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MR. LEY, M.H.R., AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS.

To the Editor, "Grit."

Sir,—In your issue of December 15 last, which has just reached me, I notice the reply of the Prime Minister to my letter to the Australian press re the action of Mr. Ley in opposing the proposed investigation by a Committee of the League of Nations into the question of alcoholism.

In fairness to the representatives of the six nations who brought the matter before the League, let me hasten to say that they never did propose an investigation into the question of **Prohibition**; neither did they expect to make the League "the arena for the discussion of such a controversial subject." That issue was raised by Mr. Ley and the wine-producing countries, and but for the astute handling of the matter by the Finnish representative the investigation into the question of alcoholism—quite a different one to that of Prohibition, as you will agree—would have been permanently shelved.

The new proposal made is practically similar to the old one, except that the International Bureau in Lausanne is not now suggested to act as the Secretariat.

I am glad to learn from the Prime Minister's letter that Mr. Ley and the Commonwealth Government support the new proposal, and I trust that when the matter again comes before the League Assembly next September, despite the wine-producing countries again opposing it, there will be a decision, shared in by the Australian representative, to submit the very important question of alcoholism to the process of an international investigation thoroughly carried out.—Yours, etc.,

GUY HAYLER, Hon. President,
World Prohibition Federation.

London, January 25, 1928.

UNITED TENT MISSION AT PUNCHBOWL..

MR. W. ("CAIRO") BRADLEY WONDERFULLY
USED OF GOD.

Au revoir was said by Mr. W. (Cairo) Bradley on Sunday night last to fully 700 people at the conclusion of a three-weeks' United Tent Mission at Punchbowl. Fully 6000 people attended the meetings during that period, the interest created at the beginning being maintained to the very end of a victorious experience. A very pleasing feature of the last meeting was the conversion of a large number of young men and women, the inquiry tent resembling a Sunday school with groups of interested and earnest pupils receiving instruction from their teachers. Just upon midnight a quartette of young men decided to start the life that is life indeed, and gave the hand of Christian fellowship to another group of young workers who had worked for twelve months for their conversion. In some instances whole families have been converted. It was lovely to see young men standing shoulder to shoulder at the inquiry form who were formerly noted for profanity, gambling and their opposition to Christianity. Brother met sister unexpectedly at the penitential form, and each rejoiced to see the other. Little lads volunteered to yield to Christ in order to encourage other lads; young men brought their mates and won them; young girls induced their girl mates to start the Christian life; neighbor brought neighbor; parents brought their sons; and workers led outsiders into the tent and then to the foot of the Cross. Young converts have already witnessed in far-off suburbs. In addition to linking up with Churches to which they really belong numbers of the young converts have formed themselves into a Bible class, meeting at a private house for mutual help and instruction, and the same young men have arranged to conduct on their own a weekend mission somewhere on the South Coast.

This is food for thought for those interested and engaged in revival work. The Christian element in the district admits a quickening of their spiritual life and larger attendances at Church have resulted with an accession to the working staffs. The large attendances at the meetings were due primarily to the eloquence, fearlessness and experience of Mr. Bradley, coupled with the wonderful organisation which reached nearly every person in Punchbowl, the house to house visitation affecting at least 700 homes, where the workers were warmly welcomed. The teams of personal workers included juvenile workers of tender years, their desire for work proving insatiable, their activities even extending to assisting in the dismantling of the tent. Other centres thinking of calling Mr. Bradley to conduct a campaign in their district would do well to bear in mind the advisability of utilising the services of the juveniles. The arresting and convincing preaching of Mr. Bradley won its way, and his reputation as a preacher has been established in all the districts along the Bankstown line. Never before in the history

of Punchbowl has there been a revival in religion such as that just witnessed. Thousands have heard the glad tidings, thousands have been spoken to personally, and the influence of those affected is radiating out in all directions. Upwards of 80 decided for the Master, and Mr. Bill Wilson, the converted Anzac, has played a big part in winning this number. The desire to hear Mr. Bradley spread to several big works in the district, and his addresses to the men were greatly appreciated by the men during their dinner hour. Though Mr. Bradley said au revoir at the end of the last service, crowds lingered outside the tent till a very late hour and did not disperse till he motored off, the hope being expressed that he would be greatly blessed in return for the great blessing he had brought to Punchbowl.

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"DEAR GOD!"

By HELEN GRAHAM.

Surely, of all the thousands of petitions handed in at these indescribable prayer meetings, this one, picked by chance from a number, is one of the most appealing.

It is written on a half-sheet of common paper, torn out of a school notebook. The writing is childish in character, evidently that of a little girl. The note bears no address. It is undated. It is unsigned. Yet there has been summoned to write that appeal the big forces of deathless faith, heroic love, brave endeavor, till the whole is a pleading mosaic, every word athrob with the plaintive cry of a hurt child robbed of its birthright of innocent happiness.

And a big choke rises in the throat, and the eyes flood with tears, and the plea gets a big hearthold as one reads:

"Dear God, will you please make my Daddy give up the drink, and come home to us early, and keep him away from bad company."

Can't you read between the lines? Doesn't each word hold a wistful intonation? Can't you bring mental vision to it—intuition—a whole world of meaning?

Dear God! Not dear Mr. Hammond, or Mr. Bradley, but God, the Lover of children, You, Yourself, no one else, just dear God.

My Daddy! He's mine, and I love him, and want him to be the best Daddy in the world. And he would be only for the drink. And You are big enough and strong enough and able enough to help him give it up.

And come home to us early! We watch the clock till six. We look along the street. We listen for his footsteps. We keep his dinner warm. But sometimes it is very, very late before he gets home. Yet, dear God, You are big enough, and strong enough, and able enough to make him come home early.

Keep him away from bad company! It's the bad company he keeps that hurts him. It isn't Daddy's fault. And, dear God, You are big enough, and strong enough, and able enough to keep my Daddy away from bad company.

I've heard about the wonderful prayer meeting, where You answer so many prayers, and so I'm writing to You, dear God, and I'll slip my little prayer in somehow. You'll know who I am. I'm not signing my name because I don't want anyone to know but You. I'm Daddy's girlie.

Can't you read the thoughts of that agonised child soul? Can't you hear them broadcast as the winds of Heaven carry them far and wide?

And can't you visualise yet further? The home made a veritable hell when Daddy, devil-possessed by drink, enters, the instant comprehension of the child, the queer hush, the tranced terror, the muted voice, the eyes, well reflecting the iron in the soul, the shattered hopes, till the child becomes a woman in suffering.

And yet the undying belief, Daddy was not too bad for God to restore; the faith there were great potentialities if God would help; the big determination to do a great thing because her love was great, even to send in a petition to the wonderful prayer meeting; to write it herself; hand it in herself; pray about it herself. Yes, she would do it, she would plead for her dear Daddy, who would not plead for himself.

Surely, in God's Name, such a petition compels a reckoning! Surely, in the Name of the Lover of children, such a revelation of mind torture is a fresh challenge to smite this viper of hell, this fiend incarnate, this Mephistophelian basilisk, and break its power to dethrone manhood, destroy fatherhood, sear childhood, strip its heart and rob life of its ideals.

For this child is typical of thousands of "Daddy's girlies." She represents the almost countless army of children, helpless to cope with the million inequities which are the inheritance of the drunkards' children. She but voices the prayer of the little ones to whom life means terrors, complications, handicaps too heavy to be borne, and experiences hot and blistering with shame.

Can Daddy really be made to give up the drink? Can he get home early? Can he be kept from bad company? Can God answer such a prayer? Without the shadow of a doubt! And thousands more if we all do our utmost, as this girlie did. If we send to Parliament as law-makers those who will give the children their rightful chance, who will put first things first, and sweep out of the land everything that saps the springs of nationhood. If we will get back to "mother's knee ideals" and in the fusion of united power co-operate with the mind and will of Him, Who, when He made the world, "beheld it as very good."

Will the prayer of Daddy's girlie be answered? Will her pathetic note bear a message like a clarion call to greater service? Will it put endeavor, courage, a reformative spirit into the hearts of the inert and indifferent? Will it galvanise the careless into action? Will it be graven on mind and heart, and stir to the very depths of being? Will it?

For Christ's sake, the Saviour of children, the Redeemer of all the children of men, grant "girlie's prayer" may be answered—"dear God!"

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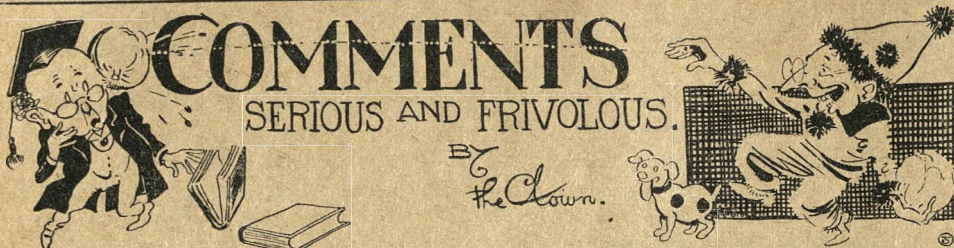
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WHERE PROHIBITION REIGNS BOOZE IS HARDLY MIST.

