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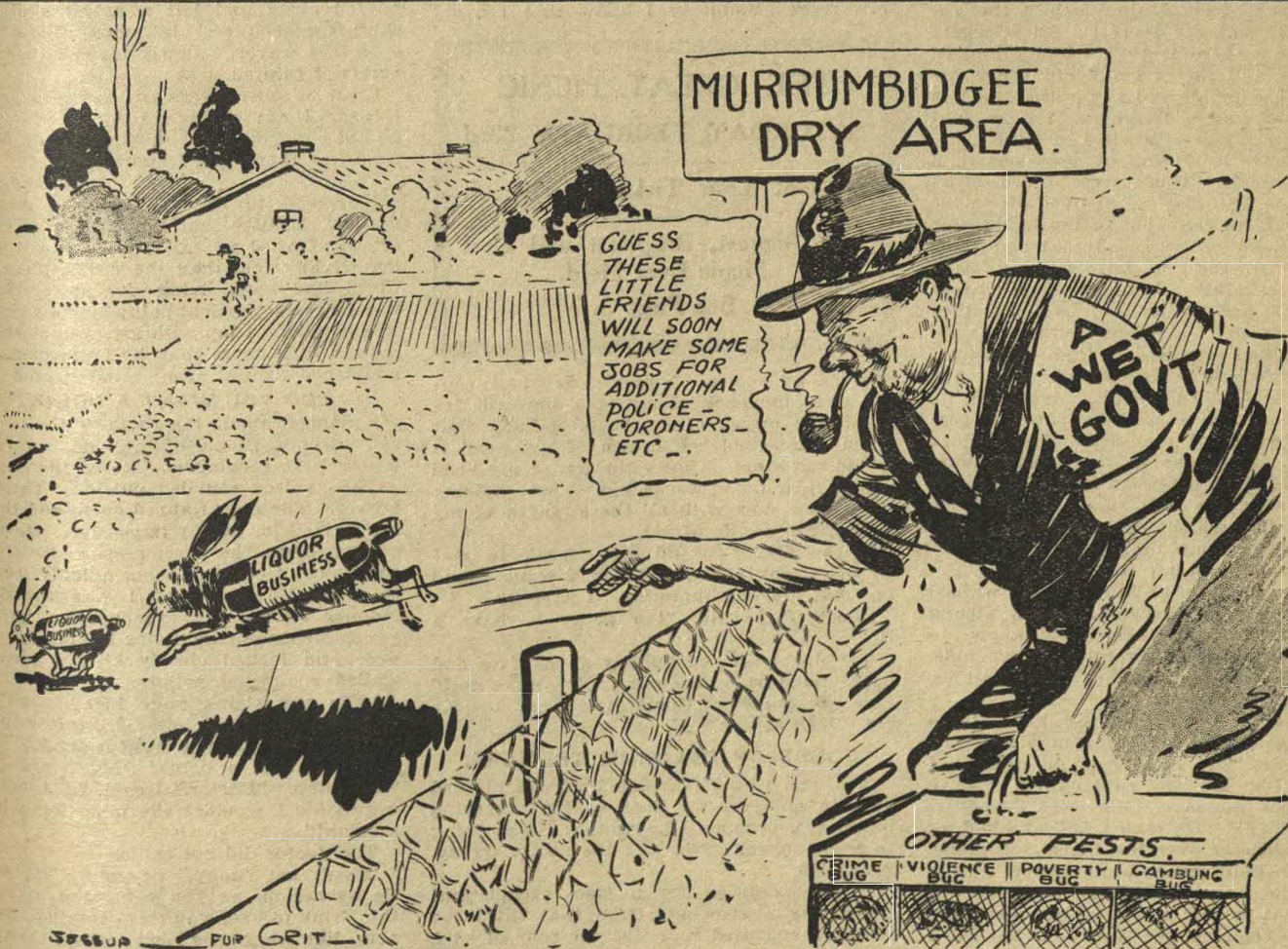
Grit.

A JOURNAL OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY AND PROHIBITION

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SYDNEY, FEBRUARY 7, 1924.

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FOR GRIT

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PATIENT No. 24.

Introducing this story the editor of "Cassell's Magazine" says:—"This amazingly candid and outspoken confession by a victim of alcohol is one of the most vivid and arresting contributions to 'Pussyfoot' propaganda that can be conceived. No one disputes that alcohol is one of the greatest powers for evil when it is misapplied, and the writer of this article, narrating his own personal experience, sets out the drama and horror which dogs the heels of the drunkard in a manner which rarely, if ever, has been excelled."

December 3.

I had no overcoat; that had been pawned. My gloves had been left in the saloon which stood on the alst corner but one behind me, where I had my last drink. And that explains why I walked now so leisurely and peacefully through the biting air up the frozen street. I was numb, and thought that I was happy. I looked at my bare hands and laughed.

"Arctic weather," I thought exultingly, "and yet the cold has no power over me. I am immune. Nothing can harm me. Pain, trouble, the cares of men? Idle phrases! Passers-by gaze at me curiously, pityingly maybe. Well, let them—poor souls! They little dream the truth; that I am not of their world! They do not know who or what I am, but I know. I am a king to-night! Monarch of the realm of Circumstance, lord even over the dull tyrant Fact!"

In the back of my brain I held a thought securely. It was my secret: I knew where I was going! I knew that I had promised to go there and that I could not break my promise. The number of the house stood in my mind in small, tremulous letters that gleamed brightly as if worked in flame.

I found myself staring at the door in a lighted vestibule. There were those talismanic numbers at last! I stepped off to the kerb, away from the front of the house, and examined them critically. I matched them cautiously with the fiery letters in my brain. I must be careful! Numbers were treacherous things; and brains . . . But yes! they were the same. This was without doubt the house I had promised to find—and enter.

On the threshold something seemed to tug at my will and hold me back. My last drink had spent its force. There came a premonitory twinge of the vitals that seemed a warning. Suppose in this silent house there should be no means to quiet that growing uneasiness, the still small voice of the alcoholic! If there should be no drink waiting! Better to roam the icy street, to borrow, beg, steal! Better to die.

The door swung on its hinges and I walked in stiffly erect, unswerving, nerves strung taut by the resolve, taken now anew, to keep my promise, a promise irrevocable, though the place and manner of its making for the moment escaped me.

The doctor peered at me over his flat-top desk. He was a large, strong man with inquisitive eyes. He asked me my name. I gave it. "Oh, yes," he said calmly, "we've had a 'phone message. We were expecting you. Sit down!" He rang a bell on his desk and spoke briefly over the house telephone.

His air of indifference irritated me. Surely he could not know with what supreme devotion, what titanic effort, I had kept my promise to come to see him! He sat back in his chair and gazed absently at the ceiling, humming. He was humming very softly, yet the sound seemed to strike directly on my brain. It was like a scream. I found myself following the tune with my whole being. I was singing a refrain, inaudibly, to myself. It came to me suddenly that the refrain had words. And that the words were these:

"I need a drink—will I get a drink?"

"I need a drink—will I get a drink?"

I was surprised. I had not intended to sing at all. Nor had I been thinking of a

drink. I thought of one now, however, intensely.

I started, and stared at the doctor. He was looking at me fixedly. I knew that I mustn't again let my thoughts get away from him. I knew that he was somehow involved in my promise. And I was going to see this thing through, to keep my promise!

The doctor was looking at the ceiling once more. Nothing seemed farther from his thoughts than myself. My feelings were hurt. I was sure that I was worth thinking about. Why, even the people in the street, strangers to whom I had not so much as spoken, were interested in me. A weak impulse to cry came over me.

No! I knew that I must not let my nerves break. I must hold myself steady, because I had to see this thing through!

It seemed ages, though it was seconds only, since I had seated myself in the doctor's room. Suddenly I knew that I could

THE GREAT PICNIC SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23rd

Get Your Tickets Early.

The Biggest, Brightest and Best
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See Page 3.

stand it no longer. A numbness was creeping from the back of my neck upwards towards the crown of my head. I knew that when it reached the crown of my head it would not stop. I knew the top of my head would float on upwards too. I was holding it in place now with all the strength of my mind. But I was afraid.

If the doctor would only speak to me! Or even look at me! There was no sound but that hideous humming. I gave up.

"Doctor," I said, "I'm going to have a fit!"

The doctor looked quickly at my face and half started from his chair. "No, you're not!" he cried sharply. "Come over here. Let me get a look at you."

HOURS OF DELIRIUM TREMENS.

"Oh, yes, I am!" I insisted. I was pleased now in spite of my fear of that creeping numbness, because I knew that I was going to prove myself right and the doctor wrong. And I did. . .

I knew nothing for a time except that there was a growing sound that filled the world, a confused roar like the roar of surf, with a dismal wailing undertone that beat in a weird refrain through my head. It seemed the horrid prelude to something unknown but unbelievably dreadful.

I dislike the sea. So I was not surprised, when I awoke, to find myself on the beach, with green waves licking towards me and twilight growing into night. When I saw that the waves were alive and were reaching for me eagerly, I was filled with a fear that made my bones shrink. The waves had strange, distorted faces, like the faces of people I had known and hated. They grinned

with cheerful menace and seemed confident of reaching me soon. I knew that they would, because I could not stir an inch. But I lost consciousness before they quite touched me.

Spiders fill me with loathing. So I knew if I opened my eyes I should find that the sensations on my face and hands were caused by the feet of spiders crawling there. I opened my eyes. I was not mistaken; they were blue spiders with large, mournful eyes, red-rimmed and dry. I closed my eyes again, for once more unconsciousness saved me.

I was in a lonely house with dim corridors leading in all directions from the room where I stood, shaking with fright. There was no sound until I moved, when a rustling and scraping began in the corners of the room. I could not see what things caused the sound, but I knew that they were things of evil. My heart contracted painfully, then thumped wildly for a space, then seemed to stop. The room was thick with horror.

I heard footsteps approaching along one of the corridors, slow and shuffling.

The door opened noiselessly. The opening was lit from behind, with a faint glow. I wanted to scream, to run, to tear my eyes from the wisp of light. But I could do none of these things.

The light faded and in the blackness left there grew a face. Such a face! It was large and pale and round, and the eyes were closed as in death. It drew nearer and the flesh melted away and left a naked skull. The skull vanished and left two yellow lidless eyes that wavered slowly towards me. Then at last I fainted.

