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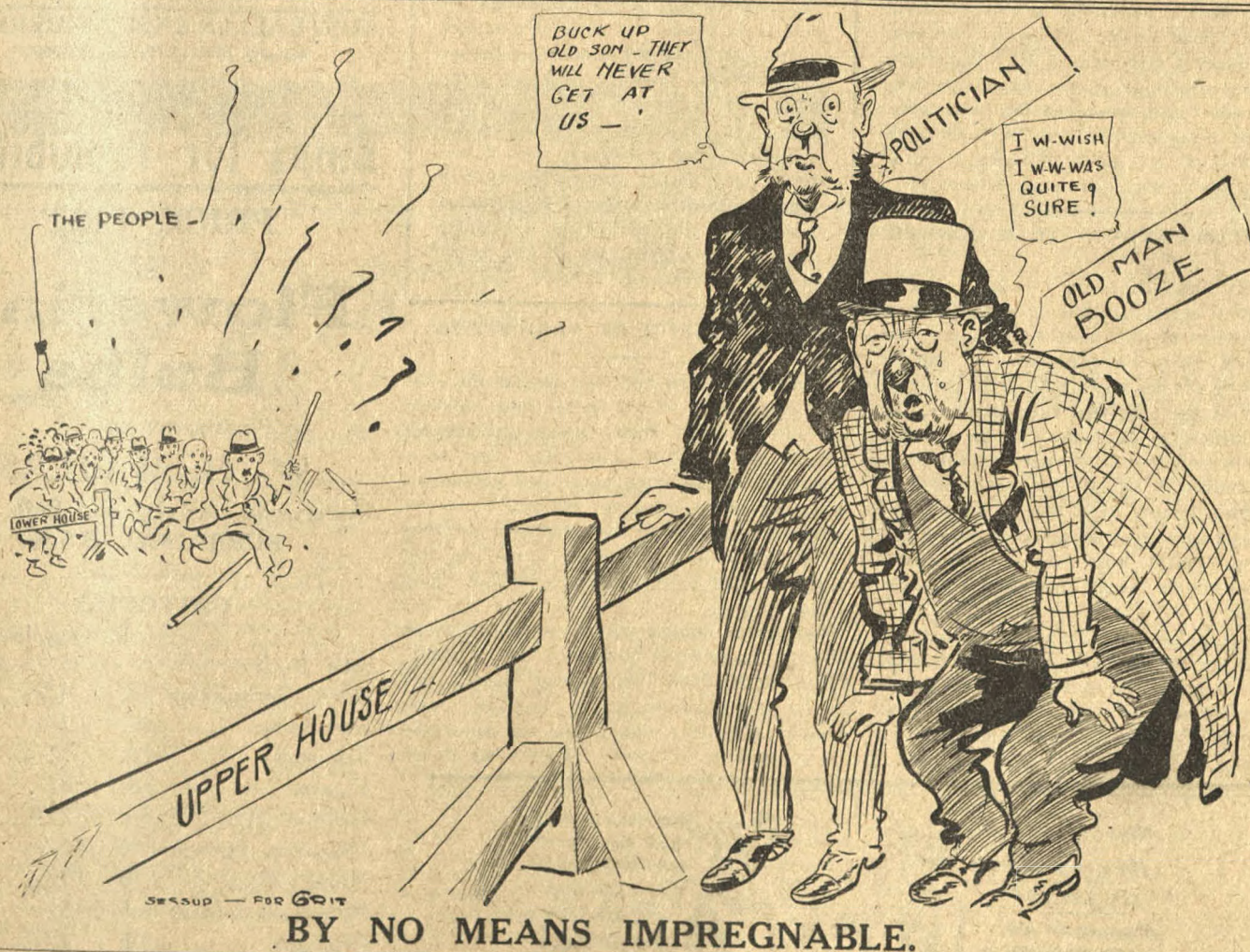


A JOURNAL OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY AND PROHIBITION

Vol. XVIII. No. 44. Twopence.

SYDNEY, JANUARY 15, 1925.

Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney, or transmission by post as a newspaper.



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HOW PROHIBITION WORKS.

FROM THE DAILY PRESS.

The United States is the only large nation with no unemployment problem. The month of February, 1924, shows 52 manufacturing industries, representing 8222 firms, had increased their employees, and were paying 5.4 per cent. per capita more wages.

Richard Boeckel, Labor economist, estimates the savings of workingmen, due to Prohibition, at 1,000,000,000 dollars per year, and says there are 15 Labor banks in successful operation in the United States. He predicts that there will be 100,000,000 dollars in 50 such banks at an early date.

It is estimated that there are 250,000 fewer industrial accidents each year as a result of Prohibition than when we had 177,790 saloons in operation before the Eighteenth Amendment went into effect.

Expenditures for charity have been reduced so that various philanthropic agencies estimate that 74,000,000 dollars formerly required to take care of poverty is now used for free dental work for school children, fresh-air funds, pre-natal care of mothers, district nursing associations, etc. The whole experience of economic agencies shows Prohibition has vastly improved the living conditions of wage earners, and has especially helped women and given children a better chance.—News item, "National Advocate."

NOTORIOUS BREWERY TO BE JUNKED.

The National Products Company, which the United States District Attorney claims was the heart of the whole Hamtramck beer conspiracy, is to be definitely put out of business by the destruction of all its personal property at the old West Side Brewery, the second largest in Michigan. Judge Charles C. Simons issued an order requiring the marshal to convert it all into junk and sell it as such within twenty days. He also holds the three partners in the concern, Hans W. Haveman, Albert Ross, and Andrew Freiman, responsible for all the costs of the destruction.

It is estimated that the value of the property to be destroyed is much over 50,000 dollars. It is alleged that the owners of the National Products Company have been habitual law-breakers.—News item, "Detroit Free Press."

Prior to Prohibition there were 275 institutions in the United States for the treatment of alcoholics; now there are 51. Formerly there were 50 Keely and 62 Neal institutes; now there are 12 Keely and two Neal institutes for the care of such addicts.

"PERSONAL LIBERTY."

The following paragraph appeared as the editorial in "World's Work" for July, 1924:

"Of course, if the fact is once demonstrated that alcohol is a great physical evil and a standing menace to the effective social organisation, all discussion of 'personal liberty' has no meaning, for one of the most fundamental principles of organised society is that it has the right to invade 'personal liberty' when the safety or general improvement of the community itself is at stake. If alcohol destroys physical and mental vitality, decreases resistance to disease, increases poverty and ignorance, and stimulates vice and crime, then the State has the same right to prohibit it that it has to prohibit heroin and cocaine. It is merely another exercise of police power—the power which the State uses for the protection of the community as a whole."

SOME BENEFITS OF PROHIBITION.

"Prohibition has not only repaid the cost of enforcement; it has more than replaced the lost revenue from liquor licenses by stimulating legitimate business. Just as a workman can produce more and save more when he stops drinking, so can a nation. The taxes paid from the increased productivity of industry resulting from the dry law far exceed any possible revenue from liquor license.

"Prohibition alone did not make the coast guard appropriation necessary. If the Eighteenth Amendment had never passed, we would still have needed to equip the coast guard. Narcotics and aliens are smuggled into America. Without an efficient guard

we could not keep these out. Liquor is not the only thing profitably smuggled.

"There is infinitely less drinking now than before Prohibition. Certain groups may be drinking more, but they are small in comparative numbers. As a general national proposition the claim is absurd. The good order obtaining at all large gatherings during the last year is proof of the decreased use of beverage liquor. Our streets are practically free from drunks. Anyone can see that. Prohibition has shown itself as a means of pronounced public betterment and unquestioned economic value to the nation. In the place of the saloon have arisen legitimate business houses. Crime has decreased. The Census Bureau reports that there are fewer paupers in the almshouses to-day than in twenty years. Money formerly spent for drink is now put in the savings banks. Alcoholic insanity is at a low ebb. In many States inebriate hospitals have been closed for lack of inmates. When liquor was plentiful, crime, poverty and insanity menaced the nation. All of these have gone out to a marked degree with the tide of booze."—Commissioner Haynes.

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ALCOHOL AND JOY.

THE EFFECT OF ALCOHOL.

(By Dr. C. W. SALEEBY.)

"Youth" said Goethe, "is drunkenness without wine." He meant that without artificial means youth has the "organic sense of well-being," the *joie de vivre*, the euphoria, as modern science calls it, which alone makes life worth living. If we have it, nothing else matters—we "don't care if it snows"; if we are without it, millions and titles and fame and power are mud in the mouth.

Since time began, the one and only reason for which men have swallowed alcohol—or any other drug of its class—is to promote euphoria. Youth has a larger natural share of this one boon than maturity or age—which would fain be young again. Races and individuals vary. The Scot is an introvert, strongly inhibited, cautious, immobile; "Let us see what it is," said Dr. Johnson, sampling whisky, "that makes a Scotsman happy." The negro is a grown-up child, an extravert, intensely mobile, expressive, naturally "jolly" and even "elevated." Other things being equal, health has euphoria, or indeed there is no health in it;

joyed entirely uproarious and hilarious banquets which were non-alcoholic—with those who were missing nothing. The parallels of the smoker and the morphino-maniac and so forth are obvious. Regarding certain medicinal uses of alcohol, I purposely refrain from comment, because his references to them are interpolated, and he soon returns to his main theme, which is absolutely fundamental, and also because the reader may very usefully be referred to the special alcohol number of a great medical journal, where he will find a new and fascinating medical symposium on the subject; together with at any rate one definite commendation for alcohol in medicine—as a means of euthanasia in incurable cancer, according to Sir Humphry Rolleston, the President of the Royal College of Physicians. But our concern here is with the relation of alcohol to the joy of life.