To Australia a British peer has given that great picture, "Ypres." There, outside the Menin gate, the canvas shows a great army of ghosts, spectral array of the famous dead, by tens of thousands—dear Aussies, now pale and awful shades, gesturing under the mid-night moon. A very great picture, which you readers will yet gaze upon when the gift reaches these shores.

That British peer is a distiller, a maker of whisky! If the dead, soldiers or citizens, slain of that stuff, could in some awful hour rise and parade, then the ghosts of Ypres should be outnumbered and out-horrored. The peer does not see that, nor Australia does not perceive the deep and incredible irony of my Lord's gift—it takes a clown for that.

ROSTRUM DIRE.

Harvest festivals! February has seen such in every church, fruit, flowers, and vegetables, which, with anthem and candle, were displayed in thanks to the Lord of the Harvest. The clown wishes to move (the seconding and the carrying be yours) that the brewers and distillers be invited to organise an Annual Harvest Festival, say, at Christmas or Easter. They could easily engage each local town hall for the purpose. Conjure it: a coffin in the centre, decked with bottles. To the right a pile of widow's weeds, and on the left a gramophone grinding out records made in jail or madhouse. What a harvest! But the Stock Exchange still quotes "breweries" at a premium.

IT IS "NOT DONE."

When a brewery has its annual meeting, then behold. There are the financial magnates, plutocrats, big lawyers, accountants, auditors—what rustling of balance sheets, what fat cheques, what murmur of dividends, as of innumerable bees! Ten, twelve, even seventeen per cent., these are their dividends, on top of bonus shares. And hear the directors' "reports," such smooth and complacent periods, such mouthing of millions, such champing of jaws red and frothy with the ensanguined figures of "the trade." No mention of the real products and by-products of this dismal calling. A weaver will boast of so much silk wrought, the miller of his mountains of flour. Whoever at a brewery annual meeting, referred to, glanced at, squinted at the bones and death which flow from the exit pipes when the brewery has caught and done with its man? No Victoria Cross hero could be more brave than that shareholder who should rise at the annual meeting of the Checker Brewery Co., Ltd., and say: "Mr.

Chairman, what has our enterprise cost the State this year? And what is the number, the estimated number, of those who died at our hands?"

"It is not done." Such things are refrained from at brewery meetings. Their products and by-products are not to be mentioned in even a graveyard whisper.

RETURN, RETURN!

"Dropping the pilot." You remember the famous "Punch" cartoon, where the young Kaiser leans from the deck and easily smiles while Bismarck walks the gangway!

Did the Alliance drop Hammond, or vice versa? Who knows? But we all know and mourn that the Alliance without him is as a violin out of tune, or with its major string snapped. Where the stalwart form, the virile tones, the laughter and tears and life which came with Hammond? Clown that I am, my cap and bells trail in the dust when I think of him outside the Council chamber, him with his cheer and gallantry and love. For O, it is Hamlet without the Prince, a song without music, sword without edge, meat without salt, this campaign without Hammond.

THE PITY OF IT.

At the Alliance Executive on March 1 was read the reply of one dignitary. He was asked to attend, or to be represented on, a deputation to Mr. Bavin with reference to amendment and improvement of our liquor law. His reply occupied one line of writing. It was negative. It was signed "John Charles Sydney."

"John" . . . "JOHN" . . . where have I heard that name before?

PROCESSIONAL.

The Methodist Conference devoted much time, oratory, vehemence to the Eucharistic procession. Hours upon hours of motion and amendment, of march and counter-march, and dexterous walkings upon the thin crust whereunder burn the sharp fires of dogma and of sectarian strife. Would that equal time and equal publicity had been given to Prohibition! A formal resolution was the Conference's contribution, one of those pro-

forma affairs which in a dutiful way are moved, seconded and carried before one passes on to something really important. O that the blade of that ponderous sword which was levelled at the procession had been turned with equal vim on liquor, on the Moloch "trade," on the timorous, time-serving politicians who refuse reform!

THE UNCOMMONEST DOCTOR.

He is a Cabinet Minister and an M.D. He is the only expert Minister for Health this State ever had—trained and qualified. Most of such Ministers are the puppets of their bureaucracy, and spend their years of office in learning the A B C of their portfolio. Not so this man; he is a Macquarie-street specialist and can teach his own officers. He is a Prohibitionist. He is a member of the Alliance Executive, and even finds time to attend its meetings. There he is, as ever modest, taciturn, a quiet little man whose age and experience and great qualities sit upon the shoulders of a gracious and humble philanthropy. Such is Richard Arthur. No worthier soul ever earned a Knighthood; but such dignities go more often to the blustering, wealthy, aggressive politician, to the liquor-supporting politician. Arthur is of the type to whom statues are built years after Valhalla gets the man himself.

GAUDEO IGITUR.

In the Licensing Court a week or two ago a K.C. and another experienced barrister for four days pitted their strength against a very young and inexperienced solicitor. The question was the grant of a license to a new pub. That K.C. was of the ablest, subtlest, shrewdest that Sydney has ever produced. The young solicitor won, whether on his skill or on the intrinsic merits of his case, or by luck. It is not for me to say. The license was refused. In near sixty years I have had occasion for shames, tears, silence, pleasure, gloom, like every other human, and like you. The day that case ended I knew Pride, a never before. Forgive it, an admitted weakness. That young solicitor—he was my son.

PRACTICAL YOUNGSTER.

Willie was being measured for his first made-to-order suit of clothes.

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CHRIST'S REPROOF TO PETER CONTAINS A LESSON TO ALL.

By SCEPTIC.

"Peter seeing him saith to Jesus, Lord, and what shall this man do?"

"Jesus saith unto him, If I will that he tarry till I come, what is that to thee? Follow thou me."—John, xxi., 21.

In a recent issue of "Grit" some account was presented of the Bible Class for business men, inaugurated by Mr. W. Bradley and conducted by the Rev. R. B. S. Hammond in the Toc H rooms, Hamilton-street, City, on Monday nights at 6.45.

This class has several objects in view. It aims, by means of the preliminary tea, at promoting the spirit of fellowship and friendliness in the Church, which is apt to lose most of its spiritual power when it is looked upon, as is too often the case, in the light of an institution rather than as a society, which is what Christ intended it to be. It aims, further, at bringing lonely Christian men into association with each other, and so, by intercourse, to create the conditions favorable to the cultivation of Christian thought, life and outlook in association with others. And it aims, above all, at presenting Christianity to men as a reasonable working proposition, not to be contemplated objectively as a historical phenomenon of events, dogmas and creeds, but as a subjective experience recommended by its results and capable of transforming our interpretation and outlook on life, so that what seems inexplicable becomes intelligible by investing the whole of endeavor with a final purposive aim. And, in point of fact, that is what invades the mind even of the sceptic who attends this class. He quickly makes two discoveries: the first, that the usual grounds for scepticism are cut clean away from under his feet since Christianity is not approached from the objective angle at all; the second, that life is NOT "one damn thing after another." After attending this class for some time, the present writer, speaking for himself as a thorough-going sceptic, feels inclined to put the position this way: So long as you consider Christianity merely from the objective standpoint, you are bound to be a sceptic; once you are introduced to it as a subjective experience, the difficulties and objections which formerly seemed fatal appear to lose their point.

As, however, this article is not intended to be a dissertation upon the philosophy of religious belief, but has a more useful purpose in acquainting readers of "Grit" with the way in which Mr. Hammond produces his effect, let us return to the main theme. In the previous article an account was given of Mr. Hammond's application to life of Christ's statement to the Pharisees that "the Kingdom of God is within you." The following week Mr. Hammond took for his subject another of Christ's replies to questions put to

Him—his reply to Peter quoted at the head of this article, a reply which, in effect, says: "You make sure you are doing your duty, and don't waste yourself in idle or envious criticism of the other man."

Peter's question, said Mr. Hammond, was undoubtedly prompted by envy as well as curiosity, and it is the experience of most of us in everyday life that questions we ask about what other people are doing are often so prompted. We see with discontent superficial inequalities of circumstance and opportunity, too often forgetting that "all is not gold that glitters," that sometimes a smiling face hides a sorrowful heart. We continually in this way jump at wrong conclusions, and pettiness reveals itself in our thoughts, our attitudes and our actions. Our real concern should be with ourselves. "What has that to do with you?" says Christ when we are criticising other people. Personal responsibility is the keynote of His teaching, and the lesson we all have to learn is that each of us has his own path to travel, maybe alone. The chief business of man is to be good himself, not to make other people good, and the lack of initiative in the Christian Church to-day was in no small measure due to a failure to recognise this fact. Initiative is the radium of character, and came from the assumption of individual responsibility in dependence on God.

Mr. Hammond directed the attention of the class to Matthew, xiii., 34, where it is stated that "the Son of man is as a man taking a journey, who left his house, and gave authority to his servants, and to every man his

work, and commanded the porter to watch." He pointed out how necessary it is that each of us should realise that he has definite work of his own to do, and should ask ourselves, "What is my job?" Why is it that so many of us never do find out what our job is, or attempt to do it? It is no part of our business to ask what the other man's job may be: that is his affair. Again, he referred them to Matthew, xx., 6-7:

"And about the eleventh hour He went out, and found others standing idle, and saith unto them, Why stand ye here all the day idle? They say unto Him, Because no man hath hired us. He saith unto them, Go ye also into the vineyard; and whatsoever is right, that shall ye receive."