I was in other places and saw other strange things. I am trying to forget them. But do not say that all this did not truly happen, for I was there, and I know!

December 4.

I seemed to be waking to a dream of reality. I knew that I was once more conscious of what we call life, though it seemed less vividly real than the weird, phantasmal life I had been living—for an eternity. I was in great physical pain; but physical pain was a relief. I lay with my eyes closed, perhaps a little more than half conscious. The maddened current of my mind cleared slowly.

"DO YOU WANT A DRINK?"

I glanced about the room, with its double row of cots. Some of the cots were empty, others bore recumbent figures like my own.

Then voices sounded outside. They drew nearer. The door flapped open, and the doctor walked in, calmly impassive. He walked up and down the narrow space between the two rows of cots, glancing quickly from side to side. He saw that I was awake, and stopped by my cot, grasping my wrist between his thumb and index finger. He leaned over and looked closely at my eyes, then smiled somewhat grimly.

"You can thank your lucky stars for a good constitution," he said. "It would kill a Christian! Do you want a drink?"

Did I want a drink! My heart gave a wild jump. "Doctor," I said, "if a soul were negotiable I would trade mine for a look at a drink!"

The doctor did not smile.

"Don't get funny," he said. "Be serious. Be as serious as you can. I'm giving you this drink to keep you from staging any more acts like that one last night. You'll get another drink later, however—and as many more as you need—till your nerves can stand alone. Then I'm going to let you suffer. You're going to fight this thing out yourself, in your own mind. Then you can go out and start all over again, if you think you'd like to, or—not. It will be up to you!"

The doctor went out. His words—except the promise of whisky—meant nothing to me at the time. For I was full of a mad longing, the longing of a shipwrecked sailor for shore, of the lost hunter for the lights

(Continued on page 7.)

ARE YOU SOMEBODY?

THEN YOU MUST COME

TO

THE GREAT PICNIC

BECAUSE
EVERYBODY WHO IS ANYBODY
WILL MEET AT

FORT MACQUARIE ON

Saturday, February 23rd

AT 2.15 P.M. SHARP

For a Harbor Trip

TEA ON CLARK ISLAND MOONLIGHT CRUISE.

Tea for drinking provided free. Bring your own "eats"
and cup.

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Have you realised the importance of instructing your children in matters of sex which every child has a right to know in a clean, wholesome manner? If you want help write to us for some of our penny booklets, and send one shilling in postal note or stamps, with your full address. We can supply booklets for Parents, Boys, Girls, Youths and Maidens. You will never miss a shilling so spent, and your children in years to come will thank you heartily. Rev. R. B. S. Hammond has been using them for past 24 years.

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FIELD DAY APPOINTMENTS.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 10.

11 a.m.: Hunter's Hill Presbyterian Church.
7.15 p.m.: Oatley Baptist Church.

Mr. R. J. C. Butler.

3 p.m.: Rye Park Methodist Church.
7.30 p.m.: Boorowa Methodist Church.

Mr. Chas. W. Chandler.

11 a.m.: Austinmer Road Leichhardt Methodist Church.

7.15 p.m.: Holy Trinity, Concord West.

Ex-Senator David Watson.

11 a.m.: Campbelltown Congregational appointment.

3 p.m.: Wedderburn Presbyterian Church.

7.15 p.m.: Campbelltown Presbyterian Church.

Mr. Chas. E. Still.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 11.

Public Meeting: Boorowa, at 8 p.m.

Mr. Chas. W. Chandler.

R. B. S. HAMMOND—PUBLIC MEETINGS:

Tuesday, Feb. 12: Mack's Theatre Royal, Moss Vale, at 8 p.m.

Thursday, Feb. 21: Springwood Hall, Springwood, at 8 p.m.

Friday, Feb. 22: Wentworth Falls School of Arts, at 8 p.m.

MR. HERBERT CARROLL'S FIXTURES:

Sunday, Feb. 10: St. Barnabas' Church, George-street West.

Monday, Feb. 11: St. Clement's Parish Hall, Marrickville, 8 p.m.

Tuesday, Feb. 12: Memorial Hall, Rose Bay (Dover-Road), 8 p.m.

Wednesday, Feb. 10: Shaw Hall, Burwood-road, Belmore, 8 p.m.

Thursday, Feb. 14: St. John's Parish Hall, Parramatta, 8 p.m.

Friday, Feb. 15: Empire Hall, Gordon-street, Petersham, 8 p.m.

CAMPAIGN NOTES.

The popular leader of the Prohibition Party will be addressing meetings at Moss Vale, Springwood and Wentworth Falls, as set forth on this page, and at these meetings he will extend to those who attend firsthand information respecting the present political situation, together with reasons why Parliament must be made dry.

Mr. Hammond comes to you with a message, clear and insistent, which is of immediate interest to all students of political, social or ethical questions.

YOU MUST HEAR HAMMOND!

"AUSTRALIA'S DRY COMEDIAN."

Mr. Carroll again reports very gratifying progress at Forbes, Calare, Bogan Gate, Condobolin and other places in the western districts.

Suburban connoisseurs of melody will be pleased to know that the Prohibition factor will be conducting a series of metropolitan meetings prior to his departure from the State.

Do not miss the opportunity of hearing

"MAKE PARLIAMENT DRY."

The Leader of Australian Prohibition Party, will address

Monster Meetings

in the Public Interest, which will

be held in

MACK'S THEATRE ROYAL,

MOSS VALE,

on

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 12th,

at 8 p.m.

SPRINGWOOD

In SPRINGWOOD HALL

on

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21st

at 8 p.m.

WENTWORTH FALLS

In SCHOOL OF ARTS

on

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 22nd,

at 8 p.m.

The Prohibition Party expects that every citizen will voice their emphatic protest at these meetings and elsewhere against continuance of the liquor traffic.

You must hear

R. B. S. HAMMOND,

The Popular Leader of the Prohibition Party tell you his reasons why Parliament must be dry.

Admission is Free. Collection.

"Pat" Carroll when he is lecturing in your district.

THE LEGION OF HONOR.

N.S.W. ALLIANCE OF CHURCHES AND TEMPERANCE ORGANISATIONS.

BRANCHES.

The Presidents and Secretaries of all metropolitan and country branches are earnestly requested to forward regular communications to Field Secretary respecting activities in their district and any suggestions which they may consider to be worthy of consideration by those who are honestly endeavoring to work in sympathetic co-operation with the many subscribers and sympathisers throughout the State of New South Wales. Organising work of this description finds many difficulties and much criticism. The criticism we appreciate, more so when it is honest criticism; the difficulties we con-

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SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23rd

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See Page 3.

sider are but the stepping-stones to ultimate success, and we request that our supporters will forward to us any suggestions for improvement in method or administration which they may consider necessary, and then follow up their suggestions with genuine assistance towards the logical adaptation of all the schemes for the general advancement of the one thing which really matters to-day—**Prohibition of the Liquor Traffic.**

Your assistance is needed more so to-day than ever, and we feel sure that our request will not go out to you in vain.

FIELD SECRETARY.

"GRIT" SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Received to 31/1/24, and where not mentioned the amount received is 10/-: L. Sigston, 12/6, 30/3/24; T. Bembrick, £1, 30/12/23; W. H. Wheatley, 30/12/23; Mrs. John Greene, 16/1/25.

The following are paid to 30/12/24: J. M. Price, £1; Miss J. R. Miller, £5 (10 subs.); W. V. Bartram, £1; Mrs. Owen Butt, £1; Mrs. Coleman, Mrs. Petrie, G. Wilsher, T. Spangler.

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XYLO WARE, BRUSHWARE, FANCY
GOODS, NOVELTIES AND TOYS,
DIP TOYS, STREAMERS, BALLOONS,
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134 LIVERPOOL ST., SYDNEY.

THE LAW!

AND THE DUTY OF CITIZENSHIP.

(By "CHEV" for "Grit.")

One of the most disquieting signs of the times is the apparent decline of respect for the law. By this we mean a disposition, not confined to any particular section of the community, but shared alike by all sorts and conditions of persons, purely and simply to disregard or evade laws which are considered irksome or which do not happen to coincide with the private opinions and predilections of those who openly set them at defiance.

Endless examples of this sort of thing will at once occur to the mind. Is it not a fact that nine motorists out of ten will deliberately ignore the speed regulations made for the safety of life and limb—especially when no policeman is in sight? This, you say, is a trivial matter. Well, it may be, until a little child is run over and killed. But consider another example. The laws declare that gambling is illegal. Yet everybody, or nearly everybody, gambles. Tattersall's tickets and tickets for the Golden Casket are allowed to go through the post office, and our Governments do not hesitate to collect revenue, both by tax and postal fees, from a traffic which the laws declare to be illicit. This is a serious matter, because here you have an example of breach of the law with the connivance and collusion of the Government itself, which made the laws and is supposed to enforce them. What makes it worse still is the obvious fact that a monetary consideration—the prospect of considerable revenue—is the motive which leads the Government to close its eyes to a palpable evasion of the law. Yet another illustration is afforded by widespread and daily evasion of the licensing laws. A publican is not permitted to serve any person under the influence of liquor. Thousands in that condition are served every day. Stand outside any of the principal hotels in Sydney at six o'clock any evening and see for yourself. Again, a publican is not allowed to serve drinks after hours, but there is little or no difficulty in obtaining a drink—nay, several drinks—in almost any hotel after hours, provided you are "known." There are at least two hotels in the city which drive a roaring trade every night until twelve or one o'clock, and which serve hundreds of customers all day on Sunday. This sort of thing also goes on to some extent with the connivance of the police. It is certain that scarcely one per cent. of deliberate breaches of the liquor laws ever come before the courts.

WHAT IS THE REASON?

We might go on multiplying examples indefinitely. In the realm of politics we have in recent years had more than one example of the use of "passive resistance," the most notable instance being in connection with the English Education Bill, some years before the war. Cases are becoming more and more

frequent of the disregard of agreements by Labor Unions whenever such agreements do not turn out quite as they were expected to do. The "scrap-of-paper" spirit is in the air.

The facts are undoubted. What is the reason for them? Why this obvious decline of respect for the law? The democracy is supposed to be better educated, more intelligent, more enlightened, than it ever was. It rules itself. It makes its own laws. It is no longer subjected to a code odious because it was supposed to be imposed upon the mass of the people, politically inarticulate, by a privileged caste. The people choose their own legislators and make their own laws, and they can, by Parliament, repeal any law they do not like. And yet, in spite of all this, there is a disposition on all sides to evade the laws—to do as you please and hang the consequences. "There is only one crime," said a cynic the other day, "and that is getting found out." It is unfortunately a fact that people are becoming more and more adept nowadays in the art of not getting found out. Honesty is declining, whilst cunning is on the increase.

