

Grit.

A JOURNAL OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY AND PROHIBITION.

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TO-DAY, LOVELY CHILDREN—WHAT OF TO-MORROW?

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TEA

MORE ECONOMICAL

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ROBBING US OF THE BEST.

WHY EVERY PROFESSIONAL MAN OUGHT TO VOTE FOR PROHIBITION.

By A PROFESSIONAL MAN.

There is no professional man who is unable to recall the name of somebody in his own profession in whom the early promise of a brilliant career has been destroyed and brought to nought through drink.

Every doctor, every lawyer, every writer, artist and actor knows that such is the case; most can cite not one but several instances to show the toll drink levies upon talent. Not even the Church is spared. Though a discreet silence is permitted to veil clerical degradation, every clergyman can tell of men brought down from the pulpit to the gutter through alcohol.

There are peculiar reasons why professional men should gravely consider the implications of this distressing fact at the present time. On September 1, along with other citizens, they will be invited to cast a vote on the liquor issue at the ballot box. Generally speaking, the professions embrace the most highly educated, cultured and thoughtful section of the community. It is to the professions that the people look for sound learning, mature experience and well-nourished thought. It is to them that most of us turn for guidance when we are in doubt. It may be true that sometimes we are disappointed in our quest, but that does not mitigate the fact that there, more than anywhere else, may we expect to discover the fountain of knowledge and the stream of practical wisdom. There was an age when the "noblesse d'eepee" looked with scorn upon the "noblesse de robe," but experience taught mankind that the world has more to hope for from the latter than from the former, and that is why the professions have steadily risen in the public estimation until to-day there is no more worthy distinction than to be included in their ranks. The aspiration of Horace in his apostrophe to Maecenas represents, indeed, the summit of ambition for most sane people at the present time.

What, then, are the implications of the sad fact that alcohol does not spare the professional classes? The professions exist to discharge the intellectual services of the community. The number of people who are able, by educational attainment, to qualify for admission to them is never, in any one generation, more than a small minority of the whole community. It seems that here wisdom and economy characterise the provision of Nature. There is high authority for the view that there must always be hewers of wood and drawers of water, a view which common experience amply confirms; and so, Nature does not commit the mistake of turning out all men in the intellectual mode. Pace all democratic theories of education, it is manifest that the generality of men is unsuited for higher education.

On the other hand, it is brains rather than brawn which, in every age, have encompassed

the progress of man, and it is the professions which have been the agents of that progress. All the false connotations of democracy are unable to obscure the fact that the real and permanent advances of civilisation have been achieved by a mere handful of men in comparison with the countless millions who have benefited by their ministrations. The loss of brains is, therefore, infinitely more serious to society than the loss of brawn. It is an easy enough matter to replace a common laborer; it is not so easy to supply the place of a man of talent.

Who are the people who in any generation attain distinction? Broadly speaking, is it not true to say that they are those who render the most notable services to the community? Ask yourself, then, how this "distinction" class—this "elite"—is composed. In most modern countries democracy has sought, with more or less success, to provide "equal opportunity for all" through the medium of popular education. In theory and, to a large extent, in practice also, the ideal of the "carriere ouverte aux talents" has been realised. It is, in theory, just as possible for the same proportion of laborers' sons as of the sons of any other class to rise to place and distinction. But, what are the facts? An analysis of the names in the American "Who's Who," which, as everybody knows, is a dictionary of contemporary biography, and therefore a guide which can in a great measure afford a reliable indication as to the distribution of exceptional talent through the various strata of society—such an analysis, we say, shows conclusively that the talent which makes for the progress of mankind is NOT evenly distributed, but is rather, on the contrary, restricted to a comparatively small section of any one generation. Whereas one clergyman in seven, for instance, gets into "Who's Who," only one laborer in three thousand rises to distinction.

The following table, compiled by an American authority, shows the number of each

class in the community in the United States per eminent man originating in that class:

Class.	One eminent son to
Unskilled laborers	48,000
Skilled artisans	1,600
Farmers	690
Engineers	160
Physicians	104
Businessmen	80
Lawyers	52
Professional men generally	46
Sea captains and pilots	42
Clergy generally	20
Episcopal clergymen	9

It will be seen that whereas one out of nine sons of episcopal clergymen attain to eminence, only one out of forty-eight thousand sons of unskilled laborers rises to public notice.

Evidence of this sort completes the demonstration of a fact which sound sense and SAFER TO WORK UNDERGROUND, CORRUPTING PARLIAMENTARY PARTIES,
(Continued on page 4.)

The ocean's blue, and so are you,

When sniffing from a cold;

No use have you for Irish stew,

If I may be so bold.

But peerless Woods' Great Peppermint Cure

Will set you right, my friend;

It's splendid stuff, that's right enough;

On that you may depend.

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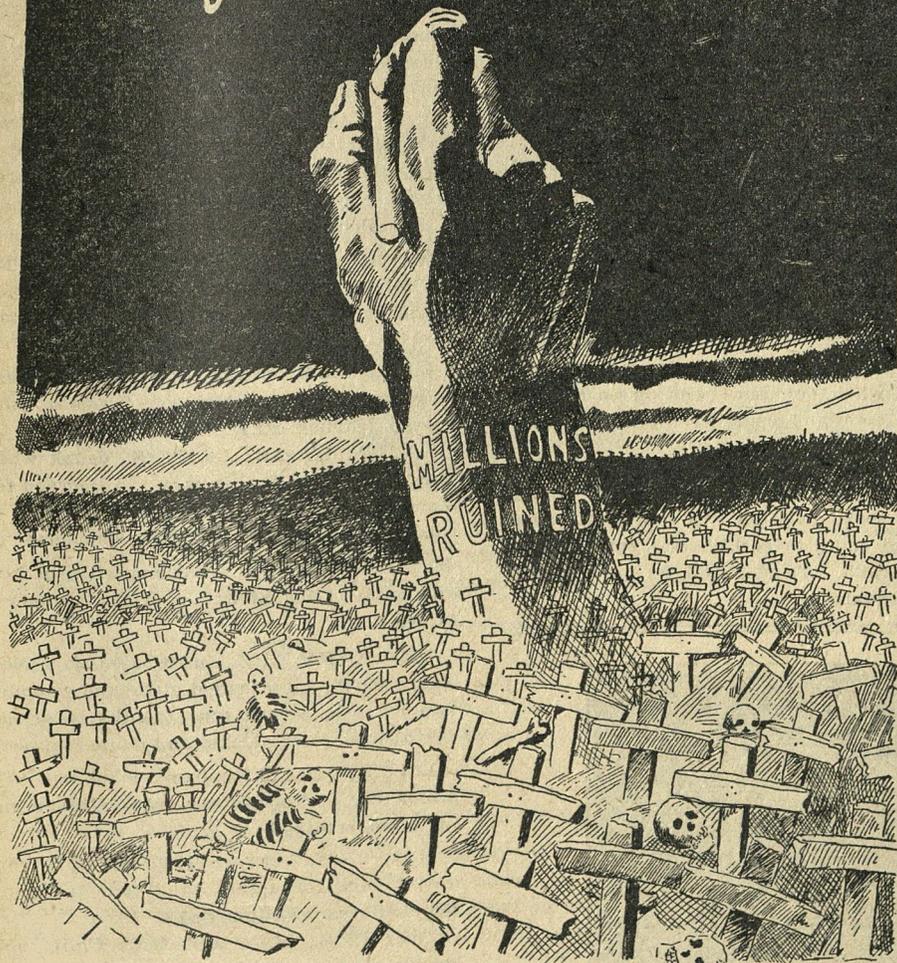
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SEND YOUR ORDER ALONG TO-DAY

Let the people
say it must stop



THE CEMETERY OF DRINK FAILURES

JUDGED BY ITS FRUIT.