Many Christians, said Mr. Hammond, spoke in the same terms as those idlers. They went to Church, but did nothing when they got there because nobody specifically asked them to do anything. But if the Church was a society, a fellowship, there was work for everybody to do in the cause of Christ, and it was our duty to find out for ourselves where our work lay, instead of observing others and doing nothing ourselves. In the familiar story of the Good Samaritan (Luke, x., 31-37) we had the perfect example of how we ought to behave in all the conjunctures of life. The Good Samaritan did not wait for the wounded man to come to him, but went himself to that man of his own initiative. He was not a doctor, and had had no training in first aid, but that did not deter him. He set to work and tended the man, and gave up his own ass as a litter for him, and finally gave what amounted to a blank cheque to cover the expenses of the man's treatment. And the supreme lesson for each of us, which we must take to heart and act upon, was embodied in Christ's injunction to the lawyer: "Go thou and do likewise."

Give not thy tongue too great a liberty lest it take thee prisoner. A word unspoken is, like the sword in the scabbard, thine; if vented, the sword is in another's hand. If thou desire to be held wise, be so wise as to hold thy tongue.

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THE "MONITOR"-FELDMAN IMPARTIAL SURVEY.

ARTICLE X.—WAS LIQUOR CONSUMPTION PROHIBITION? ON ON DECREASE BEFORE

One of the most persistent, and most generally accepted, statements in connection with the Prohibition controversy is the assertion that the consumption of liquor was diminishing and that the American people were becoming a sober nation for some years before the passing of the Eighteenth Amendment and the enactment of the Volstead Law.

Mr. Fabian Franklin, a prominent American publicist, commits himself to this view, and declares it to be so much a matter of common knowledge and experience that "it is unnecessary to appeal to statistics." An insurance manager is quoted as saying that "the real temperance movement of the country has been retarded for many years by an attempt of the lawmaker to force the issue."

Professor Feldman met with so many general statements of this description in the course of his investigation that, before studying the actual figures, he was disposed to believe that they were substantially true. "I did not doubt," he writes, "that the trend of liquor consumption had been downward, and it was not until I first looked into the statistics that a question was raised about it in my mind."

A STATISTICAL REFUTATION.

It is easy for Mr. Fabian Franklin to assert that an appeal to statistics is unnecessary, but it will occur to most people that if a statement of the nature of that under review is capable of proof, it ought to be verifiable on an appeal to official figures.

Professor Feldman consulted the United States Census, the reports of the United States Bureau of Internal Revenue, the Statistical Abstract of the United States Department of Commerce, and, for foreign data, the compilations of the National Bureau of Economic Research. He states the result of his inquiry in the most unequivocal language:

"There is no support," he writes, "for the assertion that liquor consumption had been declining. On the contrary, it had shown a rather striking increase, in contradistinction to the experience of most of the other important countries of the world."

This conclusion is based upon a study of the figures for the period 1900-14. The years subsequent to 1914 up to the enactment of National Prohibition are omitted from consideration for obvious reasons. Apart from war restrictions of various kinds, a considerable number of States adopted State Prohibition during that period, and, as Professor Feldman remarks, "If there was any reduction in the consumption of liquor it could not clearly be attributed to voluntary temperance, but to the compulsory force of restrictive legislation."

THE ACTUAL FIGURES.

In the following table, per capita figures are given as the real measure of temperance, since they are independent of changes in population. It will be seen that the consumption of alcoholic beverages was increasing faster than the population:

PER CAPITA AND TOTAL CONSUMPTION OF DISTILLED LIQUORS,
WINES AND BEER, 1900-14.

Year.	Distilled Spirits (Gallons)	Per Capita Consumption.			Distilled Spirits Wines and Beer (Gallons)	Total Consumption of distilled Spirits Wines and Beer (in Gallons)
		Wines (Gallons)	Beer (Gallons)			
1900-04	1.36	.47	16.94	18.77		
1905-09	1.43	.57	19.46	21.46		
1910-14	1.46	.60	20.38	22.43		
1900	1.28	.39	16.06	17.73	1,349,732,435	
1901	1.31	.36	15.95	17.62	1,390,912,302	
1902	1.34	.62	17.15	19.11	1,539,859,237	
1903	1.43	.47	17.64	19.53	1,606,217,122	
1904	1.44	.52	17.88	19.84	1,663,776,829	
1905	1.41	.41	17.99	19.82	1,694,455,976	
1906	1.47	.53	19.51	21.52	1,874,758,027	
1907	1.58	.65	20.53	22.76	2,020,136,809	
1908	1.39	.58	20.23	22.19	2,006,233,408	
1909	1.32	.67	19.04	21.03	1,935,544,011	
1910	1.42	.65	19.77	21.84	2,045,353,450	
1911	1.46	.67	20.69	22.81	2,169,356,975	
1912	1.45	.58	20.02	22.05	2,128,452,226	
1913	1.51	.56	20.72	22.80	2,233,420,461	
1914	1.44	.53	20.69	22.66	2,252,272,765	

From the summarised figures at the top of the table, it will be seen that the consumption was higher in each period than in the which immediately preceded it.

No such similar trend was noticeable in foreign countries, where, on the contrary, the opposite appears to have been the case. Professor Feldman quotes official statistics for England, France and Germany, omitting in their case the year 1914, which was the first war year:

(Continued on page 12.)

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By REV. SYDNEY HERBERT COX.

WHEN De Mille began his masterpiece as a producer he called in twenty-six experts, representing all the chief churches in Christendom.

This completion of his company thus became a real "Cathedral"—an assemblage where many faiths blended in One Faith, to One Lord!

De Mille's chief assistants were Father Daniel Lord, for the Catholics, Rabbi Alkowi, for the Jews, and Rev. George Reid Andrews, D.D., of the Dramatic Commission of the Federal Council of Churches in America, representing thirty Protestant denominations, and twenty million church-members!

In the face of these great factors, it is useless for a London blasé critic in a Sunday newspaper to sniff at the film and say he "was bored," and went a second time determined to think well of it, "but again was bored!"

It is silly for a small group of critics to sneer at "Hollywood versions of the Gospel!"

Ask yourself a reasonable question—For the sake of his own reputation (with a clientele numbering several hundred millions of people), would not De Mille absorb from his twenty-six church advisers, every possible suggestion and criticism as to his pictured conception of the Gospel characters in his great theme?

Even if De Mille were not interested in the world's redemption from evil—the above question remains the same!

That is why the vast crowds in Chicago, New York, Berlin, London, Sydney, Auckland, Melbourne, and wherever the film is shown will all do the same—come away as from a great religious function.

De Mille's characters from the Bible are so human that they are REAL, and the Story of the King of Kings throbs in one's brain because of the undeniable human element—that something that makes man reach out after the divine—because he recognises it!

GRAINS OF GOLD WORTH PICKING UP!

A curse is like a cloud—it passes.

* * *

Anger is a transient hatred; or, at least, very like it.

* * *

Beware equally of a sudden friend and a slow enemy.

* * *

Cheerfulness is health; the opposite, melancholy, is disease.

* * *

Out of the lowest depths there is a path to the loftiest height.

* * *

A slowness to applaud betrays a cold temper, or an envious spirit.

* * *

What is becoming is honorable, and what is honorable is becoming.

* * *

The freer you feel yourself in the presence of another, the more free is he.

* * *

He who can take advice is sometimes superior to him who can give it.

* * *

The measure of choosing well is whether a man likes what he has chosen.

* * *

The wealth of a covetous person is like the sun after he is set—delights none.

Let your mind's sweetness have its operation on your body, clothes and habitation.

* * *

The way to gain a good reputation is to endeavor to be what you desire to appear.

* * *

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

* * *

A miser grows rich by seeming poor; an extravagant man grows poor by seeming rich.

* * *

Life is fortified by many true friendships. To love and be beloved is the greatest happiness in existence.

* * *

Write your name with love, mercy and kindness on the hearts of those about you, and you will never be forgotten.

* * *

It is a good thing to be rich and a good thing to be strong, but it is a better thing to be beloved of many friends.

* * *

The happy man is he who is cheerful with moderate means; the unhappy is he who is discontented in the midst of plenty.

Live in the Present, Not in the Past.

Let any man examine his thoughts, and he will find them ever occupied with the past or the future. We scarcely think at all of the present; or if we do, it is only to borrow the light which it gives for regulating the future. The present is never our object; the past and the present we use as means; the future only is our end. Thus, we never live; we only hope to live.

WHY, DADDY, WHY?