The reasons for this, as for all social phenomena, are complex and not easily stated in a few words. Familiarity no doubt breeds contempt, and we are more familiar, in these days, with the way in which laws are made, and with the weaknesses of law-makers themselves, than ever was the proletariat in any previous age. The manifest impurity of political life and the chicanery of Parliaments—the prevalence of "graft" and the corruption of the press—have bred not only distrust of the work of Parliaments, but absolute contempt for politicians. The connivance of Governments in manifest and habitual violation of the statute laws of the realm must inevitably have a reflex action upon public opinion and public morality, which never is at a very high level. Even more serious than this is the undoubted distrust of the purity of the administration of justice which prevails amongst a very large section of the community. It would take us too far afield to examine the bases for this belief, which are to be found chiefly, no doubt, in that connivance in breach of law which, as we have seen, is to be found in high places. We still believe in the essential purity of the administration of British justice, but the fact remains that increasing numbers of people are becoming uneasy on the subject owing to the fact that, despite constitutional theory the judiciary is not, or does not appear to be, as free from political influence as it ought to be. What are we to think of a system under which one of his Majesty's judges can be employed as a Royal Commissioner to upset, for political purposes, a decision affirmed and

reaffirmed by the judicial tribunals of the State until the machinery of justice had been exhausted? There is, too, a widespread feeling that if you have money enough you can do as you like, and one regrets to have to admit that there is some foundation for the belief. It has often been laid down by criminologists that certainty of retribution is a greater deterrent to crime than severity of punishment. If you feel pretty certain that you won't get caught, or that if you are a little palmed will adjust matters, the law is not likely to possess any great terrors for you.

THE BASIS OF CIVILISATION.

All this is very deplorable. It means that the public conscience is debauched and that mob volition is to prevail over law and order. So soon as the idea gains ground that a law will not be enforced if a sufficient number of people disregard it, or that the consequences of evasion need not necessarily be endured, you substitute the will of the mob—a capricious and vacillating, but often, too, a violent will—for the wise prevision of the thinking community. We have seen this sort of thing often enough in history, and it has always been the precursor of the fall of a civilisation.

We cannot too strongly insist that respect for the law is the very foundation rock upon which civilisation and the progress of mankind are built. The spirit which that respect implies is the very essence of human advancement, and a decline of respect for the law purely and simply because it is the law means a slackening of the moral fibre all round until finally the stamina of the nation is weakened to such an extent that it responds to every wild impulse and caprice of the moment. It becomes as a ship without a rudder.

There is no excuse in these days for evasion of the law, because, as we have already pointed out, the people make their own laws and can remove from the statute book in a legitimate way any law they do not like. So long as a law is a law it must be obeyed, and it ought to be rigorously—we do not say tyrannically—enforced. There should be no possibility of evasion. The certainty of retribution should be absolute. But to encompass this, and to restore the high moral purpose of the community as a whole, it is first of all necessary to restore purity to public life and to remove all suspicion of the quality of justice as administered in practice. It is also necessary to procure a less venal press, so that the pure and undefiled essence of high-minded public opinion shall find full and free expression on all occasions.

One is free to admit that the whole problem is very puzzling. Not because the main factors are not easy to analyse, or the remedy easy to define, but because, unfortunately, the patient is a debauched and corrupt public which doesn't always want to get better: it has acquired a taste for the disease.

PASS "GRIT" ON.

SOME EMPIRE PROBLEMS.

BOOZE, UNEMPLOYMENT, PROFITEERS.

By W. D. B. (JACK) CREAGH.

"I am prouder of the Empire than ever; a sort of bloodless revolution had occurred without any disturbance."—Mr. J. H. Thomas, Colonial Secretary, new Labor Government, Great Britain.

It is very easy for the new, Colonial Secretary to talk of pride of Empire. From which angle does he get his viewpoint? Is it from the large possessions, wealth, land, etc.? Is it from the fact that to-day the British Empire is burdened with an overwhelming debt; that there are over 1,000,000 maimed men and women through the great world war; also that there are over 2,000,000 unemployed in Great Britain alone; with millions of her splendid people addicted to the alcohol drug habit? We can all be proud of a draught horse pulling an extra heavy load, but is pride the right expression? What should be there is shame that the unfortunate beast should be pulling too big a load.

LABOR GIVEN ITS CHANCE.

When I was in England in 1922, I could see big changes were taking place. Crowds of unemployed, "many carrying red flags," could be seen everywhere; a general election was about to take place. This election led to the Bonar Law Government getting into power, the wettest Government ever put in, chiefly to lower the price of beer. Every liquor-selling shop was a depot for votes; the chief advertisement was a photo of Lloyd George. The border of this poster was of hands pointing to the face of the great Empire statesman; underneath were these words:

"The man who raised the price of beer; return sane men who will reduce beer 1d. a pint."

THE PENNY-A-PINT GOVERNMENT.

Lloyd George was put out of power. The Bonar Law crowd, during the first session, reduced beer one penny a pint. Bonar Law passed out west, Baldwin took over; now he, too, has been thrown on the political scrap-heap. What is the next move? Wait and see.

SOME INTERESTING FACTS.

Labor manifestoes are many; during the last election in Britain one came out; the only reference to liquor was this one:

"Popular control of the liquor traffic." Now let us look at the traffic, its great increase of profits, and compare same with the unemployed problem. Surely it is reasonable to believe that, with greater poverty and unemployment, there would be less drinking, also less profits for the breweries and distilleries. But it is not so.

PROFITS OF BREWERY COMPANIES COMPARED WITH UNEMPLOYMENT.

Profits of Brewery Companies.

1913-14	9,970,000
1921-22	17,550,000

Unemployment.

1913	2.1 per cent.
1922	15.4 per cent.

An increase of brewery profits of £7,580,000, alongside of an increase of unemployment of 13.3 per cent., looks bad for the general public of Great Britain, but should be easy for the present Labor Government to find a solution. Now let us take two

OUR RECORD OF SHAME.

Convictions for Drunkenness. Central Police Court.

Three months ending December 31—

Males	2769
Females	529

Total 3298

Week ending January 28, 1924—

Males	175
Females	32

Total 207

Signed Pledge—42.

brewery companies and compare their profits, 1914-15 and 1922-23 periods:

Guinness Brewery.

1922-23	£2,375,500
1914-15	£1,511,678

Increase, 1923 1,163,622

Bass Brewery.

1922-23	£470,023
1914-15	£256,789

Increase 213,234

Most other breweries have about the same increase.

DISTILLERIES.

Prohibition in America hit the British liquor trade hard, but the heads got together. Working chiefly on the hard-drinking Britishers they have come together, forming combines, cutting down expenses by closing some distilleries, "as they have done in New South Wales;" by these means they are able to pay themselves handsomely, as the "Daily Telegraph," Sydney, 23/1/24, reports:

WHISKY SHARES.

LONDON, January 22.

Buchanan and Dewar, Limited, are presenting a bonus of an ordinary share for each share now held, of which the current market value is 103/9. The distribution is equivalent to a gift of £10,000,000.

The above is a nice little gift that comes,

after all, from the downtrodden, overburdened taxpayers, for if the drinker pays into the liquor trade the taxpayer pays for the cleaning-up.

Now, will the new Labor Government take the above facts into consideration when they undertake the popular control stunt?

TRADE QUESTIONS TO CANDIDATES.

The London "Morning Advertiser," November 17, 1923, printed a trade manifesto. There were six questions; question 3 reads:

"If elected, will you vote against any measure which may be presented to Parliament to impose on the community (a) Sunday closing; (b) Prohibition; (c) Local option; (d) Local veto?"

How did the Labor members answer that question? One thing is certain, that if the Labor Government set out to control liquor, and succeed, they are safe. But if the liquor

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The Biggest, Brightest and Best Picnic Ever Held.

See Page 3.

traffic control them as they have controlled other Parliaments, "including Labor Governments in the Colonies," they will be defeated; the country will suffer further wrongs.

ALL EFFORTS TRIED, ALL FAILED.

It would be wise if the Labor people and all other people get it fixed in their minds that every effort of control has been tried, all failing to get rid of the evils of alcohol-drinking. America tried all; the one, Prohibition, now being tried alone bringing the desired results of moral, spiritual and industrial progress.

While British police remain content to wait on the outside of licensed bars, picking up the drunken wreckage, a cable in Australian papers—January 30, 1924—shows just what U.S.A. is doing "after trying all efforts of control":

"General Butler, Director of Public Safety in Philadelphia, has stationed policemen in the precincts of every so-called near-beer parlors. These policemen enter with customers, and see just what the latter are served with."

One, although prosperous, makes an outlaw of the liquor criminals; we of the British Empire allow them free sway, in spite of the unemployment and other problems. Labor, take notice.



THERE'S FRAGRANCE IN GRIFFITHS BROS.' Special Afternoon Tea

Patient No. 24—

(Continued from page 2.)

of home. But I had hope, too; for I was to get a drink!

The doctor returned, bearing two small glasses. I reached forth a trembling hand to take the one he proffered. Then both hands, lest I should spill a drop of the precious liquid that was more to me, at that moment, than life itself. The whisky warmed my tortured nerves to a species of beatitude. I sank back on the pillow with a deep sigh of relief.

"Drink this now," said the doctor, extending the second glass; "it will make you sleep."

It was a bitter, yellowish draught that I swallowed. It seemed very soothing. I had no wish now, nor any care. I floated off on a broad, still sea, and reached the shores of rest.

I woke this time in a quiet room. A white-gowned, white-capped nurse stood by the bed, holding a tray on which were two small glasses and pills and capsules of divers shapes and sizes. The nurse gave me some pills.

"This is the beginning of the treatment," she said cheerfully.

"What treatment?" I asked.

"The treatment that makes men out of horrible examples," she answered brightly.

"Oh!" I said. "I see."

Somehow this levity seemed misplaced. It would have been more tactful, I thought, if the nurse had allowed a delicate sympathy to color her voice and words.

"Now you can have some whisky," she said.

DECREASING WHISKY RATION.