Some dangers must be recognised and perhaps some fallacies. Since the admitted calamities of alcoholism begin with moderate drinking, and since no one will show us

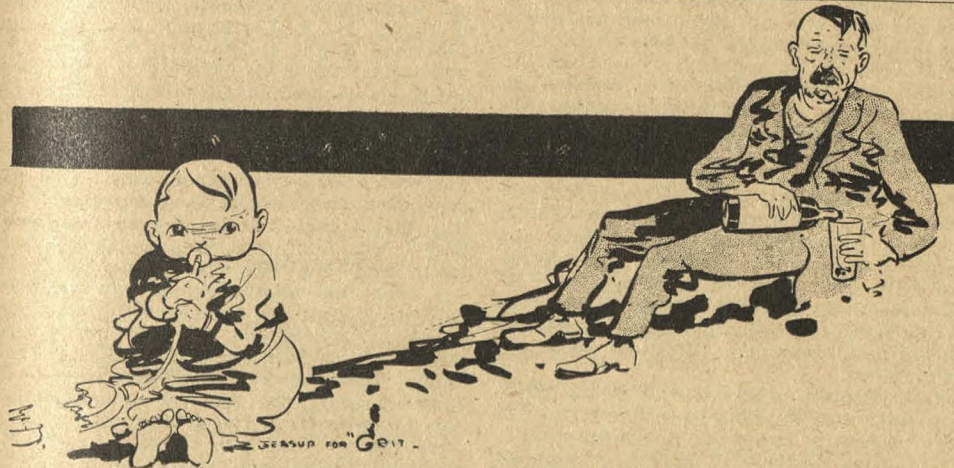
phorias, only enviable on very short views. The consumptive usually has what the old writers called the "*spes phthisica*"; it scarcely fails him until his feet begin to swell. It is toxic. The victim of cerebral syphilis, now the subject of general paralysis of the insane, thinks himself to be God Almighty or Mr. Rockefeller or an inspired and worshipped poet, and goes to his ghastly and certain fate happier than any king. His euphoria is toxic; no less toxic than the unapproachably horrible dysphoria produced by alcohol itself when its action has been pushed and delirium tremens is "the end thereof." I respectfully submit that a great clinician like Sir Arbuthnot must surely prefer the euphoria of radiant, bubbling youth and health, including the health of those no longer young in years, who illustrate in the best sense the Greek saying that "whom the gods love die young," to the factitious, temporary and so costly euphoria induced by alcohol, the toxin of yeast, or by the toxins of the tubercle bacillus or the parasite of syphilis.

But, after all, Sir Arbuthnot Lane does follow his own teaching to its conclusions, for in his last paragraph he speedily forgets alcohol altogether and asks that our young people should be taught the laws of life. That way real euphoria lies. Already he has indicated the "general mental depression that is so intimately associated with civilisation because of the impaired digestion of the community"—though he might properly have added that alcohol itself is responsible for an immense amount of chronic indigestion. He has indicted, also, "the miserably drab surroundings of the individual"; and rightly so. Who would not want alcohol in the erstwhile Royal Mile of Edinburgh, where I first encountered its ultimately hideous results? And who does not see the force of the argument that "to get drunk is the shortest way out of Manchester"? But Sir Arbuthnot, who knows America—and heartily approved my amateur provision of non-alcoholic entertainment on the boat coming home in 1919—will agree that there would be no sense in talking about the shortest way out of the superb new cities that Scotsmen build in Canada, or out of Florence or Venice or Naples or any other sunlit Mediterranean city. We must learn and apply the laws of life; we must investigate more thoroughly that superlative subject, the Springs of Joy; and when we all have sunlit blood and clean bowels we shall perchance retain the open secret of childhood, which is how to be sober and jolly too.

Death to killjoys! And death, accordingly, in my view, to alcohol, as, in the end thereof, the greatest killjoy upon earth. And life to all means of life—light and food and water and air and exercise and music and everything that makes us gay, but is not a "mockery," as the Semitic sage knew alcohol to be. No city stays "miserably drab" that renounces alcohol and spends its money on these non-mockers.

O. Henry knew all about it, like Shakespeare and Goethe—and old Epicurus, too, who loved life and said "Water is best." The American writer's "Rubaiyat of a Scotch Highball" suffices. But, indeed, what of Omar Khayyam himself? His teaching, in the greatest poem ever written on wine, was Sir Arbuthnot's, after all. He begins with praise for wine and its services: "Come, fill the cup"; but he is a philosopher as well as a poet; and he knows that the better way is to take our imperfect civilisation, which makes the cup so welcome, and then "remould it nearer to the heart's desire." That is the task of all who love life and joy to-day, and when it is achieved the "mockery" will be mocked.

PASS "GRIT" ON.



A STUDY IN HOME LIFE.

and disease has dysphoria. The convalescent to whom the euphoria of health is returning knows that this is what alone makes life worth living.

In his usual fashion, Sir Arbuthnot Lane goes to the point in his article on this subject. He believes in and loves and splendidly serves life; and, like all such men, he instinctively hates the killjoys and seizes eagerly for mankind at large whatever will serve joy. He is a great hygienist, but differs in toto from Moses, the first hygienist, of whom it has been said that "Beauty and Joy were not on his programme." It is my privilege to be a friend and, in one field at least, a fellow-worker with Sir Arbuthnot, and, with him, to rejoice in joy; and yet it seems right to accept the editor's invitation to write an article on "the other side" to that which our great surgeon and pathologist has taken. I do so, however, with a gesture of deprecation and homage to my illustrious senior.

In my view, he has incompletely followed the implications of his own most cogent teaching. He wants everybody to be well and happy. Alcohol evidently makes many happy, for a time, under certain conditions, and he therefore champions it, of course under those conditions, against those who abstain from it and counsel others to do likewise. His reference to a banquet where alcohol was lacking proves only what we all know, that deprivation of a customary servant is distressing. In America I have en-

how to prevent moderation from yielding to immoderation in many instances, the sum of misery must be weighed against the sum of joy caused by alcohol. Again, as in the case of all drugs of the type, there are, between doses, the "abstinence" symptoms, as they are technically called, the "dullness" and "apathy," quoted by Sir Arbuthnot, and often ill-temper and indolence. Granted that the moderate drinker has periods of exalted euphoria unknown to me, I am entitled to ask for his euphoria curve, day and night, year in and year out, and to compare it with mine, which indeed is not a curve but a steady line that does not vary in years. I never met a moderate drinker who got anything approaching the continuous and copious joy out of life that I do—but I am a pupil of Sir Arbuthnot Lane (and of my own mother, a doctor's daughter, who knew "what men live by"), and I do not suffer from those causes of morbid dysphoria which he indicates, beyond dispute, as frequent factors that lead men to ask for alcohol.

Again, I venture to distinguish between true or normal euphoria, such as Goethe said youth has—or as Wordsworth noted in the babe leaping up on his mother's arm—and the toxic euphoria caused by alcohol and other intoxicants. The layman may call it mere verbiage to define alcoholic euphoria as toxic, but Sir Arbuthnot knows—better than I do, for he is a great clinician and I am none—that there are other toxic eu-

New South Wales Alliance

Offices—Macdonell House, Pitt Street, Sydney. Cable and Telegraphic Address: Dry, Sydney.
Phones: General Offices, City 157; Organising and Public Meeting Dept. City 8944.

FIELD DAY APPOINTMENTS.

SUNDAY, January 18th.

11 a.m.—Springwood Presbyterian Church.
3 p.m.—Woodford Methodist Church.
7.30 p.m.—Hazelbrook Methodist Church.
—Rev. Henry Worrall.

11 a.m.—Wentworth Falls Anglican Church.
3.30 p.m.—Hazelbrook Anglican Church.
7.30 p.m.—Lawson Anglican Church.
—Mr. C. E. Still.

11 a.m.—West Maitland Anglican Church.
7.15 p.m.—West Maitland Anglican Church.
—Mr. C. W. Chandler.

SUNDAY, January 25th.

11 a.m.—Newcastle Baptist Church.
7 p.m.—Hamilton Methodist Church.
—Rev. Henry Worrall.

11 a.m.—Newcastle Central Methodist Church.
7.15 p.m.—Broadmeadow Methodist Mission.
—Mr. H. C. Stitt.

7 p.m.—Sutherland Congregational Church.
—Mr. C. W. Chandler.

11 a.m.—Cabramatta Anglican Church.
3 p.m.—St. John's Park Anglican Church.
7.15 p.m.—Canley Vale Anglican Church.
—Mr. C. S. Still.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

REV. HENRY WORRALL.

The itinerary of public meetings to be addressed by the Australian Prohibition Council's lecturer during the month of January will be as follows:

Monday, January 19.—Crow's Nest, Protestant Hall.

Tuesday, January 20.—Ashfield Town Hall.

Wednesday, January 21.—Hornsby Literary Institute.

Thursday, January 22.—Campsie Princess Theatre.

Tuesday, January 27.—West Maitland, Town Hall.

Wednesday, January 28.—Newcastle Central Methodist Hall.

Thursday, January 29.—Hamilton Methodist Hall.

All meetings to commence at 8 p.m.

PARCELS FOR THE POOR.

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

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

Thank you.

ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.

ALLIANCE NEWS AND NOTES.

HERE, THERE AND EVERYWHERE.

(By H. C. STITT.)

On Sunday, January 4, special Prohibition Church Services were conducted on the Blue Mountains by Rev. Henry Worrall and the State Superintendent, the former being at Lawson and the writer was engaged at Blackheath. Rain commenced to fall on Saturday afternoon and continued on through Sunday. At Blackheath I was compelled to abandon both the Saturday evening open-air meeting and also the before-Church Sunday evening open-air service. However, although the attendances were below normal, owing to the rain, the fellowship with our mountain friends was enjoyed, and responsive congregations added liberally to the Alliance campaign funds.

The complete itinerary of the tour planned for the Rev. Henry Worrall appears in another column, and readers will do well to note the appointments and attend the meetings where practicable. Everywhere that Mr. Worrall has spoken we have received the highest commendation of the manner in which he presents Prohibition as essentially a patriotic question. This entirely elevates this national reform on to a level not hitherto adopted by Temperance lecturers.

We noticed that the press very widely reported that the swimming athlete Sam Kahanamoku stated that he was a total abstainer from alcoholic liquor. We congratulate the visitor on his determination. At the same time we beg to acquaint the press of this fact: that all athletes of any standing are total abstainers. The two words are synonymous.

Mr. O. Piggott, of Queensland, was a visitor to Sydney for the Christmas holidays. We were pleased to renew his acquaintance.

It was my pleasure to deliver an open-air address at Pyrmont by request of the I.O.G.T. on the subject of "The Aims and Objects of Good Templary." Pointing out the distinctive missionary message of the order, two fine young men decided to abandon the unsafe paths of liquor bar associations and signed the pledge. The meeting was ably supported by the indefatigable stalwarts, Messrs. G. Sherar and C. Rohrman, and other members in regalia. The sight of the gold-braided crimson and purple regalia in the open air was visibly reminiscent of the good old days. We commend our friends on the evidence of resuscitated vitality which the Order is showing, and sincerely trust that Ezekiel's vision of the dry bones in the valley will be paralleled in a great coming to life of Good Templary.