Daddy, if you know we're hungry,
Know that we are very poor,
It must break your heart in Heaven
'Cause you never did insure.
Mamma wonders why you didn't
Save the pence you threw away;
But you felt too strong and healthy
For insurance, people say.
You were taken without warning,
Leaving us to fight alone;
You'd have taken out insurance,
Daddy, if you'd only known!
'Twasn't that you didn't love us,
I recall how dear you were;
But your little girl must suffer
'Cause you failed to save for her!
Mamma just can't make the living!
She is wearing out, she said!
I shall have to miss some schooling
For the sake of daily bread.
When she's gone, I guess they'll take me
To a place of Charity,
To be clothed and fed, but, Daddy,
It can ne'er be home to me.
Mary's Daddy left insurance,
And their home is surely theirs.
They're not hungry; sometimes Mary
Gives me cast-off clothes she wears
They don't have to take in sewing,
Mary's Mamma doesn't cry,
For her Daddy left Insurance:
But you didn't, Daddy—why?

—“Advance Australia.”

Happiness Means Health And it is Contagious.

Happiness, grief, gaiety, sadness are by nature contagious. Bring your health and your strength to the weak and sickly, and so you will be of use to them. Give them not your weakness, but your energy, so you will revive them and lift them up.

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

To get nowhere, follow the crowd.

* * *

Fearless minds climb soonest unto crowns

* * *

Trust and do your best, and keep a smiling face.

* * *

To reach the heart of others speak and act from your own.

* * *

A happy man or woman is better to find than a five-pound note.

* * *

You'll find a lot of satisfaction in looking cheerily on the dark side of life.

* * *

There is no truer happiness in the world than a soul content with its condition.

* * *

The more anyone speaks of himself, the less he likes to hear another talked of.

* * *

Those things cannot be false from which happiness comes and tranquility arises.

* * *

The greatest things in the world are only for those who have appreciation for them.

* * *

Most of the people in the world are very lonely; you who have anyone who loves you cling to them and thank God.

* * *

Do not think of your faults; think still less of others' faults; look for what is good and strong, and your faults will drop off like dead leaves.

* * *

Your mind is endowed with a vast number of gifts of totally different uses, limbs of the mind, as it were, which if you don't exercise you cripple.

* * *

He only is advancing in life whose heart is getting softer—whose blood warmer—whose brain quicker—whose spirit is entering the living peace.

* * *

Those who live on the mountain have a longer day than those who live in the valley. Sometimes all you need to brighten your day is to rise a little higher.

* * *

When you look into the long avenue of the future and see the good there is for each and every one, do you realise after all what a beautiful thing it is to work, to live and be happy?

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

A Personal Chat with my readers

LEADERSHIP. A gentleman once asked his Irish gardener what he was going to do with a big heap of rubbish, and the gardener replied: "I intend to dig a big hole and bury it."

Many of our problems are being solved in the same way. There remains to be buried a big heap of something else brought into existence by the remedy. This is well illustrated by our city railway and the mountain of clay that remains in Hyde Park. The god of the modern man of affairs is organisation. We have fallen down and worshipped at the shrine of organisation. Team work, we are told, is the key to success. It is well to look at the "other heap" to hark back on my original illustration. We smother our leaders in the multiplicity of details, and then bury them in the grave of committees. No bishop of modern times has been a spiritual leader. No editor of a prosperous newspaper has been a great leader of public thought. No Premier has long remained a statesman and a leader. You know a statesman is one with his eye on the next generation; a politician is one with both eyes on the next election.

The reason for this killing of leadership is obvious; the great executives of any great organisation are too busy to think, and too entangled in institutional interests to be courageous. Perhaps even worse than the entangling of the leader is the fact that being tied up with mediocre personalities robs him of initiative.

If Hinkler had been run by a committee he never would have flown to Australia. This is true of all bold and successful adventures. Committees kill the priceless quality of initiative.

When a leader rises above the limitations of their daily duties, they pay a big price for doing so. The snappy puppies of suspicion, jealousy, conservatism, etc., like mosquitoes, not only irritate, but often poison. Some day there may be folk wise enough to recognise that administration is the "housework" of our institutions, and not the supreme task of leadership. "Uncrowned kings" must remain uncrowned if they are to remain leaders. The cynical are fond of pointing out that £2000 a year will cure the deepest-dyed Red Ragger, and gaiters have drained the enthusiasm, sapped the courage, and ruined many promising churchmen.

Team work has its reward, but it does not compensate for the loss of leadership. A team of mules may shift a big load, but they are not in the same class with a royal lion.

The priceless virtues which Society and organisation combine to kill are initiative, courage and faith. Let us make it our business to recognise and foster these essentials to leadership.

* * *

Some dear soul sends me the following statement: "A STATEMENT foundling home full of little children, cursed before they were born as bastards. Poor, little 'Wild Oats.'"

This is an unkind, unthinking, inaccurate statement. My correspondent says: "What does this mean? I am born out of wedlock. Has Christ died for me? This cutting has caused me agony of mind. Give me a word of comfort through 'Grit.' I want to serve God."

The foundling home was full of little children, because there were those who were followers of the Jesus who took little children up in His arms and blessed them, the Jesus who said, "Neither do I condemn thee; go and sin no more."

These children were not "cursed" in the sense of being "damned," though they were handicapped. It is wrong to refer to them as "wild oats," though they were the result of wild-oat sowing. Many noble Christian men and women are serving God to-day because a Christian Home compensated them for the handicap of foolish and sinful parents. Christ most certainly died for those born out of wedlock; Christ most certainly is the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother to such handicapped ones, if they seek and trust Him. I would feel it an honor to give my friendship to such an one as my correspondent, and provide for them "the fellowship of the Gospel" as a compensation for the loss of the advantages of a normal homelife.

* * *

There is no denying that money talks. When it talks loudest it usually makes grammatical errors; when it whispers it is most dangerous. Many find pleasure in speaking scornfully and vulgarly of the "vulgar rich."

Now money sometimes may speak uncouthly, but usually it talks sense, which is more than can be said for those who are envious of it. Most of us are trying to make money—would be glad to make lots of it; so we should admit that those who make it are, as a rule, smarter than the rest of us. Real money usually talks more modestly than we do. It never brays like an ass. Imitation money is noisy. Every time you and I,

GRIT

A JOURNAL OF
NATIONAL EFFICIENCY
AND PROHIBITION.

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

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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1928.

in a car we can't afford, and have not paid for, go out to a party we can't afford, and do our fool best to create the impression that we, too, are vulgar rich, are demonstrating that all that glitters is not gold.

We never prove our superiority to money by talking of it enviously. That only proves our lack of religion, sense, sportsmanship, and the other qualities which win real success.

* * *

Be kind to animals—a right-
HATS OFF eous man is merciful to his
TO THE beast. There is oftentimes a su-
CAT. perior quality in animals that should command our respect

and our kindness. In this home neglecting age it is interesting to read that an Iowa cat made six trips of ten miles each to bring back her family of half a dozen kittens to the place from which they had been rudely filched. As she had to return for another kitten each time the mother cat virtually journeyed 120 miles in her heroic adventure, and she did it all in five days and nights. Now she is permitted to keep her brood where she likes as a reward for her devotion.

The Editor

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LOOK, LISTEN AND LAUGH.

WHY ARE ANTI-PROHIBITIONISTS LIKE OYSTERS?

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

The great problem of the liquor evil, the world's greatest curse and 90 per cent. of the world's evil, can be solved if wowserism gets away from its outlet and begins in at the coiled and poisonous snake-like worms in the distilleries, where the world's greatest curse is tiny drips. Wowserism consists of 95 per cent. perspiration and 5 per cent. inspiration. Get wise to yourselves and make it 85 per cent. inspiration and 15 per cent. perspiration. Use your brains if you have any.

My advice to all youth is: Never touch intoxicants, never gamble, never use tobacco, cultivate honesty, morality and respect; grow to be men and women amongst men and women; honor the opposite sex, and study up on refinement and the correct mode of speech. If you do your batting average will be up in the nineties. I may not know how I should live, but I know how I should not live. I explain myself somewhat in order that I cannot be accused by either the puritanical societies or the sporting people as being an extremist.

I am being nauseated by prize fighting. It is brutal. It does not comply with the natural laws of humanity. There are some very fine people associated with it—I'll say probably 10 per cent. of the particulars. The other 90 per cent. are composed of degenerated illiterates that wouldn't know where to put their food were it not for the cavities under their noses. They are mostly ingrates with cave-man heritage, and a cauliflower ear or flattened nose is their official badge of rank in the world. Ninety per cent. are natural-born bludgers with the intelligence of a ten-year-old moron. When they sink they're lower than a snake's stomach in a cart wheel track. The 10 per cent. that are a credit to the game are so because of a higher order of intelligence and the breeding that blood tells, and because of temperate, moral habits, and a natural tendency to predominate over the lower order of the semi-beasts that make pugilism a going concern which—as far as America is concerned—is nearly gone. The Dundee-Hudkins fiasco in Los Angeles, and the Kearns-Rickard-Dempsey stench in New Jersey has it tottering, and where it should be pushed or kicked overboard. Dundee is a Wilkes Barre wop that spells bacon with a K, and wears a drez zoot every evening he puts the nosebag on at a swell dump, and Dempsey, born with a caul, figured upon beating the soldier-gentleman, clean-living Irish Gene Tunney. That last-named combination is too powerful; the result is already an "open secret."