As before the liquor brought an instant, blessed sense of relief. The gnawing pain in my stomach vanished magically. I felt stronger, too; sleep had done its share. I became suddenly talkative, and felt companionable.

"How did I get up here?" I asked.

"You were promoted while you slept. This is a private room; it was ordered for you. You'll stay here till you're discharged."

"Discharged? You mean—"

"You will not be allowed to leave until the treatment is finished. It's the only way we would take the case."

"And how long will that be?" I asked.

"Seven days anyway, maybe longer. The treatment takes from three to five days, but you've got to rest till you're strong again, till your mind is normal once more."

The nurse held out the second glass, which I had forgotten.

"Drink this," she said; "it will make you sleep."

"How is it," I asked the nurse as I took the glass and swallowed its bitter contents, "how is it you give me whisky—when you've got me here where I can't get away? I've always heard the way to stop drinking—was just to stop!"

"We try to make this treatment as easy as possible for the patient. If you're used to alcohol and we cut it off short, the shock to your nerves is too great—it's that which often causes delirium tremens. You had a touch, perhaps, last night."

"A touch!"

"That was nothing," smiled the nurse. "You slept, and your heart's all right. If the patient can sleep and take nourishment he'll generally come through."

All day I dozed and lay wakeful by turns. Sometimes I awoke before the nurse came in on her rounds, sometimes I opened my eyes to find her standing by my bed with her inevitable spoonful of pills and the grateful glass of whisky—though this grew smaller and smaller as time passed.

"ALCOHOLIC DEPRESSION."

At seven in the evening the night nurse came on. She, too, was smiling and cheerful. It was undeniably helpful, this sanguine humor, and yet—it still struck me as indecorous!

At eleven o'clock there was an extra allowance of whisky and a new sleep medicine.

"That's all until to-morrow," said the night nurse. "Sleep well!"

December 5.

At four in the morning—the ebb-tide of one's vitality—I sat bolt upright in bed and opened my eyes. It seemed my heart had stopped beating. In a moment it fluttered spasmodically and went back to its regular rhythm. I drew a long breath. I lay down quite cautiously, for a nervous chill crept along my spine like a cold snake. An icy sweat was on my body and limbs, chargeable to my last nightmare. I glanced stupidly about the room, dim in the subdued light. I wondered where I was. Then suddenly memory awoke.

I seemed to have a new consciousness; this was the first moment in weeks that I was really myself. It was as if I had changed personalities overnight; a Hyde who was once more Jekyll. I seemed to have emerged from a period and place far removed. I was like a diver rising from the floor of the sea, from among weeds and mud, and breathing pure air once more. I realised suddenly that I had been, for a time,

insane. But what I felt most was a crushing sense of shame at the knowledge. Conscience, pride, sensibility (blotted out for so long in the false consciousness created by alcohol) were alive again, and suffering. I felt that if I could kill myself, in expiation of what had happened, it would be a joy.

Drinking men call this mental state "remorse"; medical men term it "alcoholic depression." The phrases are weak and meaningless, when the reality is known. It is a kind of hell, a very dreadful hell.

The door of my room opened softly. The night nurse entered.

"Awake?" she said. "How do you feel this morning?"

"Fine!" I lied mechanically.

The nurse laughed.

"Don't be a hero," she said. "I really want to know. To-day is the turning-point; it's part of the treatment that I should know your symptoms."

"I feel like the devil, then," I said. "My head's burning up, my stomach is on fire, my back aches, my feet are frozen. And I hate myself. If I had a drink I think I could live a little longer, but I'm not sure!"

The nurse laughed again.

"You'll get no more whisky," she said. "From now on it's medicine and sleep and food. And your own nerve, if you've got any left!"

My heart sank. No more drinks! That was the one outstanding fact of the nurse's speech. I thought of the dreary time ahead. I recalled suddenly what the doctor had warned me of; this was to be my fighting day.

The nurse gave me the medicine and a draught of ice-water. Then she took my pulse and temperature and examined my eyes closely.

"You're much better," was her verdict.

"I feel much worse," I returned irritably.

"Paralysis is less painful than toothache," said the nurse. "When you came in you were drugged. Your body was partly paralysed. Your brain was over-stimulated; you were in a state of false exaltation. We've given you a little whisky for a shock-absorber, to take up the worst of the reaction. We're giving you medicine which will clean your system of poison in a few days. You feel bad now, naturally. But you're more nearly normal than you've been for some time. Just keep your nerve—we'll have you right in a little while!"

The nurse brought a hot-water bottle for my feet. She brought a cupful of broth, which I tasted. She came in ever so often with her medicine and her draught of ice-water and her cheerful smile, calm and perfectly poised. And I lay through the never-ending hours, motionless, hands clutching the iron bar behind my head, teeth set, in an agony of body and brain.

I did not wish to dwell upon myself. My suffering was too real for the pastime of self-pity to lend consolation. But, try as I might, I could not drag my thoughts to other things. I could not but live over in detail the wretched chain of events—or what I remembered of them—which had ended on the night I walked along the wintry street with the number of this house in my inflamed mind.

My "alcoholic history" was not a bad one. This was the first time I had ever taken treatment for the drinking habit. In fact, never till the time, three months before, when I had begun my downward slide, had I been a pathological case—except to the extent that each man who touches alcohol at all becomes pathological thereby.

(To be continued.)

PASS "GRIT" ON.

A Personal Chat with my readers

Last week I told you about **THE PRESS**. my experience with the "Sun" newspaper. I sent a copy of the statement which appeared in the last issue of "Grit" to them, saying I was publishing it in "Grit." They published it with the following editorial comment:

HAMMOND ANGRY. INTEMPERATE TEMPERANCE. ABUSE OF THE PRESS.

Mr. Hammond, by informing the reporter that he did not trust the press nor the reporters, committed a breach of courtesy which earned him the verbatim report which was brought back to this office.

To begin with the objection to the headlines—Is Mr. Hammond prepared to deny that he regards drink as a curse?

Mr. Hammond's platform manner was turned upon the reporter when he spoke of the offences of the press—in short, he "held forth."

It is perfectly true that the reporter refrained from asking Mr. Hammond what he knew of Canadian public opinion. As he insulted the reporter by questioning his accuracy at the outset, he cannot complain of a return compliment.

The reporter declares that Mr. Hammond did say that the morning papers were developing us into a race of Peeping Toms.

Mr. Hammond's last sentence indicates sufficiently to the public how intemperate his language is, whatever his convictions may be.

In conclusion, this paper has not the slightest doubt of its reporter's accuracy.

This comment made me smile. It is evidently a fatal thing to joke with a pressman or even humorously grumble at their persistence—the reporter seemed at the time to take it in good part.

I do not deny that drink is a curse; but I do deny that drink was under discussion, or that I made any reference to it during the interview. I was very reasonable in complaining that this was misleading and irrelevant, and conveys the impression that I am a crank and drag in "the curse of drink" gratuitously.

My "platform manner" is decidedly funny. Fancy "orating" to a lone pressman! Of course, I did not insult the reporter; he stated in his report that I spoke as though paying him a compliment. I treat all reporters as brother craftsmen, and feel I may take liberties without being misunderstood. Apparently I am mistaken. An insult is in the tone, not in the words. Words may appear insulting, but if said with a smile do not insult.

I did not say the morning papers are the chief offenders. The "Herald" and the "Telegraph" do not depend on scare headings, personalities, and "making mountains out of molehills," and they do preserve some of

the dignity of the old journalism, which, of course, the new school would call stogginess.

When the "Sun," having made me appear foolish to its readers, adds the comment that it prefers to believe the reporter rather than me, and when it makes no apology for refusing to print as written my statement, then my readers can easily believe that public men are not without good grounds for their complaints, as far as some of the press are concerned. It is an unpleasant incident which serves to show how it is the public do not get the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

* * *

"The Foreigner" is a semi-HONOR. monthly paper published in New York, the articles being printed

both in English and Hungarian. In the issue of November 15 last an article, under the heading, "Prohibition v. Honor," of liquor-selling" places, it says: "It was in those wretched dens of hateful memory where people were made crippled and idiotic; it was there where the unfortunate dwellers in jails were recruited, where orphans and widows were made, happiness of numberless families were ruined, where the working people became their own traitors, and sold themselves into low bondage, and finally that was the place from whence the foundations of the churches were undermined."

In a really noble plea that Hungarians should observe the Prohibition law the paper says: "How is it possible to reconcile with Hungarian honor, to enjoy the hospitality of a strange land and to violate the most sacred law of the land—its Constitution?"

The writer goes on to say: "If the law of Prohibition would have been inserted into the Constitution for the sole reason to save us Hungarians, Italians and other foreign nationals from becoming perfect brutes, we ought to have one more reason to be eternally grateful to this country for Prohibition, for our sake alone; but it was enacted to save the Americans themselves, to save this excellent, God-blessed people from utter degradation in the twelfth hour, and for this reason we owe a twofold respect and an redoubled loyalty to this great national law."

You might keep this statement and send it to distinguished visitors from Australia to U.S.A., who seem to think little of violating the hospitality of a great nation and treating its Constitution with contempt.

The Editor

GRIT

A JOURNAL OF
NATIONAL EFFICIENCY
AND PROHIBITION

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

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A STUDY IN TRUST.

HOW LEY, UNDER THE WHITE FLAG OF FRIENDSHIP,
PLAYED THE BREWERS' GAME.

(By E.H.T.)

[The following article was written by a prominent man of Sydney; he is not a member of the Alliance Executive or in any way officially connected with the Alliance. This article is so obviously true and accurately sums up the situation that we do not hesitate to publish it.]

Hammond, an entirely sincere parson, manly withal, but of transparent truthfulness, and charitable to a fault . . . Ley, an astute lawyer-politician, bland, saccharine, with a good "poker" face. These two were partners—for a while! Ye cynical gods, give us room to laugh. And then—to weep. The lady Prohibitionist went for a ride on the tiger!

The story of the alleged betrayal of the Prohibition Party by T. J. Ley (Minister in charge of the 1923 Amending Liquor Act) has been fully set forth in the published correspondence between Hammond and Ley. There are facts disclosed in those letters which call for reiteration and emphasis, because Hammond—for reasons best known to himself—has hardly dealt with them. The crux, as disclosed by every letter written by Hammond, is: **The leader of the Prohibition Party was defeated, and because he trusted Ley!** So his party believes. And the ranks of Tuscany Brewery can scarce forbear to cheer. To say the least they too—like Ley—are just one smile, and the smile of the Trade is a sight.

