaints. He bids you "pour out your heart before Him." Human infirmity and weakness man is apt to despise. Not so the Man of Sorrows. He is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities." Grief is an old acquaintance of His. "His compassions fail not."

You knock at the door of some hearts. "No admittance except on business," is written there. Have you brought them some money, they will open it wide enough. Others admit you for a time, but too frequent knocking brings no response. Some are too much taken up with their own complaints to listen to yours—mention your trouble to them and it immediately brings up all their past afflictions of a like nature. But Jesus says, "Knock, and it shall be opened unto you." He is never too busy to attend to your affairs, never too weary to listen to your tale of woe. "None of them that trust in Him shall be desolate." He will not only listen, but take your affairs into His own hands. "His compassions fail not."

MONDAY.

"Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."

I bring my griefs to Jesus—my weariness and woe—

Who knows our human weakness as none but He could know.

I bring my griefs to Jesus, my burdens and my cares,

And in His great compassion He all my suffering shares.

I bring my griefs to Jesus, who takes them for His own,

And thus there is no burden I have to bear alone.

I bring my cares to Jesus, the load which weighs me down.

I change, but still my Saviour hath ne'er for me a frown.

I bring my sins to Jesus, His mercy cannot fail.

I know the blood of Jesus for cleansing doth avail.

I leave it all with Jesus, the work from first to last.

He never yet has failed to bear the burdens on Him cast.

TUESDAY.

"I am poor" and needy, yet the Lord thinketh upon me."—Ps., 40, 17.

Yes, He who has the worlds to uphold, and in whose hands are all the corners of the earth, has a mind so infinite that it is able to take into its thoughts the least of His children, and all their concerns. "How precious are Thy thoughts to me, O God; how great is the sum of them;" even you can say—you whose eye is on this page. The

Psalmist says, "Many, O Lord, are Thy wonderful works which Thou hast done, and Thy thoughts which are to usward. They cannot be reckoned up in order unto Thee; if I would declare and speak of them, they cannot be numbered." Job says, "No thought can be withholden from Thee." Therefore we must be continually in His thoughts. Speaking through the prophet Isaiah God says, referring to His people as His vineyard, "I will keep it, I will water it every moment." Therefore we are never a moment out of His thoughts, we who own Him as our keeper are constantly in His remembrance, and that, not as a whole, but as individuals. In his ministry on earth, although He fed the five thousand, yet as a rule He came to the individual. He called His disciples one by one to follow Him. And even to His wandering rebellious children who were carried into captivity through their sins He says, "I know the thoughts that I think toward you, saith the Lord, thoughts of peace, and not of evil, to give you an expected end. Then shall ye call upon Me, and ye shall go and pray unto Me, and I will hearken unto you. And ye shall seek for Me, and find Me, when ye shall search for Me with all your heart." Jer., 29, 11. Will you not put Him now to the test who is this moment thinking of you, and speaking to your heart through this message? He thinks of you. Will you not give Him a thought and lift your heart in prayer to Him?

WEDNESDAY.

"He careth for you."—1 Pet., 5, 7.

Cares He for me for whom none cares, Whose burdens heavy no man shares?

Cares He for me—O could I hear That I at least to one were dear?

Yes, child of sin, whoe'er you be He weeps, He prays, He cares for thee.

Cares He for me—the careless one?

I have oft tried His gaze to shun.

Cares He for one who grieved Him so,

One who has caused His tears to flow?

Yes, sinner, 'twas for such as thee

He bled and died at Calvary.

Then I may bring Him all my cares,

Assured that He my burden shares.

May look to Him nor from Him flee

Knowing that He doth care for me?

Yes, trust Him and you'll find it true,

That He indeed doth care for you.

THURSDAY.

"And when he was yet a great way off his Father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck and kissed him."—Luke, 15, 21.

"When he was yet a great way off, his Father saw him and had compassion on him.