The liquor traffic daily defies law, order, decency and safety.

We grow callous to its depravities, but all who face the facts will surely decide that it is impossible to vote for its continuance.

MOTORIST FINED £20.

As the outcome of a collision between two motor cars on Gladesville Bridge, near Huntley's Point Road, on July 5, Eric Andrew Johnson, 22 years of age, a clerk, was charged before Mr. W. J. Camphin, S.M., at the Balmain Police Court, with having driven a motor car whilst he was under the influence of intoxicating liquor.

Constable Lamont said that after the accident defendant fell across the mudguard

when he attempted to get into the car. When being searched at the police station defendant could not stand up without assistance.

The magistrate imposed a fine of £20, with £3/4/6 costs, in default three months' imprisonment, with hard labor. He also ordered the suspension of defendant's license until the date of its expiration on December 8, 1928, and disqualified him from obtaining a license for a further period of 13 months from that date.

"SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME."

Peter Kearns, 68, who, according to the police had been driving a hansom cab for 40 years, was fined £3 at the Central Court for having driven in Kent-street while he was under the influence of liquor.

It was stated that defendant was rolling about on the seat of the cab, and the horse was going where it liked.

DEATH FOLLOWS BRAWL.

James Malone, who was injured in an alleged brawl at a hotel in Newcastle, died in hospital.

**ASKED IF HE WANTED A DRINK.
MAN KNOCKED ABOUT AT
DARLINGTON.**

Accosted by a man and woman in Vine-street, Darlington, Ernest Crockett (29), of Myrtle-street, city, was brutally kicked and punched into unconsciousness.

The man, according to Crockett's story to the police, asked him if he would like a drink. Crockett replied that he had no objection. He was then given a pound note, and as he turned was struck over the head.

Both the man and woman kicked him unmercifully while he was on the ground. Later two women picked him up, and he was taken to the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital. He was suffering from concussion and a fractured nose.

**NAVVIES' DRINKS.
COST MAN £30 FINE.**

Albert Sinclair was fined £30, or four months' jail, for having been found in possession of eight bottles of rum and two bottles of whisky, which he was carrying for sale to navvies on the railway construction work between Kyogle and Queensland.

According to evidence Sinclair had the liquor in a swag, and when he met a thirsty navvy he gave him a drink.

Constable Cohan said Sinclair had offered him a bribe, but Cohan replied, "I'm not like a city councillor. There is not enough money in the world to buy me."

**CAR DRIVER FINED £21.
NO LICENSE FOR 3 YEARS.**

"He was zig-zagging along the road in his car, and when I called upon him to stop he pulled up right outside the police station. I asked him to walk inside, but he could not—he was so very drunk."

Thus Constable Stewart at the North Sydney Police Court when Albert Victor Hambley, 28, a laborer, was charged with driving a motor car in Military-road, Neutral Bay, whilst under the influence of liquor on Saturday, and, further, with driving without a license.

Mr. Camphin imposed a fine of £20, or three months' imprisonment, for driving while intoxicated, and £1, or seven days, for being unlicensed.

He further disqualified Hambley from holding a license for three years.

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COADJUTOR BISHOP'S PRONOUNCEMENT.

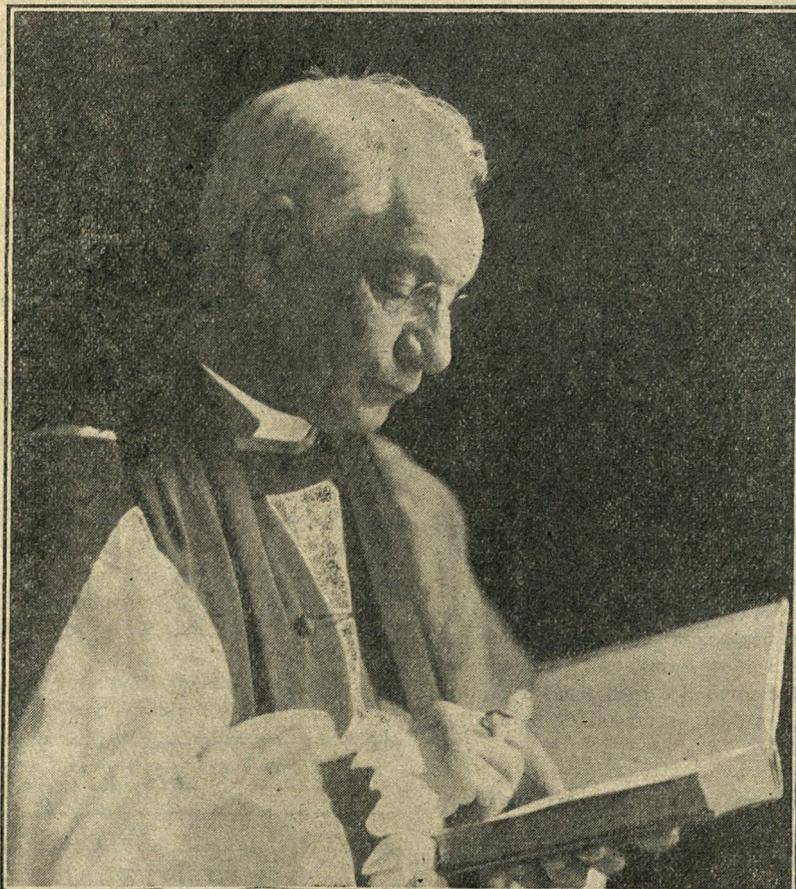
Prior to commencing his sermon at St. Phillip's, Church Hill, on Sunday evening, August 5th, the Coadjutor Bishop of Sydney (Rt. Rev. Bishop D'Arcy Irvine) said that according to promise he would tell his people what his attitude was in regard to Prohibition.

He had carefully considered the arguments put forward by the opponents of Prohibition, and would admit that some of these objections were by no means flimsy; but the benefits that would come by the suppression of the sale of intoxicating liquor would more than outweigh any objections as to the cost of Prohibition or any other objections, and on September 1st, if he was spared and was well, he intended to put his cross in the top square. He would put the cross on top, where the Cross should always be.

Occasionally he himself took a glass of wine, and at a meeting of ministers of religion in St. James' Hall some time ago, convened, if he remembered rightly, by Rev. R. B. S. Hammond, he believed that he caused surprise by admitting this. But he then said, and he reiterated this now, that he was prepared to sacrifice this occasional glass of wine (if sacrifice it could be called) in the interests of Prohibition.