The Lo Angeles "Evening Express" prints a great article about some of the 10 per cent. that really aspire to something more than the holding up of a street lamp-post, or supporting the gorged and bloated octopuses of

the liquor combine that fatten off national pride and honor. It might interest the three inexperienced School of Arts debaters that I also read of in "Grit." The three remind me of the Englishmen who landed in New York, flew to Chicago, took the night train to Toronto, and really hurried back to England to write a book about America. I enjoyed the so-called debate (?), and said to myself: "Pity the poor fellows, because they know not of what they debate." I doubt whether Mr. Reginald O'Brien ever saw America. I figured that Mr. Stanton's reference to Noah being the first drunkard was in accord with his knowledge of Prohibition, and when I got to where he was working on what some fellow named Professor Blakeslee told him, I began to realise that he was working on what he was told and not what he had personally seen.

Mr. Henry's authorities on Prohibition, i.e., Oliver Cromwell, General Grant, and Abraham Lincoln, being as they were not as recent as Professor Blakeslee, and deceased long before Mr. Henry and the Eighteenth Amendment was born, made his objection to the economic reform interesting; and I hope that debates on the same subject become a habit—they give Prohibition the publicity it needs. Australians, look, listen and laugh! It is at the ballot boxes where they record their votes. Will Mr. Reginald O'Brien explain to me why these "dry" American boxers can afford every luxury, and our "wet" Australian dubs of Fistiana are all keyed up with excitement when some admiring philanthropist gives them a lift in a second-hand Ford?

We have lost from the ranks of boxing one of the cleanest men we ever had. He was a black man, but he was a gentleman. Tiger Flowers could not be expected—judging from his profession—to conduct church services with dignity; but, oh, boy! how he could pack that little old chapel down in Georgia when he (the deacon) conducted service. And, oh, boy! how those wowsers wished they could do likewise. The Tiger is dead, but his soul goes marching on. He put thousands of ignorant darkies on the right track. Wowsers scoffed at him, but the old Tiger was showing those that needed light—the light—while the scoffing wowsers were "sniffing the air" and converting an occasional sucker.

The Los Angeles "Express" says, in part:

"Atlanta, Ga., November 18.—When Tiger Flowers, the Negro middleweight, was not filling the air about some prize ring with flying fists, he lived a private life that was in sharp contrast to the careers of some ring performers.

"Bright lights, high life, extravagance and affairs with the constabulary never entered the career of the 'Georgia Deacon.'

"Stories of Flowers' retiring disposition and judicious behaviour are many, but one in particular comes on good authority and shows how he regarded the adulation that came to him in his course about the country. It goes like this:

"After one of his triumphs in a Midwestern city, Walk Miller, Flowers' manager and adviser, overheard a group, waiting for Tiger to emerge from his dressing-room, planning to invite him 'out on a party and show him the sights.' A taxi cab waited for them.

"Miller, fully acquainted with his charge's leanings, walked over to the group and made a proposition.

"'I'll give you 100 dollars cash,' said Miller to the group, 'if you can get Tiger in that taxi. Just get him in it, whether he goes with you or not—without using force—and the money is yours.'

"The challenge was accepted, but when Flowers arrived no amount of argument could induce him to enter the taxi cab. He went to bed.

"As the anaesthetic was being administered the Tiger, a deacon in his church at Atlanta, Ga., murmured:

"'If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take.'

"Flowers was the only negro who held the middleweight championship. He was very religious and a deacon of the Baptist Church in his home town. Before the operation, Flowers made a will bequeathing property

(Continued on page 11.)

"King of Kings"—Filmed

6.—A Real Peter on a Real Street

BY REV. SYDNEY HERBERT COX.

CECIL B. DE MILLE was brought up in a religious home. He *knows the Book!*

When he decided to give the world "King of Kings" he understood the vast amount of research required, and set scores of experts to work.

When poor blundering Simon Peter moves excitedly round the corner, he is brushing an ancient Judean building that Isaiah might have slept in!

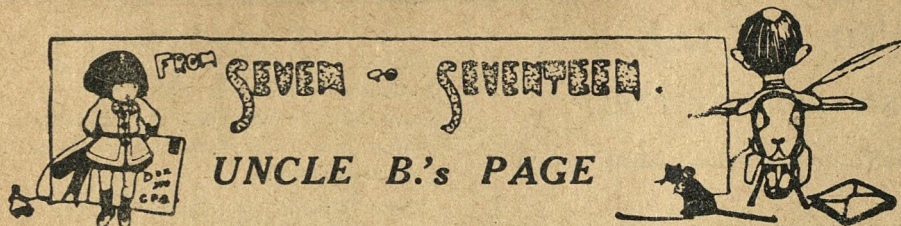
When Jesus staggers under His heavy wooden Cross along that sad street—the "Via Dolorosa"—it is no veneered stage-pathway that He treads—but a *real street of real cobbles*, every stone with its surface polished, not by the clever tools of a De Mille craftsman, but by the weary tread of millions of Jewish feet, that have *painfully worn down the rough surfaces!*

What a *parable of the pathway* that Jesus has cleared for Christians?

Men with poor sense of humour have complained because De Mille presents "the miraculous," literally as the Gospel writers describe it. For instance, there is the childish glee of Simon when Jesus bids him catch a fish and Simon finds a coin in its mouth! Yes, Simon, like all men, had his child-moments. Later (a De Mille touch) two Roman soldiers go fishing, and catching one, shake it—in disgust! Its mouth is empty! The screen-audience laughs. Why not? De Mille has had them under intense emotion over an hour (they have long forgotten De Mille)—and he knows human nature—the strain must be relieved.

Watch Simon at the Resurrection of Lazarus, at the Last Supper, in the Garden of Gethsemane, in Pilate's Hall, at the Tomb of Jesus.

It is like the coming of an old friend, of whom you have learned nearly all you know—since you last saw him! Ever after, when you read the New Testament, you will see De Mille's big burly impulsive human Peter—And, *you will often feel like him!*



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

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

FROM A HUMBLE START.

Carey, the great pioneer of Foreign Missions, was a shoemaker; Robert Morrison, who 120 years ago gave China the Bible in the Chinese language, was a lastmaker.

The newly-appointed Archbishop of Ontario, Dr. David Williams, has a wonderful story to tell:

He began life as a shoemaker. His parents were poor folk who lived in Lampeter, Cardiganshire, and their boy had to begin work as soon as he left school. But he was much more interested in books than in boots, and he spent all his spare time in reading. Not a penny did he spend on the little luxuries, vanities and treats that eat into the wages of most young workmen. He saved and saved till he was able to enter St. David's College, Lampeter, and afterwards he went to Oxford.

The youth of 22, whose hands were still rough with work at the cobbler's bench, covered himself with honors, and when he expressed a wish to be ordained the scholars felt that his learning and character would enrich the Church. Shortly after he had taken orders he went to Canada, where he has done noble work.

It is good to realise that David Williams began life without money or powerful friends, and that to-day, as it was in the past, a prince of the Church may also be a workingman from the same rank in life as Peter the fisherman.

UNCLE B.

OUR LETTER BAG.

A NEW CHUM NE.

Robert Wright, Wolgan-road, Lidsdale, writes: Since I live in Lidsdale our minister, Rev. T. Hughes, has given many a copy of "Grit" to me, and I like it immensely, and I thought I would like to join your big family. Let me introduce myself first of all. I was born in the county of Northumberland and lived there until we as a family sailed for sunny New South Wales. We sailed for N.S.W. in May last and arrived here in July. So you see, Uncle, I am a "new chum." So far I like the country very much. I belong to the Church of England, and am already in Mr. Hughes' choir. We are too far away to attend the Scripture Union every week, being two miles from the place. But, Uncle, the

Scripture Union is a splendid meeting; I have been there twice. I only wish you could pay us a visit, and that on the Scripture Union night. However, I enjoy "Grit," especially page 11 and "And they all smile." Last week a party of us went to Sydney with Mr. Hughes and had a great day—24 hours' outing; left midnight and came back the following midnight. That day was one of the best days in my life. We all had a happy sleep all the way back.

(Dear Robert,—Welcome to my big family. Your letter is fine. I think Mr. Hughes was most unkind not to bring you all to see me. He knows I would have just loved the visit. I hope you will tell us something of your voyage out.—Uncle B.)

OUR BIG BROTHER.

Fairelie Thornton sent me her beautiful poems "Love Divine," and when my wife gets through with them she is going to allow me to take them on the next 100,000-mile trip I begin for "Grit" to-morrow.

Helen Graham wrote us a wonderful letter, and do you know "there is a light in this old home that is getting brighter with every mail." I am taking her "Methodist Idylls" and "The Day of Reckoning" to the publishers in New York when I get there, and I hope to get them into every book store. They are wonderful books.



Big Brother
Joe Longton.

Eunice Crawford writes to me about my dear old Orange, where I spent many happy days as a boy. I wonder if the old cherry tree—on the foothills of Canoblas—that I knew so well and enjoyed so much, still furnishes the boys of to-day with the luscious fruit on their nocturnal journeyings. Gee! Uncle B., I was a bad boy! And, oh boy! didn't I get a "tannin'" one night under that tree!