Despite accumulating evidence that the Minister for Justice was not playing the game with those to whom he had given a pledge, Hammond was unwavering in his trust and confidence, and refused to countenance unfriendly criticisms of the Minister's actions. Modestly, in child-like trust, the lady straddles the tiger. Now for the ride!

EARLY EVIDENCE.

On April 10, 1923, Hammond wrote to Ley about the proposed Amending Bill. In the course of the letter Hammond expressed the opinion that his party could not win a referendum, if fought under conditions as laid down in the 1919 Act. That was a reasonable opinion to express, but when Ley first defended his decision to attempt to postpone the referendum until 1928 he misstated Hammond's opinion about the 1919 Act. He said: "Mr. Hammond is of the opinion that the Prohibitionists cannot win if a vote is taken." That was a misconstruction. Hammond never expressed such an opinion, nor thought it. Hapless Hammond, were Ley his only interpreter. He isn't. Let Ley interpret Ley—a bad enough job.

LEY DISCLOSES "CONSCIENCE"—BUT WHAT SORT?

On June 11 Hammond wrote—after a long consultation with Ley—a letter of friendly counsel. He said: ". . . Beware of making enemies of both sides. The friendship of Prohibitionists is yours," and closed the letter with these words following:

"I know perfectly well the powerful and ingenious influences of the liquor interests. I think, however, that they are over-estimated. The one thing that a public man needs to-day is to be fearless, sincere, and fair, and then he will obtain a following, in any crisis prompted by the liquor interests, that will astonish him."

In reply Ley showed his teeth, feline teeth. He indicated his willingness to make a break with Hammond. And this is what Ley wrote:

"I was entirely hurt by the tone of your letter. There is no use hiding that fact. If you had been writing to someone whom you thought was contemplating an attempt to help the liquor people against the Prohibitionists, it would have been justified."

Injured innocence! Sancta simplicitas! Notice the sensitive conscience of this injured politician!

Now Hammond did not even infer that Ley was contemplating an attempt to help the Liquor Party. If Ley had no such intentions, why did he go out of his way to defend himself against an attack which had not been made? It is said, "He that excuses himself accuses himself." Here we have Ley (as early as June 19, 1923) protesting that he was not contemplating assisting the Liquor Party, and he began to protest before any charge was made! Surely such an outburst was born of Ley's own knowledge that he (Ley) was heading for an Act of pledge-breaking. Wicked Hammond—to even appear to engender but one thousandth per cent's. worth of mistrust of Ley! But Hammond was not doing that. Indeed he was full of faith in the attorney-politician, for the incident failed to shake Hammond's confidence in Ley. The next letter shows that. Replying to Ley's unwarranted protests Hammond wrote:

"I have read and re-read my letter of the 11th instant, and am exceedingly sorry that a letter that was conceived only out of friendship for you, and with the strong conviction of your sincerity and your high endeavor, should have conveyed a tone which hurt you."

The faith that moves mountains touched Ley. Just touched. After all, really now, even Ley must say something!

Indeed there was now only one thing for Ley—to apologise (in some way) to Hammond. He did so—note how—by reiterating his objection to the tone of the letter, and (heart-broken) he added "that several of his friends had seen the letter, and they agreed with him that it was written in a tone more suited to an opponent than a friend." But he would, of course, accept Hammond's word that no harm was meant. Magnanimous Mr. Ley. Let us call him Mister for that!

This incident would have been sufficient to shake the faith of any other political leader, it had no visible effect on Hammond's trust of Mr. Ley. You see, Hammond is not used to politicians. His days are spent in ministering to the "down-and-outs" of the Glebe slums. It is remarkable that they are pretty good folks to trust, when they get a square deal or a square meal. But they do not improve your golf in dealing with attorneys and politicians.

LEY SHOWS HIS TEETH.

The next important event was: a confidential copy of the Amending Liquor Bill was sent to Hammond. Also to the Liquor Party. No favors. And this was correct, let us be fair to Ley.

(Continued on next page.)

THE GREAT PICNIC
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23rd

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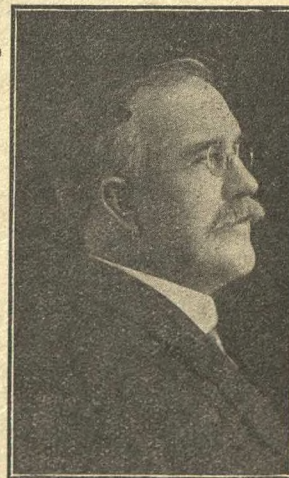
See Page 3.



OUR YOUNG
PEOPLE'S
DEPARTMENT.

Address all correspondence re Bands of Hope, Y.P. Societies, and the "New Day Crusade" to "The Y.P. Dept., N.S.W. Alliance, 321 Pitt-street, Sydney." (Phone, City 8944).

Mr. W. H. Mitchell, Hon. Director of the Young People's Department, N.S. Wales Alliance, is an old and experienced worker in the Temperance Cause of New South Wales. For many years he held the position of G.S.J.W. in the Good Templar Order, as well as that of G. Counsellor and G. Secretary. For the past forty years he has



W. H. MITCHELL,
Hon. Director Y.P. Dept.

held a position as teacher in the Education Department of N.S. Wales, retiring last year. He became a Band of Hope boy at the age of 10 years, a Son of Temperance when 16 years old, and a Good Templar at the age of 22. He is a lifelong fourfold pledger, i.e., he has pledged himself to neither drink, smoke, swear nor gamble. He brings to his office of Director of the "Y.P. Dept." a consecrated heart, a wide and helpful experience among young people, and a burning zeal for his work on behalf of the Temperance Cause amongst the youth of his native State. He asks for the prayerful and financial support and sympathy of all who desire to make New South Wales safe for the children.

The provisions of the Bill were so outrageous and unfair to Prohibitionists that Hammond wrote to Ley: "The proposed Bill is going to raise a storm among our people." This first letter after Hammond had seen a copy of the Bill is indeed a document remarkable for the mildness of its tone, and for the fact that the letter contains no hint of reproach that Mr. Ley was alleged to be proposing, in the words of the Hon. Arthur Griffith, "To sell the State to the brewers for five years, and muzzle the people." The Honorable Arthur, you see, is used to politicians. Observe his politeness!

With a copy of the Bill in his hands Hammond refused to give up his confidence in Ley. The lady proposes to finish her ride.

PROHIBITION CONFERENCE "SPOTS" LEY!

Just before the great Conference of Prohibitionists met (October 1 and 2, 1923) the provisions of the Bill were made public, hence the main business of the Conference centred around the proposed legislation. Following discussion a deputation went from the Conference, with a view to urging Ley to modify certain of the clauses of the Bill. Ley's reply was tantamount to a declaration of war on the Prohibition Party. He said he was responsible for inserting the date "1928," and indicated that he was hostile to any suggestion to bring the date nearer.

The deputation returned to the Conference, and instead of launching an attack on Ley, Hammond appealed to the Conference to withhold adverse criticism. This plea was met with loud cries of lamentation from all over the Conference hall, and resulted in many expressions of disapproval of Hammond's remarks. He is a good apologist for Ley. But he couldn't "put it over" several hundred men of the world.

To this defence of himself Ley replied by attacking Hammond through the columns of the metropolitan press. Even now Hammond refuses to attack Ley, and levelled his criticism at the Government rather than at Ley. "Seventy times seven" he forgives him that! Yet after all Prohibition doesn't belong to Hammond. We of the proletariat aren't riding tigers.

THE NATIONAL CONFERENCE.

Then came the Conference of the National Party which Ley attended and made a defence of his Bill. His speech was notable for two things. One the fact that he used all the threadbare, "spare-the-poor-trader" arguments to bolster up his case, and the other was his attack on Hammond. He went to the length of reading a sentence from a private letter which Hammond had written to him early in the year, and used this sentence, taken from its context, in an attempt to discredit the leader of the Prohibition Party. It was an exhibition of tactics which are rare in our public life. Hammond's friends pressed around him, uttering protests against the unsportsmanlike tactics of Ley. He refused to utter one word of protest, and expressed the opinion that it was still possible that Ley would prove true to his pledge. Surely the mountain begins to move into the sea! Was ever such faith found in Israel?

THE UNITED STATEMENT.

Before touching on the facts relating to the issuing of the "United Statement" one should not overlook that from the time of the Prohibition Conference onward Ley conducted a vigorous gas campaign against Hammond. At any society which would receive him he attended and defended his Bill. While Ley was thus engaged Hammond was exploring likely avenues in an attempt to find a solution of the problem and to make an easy way out for Ley. In the meantime public opinion was asserting itself. Ley admits he was being inundated with letters and telegrams, charging him with pledge-breaking. These protests, at last frightened Ley. They spelt votes to be lost at the next election, and his political soul cried for help. He turned to Hammond, and (in effect) said, "For the sake of my political life do something to put me right with your people." This Hammond attempted to do. A conference of the leaders of the Temperance Party was called by Hammond, and the now historic "United Statement" was issued. That statement represents the final and most disastrous phase of Hammond's trust in Ley. The facts were:

Ley promised to "speed up" the work of the Licensing Reduction Board, and thus bring the date of the referendum "very much nearer." This promise was accepted in all good faith by Hammond, and the statement of compromise was drawn up and issued. Hammond was so persistent in his trust in Ley that he agreed to the issuing of the United Appeal (which in reality was an attempt to rehabilitate Ley in the eyes of Prohibitionists) without obtaining from Ley his written promise to bring the date of the referendum nearer. Hammond relied on Ley's word. The result was, when the Bill was brought down to the House Ley attempted to use the United Statement as a weapon of defence, repudiated his promise to definitely speed up the Licensing Reduction Board, and used the statement—by inference—as evidence of the acceptance by Prohibitionists of his proposals.

THE LAST WORD, AND THE END OF THE RIDE.

This comment is necessarily brief, but it is accurate. If space permitted there are many brazenings which might be commented on. This cannot now be done except to mention the last letter Hammond wrote to Ley. In this Hammond expresses his sorrow at a trust betrayed. We quote from the letter:

"Dear Mr. Ley,—The saddest and most humiliating experience of my life is the fact that I have so evidently failed to win your confidence and to make myself understood to you. It is pitiable that two of us, both deeply convinced that we have only one aim, equally claiming to be transparently sincere, and trying to be explicit, should yet leave wrong impressions. . . . However, you may misunderstand my conversations. The fact remains that my correspondence has been consistent in its disapproval of the Bill, which I have without wavering declared to afford a major protection to the Trade and a minimum advantage to the Prohibitionists.