He was approached by a man in the street recently who asked if our Lord had taken wine. He answered that he had, and the man then said that in this case our Lord would not have voted for Prohibition. In reply to this he pointed out that there were not the highly fortified drinks which muddled men's brains when our Lord was on earth, and that in present-day conditions our Lord would, in his belief, advocate Prohibition.

Prohibition had been of gradual growth in America, and would have to come in that way to Australia. The level-headed American people had realised that Prohibition tended to efficiency, and he felt sure that the economic and social position had vastly improved under Prohibition. He hoped that Prohibition would come to N.S.W. and spread from State to State, that it might have a fair go in Australia. To this end, as he had said before, his vote on September 1 would be in the top square.



THE RIGHT REVEREND GERALD D'ARCY IRVINE,
Coadjutor Bishop of Sydney.

Robbing Us of the Best—

(Continued from page 2.)

common experience alike suggest, namely, that the waste of brains through alcoholism, and the resultant loss of valuable service to the community, is, in a social sense, a very serious matter indeed. It means that the loss is not at all to be computed on a mere percentage of the population basis (grievous as it is even from that point of view), and it implies a social obligation to adopt special precautions calculated to safeguard a precious social asset and preserve it from an unnecessary and deplorable wastage. If, in a community of a hundred people, you save one "brainy" man from the deteriorating effects of alcoholic excess, you are indeed preserving to the community unimpaired 1 per cent. of its population, but you are safeguarding a great deal more than 1 per cent. of its talent.

A recent issue of "The Lancet" publishes the following particulars of business transacted at a meeting "for disciplinary purposes" of the General Medical Council:

L.D.S., R.C.S., drunk, disorderly, indecent behaviour, importuning for immoral purposes. (Struck off.)

L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S., L.R.F.P.S., drunk when patients were under his care. (Adjourned for reports as to present conduct.)

L.R.C.P., L.R.C.S., L.F.P.S., convicted of drunkenness on four occasions between 1914 and 1926. (Has given up drink; name retained.)

L.R.C.P., F.R.F.P.S., intoxicated at a New Year's party, got a loaded pistol and wounded two persons, served four months in prison. (To abstain from alcohol and name retained.)

L.R.C.S., L.R.F.P.S., drunk in charge of a motor car. (To abstain from alcohol and his name retained.)

M.B., Ch.B., between 1920 and 1926 convicted once for assault and four times for drunkenness. (Adjourned.)

M.B., Ch.B., M.D., and M.B., Ch.B., both drunk when in charge of motor cars. (Adjourned for six months.)

This record of cases tells its own tale. In other professions, notably the legal, the same sort of experience is had.

Professional men, as a rule, are tolerant men who are disposed to take a kindly and liberal view of people's little foibles, and on that account many of them are temperamentally averse to prohibitions. But the question now before them is not one which can or ought to be determined upon the basis of personal predilections. It is a question to be decided in the light of objective fact. The professional man must surely find in the argument developed above ample reason for voting away the liquor traffic.

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AS I KNOW IT.

THE FOREIGN ELEMENT COMPLICATES THINGS.

By A. C. BARMORE, for "Grit."

I am not a globe trotter, hence do not write as one who has seen from a train or some other means of locomotion. I am an American, and write as one who has a full knowledge of the old saloon system, consequently I am able to compare it with Prohibition. That one who wants liquor may be able to get it somewhere or somehow does not mean that American Prohibition is a failure; for not only can and do men break the liquor laws but all the other laws of America, and it is my observation that we have more trouble with the foreign element than any of the natives.

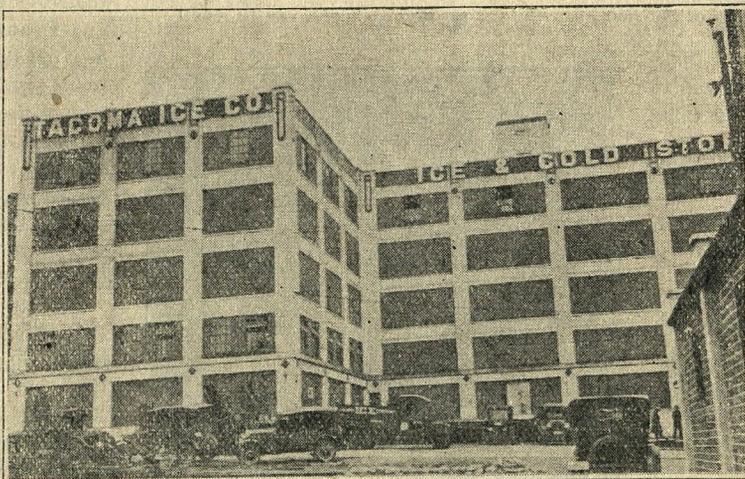
In saying that I am an American I wish to be understood as meaning an Anglo-Saxon American. My people have been Americans for two hundred years, and the men of the families of both my paternal and maternal grand parents were soldiers in Washington's Army. Such people as myself constitute 68,000,000 of the population of the U.S.A. But, in addition to these, we have 37,000,000 foreigners of various nationalities, and 10,000,000 negroes. This means of course great difficulty in enforcing any law, and especially such a law as Prohibition. Our foreigners are, for the most part, from the wine and beer drinking countries of Europe, hence are accustomed to having liquor in their homes, where it is used as freely as tea is in this country. Many of these people, too, are of a low type, and not naturally amenable to law. The same may be affirmed of the negroes.

Prohibition began in the State of Maine as far back as 1857, and notwithstanding the adjacent "wet" States, Maine maintained her character as a "dry" State until the Nation declared for Prohibition. In 1881 she was joined by Kansas, which also remained true to the "dry" flag. I have never been in Maine, but I know Kansas well.

ONE CAUSE ONLY.

I came to Australia first in 1902, and returned to America in 1913, and came back to Australia in 1922. This means practically nine years under Prohibition. Upon my return I went first to Kansas, and, strange as it may seem to some, I saw while there the only drunk man

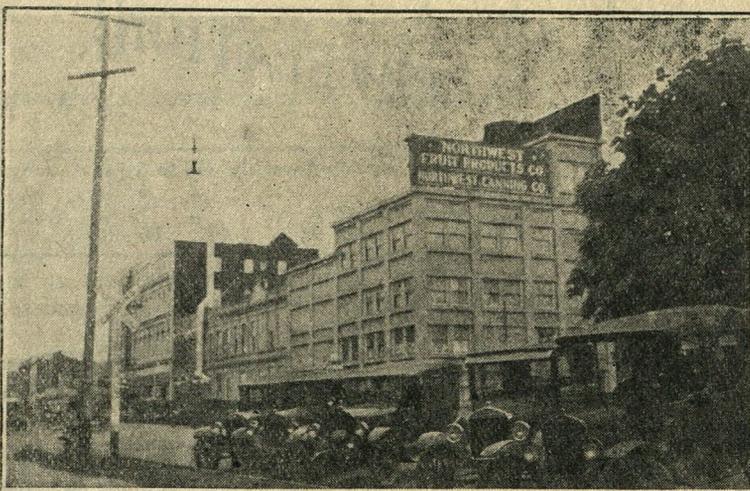
I encountered while in America, and my stay there covered nine years and twenty States. After a brief sojourn in Kansas I went to Indiana, my native State, and when I noted the changes which had occurred in my absence I said to a friend: "It is remarkable how much you have become civilised in the