Phillip Gray writes from Bonalbo. I wish that Phillip would get all the Sunday school classes to write to you, Uncle B. Then I could send each one a card, and if I can get about one hundred thousand correspondents to send a card to I'll say I have some brothers and sisters in Australia. There is a picture down in Dixie, where I am going, of a "Pig sucking the milk from an old darkie's cow" and another of "Dixie Products—a razorback hog, a watermelon and some nigger kids." I am going to get a couple of hundred of these for the new Ne's and Ni's. Gee! they're funny! Again, I have some pictures of the homes of famous

cinema stars roaming around doing nothing, and I'm all set—"rarin' to go"—waiting on new Ne's and Ni's.

Well, so long, Uncle B.—I am,
BIG BROTHER JOE LONGTON.

WORSE THAN RATS.

Tom Mayers, Wolgan-road, Lidsdale, writes: Will you please let me join your big family? I have only been five months in Australia. We landed here from England in July last. I am only ten years of age, but some day I hope to be twenty-one. I attend Wallerawang Public School and am in fifth class. I am with you, Uncle, in trying to close the pubs, as they are worse than rats.

(Dear Tom,—You are very welcome to my family. Anyone who has sense enough to know that pubs are worse than rats will be welcomed by me. I hope to meet you some day.—Uncle B.)

A RUSH FOR "GRIT."

Muriel House, "Tenambit," Liberty-street, Belmore, writes: Will you have me as one of your big family? I am eleven years old and am in '6B class at school. I belong to the Golden Wattle Temple, I.O.G.T., at Belmore. I read "Grit" every time I get one. My mother is Superintendent of our Temple. There is always a rush for the "Grit" every Tuesday night, when they are given out. I sat for my Sunday school exam. not long ago and passed with honors with 86 marks. Last year I received 91 marks.

(Dear Muriel,—I am delighted to have you join my family. Will you encourage others in the Lodge to write to me? I hope some day to be asked to come to your Lodge.—Uncle B.)

A FIRST OFFENDER.

E. Wilkinson, 234 Baylis-street, Wagga, writes: I think I am on your black list, so please cross me off as a first offender. I have had another letter from Uncle Joe. I think he must get tired of writing so many letters. Uncle Joe asked me to write and ask you for the name and address of one of the "gang" he sent you while in Kansas. After I have read "Grit" I pass it on, and soon I think you will be having some new Ne's and Ni's.

(Dear E.,—When a fellow puts his initial instead of his name I suppose he likes it better than the name, so I am addressing you that way. I hope you will write to Don Weaver, Weaver's, via Windsor. He wants you to write to him about Uncle Joe's plans.—Uncle B.)

AS A SOLDIER SEES IT.

Stanley Baldwin, Premier of Great Britain, said that the United States had an economic advantage over England by reason of its Prohibition Act. In the field of commerce and industry the dry law is one of the country's greatest assets.—General Henry T. Allen, U.S.A.

Look, Listen and Laugh—

(Continued from page 9.)

valued at 100,000 dollars to his wife and a six-year-old daughter."

Mr. Harry Carr, in the Los Angeles "Times," pays this terse tribute to the old darkey:

"TIGER'S FAITH.

"All the new-fangled theology fades into the mists when compared with the simple, touching faith of the negro prize-fighter, Tiger Flowers, who went on the operating table with the prayer of his childhood: 'If I should die before I wake, I pray the Lord my soul to take.'

"After all, that is the beginning and end of all religion."

To Stanton, Henry and O'Brien, Prohibition is wrong, and they are alright. But, like three oysters, they are only alright until someone comes along and opens them up. Some men's brains are bivalvic—they have to be opened up like a bivalve and exposed to the light.

Wowzers, who do not know, are like Stanton, Henry and O'Brien, who think they know all about the Prohibition situation in America. They can be converted to Prohibition, and you can be the ones to convert them—if you will only permit yourselves to be shown how to do it.

You must first of all realise that an orange is not a lemon, and that a grape fruit is a mixture of both that had a chance. You must specialise on one thing, and quit being a Jack of all trades and master of none. You must realise that a minister of the Gospel was not intended to live the life of a hermit, and that, although a rolling stone gathers no moss, it arrives at its destination. It gets somewhere. Your greatest need is to have more confidence in those whom you desire to convert; then they will have more confidence in you. Don't double-cross good sports by springing the trap on the goats when you have them in the fold.

You may be under-travelled; I may be over-travelled. I may know too much about booze; you may not know enough. I speak from the experience I have gained, while you speak, as did Messrs. Stanton, Henry and O'Brien, from experience lacked. However, I give you all credit for having the courage of your convictions and being alright in a way, even though you do not weigh much. You must be more liberal with your views, and have more confidence in the goats you desire to convert.

In America there is evidence of drinking in the vortex, to which common decency has driven the habitual drunkards. That vortex is the cheap lodging-house district. The lusher and bootleggers make it their headquarters, because law enforcement drives them where misery finds company. These districts are the only districts where "wets" and "wet" sympathisers feel at home, and are at home. As there is no place for the victims to hang out or nurse a hang-over but on the street, they usually stagger and take the count where, like a locomotive that takes water on the fly, they take their "under-

taker's cocktails." That is why some drunkenness is still to be seen. The old back rooms where they "slept off a jag" are retail stores, and lodging-houses will not take a chance on them dying in the rooms, or setting fire to or dirtying the beds. That is why pronounced "wets" can give such vivid accounts of what they term a failure. You can rest assured that when a knocker of Prohibition begins harping on the drunkenness he saw he is like the thief that catches the thief and was an habitue also of the vortex.

If the sincere interrogator will leave the vortex and reach his deductions beyond what is left of America's "mire and murk," and he is not prejudiced, you will get the facts about Prohibition. If he is a rabid "wet" you get only "wet" propaganda, because "wets" do naught but think booze, drink booze and smell likewise.

LESS WINE USED BY FRENCH.

OFFICIAL FIGURES DISCLOSE DECREASE OF 10 TO 20 PER CENT.

It appears that one Frenchman in ten is going dry in defence of his pocketbook. Or it may be that they all are watering their wine.

Official statistics show that from 10 to 20 per cent. less wine has been drunk in France in the last six months than in corresponding periods in the past.

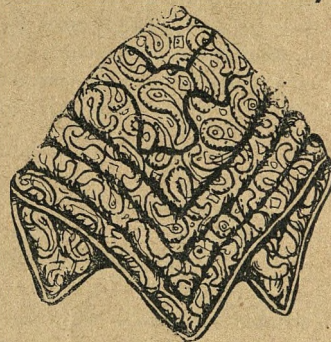
Every man, woman and child, nevertheless, has had an average of 20 gallons in six months. Twenty per cent. less wine has been taken out of warehouses than last year. Taxes paid on wine supposedly consumed indicated that 10 per cent. less than usual has been sold over the counter.

HOW HOSTILITIES BEGAN.

He: You must remember, dear, you waived certain rights when we were married.

She: Yes, love, but it wasn't a permanent wave.

Dr. J. D. Rolleston, medical superintendent of the Western Hospital, London: "It is more than twenty years since I abandoned the therapeutic use of alcohol, but it is only within the last ten months, since my appointment as medical superintendent, that I have been able to induce my colleagues to follow my example. During this time the amount of alcohol ordered on the diet sheet has fallen from an average of about thirty ounces daily to nil, without any evil effects, the mortality from diphtheria, on which most of the alcohol was used, being lower in 1926 (4.53 per cent.) than in the previous year (5.19 per cent.) During the last quarter of 1926 the total amount of brandy ordered, though not entirely consumed, was only two and a half ounces as compared with 1112 ounces during the corresponding period of the previous year, the average number of patients under treatment in these two periods being about the same, about 400 on any given day."

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Success or Failure— (Continued from page 6.)**ENGLAND.**

Considering, first, England, the figures for recent years show a decline in the consumption of each of the types of alcoholic beverages from the figures for the early part of the century. We have omitted the year 1914 in this and the following tables because each of the countries participated in the World War during that year and the statistics would reflect the restriction in consumption due to that circumstance.

**PER CAPITA CONSUMPTION OF DISTILLED SPIRITS, WINES AND BEER
IN GREAT BRITAIN, 1900-1913.**

Year.	Spirits of All Kinds (gallons per head)	Foreign Wines (gallons per head)	Beer (gallons per head)
1900-1904	1.06 ..	.36 ..	30.74
1905-190991 ..	.27 ..	27.85
1910-191365 ..	.36 ..	26.71

GERMANY.

There was a decline in Germany in the per capita consumption not only of alcohol, but of beer as well. The figures for wine do not seem to be available, but we are reconciled to their absence because they are probably not significant in that country, which is principally a beer-drinking nation.

PER CAPITA CONSUMPTION OF ALCOHOL AND BEER IN GERMANY, 1900-1913.

Years.	Alcohol (Litres)*	Beer (Litres)*
1900-04	4.04 ..	112.9
1905-09	3.7 ..	107.7
1910-13	2.8 ..	102.1

* A litre is slightly more than a quart (1.056 quarts).

FRANCE.

In France we have a reduction in the per capita consumption of wine between 1913 and 1900, a slight increase in alcohol consumption, and a small increase in the consumption of beer.