"On this it seems we long ago had to agree to differ, which I, of course, would not have done but for the fact that I have always considered you to be something more than a Prohibitionist—a personal friend. I could not fight you as I would have done any Minister hostile to Prohibition and unfriendly to me. My judgment of your views has always been warped by my very deep regard for you personally.—Yours sincerely,

"ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND."

"Deep regard!" How come? To forgive like this hints of the Superman. But R.B.S.H. can be assured that, as for the Alliance, its "deep regard" for Dear Mr. Ley is permanently short-circuited.

(Continued on page 15).

PRISONERS' REFORM.

It is a startling fact that over 40 per cent. of the inmates of our prisons are virtually illiterate, while another 40 per cent. have never received more than a fourth-grade education. Assuming, then, as we safely may, that lack of education is a primary and outstanding cause of crime, do our present prison systems mitigate or enhance its toxic power? Will merely locking a man in a desolate, cramped cell for a given period of time overcome the cause of his downfall, or will he return to the world, at the expiration of his sentence, under even greater handicaps than before? If the cause is still allowed to remain, is it not logical to presume that it will again bring forth effects in a recommitment of crime? And if we permit such a catastrophe to take place, who is to blame—the criminal relapsing into crime, or society, which has stood idly by and permitted selfish officialdom to bamboozle it by studiously misleading statements?

In our prisons there is not enough genuine employment for half of our prison population. Tow men are doing one man's job, and

THE GREAT PICNIC SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23rd

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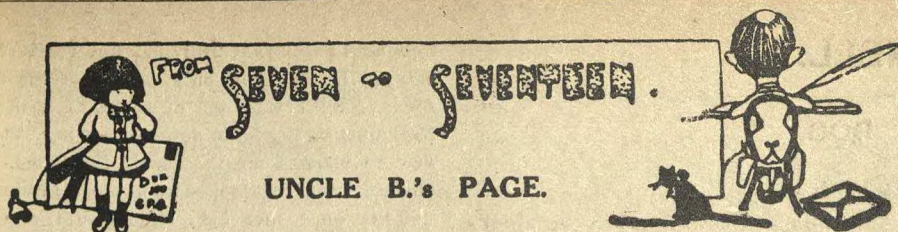
The Biggest, Brightest and Best
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See Page 3.

even then there are hundreds for whom there is nothing to do. Day in and day out, month in and month out, during 40 hours in each week, they sit in idleness deteriorating mentally, morally, physically and every other way, simply awaiting the date set by the Court for their return to the world at large; and naturally judges find the same criminals coming before them again and again. What would be our opinion of a business man who knowingly permitted leakage in his business to eat up not only the profits, but invested capital as well? Just as long as we allow the cause of crime to remain, we must expect it to bring forth the effect in the recommitment of crime; and then we must continue to foot the bill.

The writer has combed the prison systems of the world for ideas, and after the most anxiously searching studies recommends the adoption of the principle upon which the correspondence schools conduct the tuition of their pupils. The Discharged Prisoners' Aid Association, in every State where it exists, should cease as such, and register itself as a non-profit educational institution. There should then be a Board of Trustees to handle the affairs of the Intra-wall Correspondence School. During pre-war days something of this sort was suggested to Mr. David Hall, then in charge of the Justice Department of New South Wales; but presumably

(Continued on page 15.)



UNCLE B.'s PAGE.

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 390 G.P.O., Sydney.

WHAT GOD CAN'T DO.

Did you know that there are things God can't do? You have been told that God is Almighty, that God can do miracles, that "with Him all things are possible." All this is happily true. Yet there are things God cannot do. God cannot tell a lie. Numbers, chap. 23, verse 19. God cannot break a promise, Heb., chapter 6, verse 18. God says He will not remember what He forgives. God cannot hear the prayers. Isaiah, chapter 1, verse 15. There are some texts to look up, and some good things to remember. I wonder do you know of anything else God cannot do?

UNCLE B.

OUR LETTER BAG.

Hope Henry, "Eastwood," Wallendbeen, writes: I think it is about time I wrote to you again. I have been sick with the measles lately, but I am getting better now. Are you having hot weather down in Sydney, Uncle? We have had it hot all last week, but to-night it clouded over, so we are having a nice cool evening now, which is very acceptable at present. All the farmers around have their hay cut now, and most of them have started to stack it. The crops around this part are all late this year. Any other year the farmers would have started harvesting by Christmas. I don't think many will be started this year. Our garden is looking nice now, but I suppose it will be very dry by the end of the summer. We have some nice pumpkins and water melons to get ripe, also some peanuts, which we tried this year to see how they would grow, and they are growing nicely now. Do you like peanuts, Uncle? I do. After church this afternoon Rev. Danks, our minister, presented Miss Morrow, the organist, and a Sunday school teacher, with a tea and coffee service from the Sunday School and congregation of the Cullinga Church, for her good work in the church and Sunday School. Miss Morrow is to be married shortly, and is going to live in New Zealand. The Department of Education built two new rooms on to the Cootamundra High School, and our class, second year, was a lucky one to gain one of them. I think we are still going to keep it next year, when we are in third year.

(Dear Hope.—You make my mouth water

when you write of those melons. Do you scratch your friends' names on some of them?—Uncle B.)

ONLY FIVE YEARS OLD.

A wee little Ni, when only five years old, said a very funny thing. She called to her father and mother to come and see the caterpillar and three baby Kittenpillars on the grape vine.

WHAT FATHER XMAS DID.

Elsie Crawford, Uralba Road, Alstonville, writes: It is the school holidays now. Santa Claus brought me a celluloid doll and some lollies and nuts, and a water pistol. Vera got the same, only she got a little celluloid doll instead of the water pistol. Father has a globe of the world. We had a Xmas Tree on the 20th of December. I got a handkerchief off it; Vera got two handkerchiefs off it, and mother got a little flower vase off it. The baby is 10 weeks old, and it weighs 17 lbs. The baby got a rattle and a little doll from Santa Claus. I got a pencil and book for Xmas, and two handkerchiefs and two stockings and a book and a pair of garters. The baby got two cakes of soap, and mother and father got a Xmas cake. I won't tell you what Vera got, because she will tell you when she writes again.

(Dear Elsie,—I am glad Father Xmas remembered you. He was kind to me this year, very kind, and made up for not knowing my travel address last year.—Uncle B.)

A NEW NI.

Hazel Crawford, Moomoombin, Alstonville, writes: I would like to be your Ni, please. I would like to join your large family, but I have not yet. This is the first time I have written to you. I'm eight years old now, and my birthday is on the 5th of August. I am in second class at school, and I hope to be promoted into third class after the holidays. We are learning to swim now. How much did you get out of the plum pudding? I got one shilling.

(Dear Hazel,—Glad you have joined my family, and hope you will never be a scallywag. I think I am like the boy who got nothing out of the plum pudding but a pain under his belt. I wonder what you did with your shilling?—Uncle B.)

PRIZES AND PLUM PUDDING.

Ruth Crawford, Moomoombin, Alstonville, writes: I saw my first letter in "Grit," and I think I will cut it out and keep it, as it is my first letter. Thank you for offering the mosquitoets, but I don't think we need any more. Uncle, did you get anything out of the Xmas pudding? I got threepence. Hazel is writing to you. We went to Ballina the day after Boxing Day, and to Brunswick Heads on New Year's Day. Some cousins

went to Brunswick Heads, too. Hazel and I are learning to swim. We had lovely storms and soaking showers here lately. Do you like writing letters, Uncle? I always like reading the letters on our page; they seem really nice. I think all boys and girls belonging to the large family write interesting letters. We have to draw a hen with some chickens for our teacher at Sunday School. We have to draw a hawk after the chicks. We have to put a text suitable for the picture. I didn't tell you I passed the exam. to be promoted to sixth class. I got second prize at Sunday School, and received a nice book.

(Dear Ruth,—Am glad you won a prize and got threepence out of the pudding, and did not swallow it. Hope you had a nice birthday on the 22nd. Be sure and tell me about it.—Uncle B.)

CAME TOP.

Edna Eslick, "Poplar Grove," Spring Hill, writes: I would like you to accept me as one of your Ni's. I am fourteen years of age, and my birthday is on September 27. I like reading pages 11 and 12 very much. My sister writes to "Grit," and so I thought I would like to write. I came top in the school the last examination we had. My prize was a book called, "Possum," written by Mary Grant Bruce. It is very nice. I love reading. Do you, Uncle? I am sure you must, judging by the letters you receive.

(Dear Edna,—Very welcome to my family. I think I have more prize-winners in my big family than anyone else in the world has. I am proud of you all. You say you "came top"; I think you "climbed on top."—(Uncle B.)

AN INVITATION.

Tom Cundy, Wattle Dale, writes: Just a few lines to let you know I haven't forgotten you. Please cross my name off that black list, for I am sure I am on it. How did you spend Xmas? We have great fun chasing hares up here. You had better come up and spend a week at it, I think. Our cat often brings one home to her kitten. We had one and we gave it to our auntie and it died.

(Dear Tom,—Thank you for the invitation to chase hares, but I am tired of chasing hairs. I chase them with a brush every day, and they have nearly all run away from me.—Uncle B.)

A NEW HOUSE.

Ella McNally, Moleton, via Coramba, writes: I suppose I am on the black list; if so, will you please cross my name off? We are having some rain, which is making the grass look fresh. It has been raining for about two days. We had some friends up to see us, but they only stopped here a week. Well, Uncle, it will soon be Christmas. We have a new house. It has four rooms and a kitchen.

(Dear Ella,—I think you will have a nice time making your "house" into a "home." It would be a good thing to ask your minister, next time he calls, to go into each room and say a prayer in it.—(Uncle B.)

BILL AND NELL.

A MAN AND A DOG.

(By BILL'S FRIEND, JACK.)

This little story starts like the human race, with a man, Bill. His pals say Bill is a real good fellow when he holds the money. He pays out alright; he is no Jimmy Woodser.