This is one-half of the new Tacoma Ice and Cold Storage Plant, built as an addition to the old Pacific Brewery since Prohibition, as the brewery rented so fast to factories which gave so much employment. There is always five thousand tons of foodstuffs, like beef, ham, butter, milk, mutton, eggs, etc., in this plant and the section of the brewery it also uses. Photo by Joe Longton.

last few years. I do not see the poverty and misery, and I do not hear of the crime that used to be." He answered: "There is just one cause for the change." I replied: "What is it?" These words came back: "The saloons are gone." Then I awoke. The country had been in the throes of a great local option campaign which began in the early part of this century. Vast areas of the State had gone "dry" by this means, though the State itself did not declare for Prohibition until 1917.

The country in question had been heavily timbered, and in my boyhood the timber industry was the big thing. For a period of about twenty-five years this kind of work was in evidence everywhere, and necessarily attracted men from all parts; and practically all these men were of the rough type. They were not, however, foreigners; they were all British, and while some were veritable dare-devils they were



The Salem Brewery, now the Salem Ice and Food Storage Co., Marion Creamery, Western Dairy Products, making Weatherly's Ice Cream, and Salem's largest hotel, the Hotel Marion.—Salem, Oregon. Photo by Joe Longton.

no worse than some of those already residing in the country.

The consequence was that the bark and flash of the British Bull Dog, Smith and Wesson, Colt and other revolvers were matters of daily, and especially nightly, occurrence. I could tell things that I know to be actual facts that would put in the shade anything I have read in Deadwood Dick stories, or seen on the movie films. "Bad men," you say. Not necessarily. They were

when in their cups, but not otherwise. All crimes were committed on saloon premises, or were due to the inspiration of liquor, if not committed there. Of course gambling was an invariable accompaniment of drinking. I may state just here that in my opinion the American saloon was the worst means of intemperance the world ever knew, and yet the "wets" everywhere would have us believe that America made a great mistake in making the saloon an outlaw. I am quite sure the outlawry was justified by the sequel, for I am certain nothing could have made so great a change in any country than the abolition of the saloon.

THE GREAT PIONEERS.

Jack O'Donnel' calls this same country (in "Collier's Weekly"): "America's Real Sahara." I know what the transformation has meant; and one reason for its completeness is that reformation began long before National Prohibition arrived. Old men, gray and grizzled with years, told me with tears in their eyes they were very glad their grand children would never know anything about drink or drunkenness. "Bone dry," nothing else describes that country so well.

One reason for my opposition to liquor is that I do not believe these men were naturally bad. The worst that can be said of them is: They feared nothing and nobody. They were the men who cut down the first trees and killed the first rattlesnakes and bears and fought the Indians; they were the men who heard the panther scream in the forest that the modern American might hear the brass band play in the park. They were all pioneers, and my grandfather and father were among them. They were mistaken in that they followed a false system of pleasure and adventure, as I have already pointed out. They wanted to make the most out of life, and they believed they could do it by following John Barleycorn.

(Continued on page 6).

KING O'MALLEY'S MESSAGE.

"THE CALAMITY OF THE SUCTION SYSTEM."

Brother Hammond,

Advance Agent of a Sober, Sane Civilisation.

In reply to your request, I desire to say that after a man has passed the three score and ten years he is only jogging over the top of this earth to save cremation expenses, and is incapable of producing original pabulum.

Your organisation is only trying to sell the people a profitable business investment security returning 100 per cent. on every pound invested (called Prohibition).

Through the operations of gambling, drinking, sickness and immatured strikes the wealth that should be in the possession of the workers for rainy days passes over to swell the accumulations of the wealthy.

The money wasted on drink if invested in the shares of the industrial organisations where the workers work, they would be receiving dividends as well as wages.

In all the business walks of life the first men to be laid off are the drinkers.

Drink saps the workers' energies and causes periodical nation-wide unemployment.

A nation partly dry and partly wet, partly sober and partly stupid from drink, is divided against itself and cannot economically function or perpetually prosper.

Under the suction system, drink makes the poor poorer and the rich richer.

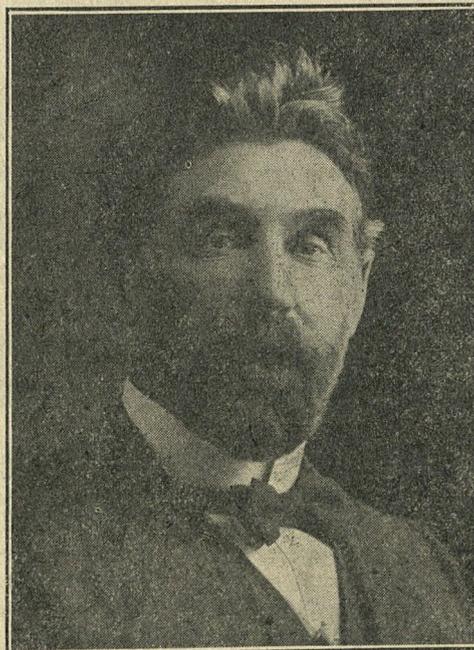
If the drinkers use their thinkers, stagger juice will be buried without the blessings of the Church.

Trusting the right will triumph.

I am, cordially yours,

KING O'MALLEY.

20/7/28.



KING O'MALLEY.

The man who made Canberra "Dry."

As I Know It—

(Continued from page 5.)

They have found out their mistake.

The sons of these men, and especially their grandsons are schoolmasters, doctors, lawyers and clergymen. All this has come about in an incredibly short time. And, strange as it may seem, at the very time this state of society obtained there were people and whole families who had the most intense interest in both education and religion. They were not all reckless. My folk were not though of the pioneer class, and I grew up in the midst of it all without touching liquor or anything that went with it. My father was a very peaceable man, and yet I remember the time when he armed himself with two revolvers and arrested the worst man in the country.

I went westward to Oregon, and arrived there the year (1914) the State went dry. In 1916 there was a "bone dry" amendment passed because there were some weak spots in the first Act which might be used by the "wets" against Prohibition. I helped put over this "bone dry" Act. I remained in Oregon four years, and yet I never saw a drunk man in that time, and only one man with a liquor flask. He invited me to drink with him. When I refused, he said: "I never

blame a man for refusing liquor, and I maintain that no man can put up a sound argument in favor of liquor."

From Oregon I went into Oklahoma and Texas, and while en route passed through Kansas again. My next move was again

westward, this time to California. By this time America had entered the World War, and a wartime Prohibition had been declared. This was merged into the National Prohibition Amendment, of which so much has been said. During the four years I spent in California I never saw a drunk—man, woman or child. I never got the odor of liquor from anybody's person or premises, though I met one man who was down and out through liquor.