The residents of Regent's Park, Auburn and Lidcombe are greatly incensed against the granting of an hotel license at the former place. Regent's Park is quite a new residential suburb. The possibility of expansion owing to the new railway station is certain. It is a suburb of the future. Most of the inhabitants have preferred to reside there in order to secure peace and quietness and be far removed from the debasing influence of the booze bars. The vast majority of residents who signed the petition in favor of the pub reside at the extreme mile limit. The opposition petition was almost unanimously signed by the nearly interested residents. The Alliance conducted an open-air protest meeting on the ground, and did everything possible at the Court to assist the local residents. The same industry which was the

means of 35,010 persons being convicted for drunkenness last year has the unblushed face to force itself on that suburb, and the Court has granted permission.

We have forwarded the following letter of protest to the Minister for Education, Hon. A. Bruntnell, M.L.A.:

"I have been instructed by the New South Wales Alliance to convey to you their most emphatic protest against the granting of an hotel license for premises situated adjoining to the Regent's Park Public School.

"The rear of the hotel premises is in very close proximity to their school, and the majority of children attending will of necessity require to immediately pass the hotel property. In fact, the vacant land on which it is proposed to erect the licensed premises is now being regularly used by the children as a 'short cut' to school.

"The Alliance is strongly of the opinion that the atmosphere of a liquor bar, with its debasing and character-wrecking associations, is not a fit and proper neighbor for a public school, and they express the hope that the Education Department will, in the interest of the boys and girls attending Regent's Park School, take prompt measures in an endeavor to cancel this new license which has been recently granted."

We have read with interest some very fine personal references in the suburban press to our enthusiastic Northern Suburbs Branch Secretary, Mr. L. Carrington, B.A., on being appointed to the Commission of the Peace. The writer has a vivid recollection of when he was appointed in the northern State to append the honorable handle to his name that each Sunday morning produced quite a formidable array of various visitors with documents for signature and attestation. On reminding these disturbers of my quiet Sunday that I preferred to observe the Lord's Day I was met with the firm though sarcastic reminder, "What are you paid for?"

It was the writer's pleasure on the 6th inst. to accept an invitation to visit and speak to the Session of the Presbyterian Committee on Temperance and Social Questions. The ministers assembled were determined to carry on the war waged against the liquor traffic. The attitude of the great Presbyterian Church is easily defined. The Session was decidedly warm and friendly, it being quite an inspiration to make the acquaintance of this influential body. The conferences of the various Churches are pronouncedly and avowedly in favor of Prohibition without compensation. And they are confidently and patiently trusting in the good judgment of the Alliance to make every endeavor that will lead to an early referendum on local option and State Prohibition.

Recently business requirements necessitated my walking into portions of the city, which afforded me the opportunity of investigating the twilight of "the city of dreadful night," as it was called by the "Bulletin." I detest second-hand information. Therefore, my desire for first-hand knowledge regarding the beauties of the real night with grog turned on was satisfied by practical demonstration. And so I had an experience of the twilight. At 5.30 two men were met, drunk as the proverbial lord, possessing a deserted appearance, and with soulless faces. One assuring the other that he was the most adjective white man in Sydney. He was assuredly red white. The flatterer must have succeeded as each supported the other to the spot where conscience does not operate. Poor fellows, the social bric-a-brac of booze. My attention was next diverted to a "ladies' parlor." What would these rendezvous be when "Sydney's dreadful night" was known no more, and the ideal of all-night cafes and open-air drunkenness was the custom? From this "parlor" came forth a young woman in an

(Continued on page 15.)

DR. WORRALL AND PROHIBITION.

A FAULTY DIAGNOSIS.

Dr. Ralph Worrall is a surgeon of great repute. As a woman's specialist he ranks among the best in Australia. He is a man of kind and generous character. He has lately been in the United States of America for some six weeks, influenced, we understand, to take the trip by the famous Dr. Mayo, who lately visited Australia.

The following press notice appeared in the "Sydney Morning Herald":

"Dr. R. Worrall, of Sydney, who returned by the Maunganui on Saturday, says he is of opinion, as the result of a tour of the United States, that Prohibition is doing the country no good.

"Dr. Worrall said that a well-known Socialist whom he met in the States described Prohibition as an unmitigated evil and a terrible curse, because it had demoralised the people and had engendered a disrespect for the law. Its demoralising influence, the Socialist averred, extended to the young boys and girls at the high schools. It was now considered good form for young people to take flasks of whisky with them to picnics in their hip pockets, and for all to drink freely there. The Prohibition laws had further given rise to a system of bribery and corruption throughout the country.

"My inquiries have convinced me," said Dr. Worrall, 'that the observations of the Socialist were not exaggerated.'

"Referring to the American hospitals, Dr. Worrall said that they were far better equipped than ours. This was due to the public spirit of the American citizens. For instance, a new home for the College of Surgeons at Chicago had been erected at a cost of \$100,000, the expense being met by the public.

"Dr. Worrall declared that American hospitals, controlled and financed by the State, were inferior to the privately owned hospitals, the only exceptions being those hospitals under the management of the universities.

"There seems to be the strongest desire on the part of the Americans to cultivate the friendship of the Australians," said Dr. Worrall. 'Nothing could exceed their kindness to us. One had only to mention he was an Australian to ensure getting the most generous treatment.'

A MODIFIED STATEMENT.

The next day the following statement by Dr. Worrall appeared:

"Dr. Worrall, referring yesterday to the report of an interview with him on the question of Prohibition, said that the social worker in America who gave him her opinion

of Prohibition said that it was not an unmitigated curse, as it had benefited large numbers of working men. At the same time she told him that it was a terrible curse in other directions because it was demoralising high school girls and boys, who imagined that it was the proper thing to carry a bottle of liquor with them on outings and picnics.

"Dr. Worrall added that this expression of opinion was endorsed from inquiries which he made. The consensus of opinion appeared to be that the Canadian system of abolishing saloons and allowing people to take home with them a bottle of beer or whisky was the preferable system. The Canadian system, Dr. Worrall thought, gave all the benefits of Prohibition without any of its evils."

This shows that the paper did not do Dr. Worrall justice, and all readers of "Grit" know the doctor did not do Prohibition justice.

THE LETTER THAT WAS NOT INSERTED.

The "Herald" did not approve of the following letter which was sent for insertion:

"In the early part of this year, Dr. Mayo, the famous American surgeon, was in Sydney, and, speaking to the members of the Rotary Club, gave an unqualified endorsement of Prohibition. It would be interesting to know if Dr. Worrall discussed Prohibition with this famous medico.

"When Dr. Worrall tells us that he discussed the question with an unnamed Socialist who considered Prohibition 'a terrible curse' and that he made inquiries that convinced him that this was so, I wonder what Dr. Worrall would say if I told the public that I had discussed modern surgery in relation to women's ailments with a chiropodist, who held that it was an unmitigated evil, and that I had made inquiries at the cemetery and found the chiropodist was quite justified in his remarks. The doctor would, of course, be justified in calling me uncomplimentary names.

"It would also be of great public value to know if Dr. Worrall discussed Prohibition with the famous Dr. Starr Jordan, or any responsible person controlling high school pupils. Or if he is aware that in answer to a questionnaire sent out this year to the heads of all colleges the statement that college boys and girls were drinking in any numbers was declared to be a canard.

"If Prohibition is responsible for bribery and corruption in the United State of America, what is to blame for the bribery and corruption in New South Wales?"

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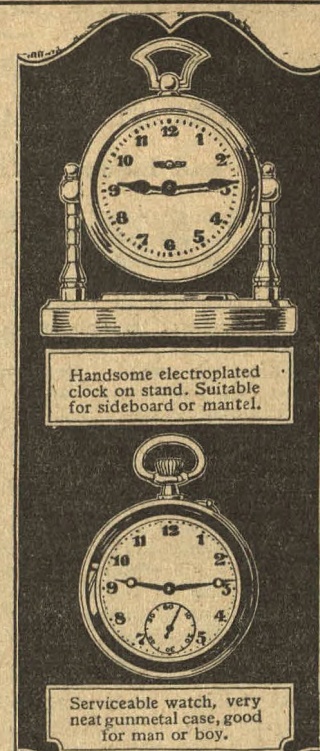
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A COLONEL'S DAMAGING ADMISSIONS.

SIR JOSEPH CARRUTHERS TALKS NONSENSE ABOUT WINE.

MORE STALE LIES ABOUT PROHIBITION.

Railway and Liquor.—Wine Bars.—The Pony Racing Mania.

THE IDEAL HOTEL.

The annual dinner of the Wine and Spirit Association, which took place at Paris House last month, has not so far received the attention in these columns which its interest, if not its importance, deserves. Other matters of graver import have monopolised our space. Nevertheless, we cannot pass such a "bonne bouche" over altogether. Colonel Fallon's round assertion at the feast that Britain would never get Prohibition has been mentioned here. Other dogmatic statements fell from the same gentleman. "The ideal hotel," he declared, "is one to which a man would have no hesitation in taking his wife or daughter—he could have his whisky or beer, his womenfolk their cup of coffee, and there would be nothing out of order." There are two interesting points about this statement. The first is that no such hotels exist here; our hotels are far from the colonel's ideal. The second is that the womenfolk are, according to the formula, to drink "soft stuff." What's wrong with the whisky and the beer, to say nothing of the enticing cocktail?

BE MORE PRECISE.

Colonel Fallon admits we can't produce the ideal hotel here. There were, he said, a number of hotels like that in the Old Country, and their standard was the one that should be reached here. Having said that, he appears to have thought that he had admitted too much, because he went on to add this: "Still with four or five exceptions, Sydney hotels would compare favorably with this standard." Now, what on earth does he mean by that? The phrase "compare favorably" means that the English hotels have got nothing on the Sydney ones—rather the reverse. But Colonel Fallon had just said the reverse. One of his statements cancels the other. That is the worst of these post-prandial utterances. But Colonel Fallon made matters worse than ever in his next utterance. "The general realisation of this ideal," he said, "would be the best argument against their Prohibitionist opponents." So, Colonel Fallon admits that we Prohibitionists have an argument in our favor in the way hotels in New South Wales are conducted. Thank you, Colonel Fallon; your remarks would have been unexceptionable if, instead of speaking of four or five exceptions, you had spoken of four or five hundred exceptions.

KEEPING THEIR COURAGE UP.