Drunk or sober Bill has a smile; he is always gracious in manner, even to gentleness. See him sit down to the piano, as he often does at the men's meetings conducted by the Rev. Hammond. Yes, he can play some, although to look at his ragged clothes you would think a mouthorgan more in his line. Bill's been pretty dull the last few weeks, and he has every reason to be. He has lost his great pal. She no longer is to be seen with him, although Bill has the receipt for her skin in his waistcoat pocket. When he gets an extra fit of the blues he just gets that little bit of paper out, and tears come to his eyes when he reads the following:

ONE SKIN FOX TERRIER DOG. FOR TANNING, 7/6.

Those brutal, hard words stand out in heavy black type; they mean much to Bill. The skin mentioned in the receipt is all that is left of one of the most faithful friends a man ever had. I hope to give Bill's story next week, or rather the part of it lived before he met Nell.

The meeting of pals often comes in unusual ways. Bill and Nell's meeting was most unusual. Someone had to take her—or death. It happened this way.

A CHANCE MEETING.

A baker going his rounds at North Sydney called at a house where a litter of pups had recently arrived; they did not want all of them, so picking the best they made preparations to drown the rest. Nell was amongst them. The baker said, "I believe there's a chap on my run that would be glad of a dog; he's a pretty lonely chap camped in the scrub, a fellow who's been a gentleman once, in a tent now, and grubbing out trees. I'll take one." Then the critical moment came. Looking down at the three pups, he picked Nell—a great reprieve, which meant thirteen years of true sweet friendship between a man and a dog.

NELL ARRIVES AT THE CAMP.

Jolting over the ruts the poor little pup gave many a squeal. At last at the camp. Bill was waiting for bread, leaning on the rails. "I'll take two loaves to-day." "Right oh." The two loaves were handed to Bill, then the baker brought out the pup. "Could you do with it," said he. Bill, thinking of his lonely camp, decided he could. The pup was put in a box, and a friendship was started that only ended recently with the death of Nell.

"We've pulled together now for thirteen years, and it don't seem a day too long."

Albert Chevalier sang the above lines in his love song to His Old Dutch; and that's

how Bill thinks about it when he thinks of Nell.

I have known the two most of the period they were together. I have seen Bill staggering along drunk, Nell at his feet, one eye on Bill, one on the crowd. If a policeman came along Nell moved to the front. If Bill fell she let them move him to a place of safety, then stood guard. No policeman would interfere. She shared his sorrows and his joys—all but one joy. She would never touch Bill's beer. Bill never asked her, for Bill was honest enough to keep her out of this great trouble, although she must have suffered indirectly. I could tell hundreds of stories about Nell's love, but the following to my mind is the best:

BILL TAKES BAD.

Bill and Nell often had to take to the park seat. I met them one day seated on Bill's favorite seat. "What's up, Bill?" I said.

THE GREAT PICNIC SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23rd

Get Your Tickets Early.

The Biggest, Brightest and Best
Picnic Ever Held.

See Page 3.

"I don't know, Jack, but I have to go into hospital to-morrow." Three days after I passed through Hyde Park. A bit of a crowd stood around the seat I had recently seen Bill sitting on. Mr. Mankey, the park ranger, rubbed his chin a bit harder than usual. The little crowd of park habits were faced with a problem. One old chap put it this way: "Nell's off her grub; I've brought her beautiful grub—chicken's bones; but darn me if she'll look at them." I looked under the seat. There was Nell. Bones of all kinds were round her, but not the slightest movement was in her body.

NELL GETS SEPARATED FROM BILL.

I remembered Bill had to go to hospital. Bill, as usual, accompanied by Nell, arrived at the institution, but although Bill protested Nell was torn from his side, or heels. For hours the attendants battled with heavy broom handles. They cracked her again and again, inflicting brutal scars on her body. She at last gave up the fight, and wended her way along Macquarie-street. She turned into Hyde Park, her home; to Bill's favorite seat she went, and there for days she camped, ignoring food and water. I found her.

THE PARSON'S BACKYARD.

I look on it as a great honor that I was one of Nell's very small circle of friends.

Nell could tell that Bill had not received a fair deal. She had only a wag of the tail, for a few; I was one of them. I spoke to Nell, putting my hand down to pat her. Those around warned me that some had tried, but she bit them. She looked up at me. I gradually got her on to her feet. She would go with me, then run back. For two hours I coaxed her. At last into the city streets she went. I took her to the one place open to her, Parson Hammond's Rectory, where she and her man had often sheltered. Every pub we passed on that trip Nell entered, not to drink, for she is a Prohibitionist, but to see if by chance her man was there. Nell kept at the Parson's home. I told Bill where she was. He could not write. I was afraid to bring Nell to see him. Bill eventually left the hospital. He went straight to Nell. The friendship was renewed, only ending in death. I doubt if Bill will take another dog. I feel he will be satisfied with her dog spirit hovering around him. Then there is the skin soon to come to him, a white dog's skin if ever there was one. I feel sure if there is a dogs' heaven Nell will go there, Bill's shaping up to go to Heaven, too, and the pure friendship of Nell should surely help him.



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DRUNKS ARE DISAPPEARING.**PHILADELPHIA BENEFITS.**

Prohibition, fractionally enforced, has entered Philadelphia a profit of more than 25,000,000 dollars a year, according to the Rev. Dr. Homer W. Tope, State Superintendent of the Pennsylvania Anti-Saloon League.

The number of arrests for drunkenness decreased, he said, 36,604 in the three "dry" years from the number expected had the ratios of the wet years continued, and the "habitual drunkard" disappeared from the police dockets.

There was a decrease of 3600 from the number committed to the House of Correction if the wet years' ratio per 10,000 population had continued.

An actual decrease from 217 deaths from alcoholism in 1917 to thirty-three was reported by the City Board of Health in 1922.

HEAN'S TONIC NERVE NUTS STOP NERVE STRAIN.

After a tiring day's work you're apt to sleep badly. Next day finds you unrefreshed. Give your tired nerves a little help by taking HEAN'S TONIC NERVE NUTS. They'll pull you together and brace you up wonderfully. If they are not yet stocked by your chemist or store, send direct to HEAN'S ESSENCE PROPRIETARY, 265 Elizabeth Street, Sydney. The price is 3/- per box, or six boxes for 17/3. The same medicaments in mixture form would cost about three times as much. Obtainable from most chemists and stores.

VICTORIA ANTI-LIQUOR LEAGUE.**STATE DIRECTOR REQUIRED.**

Applications are invited from gentlemen competent to fill the position of State Director of the Victorian Anti-Liquor League, as from 1st May, 1924.

Qualifications necessary: Public Speaker, accustomed to conduct religious services, Administrator, Financial Organiser, Literary Gifts.

Applicants should state full qualifications, age, salary required, and furnish copies of references.

Applications endorsed "State Director's Appointment," to be addressed to the President, Victorian Anti-Liquor League, P.O., Box 53, G.P.O., Melbourne, and must be received not later than February 29th.

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A Genuine Sale of Real Reductions in Every Department.

EVERYTHING REDUCED
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Showroom Bargains

G.M.4.—Ladies' Plain Crepe Kimonos, full sizes, best quality, in Navy, V. Rose, Pink, Sky, Brown, Saxe, or Helio. WORTH 8/11. SALE PRICE 5/6

G.M.7.—Oddments in Ladies' Knitted Wool Coatees, long roll collar, wide basque, fastens with the cord. Women's sizes in Saxe only. USUALLY 15/11. SALE PRICE 7/11

G.M.9.—Ladies' Crash Driving or Motor Coats, in good quality Crash, large collar, full sleeves, length from shoulder to hem, 46, 48, and 50 inches. SALE PRICE 14/11

G.IZ1.—Maids' good quality check or plain Zephyr Frocks, long waist, belt and ends of self, piped with contrasting colors in black, Pink, Saxe, Navy, Red, or Helio. Sizes, 40 to 44 inches long. USUALLY 5/11. SALE PRICE ... 3/11

G.IZ2.—Maids' or Small Women's Linene Frocks, nicely piped with White, long waist, belt, and ends of self, in Green, Brown, or Sand. Lengths, 42 and 45 inch. USUALLY 9/11. SALE PRICE 5/11

G.P.3.—Ladies' Navy Figured Print Coveralls, with plain facings, belt at waist, pocket at side. USUALLY 3/11. SALE PRICE 2/11

G.P.4.—Ladies' Black Sateen Aprons, with facings of floral sateen, large pocket in front, small sizes. USUALLY 2/3. SALE PRICE 1/6

G.P.5.—Ladies' Tussore Silk Bloomers. USUALLY 4/11. SALE PRICE 2/11

G.P.6.—Ladies' Longcloth Nights, embroidered front. USUALLY 3/11. SALE PRICE 2/11

G.Q.7.—Ladies' Ribbed Cotton Vests. USUALLY 1/6. SALE PRICE 1/-

G.Q.8.—Ladies' Fine Ribbed Cotton Vests, sleeveless, fancy front. USUALLY 1/11. SALE PRICE 1/6

G.Q.9.—Infants' and Little Girls' Colored Linene Frocks, scalloped neck and sleeves, in Brown, Pink, V. Rose, or Sky. USUALLY 3/6. SALE PRICE 1/11

G.Q.10.—Infants' White Voile Frocks, trimmed Val. insertion, 18-inch only. USUALLY 3/6. SALE PRICE 2/6

G.R.11.—Ladies' D. and A. Corsets, in strong White Coutil, low bust, long skirt, 4 suspenders, rustproof. Size, 22 to 32 inch. USUALLY 11/11. SALE PRICE .8/11

G.R.12.—Ladies' D. and A. Corsets in good White Coutil; very low bust, long skirt, four suspenders. Sizes 20 to 22 inch. USUALLY 5/11. SALE PRICE 2/11

G.R.13.—Berlei Brassieres, in good tested calico. Sizes, 34 to 42in. SALE PRICE 1/6

G.14.—White Washing Elastic, 3-in. wide. SPECIAL SALE PRICE, 6 YARDS FOR 7½d.

G.B.X.15.—Ladies' Traced Longcloth Nights, 3 yds. in each, ready for making. SPECIAL SALE PRICE 1/11

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DAILY INSPIRATION.

By FAIRELIE THORNTON.

SUNDAY.

"Ye know that your labor is not in vain in the Lord."

I know not whither they go,
The issues I may not see.
I only know that He bids me sow
The seeds that He gives to me.

And His word can never lie,
Though all else shall pass away.
And no seed shall die, in the by and by;
I shall find them all one day.