EXTREMISTS.

Some may suppose I err in the facts and figures I have given as to present drinking and drunkenness in America. I am not denying that those who want liquor and hunt for it can find it somewhere. The same is true of the violation of any other law. There is no law that is proof against fools and knaves. I cannot be mistaken in the drunkenness I saw under the saloon system, nor in what I have seen since. Drunkards staggered against me on each side formerly, and "both a comin' and a gwine," as the negro would say.

Some will say: "Prohibitionists are extremists." So they are, and the same is true of all other progressive people. An extremist goes to the utmost limit, hence Prohibition is the last word in Temperance Reform; and it came because half-way measures accomplished nothing. Extremes are all right, but excesses are not. The blood circulates to the extremities of the human body, which is natural and healthful, but when there is a wound, and the blood escapes there is an excess. An extremist is one who goes to the edge of his possibility. Anyone who wins a first prize in any line of life is an extremist. Henry Ford is an extremist, Gene Tunney is an extremist, Zorilla is an extremist. Show me a man who is not an extremist, and I will show you a man who is not a first-class success.

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A WOMAN'S GREAT PLEA.

By M. PRESTON-STANLEY, the first woman member of the N.S.W. Parliament.

THE GREAT WASTER OF LIFE AND CHARACTER; THE GREAT POLLUTER OF THE NATIONAL BLOOD STREAM; THE MASTER GRAFTER OF OUR POLITICS.

There are three major reasons why every sane citizen should be opposed to the liquor traffic.

The first is that it is the greatest known waster of our national assets—waster of life—waster of character—waster of wealth.

The second is that it is the greatest polluter of our national blood stream—destroyer of the germ plasm of the race—propagator of an endless progeny of human defects—producer of disease in its most hideous forms.

The third is that it is the Master Grafter of our politics. The mailed fist before whom political parties quail and political candidates quake, and political cowards take to cover.

Than this there can be no more terrible indictment, but it can be proven.

WASTER OF LIFE.

Obviously the first and greatest of all national assets is life itself, and as a waster of life alcohol stands unchallenged.

The problem of lengthening the life line of its citizens is accepted by every nation as one of its most important responsibilities.

A slight increase in the life average of any

people represents a vast economic gain to any nation.

And while preventive medicine the world over is organised on a vast and gigantic scale to lengthen life, promote health and postpone death, the liquor traffic, also organised on a vast scale, is shortening life, lowering health, and hastening death wherever its sway remains unchallenged.

Of doubt on this question there can be none, and the truth of this is to be found in the records of the Medica Actuarial Investigation of the United States, including 43 life insurance societies, and covering two million lives.

This investigation revealed a death rate amongst policy-holders, using, when examined, two glasses of beer or one glass of whisky per day, or 18 per cent. above the death rate among insured lives generally.

Also in the experience of the United Kingdom Temperance and General Provident Society of London during more than half a century, from 1866 to 1917, total abstainers

showed an actual mortality of 65 per cent. of that expected as contrasted with a mortality of 90 per cent. for moderate drinkers.

The deduction to be made from these figures leaves no room for argument. Alcohol shortens life, hastens death, and therefore destroys the most priceless national asset—life.

This is one side of the picture. This shows what happens to the habitual users of alcohol. They die sooner than non-users; and we have but to study the results of the prohibition of alcohol upon the life line of the people of America to see how the life average lengthens when alcohol is outlawed.

The death rate from all causes in the United States declined over 10 per cent. following Prohibition. Even in New York City the official death rates of the Board of Health show that the highest death rate in that State since Prohibition is lower by nearly 10 per cent. than the lowest death rate prior to Prohibition.

The average for the entire United States for the five years since Prohibition is 11.8 per thousand, as against 15 per thousand for the five years prior to Prohibition, or more than 25 per cent. better than a life-saving point of view under Prohibition.

Speaking on this point before the United States Senate Judiciary Committee, Dr. Emerson, Chief Health Officer of New York City, said: "My profession is the study of the causes of preventable diseases and how

(Continued on page 10.)

VOTE THUS:

ARE YOU IN FAVOR OF PROHIBITION WITH COMPENSATION?

YES

NO

Indicate your vote by placing a cross (thus X) in one of the above squares.

**DON'T STOOP TO THE BOTTOM SQUARE
PUT YOUR X IN THE TOP SQUARE.**



WHAT IS YOUR CHILD WORTH?



A personal chat with my readers

ONLY A FEW MORE DAYS.

Only a few more days and the commonsense of the State will be tested. Those who are protecting the great selfish liquor interests have spared no pains to misinform, confuse and thoroughly frighten the voters. In this fight great papers and public men have little to be proud of. No religious leader has done any real leading. No city paper has made any sane and dignified effort to protect the public. We lack the things that played so great a part in bringing Prohibition to U.S.A.

First of all we lack the deep religious fervor that prevailed in the country parts of U.S.A. where Prohibition was born.

Second, our public men lack the courage so common in the leaders of U.S.A., many of whom are so fearless in the interests of public welfare. We have never had a Premier or member of Cabinet with a passion for liquor reform.

Third, we lack ambition. Americans want to "make good," Australians are content to have a "good time."

Efficiency is a desirable thing to Americans; to an Aussie it only stands for the method that contributes to the firm's success—in which in his shortsightedness he is not concerned.

By and large the American says, "Can we do it better?" The Aussie says, "Ain't that good enough? Why worry?"

Of course we will win Prohibition—we can even win it on September 1—but, alas, those who want it want it for nothing.

Over 300,000 will vote for Prohibition—if they gave a modest ten shillings each we could not fail to win. I have never read such poor and transparently misleading statements as those in the liquor advertisements. They spent some hundreds of pounds in whole-page advertisements, reproducing pieces torn from American papers. I wonder if ever a dozen people analysed these photoed parts from the press. If I had only some real money I could have made them sorry they ever put such a "raw" thing to the public.

Sure that I had no money, sure of ignorance, fatuous credulity and inability to analyse their statements they are safe to print any absurd or wickedly misleading statement.

There are about 5000 daily newspapers in U.S.A., and yet it took the liquor gang from November, 1927, to February, 1928, to collect thirty-five newspaper incidents about Prohibition violations, and one-third of these

contain no date line at all. The character of the papers from which they are taken discount them anyhow. I could get more in a fortnight from the half-dozen Sydney dailies damning our licensing system than the liquor gang got from a four-month search of the thousands of U.S.A. papers.

* * *

THE COMMON OBJECTIONS.

It is pathetic to hear good folk mouthing the liquor men's silly "scare-crow statements" about "the cost of it," "enforcing it," "the liberty of the subject," "the drug evil," "increased taxation," "those put out of employment."

How can a huge saving such as keeping in your pockets the £13,220,000 you have hitherto wasted on drink be a costly thing? Prohibition is a saving, not an extravagance; an asset, not a liability.