He did not wait until he came home. He saw him a long way off. He had been watching for his return many a long day, and as he strained his eyes in the distance, in spite of his rags, he knew his long lost son. You are a great way off from your Heavenly Father. You have wandered in the wilderness in a solitary way, and found no city to dwell in. You have tried to satisfy your soul with the husks that the swine do eat, but they leave you hungering still. The world's best pleasures leave an aching void. Profane delights pall upon the soul which has once tasted the bread of heaven. Oh, backsliding soul, the Father waits for your return. He sees the faintest desire for the love and warmth of home, and He has no upbraiding for you. A great way off you may be, but not too far for His love to reach. "He ran, and fell on his neck and kissed him." No reproaches for having wasted his substance, for coming back when he has spent all and begun to be in want. Nothing but compassion and welcome for him. "Oh, love which will not let you go, will you not rest your soul on this and give Him back the life you owe?" "He will in no wise cast out."

FRIDAY.

"Come unto Me all ye that labor and are heavy laden and I will give you rest."—Matt., 11, 28.

Oh, wait not till the morrow
But come at once to Him
Who longs to bid thee welcome,
Who longs thee to redeem.
Then through the gates of glory
In robes of whiteness dressed,
Thy Master soon shall lead thee
To thine eternal rest.

SATURDAY.

"Therefore will the Lord wait that He may be gracious unto thee. He will be very gracious unto thee at the voice of thy cry, when He shall hear it, He will answer thee."—Isa., 30, 18, 19.

I have waited in vain for thee.
The day's work long since was done,
Already had sunk the sun,
I waited and listened thy footsteps to hear,
But the hours wore slowly on,
Already the night had begun,
I lingered to see if thou then wouldst appear,
But thou didst not come to Me."

I have waited in vain for thee,
Shall I, can I leave thee alone?
Perchance thou wilt one day say
"Where is my Beloved gone?"
Perchance thou wilt seek for Me
And know that I turned away
Because I once called in vain one day.

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THE PUBLIC SHOULD DO THEIR DUTY. WINE SPOILT THE DANCE AND CAUSED DEATH OF YOUNG MAN.

The District Coroner, Mr. N. H. Edgar Jennings, held an inquiry at the Court House, Tenterfield, into the circumstances surrounding the death of the late John Harold Harvey, who was killed on the Glen Innes road early one Saturday morning (May 29). Those present were startled at the evidence of Mr. H. Anderson, who asserted that he had bought wine while at the dance with deceased, and also that deceased had a quantity of wine also. The circumstances surrounding the case are most pathetic. A verdict of accidental death was recorded by the coroner.

CORONER'S FINDING.

The coroner's finding was: "I find that John Harold Harvey died from the effects of injuries accidentally received on the 29th day of May last, on the road to Glen Innes, in the district of Tenterfield aforesaid, through falling from a motor cycle, which he, the said John Harold Harvey, was then and there riding."

The coroner added the following remarks: "I think it is not inappropriate to make these few remarks. Members of the general public have remarked to me that the police should rigorously stamp out the unlawful supply of liquor at country dances. The community will, I hope, appreciate the fact that for the force to be at two points of the compass at the same time is as impossible as it is unreasonable to expect. In my opinion there are occasions when the public should, as their duty, take the law unto themselves. It is regrettable that those of more mature years should not exercise the riper judgment which, I trust, they do possess. Any individual who takes a quantity of liquor to a small country dance deserves not only the contempt of the community, but also less gentle treatment and less warm a welcome than that which he usually receives from the senior members of the gathering. His methods are insidious and as unlawful as they are loathsome. This lad's death will, I sincerely hope, rouse the public to the duty which society and the canons of common decency have allotted to them. A youth on the threshold of his manhood, he has fallen a victim of an individual who is a menace to society, who endangers the virtue of our womanhood, undermines the morale of our manhood, and often, as in this case, leaves death walking in his wake. Self-esteem and a desire to protect the weak should assert themselves in the elders of the community." An individual such as I have described should in no soft manner be banished from all gatherings where youth assembles. It behoves those, therefore, who complain so tritely about the inactivity of the police, to consider the position less selfishly and to extend to the police every assistance in order that there will not be a recurrence of the sad events which have been related during this inquiry."

JOY-RIDING. IN COUNCIL'S CAR. WERE ALDERMEN DRUNK?

In most municipal councils a charge such as was made by Alderman Waterhouse at North Sydney Council meeting would have started a row that would have lasted for months.

North Sydney, however, took it very calmly, and all was over in a few minutes.

Alderman Waterhouse complained that the council's official car was being used for joy-riding. Recently, he said, the car was seen after working hours at Newport.