**PER CAPITA CONSUMPTION OF ALCOHOL, WINE AND BEER
IN FRANCE, 1900-13.**

Years.	Alcohol (Litres).	Wine (Litres).	Beer (Litres).
1900-04	3.77 ..	145 ..	27.7
1905-09	3.47 ..	157 ..	29.0
1910-13	3.86 ..	129 ..	32.9

THE FACTS SUMMARISED.

The upshot of these figures is thus summarised by Professor Feldman:

(1) The average per capita consumption of distilled spirits was higher in the United States in 1910-14 than in the two previous five-year periods, as against a decline in Great Britain and Germany, in comparison with the earlier part of the century, and a slight increase in France.

(2) The average per capita consumption of wines was higher in the United States in the five-year period, 1910-14, than in the two previous periods, while in England and France the trend of consumption was downward.

(3) The average per capita consumption of beer in the five-year period, 1910-14, was higher in the United States than the per capita during the two previous five-year periods, differing from England and Germany, where the trend of consumption was markedly downward, and exceeding the rate of increase in France.

"In the face of these statistics," says Professor Feldman, "where is the basis in fact for the repeated assertions, commonly

accepted, that temperance was proceeding without Prohibition?"

SOME COLLATERAL EVIDENCE.

But Professor Feldman is not content with furnishing the statistics of the actual consumption of alcohol. He goes one better, and furnishes some collateral evidence which goes to strengthen the conclusions to which these figures point.

Referring to fatalities from alcoholism, he states that they were at peak figures in the period immediately preceding Prohibition. It appears, from the Statistical Bulletin of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company for March, 1927, that "although fatalities from wood and denatured alcohol poisoning are included since 1920 and omitted before, the figures since Prohibition are much lower than the pre-Prohibition years."

If we examine the capital invested in the liquor industry, the same conclusion is forced upon us—that the steady growth of that industry does not encourage the view that temperance was advancing in the country in pre-Prohibition days. The figures are, indeed, remarkable:

**INCREASE IN INVESTED CAPITAL IN THE LIQUOR INDUSTRY IN THE
UNITED STATES, 1899-1914.**

Type of Liquor.	Capital Invested			
	1899. Dollars.	1904. Dollars.	1909. Dollars.	1914. Dollars.
Beer	413,767,000 ..	515,630,000 ..	671,153,000 ..	792,914,000
Distilled liquors	32,540,000 ..	50,101,000 ..	72,450,000 ..	91,285,000
Wines	9,838,000 ..	17,775,000 ..	27,908,000 ..	31,516,000
Total	456,145,000 ..	583,506,000 ..	771,516,000 ..	915,715,000

"How," says Professor Feldman, "explain this increase in investment and in per capita consumption? Was it due to a general increase throughout the country? Or was the decrease in the 'dry' States overbalanced by larger increases in the 'wet' States? All information available is pure guess. . . . We shall hazard, as one explanation, the guess that up to 1914 pre-Prohibition Prohibition by the States did not really prohibit because 'dry' cities were right along 'wet' cities. . . . Hence, those who regarded drink as an evil could, with some justice, conclude that if one wanted Prohibition it had to be national in its scope."

(To be Continued.)

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Mayor (presenting a clock and a purse):
"The contents of the purse will in time inevitably disappear, but"—laying his hand on the clock—"here is something that will never go."

Scrambled.—Batson: "I understand some of your hens have stopped laying."

Belfry: "Two of them have, anyway."

"What's the cause?"

"A motor-car."

GRABBED HER SHEEPSKIN.

A young woman who came to Columbia to take her degree of doctor of philosophy married her professor in the middle of her second year. When she announced her engagement, one of her friends said:

"But, Edith, I thought you came up here to get your Ph.D."

"So I did," replied Edith, "but I had no idea I would get him so soon."

WHY HE HESITATED.

The late John S. Sargent used to relate how one afternoon he saw an old English countryman he thought would make a good model, and sent his maid out to bring the man in.

"The master wants to paint you," said the girl.

The old fellow hesitated.

"Will he pay me well?"

"Oh, yes, he'll probably give you a pound."

Still the old man hesitated. He took off his shabby hat and scratched his head in perplexity.

"It's an easy way to earn a pound," the maid prompted.

"Oh, ay, I know that," came the reply. "I was only wondering how I'd get the paint off afterwards."

ALMOST MURDER.

Prof. Jordan was bewailing the prevalence of bad English in California and took emphatic exception to the way Middle Westerners who come out here mispronounce the simplest words.

"It is the height of ignorance and ill-breeding," he said, "to say Ant for Aunt. I recall an instance when it almost resulted in tragedy."

"A young man hurried into a Los Angeles drug store with a package and with profuse apologies asked if he could exchange it."

"I was talking over the 'phone to my wife," he explained, "and I understood her to tell me to bring something for the ants. That's why I bought this poison. It seems, however, that she wanted some medicine for her Aunt."

STOPPED IN HIS TRACKS.

A Philadelphia man under the baneful influence of bootleg stuff sat on a new pavement and froze in so that next morning police removed him at the expense of a portion of his breeches. Another concrete example of the menace of bootleg.

MOST LIKELY.

Bill: I bought a dozen eggs, and on one of the eggs was written a lady's name and her address, and to please write.

"Well, did you write?"

"No, I didn't 'cause after I opened the egg I knew by this time she must be dead."

CATCHING IT.

A sailor went into a restaurant for dinner and ordered fish. After waiting some 15 minutes a waiter pulled up alongside.

"That fish you ordered will be here in about five minutes, sir."

Fifteen minutes later the waiter hustled up again.

"Tell me," said the sailor, "what bait are you using?"

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The following are paid to 30/12/28: F. T. Bell, Miss E. V. Clark, Mrs. Kennaugh, 15/-; Mrs. Maddox, 4/-; Mrs. A. L. Wilson, Thos. Aitken, 12/6; Miss Harding, 12/6; W. E. Cocks, 20/-; P. Fleming, Miss Faithfull, Mrs. Wormald, 12/-; Miss A. Marsden, 20/-; Miss Snow, Mrs. White, Miss M. T. Dunkerley, W. Dickson, 21/-; Miss F. Neville, D. Sandison, Miss Fuller, J. Jelbart, S. T. Pender.

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SUNDAY.

On Stirring Up.

"There is none that callest upon Thy name, that stirreth up himself to take hold of Thee."—Isa., 64, 7.

A cake or pudding that is not stirred up is very heavy and uneatable. All the fruit will settle at the bottom. We, perhaps, remember the old times when all were called in to stir up the Christmas pudding and told that those who stirred the most would have the most luck during the year. We all need stirring up. At special seasons, perhaps, we do get a little stirred. The new year generally begets new hope of doing better, but, alas, as the year ceases to be new, so the good resolutions fade, and the old habits reassert themselves. We settle down "at ease in Zion" once more.

Timothy was told to "stir up the gift" that was in him, showing how possible it is to neglect any power we have had given, and how necessary it is to stir up ourselves to continued effort. Peter thought it meet to stir up the brethren as long as he was in the earthly house of his body, knowing that shortly he would have to leave it. So should we seek, not only to stir ourselves, but others to fresh zeal and courage.

The prophet laments that "none stirreth himself up to take hold of God." Sometimes prayer requires real effort. To pray in a half-hearted fashion gets nowhere. Not at the first approach to the Mercy Seat, perhaps, will God reveal Himself. "He waiteth to be gracious." One must get into closer touch to take hold of the blessings He waits to bestow. We may have got out of tune and need to readjust things ere we can reach the higher notes. We must grasp the hand that moves the world if we would move things. A man gets nothing if he does not take hold of the gift offered. Real prayer is a taking hold of the promise, and this needs effort or stirring up. Slothfulness will steal over us if we are not continually bestirring ourselves.

MONDAY.

"Zealous of Good Works."

"Who gave Himself for us, that He might redeem us from all iniquity and purify unto Himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works."—Titus, 2, 14.

"Zealous of good works" not merely did the great Apostle mean

When those works shone forth so clearly that by all they might be seen.

"Zealous of good works" not only when those works are light to bear, Zealous when our lives are lonely, zealous when oppressed with care.

"Zealous" when our hearts are weary, yearning for a pause for rest;

"Zealous" when our lives are dreary, zealous when with woes depressed.

"Zealous" when the sunshine seemeth to be hidden from our sight,

"Zealous" when its glory beameth on us making all things bright.

TUESDAY.

"Be not conformed to this world."—Rom., 12, 2.

"Whoso would be a man must be a Non-conformist," says Emerson. There would be very few men living to-day if that were the criterion. Even those called Nonconformists are very much conformed to this world. Worldly amusements used to be the

special privilege of the Established Church, but now no denomination is exempt. The mistake is in supposing it will draw the outsider to its ranks. People can get plenty of this sort of thing outside the Church without going there for it, and only lose their respect for those who call themselves Christians, and in no way differ from others who make no profession. "I am the Lord your God, which hath separated you from other people" was God's message to His Israel of old, who were only typical of the spiritual Israel of believers. Sanctification frightens some who think it is only for a favored few, and mistake it for sanctimoniousness. To sanctify merely means to set apart, to be separate, and all God's followers, without exception, are called to this. "They are not of the world, even as I am not of the world," said Jesus of all His followers, when He prayed for all those who should believe in Him. "Ye cannot serve God and mammon."