It of course can be enforced as easily as any other law.

We keep Queensland cattle out now. We had Customs officers at Albury before Federation and they kept smuggling down alright.

Now liquor is transported in railway trucks and huge drays; under Prohibition, it is reduced to a handbag.

"Liberty" is a great word, but it is just something we have none of. You are not even at liberty not to vote on September 1. The complexity of modern society restricts us on every hand.

The drug evil has increased all over the world, and in the last 10 years U.S.A. is the only part of the world where it has decreased.

Fancy worrying over increased taxation when U.S.A. reduced its taxation this year by £44,000,000, the third reduction since national Prohibition.

How can there be unemployment if you cease to spend £13,200,000 on the commodity that requires the least amount of handling and spend it on those things that require at least three times as many people to manufacture and handle your new purchases?

* * *

THE IMPIETY OF THE PIOUS.

It is good to know folk are praying for Prohibition success; it is something we can pray for, but we do well to remember that God only does for us what we cannot do for ourselves, and we can't avoid impiety if we ask God to do His best before we have done ours.

He is more concerned about my character than my immediate success, and to grant the

GRIT

A JOURNAL OF
NATIONAL EFFICIENCY
AND PROHIBITION.

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

Editor: ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.
Office: Room 712, 160 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.
Phone: MA1355.
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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1928.

lazy or the mean success would do more harm than good.

We must vote as we pray; we must give as we have means; we must do as we have power; we must all share the burden of what is for the common good.

It was a victim of drink who wrote for me these lines:

Shall I condemn the drunken man
Or cast a spiteful stone
Until I know that nothing can
Be said which might atone?
Folly, we know, his clownish act;
But what of its beginning?
Is he not frequently, in fact,
More sinned against than sinning?

I rather blame the stupid code
Which constitutes the pub.
The lonely man's deceptive lode,
The poor man's nearest club:
But still there dawn a saner day
I am entirely willing
To tread my independent way,
More swilled against than swilling.

The Editor

MAKING HIS OWN WAY.

Visitor: "And how is your son getting along in New York?"

Mother: "Oh, fine! He wrote home only yesterday for some money, and said that except for his room, board, and clothes, he was self-supporting."

MEASURING SUCCESS.

By ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.

It is being dinned into our ears that Prohibition is a failure, that it has not fulfilled its promise, and that the people of U.S.A. are tired of it.

The first thing is to settle, "What is a failure?" Let me use wheat as an illustration. Wheat growing in Australia occupies an area of 11,706,984 acres and gave a yield of 160,852,369 bushels, valued at £35,723,949. The acreage in 1920 was only half what it was in 1916, but in 1926-27 it again nearly equalled the war record years. There are 25 other countries that produce more wheat to the acre than we in Australia do, and eight countries that produce a greater quantity.

We suffer from droughts, rust, caterpillars, bush-fires, distance from oversea markets, have some bankrupt farmers, and the uncertainty of fluctuating prices, and yet wheat growing is not a failure, but rather is it a substantial success.

Prohibition is like wheat growing. It is better in some places and in some years. It has enemies like wheat has, but they always leave a sufficiently big margin to warrant it being proclaimed a substantial success.

Let me now use coal as an illustration. The production in the Commonwealth in 1925 was 13,626,777 tons, and the value £11,370,215. This was only one per cent. of the total known coal production of the world in 1925. This industry gave employment to 30,395 persons, of which 35 were killed and 277 injured in 1925. This industry has suffered from exploitation of the workers, from strikes, and from accidents, but no one is going to say that it can justly be called a failure. The necessity and value of Prohibition is equal to the necessity and value of coal.

One more illustration. Your garden-gate is not a failure because it does not keep the birds from your fruit, the snails from your lettuce, and the mosquitoes from your bedroom. The gate keeps out the big things; you use other methods to keep other things out. Prohibition keeps the big things out as nothing else does. It is not a failure because it does not do everything. Many a successful business has been hampered by book-debts, dishonest employees, and even a fire, but it paid a handsome dividend in spite of these things. In other words, it was not a failure.

Prohibition pays as no other legislation ever has paid, and in spite of any weakness in administration.

DRUNKENNESS.

The opponents of Prohibition never tire of telling us that drunkenness has increased

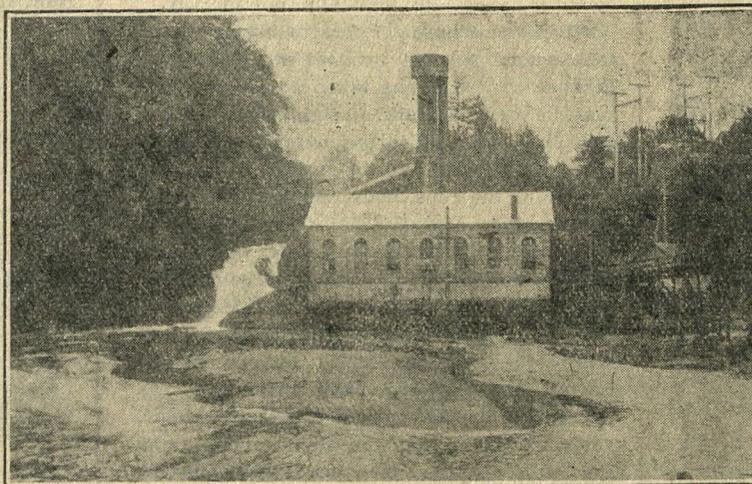
under Prohibition. They justify this statement by quoting irrelevant figures. The fact is they will not face the position frankly. They always compare a first Prohibition year with subsequent Prohibition years. Prohibition involves three things. First, a tremendous change in the standard of drunkenness. The Chief of Police in Detroit assured me that before Prohibition they did not arrest one intoxicated man out of 10, and that now they did not miss one in 10. Secondly, it overlooks the astonishing growth in population; and, lastly, it is not quite honest, as the obvious test is to compare five-year periods before and after Prohibition. This shows an average decrease of 500,000 fewer convictions for drunkenness each year.

A striking evidence of this is the fact that the Keeley, Neal and other Alcoholic Hospitals numbered 278 before Prohibition. They now number only 42. Prohibition has not failed in its promise, and gives every promise of

doing much better with the second generation.

LAW ENFORCEMENT.

Many people fail to appreciate the fact that law-breaking is news, and, oftentimes, good "copy" for the papers. In fact, the five per cent. of law-breaking anti-Prohibitionists will get more news space than the 95 per cent. who observe the law. It is often overlooked that the breaking of the Prohibition law is the only kind of law-breaking that gives itself away. You may sit in the tram beside a petty thief, a burglar, a murderer, an absconder from bail, or any of the numerous law-breakers and never even suspect them. But you don't have to even see the breaker of the Prohibition law. You can smell them or hear them. Thoughtless people jump to the conclusion that because the breaking of the Prohibition law is evident and finds a considerable place in the Press that the law is not a success. As a matter of fact the only reason why anything obtains a prominent place in the Press is because it is exceptional and unusual. If you will judge Prohibition as you do a football, cricket or tennis match it is a winner every time, and therefore it cannot be called a failure.