Other speakers at the dinner evidently did not consider Colonel Fallon at all felicitous in his remarks, and a deep gloom settled over them despite the cheering effect of the liquid refreshment supplied. At last, one after another stepped into the breach, and such eulogiums of Sydney hotels were pronounced as surely were never before heard at one and the same time. We need not weary our readers by reciting them. But one speaker made the astonishing statement that "the trade had had a bad time of late." Judging by the balance sheets of the breweries, we should have thought that quite the reverse was the case but some people are never satisfied, and it is notorious that publicans and brewers are the most grasping and avaricious people on the face of the earth. They are never really satisfied

unless they get ALL you have got. It is sheer lying to say the trade has had a bad time; its profits go on soaring year by year, and it never was more prosperous than it is to-day. We suppose this is merely the preliminary to extorting more profits out of the public.

SIR JOSEPH TALKS NONSENSE.

There is, of course, nothing new about that. Sir Joseph Carruthers usually does talk nonsense. We have never been able to understand how that man gained a reputation for sagacity. At a luncheon to welcome Colonel Fallon home, Sir Joseph Carruthers declared that wherever he had travelled "he had never been able to find wines to equal the Australian." Sir Joseph is the last man on earth we should have suspected of being a connoisseur of vintage wines, but now we are sure he is not. It would be difficult to conceive a more asinine statement than the one we have quoted. It proves that the speaker knows nothing about wine. Will he produce an Australian wine which can compare with a vintage Chamberlain, a Pomard or a Chateau La Rose? There are others, too, which might be added to the list, but Sir Joseph would not know them if we mentioned them. Most of the wine sold in this country is atrocious stuff.

AND YET MORE NONSENSE.

Having thus shown his qualification for talking about wine, Sir Joseph went on to say that "he had no patience with people who wanted to make the country sober by Act of Parliament." Neither have we. It may surprise Sir Joseph Carruthers to read that but it is so, and it ought not to surprise any intelligent man. Sir Joseph is one of those unsatisfactory people who are always barking up the wrong tree. Or rather, he sets up ninepins of his own fashioning and then proceeds to knock them down. It is, of course, impossible to make a nation sober by Act of Parliament, and certainly no Prohibitionist has ever suffered under the delusion that you can. The aim of Prohibitionists is not to make a nation sober by Act of Parliament, but to make it easier to build up that national strength of character which condemns in sobriety. If there be a curse in our midst, which is continually undermining the health and ruining the lives of thousands of people, surely it is not unreasonable to try and remove it. Moreover, Prohibition depends on the people themselves. It cannot come until public opinion is ripe for it, though it may be delayed for a long time after by the sordid machinations of selfish interests.

MORE LIES ABOUT PROHIBITION.

Mrs. W. A. Kirkham, better known as Kate Rooney, the singer, returned to Australia the other day from America, and delivered herself of her opinions about Prohibition. "You can say," she declared, "that the Prohibition laws in America have made outlaws of a great portion of the population, as the effect, undoubtedly, has proved more harmful than good." The trouble about these artists is that they are always disposed to say whatever they fancy will be most acceptable to the public; they always have an eye to future box-office re-

ceipts. However, we would like to pin Kate Rooney down. All the official information furnished from reliable sources in America goes to prove the exact opposite of what she says, so we cannot accept her ipse dixit. Will she quote the facts and figures upon which her opinion is based? Will she tell us what specific critical inquiries she seriously made into the working of Prohibition in America? If she did not study the matter seriously and critically, will she apologise for her impertinence in deliberately misleading the Australian public? She has the audacity to declare that the Prohibition laws "lead to persons becoming addicted to drugs." That is a palpable lie. Let Kate Rooney produce specific official evidence for her statements, or hold her peace.

UNDER FRENCH LABELS.

At a dinner the other day Mr. Birt, M.L.A., said that "he had been informed credibly that Australian wine was sold in France under French labels." Credibly! Mark that. It is a fact that some people will believe anything they are told, however wildly absurd it may be, and it seems that this particular legislator is one of them. The Australian wine makers are so sensible of the inferiority of their product that they dare not sell it outside of Australia except under French names. They have pirated and stolen the names of famous French wines and used them as trade names for their own noxious stuff. This has been a standing grievance in France for a long time: that French names have been pirated by Australian vigneron, and representations have been repeatedly made by the French to the Commonwealth Government in this respect. But the Commonwealth Government has refused to redress a grievance which, were the positions reversed, would produce a shriek in the whole newspaper press of Australia. As for the French, a wine-drinking nation for centuries, producing the most famous wines in the world, being deceived by our pinkie—well, they are not such fools as this Mr. Birt takes them for.

THE GUNN GOVERNMENT.

According to a writer in "The Australasian," the Gunn Government has never been in the good books of the temperance leaders, who (quite rightly) consider that the Premier and his colleagues have played them false over the referendum. Governments, you see, are much the same everywhere: they all succumb to the liquor interest. "The Prohibitionists," says the writer, "went too much on hustings pledges, which, like other pledges, are apt to be broken. The Labor Party for several elections has been able to 'wangle' both the liquor and temperance vote by shandygaff promises, which both sides have swallowed without noticing the nasty taste of well-mixed compromise. This time, however, the dry brigade has detected the brew, and the announcement has been published broadcast in the public press, and their own journal, that they are not likely to be caught again. Between the election campaign and the day of the poll the referendum, which it was asserted had been promised on the Prohibition issue, slipped off the platform, and now it is objected that there has been a further concession to the trade by the bill to hand over the refreshment rooms to the Railways Commissioner, and alter the Licensing Act in favor of travellers on the lines."

(Continued on next page.)

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A Colonel's Damaging Admissions—

RAILWAYS AND LIQUOR.

It is desired in this respect to bring the law into conformity with that of New South Wales, which is a thoroughly bad law, with nothing whatever to recommend it and everything to condemn it in the gross abuses to which it gives rise. According to the writer already quoted, power is sought to sell liquor without a license at any hour of the day or night, with the exception of Sundays, whilst trains are at stations. "A round robin," he says, "has been signed by the anti-liquor organisations protesting against the railways boniface having privileges not extended to other licensees. As the law stands at present the sale of intoxicants is permitted at refreshment rooms for not more than 15 minutes after the arrival of a train, and then only during licensed hours. The fear is that the new drinking policy may endanger the "safety first" principle of the railways, and generally stimulate the drinking habit. The official argument is that the privilege is a fair one to the travelling public, and that sales of liquor at any station within ten miles of the G.P.O. are prohibited. The controversy is proceeding with exceptional heat."

WINE BARS AND INDUSTRY.

One of the stock arguments of the liquor interest in favor of the retention of wine bars is that their abolition would kill the primary industry of grape-growing. The statement is not, of course, even approximately true. Even in countries like the United States, where National Prohibition is in force, the grape-growing industry flourishes. In New South Wales, as is pointed out by the Secretary of the Next Step Movement, in a letter to the press, the immediate effect of closing up the wine bars would merely be to transfer the sale of wine to the hotels, "the only place where wine ever should have been sold." The wine bars are an unmitigated curse; the hotels are bad enough, in all conscience, but these places, acting as a constant lure to young women and the men whose victims they become, are a thousand times worse, and everybody will agree that "anyone visiting a wine bar, and at the same time standing for decent citizenship, could not be satisfied with anything less than the abolition of such places." As for the grape-growing industry, Prohibition would not permanently affect it one way or the other.

PONY RACING AGAIN.

The Rev. D. F. Brandt, whose speech on the low standards of public life caused such a stir recently, returned to the charge last Sunday week with a strong appeal for an awakened public conscience in 1925. He scathingly condemned the pusillanimity of the Government in sidestepping the drink and gambling issues during the recent session. He said that if there had been a sufficiently strong public conscience the Government would not have shirked the Pony Racing Commission's report. At least there would have been partial reform. His work took him into densely-populated areas where children were crying out for bread whilst their mothers were spending their husbands' wages on pony races. "The community," he added, "is so saturated in pony racing that the effect is becoming disastrous." It is, indeed, and the thing is really amazing in a community which claims to be educated and intelligent. Most of these people know, or ought to know, that you can never be sure that any of the candidates are triers in a pony race—that you must be "in the know" to make money; in other words, that the whole business is utterly dishonest—and yet they go on betting for the benefit of the rascals who make a living by robbing them.

NO MISTAKING Griffiths Bros.'

PEKOE-FLAVORED

TEA

MEDICAL PROFESSION AND ALCOHOL.

RICHARD ARTHUR, M.D.

I would venture to suggest that it would be highly desirable that a pronouncement on the alcohol question should be given by the medical profession in Australia. This substance plays such an enormous part in the production of disease that the public are rightly entitled to guidance in the matter of its consumption.

I remember more than thirty years ago hearing Sir Dyce Duckworth, who was the protagonist of so-called moderation, laying down two rules for the consumption of intoxicants:

(1) That the maximum amount should never be more than 1½ or 2 ounces of absolute alcohol.

(2) That this should be taken after the day's work is over, and preferably with a meal.

Since then there has been much research into the action of alcohol on the tissues and functions of the body, and the reputation of this drug has not improved under the investigations.

Some years ago, as a result of a medico-actuarial investigation, including forty-three American life insurance companies, the combined experience of users of alcohol has been compiled and these facts emerged:

Mortality in Excess
of Average.

- | | |
|--|--------------|
| (a) Very moderate drinkers, taking two glasses of beer or one of whisky daily .. | 18 per cent. |
| (b) Moderate drinkers with history of occasional excess in the past | 50 " " |
| (c) Steady drinkers, but accepted by companies at standard risks | 86 " " |

Consideration of these figures must have influenced Dr. Charles H. Mayo, the famous surgeon, in his presidential address to the American Medical Association in 1917, when

he stated that the only legitimate use for alcohol was in the arts and sciences, and that its use in medicine had become greatly restricted because other less menacing drugs could be used instead. He also said that the medical profession would welcome national Prohibition.

Again, the President in 1918, Dr. Bevan, said: "There can be no doubt that the greatest single factor we can control in the interests of the public health of the nation would be the elimination of alcoholic drink."

This is a saying—hard, perhaps, but one we of the medical profession in Australia might well ponder over. In the work issued recently by Professor Starling, he lays most emphasis on the sedative effect of alcohol, and claims that moderate consumption adds to the joy of living, hinting that total abstainers are rather melancholy and spiritless creatures. This has made me curious to know at what period of life is it necessary to commence taking alcohol in order to make the most of our days.