"There were about a dozen bottles of

whisky in the car," he said, "and the passengers included several drunken aldermen. I have a photograph of the scene."

Alderman Blakeman retorted that the statement was a pack of lies. He regretted that an alderman had seen fit to lower the council's prestige. If Alderman Waterhouse had a grievance he had only to report what he alleged he had seen to the department.

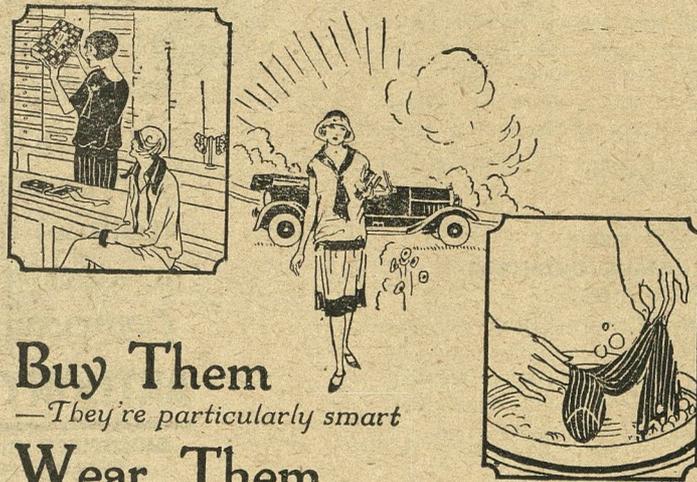
A motion by Alderman Waterhouse that the name of the council be painted on all council's cars was negated.

JUST KICKED HER. A PLEASANT GENTLEMAN.

"I just gave her a few kicks, but I'm sorry I did not smash her head in," remarked Arthur Mann, a miner, when arrested at Queenscliffe for assaulting his wife.

Mrs. Mann said at Manly Court that Mann

(Continued on next page.)



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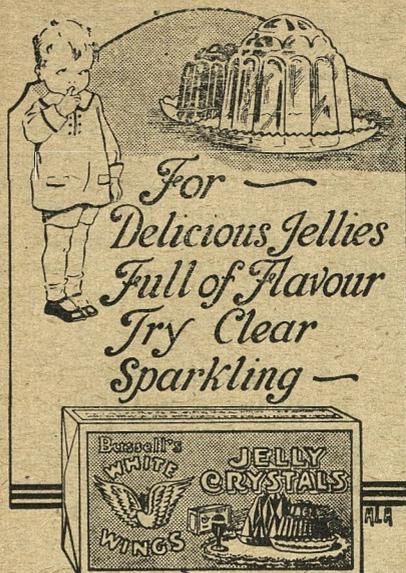
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PUBLIC Should do Their Duty

came home drunk that night. He swept the tea things off the table, then kicked her twice on the legs, badly bruising her.

He also threw at her a kettle of boiling water and a saucepan of stew, but they missed.

Mann was fined £3.

SLY BEER. AN EXTENSIVE BUSINESS. £50 FINE.

Described by Sergeant T. O'Brien as being one of the most extensive sly-grog sellers in the city, Richard Moss, aged 38, a barman, was convicted at the Central Police Court for selling beer without a license in Victoria-street, Darlinghurst, on June 9.

Moss had been standing on a corner and selling beer to various people who approached him. Sergeant O'Brien went with him to a building which was in the course of erection and there defendant showed him a sugar bag full of bottles and two empty bags. Defendant said he had already sold the contents of the other two bags, which comprised about four dozen bottles. He kept a diary in which he entered his sales, and from

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January 1 to June 6 sales represented some hundreds of pounds.

Mr. Perry, S.M., fined him £50 and £5 costs. He was allowed to pay the £50 in monthly instalments of £10.

TORE SHIRT OFF. CAMPBELL-STREET FROLIC.

"Go away and make a row somewhere else," said Ernest Pyras, leaning over his fence in Campbell-street. A drunken party had assembled outside.

The party asked itself in.

One of them, Herbert Wilson, aged 35,

seized Pyras by the throat and tore his shirt off. The rest of the party knocked him about, while Wilson smashed in a window with eleven panes of glass.

Wilson appeared before the Central Police Court, and the police said they "knew" him for burglary and riotousness.

He was fined £5 (or a month) for the assault, and £2 and £1 damages (or 14 days) for breaking the window.

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