Power Plant of the old Olympia Brewery at Termwater, now one of the largest paper pulp mills in the world.—Olympia, Washington.

Photo by Joe Longton.

WATCH FOR IMPERSONATION AT THE POLLS.

Send me at once full names and addresses of all people you know to be on the Rolls and out of the State.

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A Woman's Great Plea—

(Continued from page 4.)

they may be prevented, and this is the first practical evidence we have ever had of the astounding effect of making alcohol relatively inaccessible upon the death rate of the country."

It is easy to demonstrate that life is any nation's great asset since the absence of life means death for man, nation and civilisation, and it is equally obvious that the penalty any nation pays for the use of alcohol is a wanton waste of life.

WASTER OF CHARACTER.

As a waster of character alcohol stands without a rival. It is indeed the super-destroyer of that which after life is our next greatest national asset.

Let us remember that character is the line of human evolution; upon character depends the nature of our national life, our rate of progress, our ideals, our standards, and all our achievements as a people.

And we who have studied the influence of that great iniquity, the liquor traffic, know that it has been more destructive of character than any other single force in the long history of the ages.

Its contact strips our sons of their manhood as the lightning bares the tree.

And robs our daughters of their white mantle of chastity and makes of them playthings of shame.

And renders a mother deaf to the cry of her own child.

And reduces a man in all the glory of his manhood to the most tragic, desolate and hopeless of all the frail creatures of Time.

And throws its finished product on to the human scrapheap to find its way into madhouse, prison and grave.

Oh, yes, alcohol is the super-destroyer of character—this thing which eats the fingers off the hands of virtue, sears the lips of Truth, crushes the heart in the breast of honor; then plucking the eyes from the fair face of Hope, leaves her victims in the endless army of the lost.

Yes, alcohol stands supreme and unchallenged as the great waster of character.

WASTER OF WEALTH.

And now we come to the question of liquor as a waster of wealth. For proof of this just look at the drink bill in your own State.

Last year £13,220,000 was spent in drink. What colossal waste!

But the liquor bill and the consequent waste is much greater than it seems.

With the wealth which we wasted on liquor we bought things which represented an infinitely greater waste of wealth. With the money so expended we debased the currency of our manhood, womanhood and childhood. The cost of this can never be measured in mere money. But we bought also vice, crime, disease, unemployment and poverty, and in order to stem this tide of misery we have to spend a further three and a-half million pounds each and every year to care for the casualties of this expensive and wasteful traffic.

In this estimate we refer only to the actual cost of maintaining in jails, hospitals, reformatories, children's relief departments the men and women who have found their way there through drink.

Clearly money spent on liquor is a great waste of wealth, because while it purchases nothing which will assist the progress of the State, it propagates many evils, creates complex problems, lowers the health and efficiency of the nation, and greatly increases the cost of government.

But apart from the waste of the money "spent" in alcohol, it is not so clear, but none the less true, that money "invested" in the business of manufacturing alcohol is also a great economic loss, because money so invested gives less work, causes more waste, and imposes greater disabilities on the workers than the same amount of money invested in any other form of business.

POLLUTER OF THE NATIONAL BLOOD STREAM.

As a polluter of the national blood stream alcohol has no equal.

Alcoholism is the poisoning of body and germ plasm, which is the future of the race, mentally, physically, ethically and socially.

When the scientist refers to intemperance as "a racial poison," he does not do so just because a person has taken so much liquor that he cannot walk straight, but because alcohol, circulating in the maternal or in the paternal blood stream, means that the quality of the race, body and mind, is being degenerated.

He means that when a mother drinks her child is in imminent danger of being born physically and mentally defective. He means that when both parents drink their children will come into the world heavily handicapped, mentally, physically and morally.

From alcoholised parents come the maimed, the warped, the halt, the blind, epileptic and the imbecile, the neurotically predisposed, the unstable and the degenerate. That is why this eugenicist refers to alcohol as a racial poison.

The work of modern scientists of the highest standing, men such as Stockard, Crothers, Benedict and Dodge and Bertholet of Lausanne, the last of whom has spent ten years making post-mortem examinations of alcoholics, and has learned that while alcohol can and does degenerate the cells of man's liver and kidneys, and does injure the grey matter of his brain, it does that which is worse than all these when it injures the germ plasm of man and woman upon which the future of the race depends. And he has found that it does this oftener than it injures any other tissue of the body.

So it is with the authority of the world's greatest scientists that we indict liquor as the greatest polluter of the national blood stream, the greatest propagator of human defect known to human experience.

As a master grafter liquor has no equal.

Since 1913 until the present day every subterfuge that could be resorted to has been availed of to prevent the will of the people

being expressed in regard to the liquor traffic.

Ask yourself why this is so, and the answer is not far to seek.

It is because the liquor traffic is a force in the politics of this country, not an open and avowed force—that role would never suit the liquor party—but a devious and altogether sinister influence possessing neither scruples nor morals. Slinking in the subterranean passageways of politics and spending its vast ill-gotten gains in any way which will advance the trade politically.

Oh, yes, the ways of the liquor party in politics are in the lowest degree subtle and sinuous, tortuous and devious, but eminently fitting and entirely characteristic.

True, they do not select candidates or take the public platform asking the people to support increased trading hours for liquor bars. That would be too honest a method for the liquor traffic, and IT IS SO MUCH

(Continued on page 12.)

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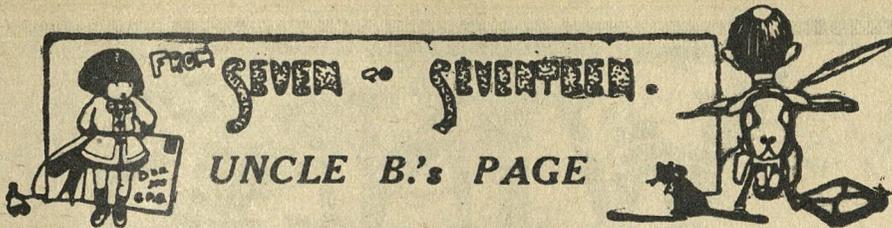
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All boys and girls between the age of seven and seventeen are invited to join the family of Uncle B. Write only on one side of the paper. Send the date of your birthday. There is no fee to pay. If you do not write for three months you are a "scallywag."
Address all letters to Uncle B, Box 390F, G.P.O., Sydney.

THE LAST DAYS.

We are now within a few days of our Referendum Day. We have waited for 15 years for it, and the saddest part about that is that most people did not care and did not stand up and fight the liquor gang that bribed Governments to keep us silent for 15 years.

Many of my old Ne's and Ni's will be voting for the first time, and it is a comfort that they will be sure to vote in the top square. None of you can vote, but, thank God, someone will vote for you, and by so doing strive to make the future better and brighter for you.

I want you all to say an extra prayer twice a day for the success of Prohibition. I want you each to try and win at least one other person to vote in the top square. Tell them friends of yours won't stoop to the bottom square. I want to thank all of you who have helped so splendidly. I am proud to have so many loving, loyal and active little friends.