Should we prescribe it for school children in order to ensure for them a fuller existence, or for young people just going out into the world, or for young couples at the beginning of their married life, or for child-bearing women or worried business men?

If warmth and radiance of life in its fullness is unattainable to any or all of these classes without alcohol, surely it is our duty if we see eye to eye with Professor Starling to urge the consumption of intoxicants upon them.

The subject is a very big one and is fruitful of endless controversy. However, since we spent in New South Wales alone last year between eleven and twelve million pounds on alcoholic liquors, we might well consider whether some of this enormous expenditure might not be diverted to other purposes.

A Personal Chat with my readers

WHEN THE MOLEHILL BECOMES A MOUNTAIN.

The only thing in the last five years in Australia that has really stirred us is the test match.

"The Deputy Postmaster-General says that by the special arrangements that were made to deal with the telegraphic traffic from Sydney during the seven days of the test match, 3433 telegrams and 482 cable messages were transmitted. The total number of words was 196,152."

We are now told "the world waits in feverish excitement the result."

Many hundreds of photos have been taken, every trivial incident assumes ridiculous importance. The newspapers are exclusively busy fanning the flames that have destroyed all sense of proportion.

Instead of a flag we will now fly a pair of cricketing pants.

Instead of worrying about a navy, armaments, religion or Prohibition, we will now ward off our enemies with a cricket bat.

When Federal Parliament meets it will seriously devote itself to a suitable alteration in our coat of arms—the kangaroo and the emu will be removed to make place for the racehorse and the cricket bat, rampant on a ballroom floor.

We are now well on the way to being a famous people, immune from all that proved so disastrous to Greece, Rome and other stupid nations. We are truly a wonderful and brave people. If any one doubts it you need only turn up an illustrated "sporting" paper and find several portraits of a "super man" who with half-a-dozen high-power magazine rifles and several assistants actually went out and shot a lion! It is true the lion had no rifle and was alone, but then, of course, it had teeth and claws, with an effective radius of several feet; the rifle, of course, having a range of only a mile or so. But then we are so brave!

We are so clever and sportsmanlike that we proceed, with the help of science and a small army of servants, in shooting some highly "dangerous" pheasants, and actually catching some dozens of really big salmon, not that we were hungry or needed them, but just to demonstrate to an admiring country how clever we were.

After engaging in these serious undertakings we generally have time to deplore the "lack of parental control," "the depravity of the young," "the growth of the drink bill," and "the deplorable way we are governed."

Well, why worry about others? It is a man-size job to be a man yourself, and

O. Lawrence Hawthorne has expressed a fine ambition in these words:

Lord, give me the strength of the pioneer,
And the faith of his hardy soul!
Provide me with courage to persevere;
Make me fight till I reach my goal.

Let weaklings indulge in a sheltered life,
Where they curse when their luck goes bad;
But fit me for battle with storm and strife;
Give me brawn like my fathers had.

I want to be known as a man who wins,
As a fellow with nerve and pluck;
Who finishes everything he begins,
And as one who can whip his luck!

I heard a lady the other day say
WORK. she hated work. I suppose we all do. The trouble is that the opposite of work is much more burdensome than work.

The "loafers" in drawing rooms, the hotel lounge lizards, the park bench habitues give no evidence of deep contentment or being truly happy.

Their chief facial characteristic is blase discontent, cynical bitterness.

Nothing pays like work.

Angela Morton puts it well in these lines:

Work!
Thank God for the might of it,
The ardor, the urge, the delight of it!—
Work that springs from the heart's desire,
Setting the brain and the soul on fire.
Oh, what is so good as the heat of it,
And what is so glad as the beat of it,
And what is so kind as the stern command,
Challenging brain and heart and hand?

Work!
Thank God for the swing of it,
For the clamoring hammering ring of it.
Passion of labor daily hurled
On the mighty anvils of the world.
Oh, what is so fierce as the flame of it?
And what is so huge as the aim of it?
Thundering on through dearth and doubt,
Calling the plan of the Maker out,
Work, the Titan; Work, the friend,
Shaking the earth to a glorious end;
Draining the swamps and blasting the hills,
Doing whatever the spirit wills—
Rending a continent apart,
To answer the dream of the Master heart,
Thank God for a world where none may shirk—
Thank God for the splendor of work!

Mrs. Haryot Holt Dey, in a vastly interesting story told in the "American Magazine," says: "Get into your child's heart when he is young, and hide there. He needs you on the inside. When he is grown, if you are not already there he will lock the door against you and you can never get in. Never make the mistake of assum-

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.

SYDNEY, THURSDAY, JAN. 15, 1925.

ing that just because he is in your heart you are in his."

Her simple rules are summed up in these words: "I always expected them to do the right thing, and they usually did. I drew moral lessons from every-day events, and they understood. I led them gently along the way until they were grown, and now the three of us go hand in hand."

Mrs. Dey is the author of two very interesting books—"What One Woman Thinks" and "Making a Man of Him." The latter has been put into Braille and is now in the library for the blind.

She has done many notable things, but in the article from which I have quoted she describes the biggest and most important job she ever had—the bringing up of her boys.

The secret of a happy parent is suggested by Edgar A. Guest in his homely lines:

Be more than his Dad; be a chum to the lad;
Be a part of his life every hour of the day;
Find time to talk with him; take time to walk with him,

Share in his studies and share in his play.

Take him to places, to ball games and races,
Teach him the things that you want him to know.

Don't live apart from him; don't keep your heart from him,

Be his best comrade, he's needing you so.

Never neglect him, show you still respect him,

Hear his opinions with patience and pride;
Show him his error, but be not a terror,
Grim-visaged and fearful when he's at your side.

Know what his thoughts are, know what his sports are,

Know all his playmates. It is easy to learn to

Be such a father, that when troubles gather
You'll be the first one for counsel he'll turn to.

You can inspire him with courage, and fire him

Hot with ambition for deeds that are good.
He'll not betray you, nor ill repay you,

If you have taught him the things that you should.

Father and son must in all things be one—
Partners in trouble and comrades in joy.
More than a Dad was the best pal you had;
Be such a chum as you knew, to your boy.

The Editor

WHO GOVERNS WESTERN AUSTRALIA ?

THE PEOPLE OR ELEVEN LIQUOR-PROTECTING POLITICIANS?

"The action of the Legislative Council in refusing to pass the amendments to the Licensing Act which provided for a simple majority instead of the three-fifths, and also eliminated the intolerable 30 per cent. affirmative vote provision, was evidence of lamentable political hypocrisy. . . . But this temporary setback will greatly assist us in organising a public sentiment which will not only sweep away the sinister influence of the Liquor Traffic from our politics, but will at last sweep it from our State."—Rev. George Tulloch, President, W.A. Prohibition League.

FULL ACCOUNT OF WEST AUSTRALIAN POLITICAL SITUATION.

"Lamentable political hypocrisy" is how the President of the W.A. Prohibition League (Rev. George Tulloch) characterises the action of the Legislative Council of W.A. in refusing to grant the people the right to decide the Prohibition issue on a simple majority. It is a strong phrase, and certainly calls for some explanation. To begin at the right place it must be remembered that at the last general elections the question of a simple majority was one of the major issues in the fight. The Mitchell Government had passed a Licensing Act which was all that the brewers and publicans wanted, and a little more besides. In this Act was the provision that before Prohibition could be carried there must be a three-fifths majority, and on the top of that handicap a 30 per cent. affirmative vote provision. This 30 per cent. provision represents the last word in liquor-protecting legislation. It means that to get Prohibition 30 per cent. of all persons on the roll must vote in favor of the proposal, and the 30 per cent. must be a three-fifths majority of the whole vote. Put a wet towel around your head (and if the weather is anything like it is here at this minute, add a good big block of ice) and work out how easy it is to win Prohibition under the conditions of this infamous Act.

SIR J. MITCHELL'S DEFEAT.

Prior to the last election a deputation representing the Prohibitionists waited on Sir J. Mitchell, who was then Premier, and requested him to amend the Act. Sir James told the deputation that he would not do so, and in a way invited them to do their worst at the elections. Instead of following the advice of the Premier, they did their best, and as a result forced the liquor question into the front rank of the issues at the election. So persistent were the endeavors of the Prohibition party that they added the necessary weight in the scale against Sir James, and he passed into the leisure of His Majesty's Opposition, and Mr. P. Collier became Premier.

MR. P. COLLIER'S FIGHT.

The newly-elected Government was pledged to the simple majority, and the Prohibitionists formed a deputation and went along to Mr. Collier and asked him when they might expect an amendment to the Mitchell Act. Mr. Collier promised he would do his best to get the amendment before the House as early as possible. This answer was considered satisfactory, and the party waited for the fight to begin. The Government had a very full session and literally overloaded with important legislative work, and the amendments to the Licensing Act were not brought on until the end of the session.

"POLITICAL HYPOCRISY."

Now for the story of the Council's hypocrisy. The Government decided that to save time the measure should be first introduced into the Legislative Council. The explanation of this was that the Government was sure of a majority in the Assembly and de-

cided it would be wise to let the Council deal with the question first. When the leader of the Government in the Council moved for the formal leave to introduce the bill the members assumed an air of democratic concern for the rights of the popular Chamber, and said by the voice of one, the Hon. Mr. Cornell, in effect, "Such a measure as this which affects the whole electorate and not a limited property franchise should be introduced into the Assembly and not in this House, which is the House of privilege. It is the function of the popular Chamber to deal with questions which are of an actual democratic nature. Let the people's representatives settle this question and it will only be a formal matter for this House to endorse what the Assembly does." That was the only meaning which could be read into the opposition against introducing the bill into the Upper House. And it was also freely stated that in the opinion of the Council Mr. Collier was afraid to risk offending the liquor party by introducing the bill into the Lower House. This last statement was grossly unfair to Mr. Collier. The Premier may not be a Prohibitionist, as a matter of fact I do not think anyone would charge him with any such sentiments, but he is a born fighter, and to judge by his actions he has much more than a streak of political honesty in his make-up. Proof of this was shown by his immediate acceptance of the challenge of the Council. Within a few hours of the Council refusing the right to introduce the bill, Mr. Wilcox, Minister for Justice in the Collier Government, introduced the bill into the Assembly, and after a bitter fight it was carried by nearly a two-to-one majority. The bill was at once sent to the Council, and by accepting the previous attitude of the Council as honest the Prohibition party had every reason to believe that the bill would be formally passed by that House. But in the face of their attitude of a few hours previously the Council, without a debate, defeated the bill by 11 votes to 5. And by so doing they more than justify the phrase used by the Rev. George Tulloch, that their action was nothing less than "lamentable political hypocrisy."