Not mine the results to know.
I must walk by faith, not sight.
But this truth I know, that each seed I sow
Shall again be brought to light.

MONDAY.

"Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters."
—Isa., 32, 20.

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."
—Ps., 126, 5.

"In the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand."—Eccl., 11, 6.

"Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap."—Gal., 6, 7.

"I have seen they that plow iniquity and sow wickedness reap the same."—Job., 4, 8.

TUESDAY.

"He that soweth to the flesh shall of the flesh reap corruption."—Gal., 6, 8.

There is nothing more unalterable than the laws of cause and effect. God is not going to work a miracle to alter the laws of nature, nor to prevent certain consequences following man's actions. Sow thorns, and thorns will spring up, and not grapes. Good seed brings forth good seed, as we all know. Yet in the moral and spiritual realm man blames his Creator if ill consequences follow his ill actions. "Nemo me impune lacessit." "No one shall provoke me with impunity," Nature says to all. What more reasonable law could God have made than this? Day by day we are either sowing to the flesh or the spirit. These are contrary the one to the other. Our hearts are the gardens in which we are sowing either weeds or flowers, and many of the ill weeds, will be wafted to our neighbors' gardens which are in our own, while if we are planting flowers our example is likely to be followed by those plots nearest. Let us look "diligently, lest there be any root of bitterness" springing up, and thereby many be defiled. Let us sow the plants of righteousness, or rather ask the great Master Gardener to plant them in the garden of our hearts, for these are "trees of His own planting." Then "instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle."

WEDNESDAY.

"To every man his work."—Mark, 13, 34.

"For the son of man is as a man taking a far journey, who left his house and gave authority to His servants, and to every man his work."—Mark, 13, 34. God has given to every man his work—his own work which he can do better than any other, and it is his own fault if he gets into the other people's place instead of his own. Some have managed to get into the wrong groove, and are like the boot on the wrong foot. They do not fit their place, nor their place them. The work of a doctor, lawyer or minister would be misery to many. Every man has a right to be in that sphere for which his inclinations and abilities have fitted him. Our wishes are presentiments of our capabilities,

and if a man have any energy or character he will generally succeed in getting into that sphere. Carlyle says: "Blessed is the man who has found his work." There is no happiness like that of fulfilling our Creator's will by doing the work for which He intended us. All must, or ought, to labor, but each should labor in that occupation to which God has by nature called him.

THURSDAY.

"Every man hath his special gift of God."
—1 Cor., 7, 7.

If all were to write, there'd be no one to read;
If all were to preach, there'd be no souls to feed.

If all were to sell, to buy none would need.
There'd be no one to follow if all were to lead.

Someone must write, and someone must preach,
Someone must sell, and someone must teach.
But one special work is given to each.
Then find out the work within your own reach.

FRIDAY.

"He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied."—Isa. 53, 11.

How often are we dissatisfied with the result of our labors! We say: "Surely I have labored in vain, and spent my strength for nought." Our vision is narrow, we see through a glass darkly. We should be content to go on spreading God's Kingdom, knowing of a surety that we are thus fulfilling His purposes. His Word shall spread, His name become known to the uttermost parts of the earth, and His kingdom come. Let us, then, each strive to have our share in bringing it about, for He has so ordained that it shall be through human instrumentality that it shall be accomplished. He has made us co-workers with Him that we may share in His glory. "He SHALL see of the travail of His soul, and shall be satisfied."

SATURDAY.

"A Little While."—Heb. 10, 37.

"A little while" to sow the seed below,
And then the joy of reaping time to know.
"A little while" and Satan shall be overthrown,
And sin and sorrow shall no more be known.

"A little while" to work for Christ on earth,
And then the land of purer, holier birth.
A little while for Christ to bear the cross,
And then the crown for which all else is dross.

A little while to serve our Lord is given,
And then the bliss and happiness of heaven.
A little while and we our Lord shall see,
"A little while" and then eternity.

—From "The Other Side."

For Supper
INGLIS'
Coffee Essence
Is Delicious

Ask Your Grocer

A WEEK-END COTTAGE CHEAP.

Beautifully situated among the trees on a block of land 60ft. x 300ft. a fibro-cement cottage completely and comfortably furnished, including linen, cutlery, every cooking convenience, six beds, big sleeping-out verandah with blinds, 100 yards from the water, 200 yards from the store and post office.

This cottage is situated at Bayview, 12 miles from Manly. A regular motor service from Narrabeen drops you at the door. For sale, £700.

Can be readily let for £3/3/- a week.
Apply "Taurangi," c/o. Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

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ALL DEPOSITS GUARANTEED BY THE GOVERNMENT.

A Study in Trust—

(Continued from page 10.)

EPITAPH, AND "RESURGAM."

A study of the published correspondence can lead to only one conclusion. Hammond was worsted, humiliated, wounded, broken-hearted, because of his trust in Ley. All through the negotiations Hammond put his cards on the table. He gave to Ley all the information he had, and never attempted to keep anything back. The confidence was accepted by Ley, and, in the end, when he could no longer "keep it up," was used by Ley in his attacks against the leader of the Prohibition Party.

Australian political history does not contain a more flagrant case of a Friend who Trusted. At the moment Ley has got his notorious Brewers' Liquor Act, he retains his position in the Cabinet, and (if rumor is to be believed) is basking in the promise of political promotion. And Hammond is facing the big fight of his life, a fight against tremendous odds, a fight made necessary by Ley's breaking of a pledge. We do not know what the final result will be, but we do know that Ley is a discredited political leader, who may never again be fully trusted by any party. There's a smile on the face of the tiger.

WHO SHALL UNSCRAMBLE THE PROHIBITION EGG.

Prohibitionists, rally! Your leader has been wounded, your cause abandoned—by Ley! And who is Ley? A bubble of politics—pity him, pass on to your work. Great causes have oft had weak and faltering friends like this poor Minister. By energy, enthusiasm, cash, faith, support the knightly leader, who, often alone, and amid a thousand foes, steadily presses forward. He never needed you so much as now, did Hammond. And never did that clear, courageous, chivalrous heart show itself more worthy of you than in the hour when Ley forsook him and fled.

Frederick J. Haskin, syndicate writer, says that reports from Great Britain show that business in precious stones in the United States is looking up, one of the reasons assigned being Prohibition. For years, says the report, the United States, which has been

drying up gradually, has been the world's largest user of diamonds, and since the Prohibition amendment went into effect the trade has become even larger, until now it has reached proportions which no other country seems able to reach.



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BOND'S SYLK - ARTO HOSIERY

Made in Australia by GEO. A. BOND & CO. LTD.

Prisoners' Reform—

(Continued from page 10.)

the then reigning penal experts ridiculed the idea out of court. But ridicule or no, there are thousands of potential students who should be encouraged to take such courses; and the appointment of an inspector of schools as head of the Victorian Penal Department gives hope that in one State at least the right thing may be done at last with these people. Give them the necessary textbooks, pencils, paper and other requirements; let each receive once a week a set of questions which he will answer in writing, during the following week. These papers will be collected, corrected, graded and returned. Most of the work can be done by prisoner inmates, under the supervision of the appointed Correspondence School. Each prisoner might be required to spend at least two or three hours every evening on the study he is undertaking. This could be done in the quiet of the cells, after lock-up hour and before the lights are extinguished at 9

**THE GREAT PICNIC
SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 23rd**

Get Your Tickets Early.

**The Biggest, Brightest and Best
Picnic Ever Held.**

See Page 3.

p.m. It is a plan of reformation available elsewhere.

An extract from the "Daily Mail," (London) reads:

A young man who had started on a criminal career will to-day re-enter the ranks of the workers with greater attainments for earning an honest living than when he was committed to prison. He is one of the first to benefit by the system of teaching installed in prisons by the correspondence schools. By the instructions of the Home Office the system is to be more widely adopted under arrangements.

The young man had served 18 months in prison. He was a lad of decent family who was apprenticed for three years as a fitter. Afterwards he was fitter's improver for two and a half years. Then he committed his fault. This was his story:

At first I did not care. I did nothing except routine, and used to occupy spare time in the evenings by doing odd jobs "outside," as we called it—that is, for the officers and others. I had no intention of being more than a fitter, and was not interested in anything for some months.

I was told about the correspondence lessons and asked to see what they were. The whole arrangement was explained to me, and I thought I would try if there was anything in it. I said I should like to learn something that would assist me in my trade, and the first of the lessons was sent to me. They began with simple arithmetic—much more simple than I knew when I left the Board School. I found the lessons wonderfully interesting, though I was not good at my books before I came to prison. I went through a regular course of mechanics and

(Continued on next page.)

mechanical drawing, and began to put in as much as 14 to 15 hours' study each week, always at night when work was done.

I did the exercises sent and had them returned corrected. Everyone was sympathetic, but I had to do the lessons without assistance—quite by myself. In all probability I should have learned none of these things in other circumstances.

Before this I could work to a rough drawing, but not to scale. Now I can work to scale and make my own drawings.

Besides giving me instruction, the schools have found me a job, in which I hope to make a fresh start. I was taken by one of the officials of the schools to an employer, and the first question I was asked was: "Can you work to and read a working drawing?" Upon saying that I could do so, thanks to the tuition which I have received, I was told I would be sent for straight away to start work.

This happened in conservative England; and now in several of the States in America the correspondence schools are working wonderfully well. But in spite of such clearly-demonstrated good results, here in Australia

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See Page 3.

we are doing nothing to really improve the mind of the prisoner.

Considering it only from a pounds, shillings and pence standpoint, balancing the cost of maintenance of a convicted felon against his possible earning capacity if he were free and making an honest living, this constructive work might mean hundreds of thousands of pounds a year gained. Estimating an average earning capacity of but £200 per year, and averaging the cost of prison maintenance at £50 (not considering the other branches of law-enforcement and crime detection), we have a dead loss of £250 per year whenever a man is jailed. Are we doing all we might to save that loss?

Over 10,000 men are to-day incarcerated in prisons of the Commonwealth. A vast majority of them are not criminals at heart; they are simply unfortunates. Whether they will leave our prisons as men or criminals is for us to decide. They are begging a chance to gird themselves with the mental and moral strength that will save them from further trouble. Australia should not turn a deaf ear to their entreaties, but make it possible for them to climb into the sunlight, where their impulses for a better life will be given an opportunity to develop.—A.D.

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