WEDNESDAY.

"Our God is a consuming fire."—Heb., 12, 29.

Fire is so often spoken of in Scripture in reference to affliction. The furnace purifies the true metal and burns up the dross. God is said to be a consuming fire in that He destroys the sin. All the discipline of life is permitted that it may test God's children and make them more conformed to the image of Christ. "The fire shall try every man's work of what sort it is." We do not believe in the fires of purgatory. It is in this life we have to pass through the furnace of affliction, but we have that promise, "When thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee." There is so much of impatience, of selfishness, of pride in the best of God's servants, and this must be destroyed, often by a very painful process, ere meet for the inheritance of the saints in light. "They all passed through the fire." When the fire which is not quenched is spoken of in Scripture, it refers to the fires of remorse which will consume the souls of those who rejected salvation in the day of salvation, which is now. The worm of regret which dieth not will gnaw at their hearts when once they have passed the impassable gulf which divides the sheep from the goats. These are the everlasting punishments. What can be worse torments than these? Most of the language of Scripture is parabolical. "Without a parable spake He not unto them." All must be spiritually discerned.

THURSDAY.

"Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool."—Isa., 1, 18.

Scarlet sins of deepest dye

He can make as white as snow.

None to Him in vain apply.

Cleansing grace He will bestow.

Sins ingrained He can efface.

Put His Spirit in their place.

If our sins we will confess
He has promised to forgive;
With His love to help and bless
We henceforth in Him may live.
Friend of sinners—not of sin,
He has died our life to win.

On Himself our sins were laid;
Sins of ours once broke His heart,
He our utmost debt has paid,
Let us then from sin depart.
Cleansed from all unrighteousness,
Let us on and upward press.

FRIDAY.

"Thou art the man."—2 Sam., 12, 7.

How terribly sin blinds the eye! Seeing, men do not perceive. Every sin committed lessens the spiritual eyesight and beclouds the eye of the soul. It is only as we walk in the light that we see the light. Did men know that they were blind, then might they see. The spiritual ear becomes deaf, the spiritual vision darkened by yielding to temptation. Many a man is utterly unconscious of his sin until he has to suffer for it. He may go on a long time calling evil good until the consequences of his folly fall upon him. David was filled with righteous indignation against the man who had wronged another, and not until the prophet's denunciation was uttered, "Thou art the man," had he any idea of his grievous sin. So utterly does it blind a man's soul. How necessary the warning, "Awake to righteousness and sin not, for some have not the knowledge of God"! They are asleep to all but the gratification of their own desires.

(Continued on page 16.)

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Bavin Unmoved.

LIQUOR IS BOSS OF NATS. AND LABS.

Black! That is what the deputation to Mr. Bavin should have worn. The deputation was from the Alliance, on March 7, to ask that the people should have the right to vote for Prohibition, with or without Compensation, and to ask that the 1926 Act, "Liquor with meals," should be repealed. The deputation was big enough to fill the Premier's room; it represented a host of institutions and societies, and churches, and was a very "good" deputation. Polite, to the limit, deferential to the Premier, and not without a demure respect to the liquor traffic, if soft and civil language be a sign. The Premier yielded not a whit, not a millimetre. He rejected, in like polite tones, every request. Whereupon, the deputation tip-toed out of the great man's room. Black and crape were its only wear. I was at the deputation, in a back seat. The Premier's face was a mask, whereon an occasional twitch appeared to denote an inward chuckle, as of secret amusement. "For of what force or voting power are these," it seemed to say! voting power is all that counts to politicians. Unless Prohibitionists get that firmly planted in their minds it is hopeless to expect an improvement in our booze law. If ever there were the factors for an emotional appeal it lay in this deputation. Mr. Bavin is a clergyman's son. Among those who addressed him in the deputation were old, honored, and prominent ministers, whom he must have (in his younger days) often seen around his father's table. He was unmoved, was Bavin. If the massed forces of Liquor had been standing in visible cohorts about the Premier's table he could not have been more resolute and frigid to the prayers made to him in the name of philanthropy, in the names of the women and children who are the greatest sufferers, in the name of that efficiency which suffers daily outrage at the hands of Bung.

A political party is needed to contest every electorate where the candidates give unsatisfactory replies about Liquor. Even if it be impossible to secure the return of many

"Prohibition" candidates it should be reasonably practicable to put up a candidate who should swing enough votes at least to wreck the Bung vote. I tell you, the anonymous "I" who was a vigilant observer of the deputation, that it is veriest folly to expect anything of Bavin, or Lang, or any political party. On this subject one is as bad as the other. It has never been disclosed how far either party, or both parties, have had their political funds swollen by largesse from liquor.

Nothing will amend our legislation but the force and terror of the big stick. The politicians came for naught else. Whether you be Labor or Nationalist write it on your tablets to expect nothing from either leader unless by continuous and forceful political agitation, and votes, and work in the electoral committees.

Bavin, of the parsonage, is as loyal to the Bars as Lang, of the moleskins. Liquor is Boss, and will be till you become a political force. Cease whining, and get into politics! Hammond told us this long ago, and we did not heed.

HIS OWN FAULT.

Sir Charles Fitzpatrick, former Chief Justice of Canada, an old friend of Chief Justice Taft of the United States Supreme Court, was one of the guests at the latter's celebration of his 70th birthday. These two eminent jurists delight to sit down and spin yarns. One of Sir Charles's stories that Mr. Taft has used more than once to illustrate a point in his public addresses relates to the value of expert testimony in legal cases.

It seems that at the Tipperary assizes a murder case was being tried and counsel for the defence introduced a prominent Irish physician to prove that the victim had an egg-shell skull, and that he met his death by falling and fracturing his skull.

A heated discussion ensued between the lawyers, which the presiding justice abruptly ended by asking:

"What business had a man with an egg-shell skull in Tipperary, anyway?"

PROHIBITION INCREASES EARNINGS.

George D. Haggard, M.D., of Minneapolis, writing in the Chicago "Daily News" recently, said:

"The Bureau of Internal Revenue reports earnings in the United States for 1926 at nearly 90,000,000,000 dollars, an increase of 27,000,000,000 dollars, or more than 43 per cent., since 1921. 'This increase is not the result of increased price levels,' the Bureau said, 'for the average price of consumed goods actually was slightly less in 1926 than it was in 1921.' Those whose memories are not impaired will recall that before Prohibition the wets were continually telling of the great havoc Prohibition would work in business and commercial life. Another disaster the wet crepe-hangers told us would surely follow Prohibition was the glutting of the labor market, the reduction of wages and the debasing of the general American standard of living. Again the hopes of the wets have been blasted, for wages are on far the highest point in history, and unemployment, according to the report of the Federal Labor Bureau, is at a minimum. The Bureau of Internal Revenue states that the highest standard of living ever attained in the world was reached last year by the American people."

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Daily Inspiration—

(Continued from page 14.)

SATURDAY.

"Of how much sorer punishment suppose ye, shall He be thought worth who hath trodden under foot the Son of God."—Heb., 10, 29.

For thirty pieces of silver a man will sell his soul. The love of gain is inherent in every human heart, and only the Spirit of God can drive it out and put other things paramount. The sin of Judas exists to-day. Some will sell the Crucified Saviour for earthly gain. How awful will be their punishment! Not only will they do this, but they will disguise their hypocrisy by saying or deceiving themselves into believing they are doing God service, as Judas doubtless persuaded himself, perhaps thinking Jesus would be able to deliver Himself out of the hands of the enemies as He had done hitherto. But the love of gain was his leading characteristic, and however much he may have deceived himself it was this which was luring him on.

Men are crucifying the Son of Man afresh and putting Him to an open shame. That any should dare to personify the Son of God, and the most awful scenes ever enacted, seems incredible. One shrinks from the very thought of it.

"SUNSET GLEAMS."

NEW BOOK BY FAIRELIE THORNTON.

Articles written for leading magazines on "Home, Love, Time, Thoughts," etc. "An ideal gift." 2/6, posted 2/8.

Wm. Tyas, 558 George-street; Dalrymple, 20a Goulburn-street, Sydney; and other book-sellers.

THESE STATES DO NOT NEED MEDICINAL WHISKY.

The following States do not permit the sale of medicinal whisky: Alabama, Arizona, Arkansas, Delaware, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Indiana, Kansas, Maine, Mississippi, Nebraska, New Mexico, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oklahoma, Oregon, South Carolina, Tennessee, Utah, Washington, and West Virginia.

There are some interesting facts in connection with these States. The list includes North Dakota, which in 1924 had the lowest death rate in the registration area. It includes Idaho, which had next to the lowest death rate. It includes Nebraska, which ranked fourth.

WHY DOES THE BOOMERANG COME BACK?

There has been much discussion on this point, and it is understood that it has not been decided.

However, you can make a fine little boomerang from cardboard for yourself if you so desire.

Send your name and address to the Australian Band of Hope Union, 430 Bourke-street, Melbourne, and a full description will be sent to you. Enclose a stamp for postage please.

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