AND WHAT NOW?

Thus once again in our history as a great reform movement we have to record the sad fact that we have been sold by the politicians. In this particular instance the politicians who did the "selling trick" are entrenched behind a property franchise. By

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their action they have turned the Legislative Council into a "coward's castle." These men are elected on a limited property franchise, and they have the political audacity to block the path of democratic progress.

We would remind these men that other and bigger men than they have, in other days, attempted to do the same thing. The history of all reform movements is the history of a continual fight against privilege, and always at last privilege has been forced to give way before the onward march of democracy. The day will come, and in the lifetime of many who to-day read this, when this action of these eleven men will appear a very little and futile thing. Behind the Prohibition movement is the tremendous surge of a mighty reform army. Every day this movement is gaining in strength and in numbers. The Prohibitionists of the West will turn this temporary setback into an incentive for greater and better efforts, and instead of killing the enthusiasm of our people this contemptible action of the Council will be the torch which will light a political fire big enough to singe the majorities of more than one politician.

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THE MINISTER IN MUFTI.

WHAT THE REV. J. ERNEST JAMES, B.D., SAW OF PROHIBITION.

The time had flown, and as the hands of the clock crept round people began to move uneasily, and think of early trains. One or two went out. But Mr. James can always catch and hold the attention of a crowd at any hour. He did so now, but he also refused to risk trying their patience, and he packed a maximum of observation into a minimum of speech.

He caught the congregation with a jest: "It is most interesting to notice the difference between an anti-liquor crowd and a liquor crowd; the latter cares nothing if it doesn't get home till morning, but we law-abiding people like to get into bed in good time—(laughter)—so I shall put my report into a few brief sentences.

"I spent three months in America, entirely free to go where I liked and see what I wanted. I do not dress like a clergyman, and I am never mistaken for one. (Laughter.) So that I could wander where I liked, pick up whatever I wanted, and see for myself what was happening—and you can trust a Welshman to do that. (Laughter.) Now I will give you the result of my considered judgment.

"Prohibition has been a magnificently worth-while success.

"The saloon has gone from America for ever; it is going from the whole world.

"America is never going back on the eighteenth amendment.

"Prohibition is better for the business man, for the hotelkeeper, for the homes, for the women (you can't get a washerwoman in U.S.A. now; they wash clothes by electricity), for the children, for the schools, for

the Church, for politics (politics has become cleaner with the liquor out of them), and for sport (you noticed that the two champion nations at the Olympic Games, America and Finland, were the two Prohibition countries!). Of course, there has been a great effort made to break down the law, and there is drunkenness in the United States. In three months I saw almost as many drunken men as I would see in Melbourne on one Saturday afternoon! But it is no good disguising the fact that there is drinking and you can get drink. The grafters, the bootleggers, the smugglers, and the pirates are all concerned in getting liquor in and selling it. It is in the rich men's homes and the rich men's clubs. You see hip flasks for sale in jewellers' shops. But this is only part of the biggest attempt ever made to break down a law.

"Prohibition involves two things: enactment and enforcement. America has enacted it in the Eighteenth Amendment; she is now pulling herself together to enforce it. But, make no mistake, she is succeeding, and will succeed! (Applause.) She has to face foes of no mean order—graft in high places, bribery in politics, jealousy between State and Federal powers; corruption in the police force; confusion through the political appointment of Prohibition officers. But she is facing them squarely, and she will meet and defeat them in the end. (Applause.)

WOMEN'S PART IN PROHIBITION.

"There is an impression that it was the weight of the women's vote that carried Prohibition. It was not, simply because women

do not have a vote! (Laughter.) The Eighteenth Amendment of the Constitution established Prohibition; the Nineteenth Amendment gave women their franchise. And think of this, men: If America carried Prohibition without the women, do you imagine she will go back on it with 25,000,000 women voters added to the rolls? (Loud applause.)

ECONOMIC VALUE OF PROHIBITION.

"There is no question of its great beneficial effect upon commerce and manufactures. I was there during a period of trade depression owing to the stringency of the European financial situation; but the Dawes Commission is remedying that. Customs revenue has scarcely been affected, and in any case for every £1 a Government receives in liquor revenue it has to spend £7 to repair the damage caused by the liquor—that is an established fact. One of the greatest men in America told me that Prohibition is the finest piece of economic legislation ever passed, and I believe it.

PROHIBITION AND NATIONAL POLITICS

"I was in U.S.A. when the Presidential election was in the air. The 'wets' tried to put 'wet' planks into both Republican and Democratic platforms, but neither party would touch it; and you and I know how little inclined politicians are to fly in the face of the Liquor Party. (Laughter.)

"We receive in Australia some garbled, some misleading, and some lying reports of Prohibition in U.S.A. But that sort of thing is not limited to America. Moreover, we do not say that America is free of drunkenness; but what we do say is that Prohibition has been a glorious success so far as it has gone, and that it is going to be a still more glorious success in ten years' time." (Applause.)

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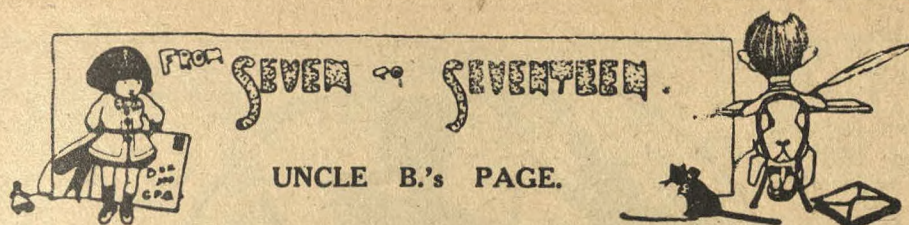
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THE ENEMY TO SUCCESS.

Every game has its champions and among all the champions none have ever claimed that drinking helped to get them there; some sadly confess it took them from the championship class, and a great host of real champions declare that they owe their position to avoiding the "greatest enemy to success."

You do not know much about cricket if you do not know Victor Trumper, Johnny Taylor and C. G. Macartney. They, with most of the other first-class men, are abstainers, so don't be ashamed of being an abstainer.

C. G. Macartney says:

"I won my way to first-class cricket in Australia at the age of twenty, and have maintained my place for seventeen years (May, 1924), and I owe this measure of success largely to the fact that I have always been a total abstainer."

Jack Hobbs says:

"The greatest enemy to success on the cricket field is the drinking habit!"

Why not sign the pledge and join the good company of the best?

UNCLE B.

OUR LETTER BAG.

NOEL KEEPS MUM.

George Noel Weaver, Weavers P.O., Weavers, via Windsor, writes: I don't know how long it is since I last wrote to you, but I don't think I am on the black list yet. It has been raining up here all day, or, rather, all the afternoon. It was very hot this morning, and then at dinner time it started to rain and it has rained all the afternoon; but it has stopped now, so it might be fine to-morrow. I hope so, because I want to play tennis. Do you like tennis, Uncle? I do, anyway. We are very frightened of hall-storms. There has been a heavy one down on the river. We live up on the mountains. All those who live on the river have lost all their fruit. I have just come back from holidays down your way. My word, I had a good time, too. Tennis has become very popular, hasn't it? Courts are going up everywhere out here, and nearly everyone plays. There are some pretty good players, too. Well, Uncle you know from experience I do not write long letters.

(Dear Noel,—You do not say a word about

your truly dreadful experience in the baths. Perhaps it is just like the memory of a nightmare and not to be spoken of. I will give you a hot time if I ever get a game of tennis with you.—Uncle B.)

A LOVELY PLACE.

Owen Waters, Burradoo, writes: I have not written to you for a time. We went up to Bundoon on the 1st of November. We had a lovely time there. We went to Fairy Bower, which is about a mile from the station. We had something to eat, then we went on to Crambells Rest. There we stayed and played until dinner was ready. After dinner we went down some steps to a little pool with two fish in it. Then we got some pretty flowers and went back up the steps again. My brother and some other girls went up the big rocks to see the boronia. When they came back we had our photos taken, then we had to have tea. After tea we had to pack up and go back to the station. We were in plenty of time to catch the train.

(Dear Owen,—You make us all want to go to Fairy Bower; it must be a lovely place. I wonder what kind of fish they were in the pool. Will you send me one of the photos?—Uncle B.)

WHEN FATHER PROMPTS.

Elsie Crawford, Uralba-road, Alstonville, writes: I suppose I am on the scallywag list by this time. We are getting quite excited about going to Orange. I am sending some money down for your poor people. Sheroo, that is, a Hindoo, gave me a box of chocolates yesterday. We are having our school exam. now. We are having our Christmas tree on Tuesday night. The Sunday school scholars get in free, and adults have to pay for gifts. We have to pay for gifts, too, but nothing else. The adults pay for tea, too. Joyce Crawford came top in the school at Burwood College. She is a cousin of mine, and is a smart girl. She takes after her Uncle Foreman. Father told me to write this.

(Dear Elsie,—If father does not want to get into trouble tell him not to prompt you again. Any girl who comes top of a school must be a mighty fine girl. Will you get her to write and tell us all what it feels like to be top of a school? Thank you for your gift to the poor.—Uncle B.)

A GREAT TRIP.

Vera Crawford, Uralba-road, Alstonville, writes: How are you getting along? I hope Elsie and I are not on the scallywag list. We are starting for our holiday down to Orange on Thursday. We think it will take five days to get there. We are going in our own car. Muriel is one year and two months

old; she can walk, and talk a little bit. When we go away we are going to leave our lamb at Uncle Ed's. It is nearly five months old. We got it from Mr. Bryce. The lamb is a twin. Its mother wouldn't take it, so Bryces asked us if we would like to have it, and so we took it. It is a nice little thing. I am sending some money down for your poor boys and girls, so they will have a better Christmas.

(Dear Vera,—We all envy you that great five-day trip in the car to Orange, and hope you will write and tell us how you got on. It was lovely of you to help the poor, and I count it a great privilege to be your almoner.—Uncle B.)

TOP.

Jim Nixon, "Craigavon," Sutherland, writes: I think that it is about time I wrote to you, Uncle, or else I will find myself on the scallywag list. I have been pretty busy lately going for examinations. I came top in the Q.C. with 750 marks. The nearest to me got 685 marks. I also went for the High School entrance exam. The results of this have not come out yet, so that I do not know whether I have passed or not, but I hope that I have. We get "Grit" every week and I like to read the other Ne's and Ni's letters, and I enjoy the jokes very much. Here is a joke, Uncle: Near Picton (N.Z.) may be seen the following affixed to the gate of a small farmer: "Notis.—If any man's or woman's cows get into these here paddicks his or her tale will be cut off as the case may be." Mum found this joke in her scrap book. Well, I will close now, as it is getting time for bed.

(Dear Jim,—We are all proud of your splendid record, and glad you came top. That notice is certainly a funny one. I know Picton, N.Z. It is a very nice place, but then I think all N.Z. is nice.—Uncle B.)

A NEW NE.

Eric Arnett, Thora, writes: I would like to be one of your Ne's. I am 11 years old. I am in fourth class at school and I only have one mile to walk. I like going to school. I live at Mrs. Lear's place. I help milk the cows. I wash the separator and feed the calves and do lots of other little things. I go to the Thora Band of Hope sometimes. The Methodists held a continental lately. We boys and girls had a good time with the ice cream and lollies. I go home sometimes and stay a night. I read my sister's letter in the last "Grit."

(Dear Eric,—Any boy who is sensible enough to like school is very welcome to my big family, and anybody who can do all the things to help round a farm is doubly welcome. I hope you will often write.—Uncle B.)

NOISE AND FUN.

Bob Butler, Perth, writes: We are breaking up for our Christmas holidays on Friday, and we are looking forward to Xmas. I thought I'd like to write and let you know we shall be thinking of you at Xmas, and I wish you were here to share the pudding

(Continued on next page.)

Seven to Seventeen—

and get a threepence. A week ago we had a big party in honor of Douglas; he was six. We made a lot of noise and had a good time. I am beginning to get a collection of stamps, and feel very interested in them. Dad said you would be able to tell me a lot about them. I have no yarn this time, but we have lots of fun at school. Good-bye for this time, and I hope you and my "Grit" cousins have a happy Christmas and a bright New Year.

(Dear Bob,—So you made lots of noise and had lots of fun. Well, that was good-o. Yes, I am a stamp fiend, and will send you some if you tell me how many you have and if you are going to stick to it.—Uncle B.)

A MISSING LETTER.

Eileen Gray, Box 114, Lismore, writes: It is nearly three months since I last wrote to you, but I never saw it in print, so my father told me to write again. Our school bazaar was held in the school playground last Wednesday. There were five stalls: The Fancy Stall, the Manual Stall, the Lolly Stall, the Ice Cream Stall and the Produce Stall. There was a fish pond, also hoop-las and a few other things. The tea rooms, fruit salad and ice cream and drinks were under the arches. Gladys was a waitress in the tea rooms. The school children did not pay to go in, because they were given a ticket each; but the others had to pay a silver coin. It was my sister's birthday last Tuesday. She sat in the birthday chair at Sunday school today. Our baby got christened last Sunday in the primary Sunday school. Our Christmas holidays begin next Thursday. My two sisters and myself were in a concert last Tuesday week. The Sunday school children were given tickets to sell, and the one who sold the most tickets got 10/-, and the one who sold the second most got 6/6, and the one who sold the third most got 3/6. The highest amount was £3/8/- and the second was £3. I don't know what the third is. Dad is going to Sydney next Saturday, and going on to Kiama, and getting back on Christmas Eve. He is going to get my sister. I wish I could go, but of course he won't let me, so it's no use wishing. Excuse my bad writing.

(Dear Eileen,—I am so glad you wrote again. I do not know what happens to the letters that go astray. I lost one with £5 in the other day. Please tell Gladys when she sees this to try again, and she will, like you, have better luck with her second one.—Uncle B.)

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WHAT'S WRONG WITH THIS PICTURE?

The Rome Hosiery mill has put on a night shirt to fill large orders coming in for the past several weeks.

* * *

DOING IT RIGHT.

"What on earth are you wearing all those coats for?" Asked the neighbor.

"Well," was the reply, "I'm going to paint my barn, and the directions on the paint-can say, 'For best results, put on three coats.'"

* * *

TRUST A SCOT.

The canny Scot was not quite sure whether business would keep him away from the evening meal. "Jeanie, ma lass," said he to his wife, ere he left home in the morning, "if I'm no' able to be hame I'll ring ye up at 6 precisely. Dinna tak' the receiver off, and then I'll no' hae to pit in ma twopence."

* * *

NO WONDER THEY'RE HIGH.

"But isn't that an awfully high price? Why are apples so expensive?"

"Well, Ma'am, I might say—for entomological, meteorological and—ah—sociological reasons. In other words, the tent-caterpillar, the drought and the Eighteenth Amendment."

* * *

NEW WORDS AS USED.

Jack was home for his holidays from college. One day he said to his mother: "May I tell you a narrative, mother?" The mother, not being used to hearing such big words, said, "What is a narrative, my boy?"

"A narrative is a tale," said Jack.

That night, when going to bed, Jack said, "May I extinguish the light, mother?"

His mother asked, "What do you mean by saying extinguish?"

"Extinguish means put out," said Jack.

A few days later Jack's mother was giving a party at their home, and the dog walked in. Jack's mother raised her voice and said: "Jack, take that dog by the narrative and extinguish him."

WELL TURNED OUT.

"Did your last employer give you a reference?"

"Yes, but it doesn't seem to be any good."

"What did he say?"

"He said I was one of the best men his firm had ever turned out."

* * *

THE INSULT.

"Why did you strike the telegraph operator?" the Judge asked the darky.

"Well, yo' honah," said the culprit, "it was jest like this: I hands him a telegram for mah girl, an' he starts in readin' it. So I jest nachuraly ups an' hands him one."

* * *

THEY ALL DO.

Mr. Bacon: "Did you hear those measly roosters crowing this morning early?"

Mrs. Bacon: "Yes, dear."

Mr. Bacon: "I wonder what on earth they want to do that far?"

Mrs. Bacon: "Why, don't you remember, dear, you got up one morning early, and you crowed about it for a week?"

* * *

STATISTICS UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

There had been complaints of overcrowding at Mudcombe, so an official of the local council was sent to make inquiries. Approaching one dwelling, he knocked sharply, and the door was opened by the daughter of the house. "How many people live here?" he asked. "Nobody lives here," answered the girl. "We're only staying for a short time." "But how many are here?" persisted the man. "I'm here. Father's gone for a walk, and mother is —" "Stop! Stop!" exclaimed the official, impatiently. "I want to know how many inmates are in this house. How many slept here last night?" "Well, you see," was the reply, "I had toothache, dreadful, my little brother had an earache, and we both cried so much that nobody slept a wink." The inspector said he would call again.

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DAILY INSPIRATION.

By FAIRELIE THORNTON.

SUNDAY.

"If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him."—Jam., 1, 4.

The wisest of men needed to pray "Give therefore Thy servant an understanding heart." If you have never felt your own ignorance you have much to learn. When you have learnt to say with Miss Havergal, "I have no strength, no goodness, no wisdom of my own," you will have learnt the first lesson in the Christian life. "The eyes of our spiritual understanding must be opened before we can discern spiritual truths. 'Whoso is wise and will observe these things, ever they shall understand the loving kindness of the Lord.' How little we understand the loving kindness of the Lord! 'He giveth liberally and upbraideth not!'" How often when we ask advice of those whom we consider wiser than ourselves, when telling them of mistakes we have made, they begin upbraiding, or censuring us for our lack of wisdom in the past. How often a teacher, when he looks at the errors of his pupil, begins blaming him before setting him right. I once had a teacher who, after passing along a form of pupils who were diligently trying to copy some drawing set before them, when she came to mine found some defect of which I was quite unconscious, but which so roused her ire that without speaking a word she took it up and tore it into shreds, shaking with rage. This is not the way the Master treats the scholars in his school, however many mistakes they may make. No, He is very patient and long-suffering, and we can bring our tasks all blotted with errors, to Him to set right for us, and to point out where we have failed in the copy set before us. Let us bring them all to Him—the failures, the ignorance of what to do next, the lack of knowledge, all our want of wisdom, and He will supply our every need. "Let us ask in faith, nothing wavering," and it shall be given, and we shall be among the wise virgins who take their oil with their lamps, and when the Bridegroom comes, enter in with Him to the marriage feast.

MONDAY.

"I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way that thou shouldst go, I will guide thee with Mine eye."—Ps., 32, 8.

Instruct and teach me all the way, O Master;
Guide Thou me with Thine eye,
Lest I should take the path where lies disaster,
Where sin's dark pitfalls lie.

Let me not swerve, O Lord, from Thine instruction,

Nor from Thy precepts slide,
For Thou to save me from the world's corruption,

Hast given Thy Word to guide.

The path of life and light, Lord, Thou wilt show me,

And bring me safely through;
The floods of evil shall not overthrow me,
Whilst I Thy way pursue.

—From "Love Divine."

TUESDAY.

"And He said, So is the kingdom of God, as if a man should cast seed into the ground, and should sleep, and rise night and day, and the seed should spring and grow, he knoweth not how."—Mark, 4, 26, 27.

Here we are given an example of how to sow the seed of the Kingdom of God. Our part is simply to do the sowing. How foolish

it would be of a man, if when he had planted his fields, he were to sit down watching for the results, observing the clouds, and bemoaning the signs of the sky, or lamenting that the seed did not appear to have any signs of life, and failed to immediately spring up. No, he plants, and leaves the sun and earth and air to do the rest. While he sleeps and rises night and day, the God of nature silently does the work. Not all at once, but "in due season, the results appear, first the blade, then the ear, then the full corn in the ear." So should the worker for God follow His calling, sowing by all waters, heeding not the apparent uselessness of it all, leaving results entirely with God. By and by he will see that the seed which had the Divine life in it could not die, but re-appears in a glorious harvest, such as he had never dreamed of.

WEDNESDAY.

"The kingdom of God . . . is like a grain of mustard seed, which, when it is sown in the earth, is less than all the seeds that be in the earth, but when it is sown, it groweth up, and becometh greater than all herbs, and shooteth out great branches, so that the fowls of the air may lodge under the shadow of it."—Mark, 4, 31.

"MY WORDS SHALL NOT PASS AWAY."
Yes, this shall pass away—the brief vain story

Told in a passing day,
Written for meed of fame, or earthly glory,
Shall have its little day.

God's words shall live when Time is old and hoary,
And never pass away.

The Words of Life live on and on for ever,
When man's words die in air;
They echo in men's hearts and lives, and never

Will cease some fruit to bear.
What God hath joined no power on earth can sever,

To stay Him none can dare.
Let not the wise man glory in his learning,
The mighty in his might.

For God doth use the things which men are spurning,
Things which this world doth slight;

The Spirit's power the dead to life thus turning,
Can make of darkness light.

This too shall pass away—man's weak and vain endeavor
To carve himself a name

By stringing useless word and phrase together,
Seeking man's praise to claim.

The Word of God lives on and on for ever,
Returning whence it came.

THURSDAY.

"Take therefore the talent from him . . . and cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness."—Matt., 25, 28.

A man may hide his talent not alone by burying it in the ground. He who trades with it for his own selfish ends is just as much wasting it as he who buries it and does not use it at all. Many a man has been given the gift of writing, singing or preaching, whose gift is used solely for self-gratification, persuading himself that he is using it to please and gratify others. The real motive is to gain the applause of men—self-love is the motive power. When one reads the useless rhymes with no end or meaning in them, but merely written for the sake of effect, full perhaps of poetic fancy, but

merely pleasing the ear, and never reaching the heart, one is saddened to think of what such powers might have been capable of dedicated to the Master's service. When one listens to some eloquent discourse, or reads some book of prose or poems without one reference to the Highest, one sees the buried talent which might have brought such honor to the Master. The smallest gift dedicated to the Master's use will bring a greater harvest than the greatest gifts used merely to please the fancy, and bring praise to the possessor of the talent. "To whomsoever much is given, of him shall be much required." Whom do you seek to please by your talent—your voice, your intellect, Self or Christ? Or is "SOME of self and some of Thee"? He wants all; He needs it.

FRIDAY.

Have you no gift for the Master—
No gift at His feet to lay?
When He comes to look for His harvest
What will you have to say,
When He sees the gift He had given
Uselessly fritted away?

"Oh, but I did not hide it;
It brought me money and fame;
It brought me the world's approval,
And gave me an honored name."
If it brought no fruit for the Master,
You will hide your head in shame,
When He comes with His servants to reckon,
And the fruit of your talent to claim.

SATURDAY.

For the Kingdom of Heaven is like unto a man that is an householder, which went out early in the morning to hire laborers into his vineyard.—Matt., 20, 1.

Who then is a faithful and wise servant whom his lord hath made over his household, to give them their meat in due season. Blessed is that servant whom his lord, when he cometh, shall find so doing.—Matt., 24, 44.

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, 36.

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TO PARENTS.

For some time past we have inserted a paragraph in this paper asking if you have realised the importance of sex instruction for your children in a clean wholesome manner. The response has been to a certain extent satisfactory, but we feel we have a sacred duty to try and reach thousands of other parents for the sake of the rising generation. You can by sending 1/- in stamps or P.N. obtain a 24 page instructive Report for 1923/24 and eight more booklets to help parents, boys, girls, youths and maidens.

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Alliance News and Notes—

(Continued from page 4.)

advanced stage of pregnancy, and obviously drunk. Her face portrayed a very weary body. What were her hopes or ambitions would be impossible of conjecture. One of two men passing remarked: "How could a woman become so depraved?" The thought passing through my brain was how long will it be before this State's conscience will be aroused to sweep away such a pernicious and devilish system as produces such awful degradation in our womanhood? Proceeding to Oxford-street my attention was drawn to a crowd at an hotel side door. Fearing that an accident had occurred, impulse drew me over. It was 6.10, and this groggery was reluctantly emptying itself of its customers. Four drunken women came out. One sober housewife was standing on the path demanding the production of her husband. The men, about 60, who came forth, and mainly stood about the entrance, were a pitiable looking crowd of humanity. Startled eyes, bloated grog colored faces. Did they have wives and children, and would they go home in that state? It was a fearful picture. I hurried on. Passing the next hotel at 6.20, it was closed "tight" for the day. Emanating from the bar was the distinct noise of many voices. Those who no doubt had gone there to "see a friend about a dog." A man and woman, both intoxicated, apparently husband and wife going home, were next encountered. At frequent intervals either would stop and view the other with disgusted contempt. The woman repeatedly assured the husband "you're drunk," a fact which no observer would attempt to dispute. Further on another woman came from a shicker shop "hysterically" drunk, walked on to the tramline, and performed some drunken gestures and gesticulations to the amusement of some hoodlums and bar-straddlers on the corner. It was a sad and shameful exposition of the liquor bar's feminine product. It would shock the community if a commission of investigation were appointed, and their reports were published of the true state of affairs, which obtain in our city between five and seven o'clock each evening. If the "Bulletin" scribe interested himself in alcoholic fettered humanity and left alone the purile pastime of "counting the electric bulbs," he would render the community better service. A glance at the twilight is sufficiently appalling without wishing to see the suggested ideal night.

Owing to a possible clash with another meeting an interchange of dates between Newcastle and Hamilton for the Rev. Henry Worrall's meetings was effected.

LOVE OF LIBERTY MADE HIM PROHIBITIONIST.

"It is not natural for an Irishman to be a Prohibitionist, and although I have been an abstainer since my early youth, for many years I was not a Prohibitionist. I have an intense love of personal liberty and I say to the moderationists that it is because of this love of liberty that I am now a Prohibitionist. It was as a result of mingling with moderationists that my eyes were opened to the dangers of a social glass."

—From address by Rev. Father L. Minehan, of Canada.—"Union Signal."

CONSERVATION OF MAN POWER.**PROFESSOR CARVER OF HARVARD CALLS EIGHTEENTH AMENDMENT "THE GREATEST SOCIAL EXPERIMENT OF MODERN TIMES."**

Professor Thomas N. Carver, of Harvard, in a treatise on Prohibition entitled, "The Greatest Social Experiment of Modern Times," says:

"It is safe to say that, other things being equal, the nation that makes the greatest economy of its human resources—that is, that wastes the smallest proportion of its man-power or that economises and directs its man-power most economically—will outgrow in numbers, prosperity and general strength the nation that does the opposite.

"So long as all the rival nations are wasting resources and man-power in drink there may be no differential advantage in favor of anyone or against any of the others; but when one nation, such as the United States, makes a definite advance in this form of economy, unless it indulges in some folly that will neutralise the advantage thus gained, there is no reason to doubt that it will gain on all others, year by year, decade by decade and century by century, and eventually dominate the civilisation of the world. They who refuse to take this great step forward in the economy of human resources, whether they understand it or not, are definitely choosing to occupy a secondary position in the civilised world."

In regard to difficulty of enforcement, Professor Carver pointed out:

"If a prohibition law were not difficult to enforce, there would be no strong reason for having such a law—that is to say, if it were not difficult to enforce it, it would argue there was no strong desire to drink liquor:

"The fact that there is such a widespread craving for liquor made it certain that there would be widespread and persistent efforts to violate the law. But this widespread craving, when considered in connection with another fact, namely, that the general indulgence of this craving tends to unfit men for functioning in an interlocking civilisation, furnishes a strong reason for a Prohibition law and a heavy expenditure for the enforcement."

Analysing available data on smuggled liquors, he declared:

"After an account is taken, however, of all figures available that show indirectly an increase in smuggling, they indicate an almost negligible percentage of the quantity manufactured for sale or consumption within the United States before Prohibition went into effect. Even if every gallon of the increase in shipment to the contiguous territories and outlying islands actually found its way into the United States, the total quantity is so small in comparison with that formerly manufactured in the United States as to be almost negligible."—"Union Signal."

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Alcoholism One of Two Contributing Factors in Mental Deficiency.

Dr. George Wilson, writing in the "Philadelphia Evening Ledger" on mental deficiencies in children, gives alcoholism in the parents as one of the causative factors in the production of feeble-minded children, the commonest single cause, as he says, being bad heredity. Alcoholism was present in 46 per cent. of the cases of one investigator. Dr. Wilson said: "Before the birth of a child, alcoholism in the mother has decidedly injurious consequences to the offspring. However, it is likely that the effect of alcohol is more often contributory than actually casual in the production of mental deficiency. Dr. W. C. Sullivan once conducted an inquiry regarding the children of 120 women, who were habitual drinkers, and who had no physical or hereditary defects. Of these children, 355, which was 55 per cent. of the total number, either died in infancy or were stillborn. Of the remaining 45 per cent., several were mentally defective, and 4.1 per cent. were epileptics. The proportion of epileptics in the general population is one-tenth of one per cent."

"Mother, is it true that an apple a day keeps the doctor away?"

"Yes, Jimmie. Why?"

"'Cause if it is, I kept about ten doctors away this morning—but I'm afraid one'll have to come soon."

PASS "GRIT" ON.

AN ARCHITECT'S TESTIMONY.

In an address before the Engineers' Club of Philadelphia, at their meeting in October, Mr. Walter F. Ballinger, the leading architect of that city and a nationally known leader of his profession, had this to say about the effect of Prohibition in America:

"I have facts of a great many kinds to bring before you, any of which would be sufficient to justify the suppression of the traffic in alcoholic liquors. The first is the large decrease in the death rate in New York, Philadelphia and the whole country, but particularly in the States where liquor was previously legally sold. According to the Government reports, there is a falling off of an average of 222 per 100,000 in the United States, or for 110,000,000 people equals 224,000 less deaths per year than the lowest death rate during licensed years. The greater part of this drop was experienced in previously wet States.

"The second point of evidence is closely allied to the first. Life insurance companies are much more prosperous not only because the death rates have fallen off, but because people have had more savings to invest and have put considerably of it in life insurance. Most of the life insurance companies are mutual, and most of us have some sort of life insurance; therefore we are all benefited in better dividends or lower premium rates.

"Third, savings deposits throughout the United States in 1913 were 6,972,000,000 dollars. There was an increase from then to 1920, when 7,493,000,000 dollars were deposited. But in 1923 there was deposited in the savings department of banks and trust companies in the United States 15,268,000,000 dollars.

"Schools and colleges are filled to capacity. More children are going to school; more young men and women are getting high school and college educations.

"More hotels are being built than ever before.

"There has been an increase in the use of automobiles.

"The steam laundry business has increased out of proportion. Many former wash-women are now supported by their husbands and do not have to work at their wash-tubs."

EVEN BETTER.

"I'm going to call my baby Charles," said the author; "after Charles Lamb, you know. He is such a dear little lamb."

"Oh, I'd call him William Dean," said the friend. "He Howells so much."

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