Now that we have done our best, the result does not really matter. If we are victorious we will thank God, and be more active than ever to make the very most of victory.

If we are defeated by untruth and unscrupulous use of money, we will start at once and organise for victory. We will win, that is a certainty. It is only a matter of time.

UNCLE B.

OUR LETTER BAG.

Ruth Stephens, 188 Rankin-st., Bathurst, writes: Just a few lines to tell you how I am getting on with selling my "Grits." I have nine orders for "Grit" already, and three people are going to see about it. I have already 5/- in hand. Am I off the scallywag list now? When you are writing to Mr. Joe Longton please remember me to him. Bonnie Woods is also one of your Ni's. Would you ask some of your Ne's and Ni's to write to me please? I would like them to write about anything at all. Keep on sending "Grit." If you can spare them would you please send me up two dozen next week? I will close, hoping Prohibition wins.

(Dear Ruth,—You will think this answer is a long time coming, but I am still getting about 100 letters a day, and am never finished reading them let alone answering them. You are doing splendidly.—Uncle B.)

JUST BEING HONEST.

Nellie Grant, "Habertoft," Kent-road, North Ryde, writes: I am very pleased to become a soldier in your army, and am sure we shall conquer in the end. I have decided always to give a tenth of everything to

God. Don't you think it would be nice if all my cousins did the same, because look at all the beautiful things He gives us? He gives us not only a tenth, but everything we ask for, and I am not sure that if our army all do their part we shall come out best man, because right is better than might. If you send me four or five copies of "Grit," Uncle, I should be only too pleased to pass them around.

(Dear Nellie,—I am very pleased to have you as one of my soldiers. I am even more pleased that you are always going to be honest with your Heavenly Father, for that is what giving a tenth means. One day in seven is His, and one shilling in ever ten. It is sometimes hard, but it is always possible, and anyhow it is just being gratefully honest.—Uncle B.)

A GOOD HELPER.

David Manuel, 157 Bismuth-street, Railway Town, Broken Hill, writes: I am writing especially to thank you very much for those stamps which you sent to me. It was my birthday last Saturday, July 7. I had a very happy birthday. At the Rechabite Lodge, Sturt Tent, I have been elected Secretary. The Rechabites are having a big concert to raise funds to help Prohibition. I am the schoolmaster in a dialogue. We only have one Band of Hope meeting a month, worse luck! I would like very much to distribute leaflets for you. There are many drunkards in our neighborhood to whom I could deliver a leaflet. There are two hotels not far from our place overrun with drunkards on Saturdays. It's a shame! My stamp collection is getting bigger. I have 1150 stamps now. I hope to have over 2000 by the end of next year.

(Dear David,—You are a real helper. I can see that, and I am proud to have you as one of my Ne's. After this campaign is over I will hunt you up some more stamps. Big Brother Joe will be sure to send you a card.—Uncle B.)

WORKING HARD.

Walter Caspersonn, Day-street, The Rock, writes: I was very pleased to see my letter in "Grit." I could only sell two last week, so I will give the rest away. I am trying to sell the last lot you sent. It was very cold this morning, the ground was covered with frost. We have a good public school here. About 200 children attend. We have four teachers.

(Dear Walter,—I am glad you are battling away. I wish I had an army of 1000 like you and some other Ne's and Ni's. I have one wonderful little girl who sells 10/- worth a week. Keep it up.—Uncle B.)

SPLENDID.

Eric Robinson, 34 Lorna-st., Waratah, writes: You sent me about 50 "Grits" a while ago, also papers to distribute. Well, Uncle, I am enclosing 8/6 postal note. Alan sold more than I did. We sold all but 14 "Grits" for 2d. each, and got 1d. each for three and we gave the rest away. Dad gave us 2/- to make up for the "Grits" we didn't sell, so that makes it right, and the pamphlets, etc., we put in the letter boxes. I hope they help, for it would be great if we won. Dad says to tell you Prohibition is a great dinner-hour topic where he works, and every day you are getting fresh converts. The best of it is once they decide to vote for it they are determined to convince all their friends to vote the same way. We'll get it yet, Uncle; if not this time, next time. It is my birthday to-morrow. I will be 12. I proposed Alan at our O.K.'s last week, so he will join at our next meeting. We have a football team, and last week beat the Lambton O.K.'s.

(Dear Eric,—You have done splendidly. I hope you had a happy birthday, and live to have many even happier ones in "dry" N.S.W.—Uncle B.)

Support Our Advertisers.

A Woman's Great Plea—

(Continued from page 10.)

BUYING PARLIAMENTARY MAJORITIES, MOBILISING THE VICIOUS AND PURCHASEABLE VOTE IN THE ELECTORATES, ORGANISING ARMIES OF WHISPERERS TO BROADCAST VILE SLANDERS AGAINST MEN AND WOMEN WHOM THEY CAN NEITHER SILENCE NOR PURCHASE.

These are the methods of the liquor traffic in politics.

"Our trade, our politics," says the liquor traffic. Well might they add to this slogan, "And politics our trade."

It is the power which liquor wields in the background of politics, master as it is of devious tactics, armed as it is with desperate weapons, strong as it is with material resources, which has reduced so many of our politicians into poor, pitiful, twisting, twirling, shuffling time-servers, who quiver and shake before the mailed fist of the liquor traffic and fool the people at its behest.

The time has come to rid all parties of the domination of this element which disgraces the party, whilst it controls it and betrays it if its control is resisted.

You cannot have clean politics and a liquor gang.

This is one of the worst phases of the liquor influence, and we call upon every patriotic man and woman to end it for ever.

Help your State to outlaw the great waster of life, character and wealth in the interest of man, woman, child, State, home and country.

In the interest of health and happiness, prosperity and posterity.

PASS "GRIT" ON.

Father and Son Welfare Movement

Patron: His Excellency the Governor, Sir Dudley de Chair. President: Hon. Richard Arthur, M.D., M.L.A., Minister for Health. Vice-Presidents: Ven. Archdeacon Charlton; Rev. R. B. S. Hammond; Dr. Harvey Sutton, Principal Medical Officer, Department of Education; Dr. J. S. Purdy, Chief Metropolitan Officer of Health; Mr. F. C. Moore. Hon. Treasurer: Mr. W. E. Wilson. Hon. Secretary: Rev. M. Wilson Park. Councillors: Rev. W. J. Grant, B.A.; Dr. Donald Luker; Mr. Waller-Jones; Mr. F. H. Searl; Mr. J. Tamlyn; Mr. W. S. Reay; Mr. W. E. Cocks.

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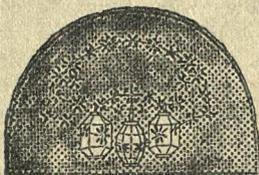
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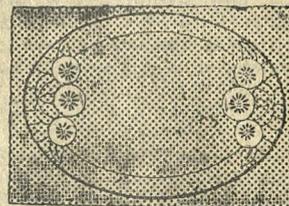
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Flub: What caused that collision to-day?
 Dub: Two motorists after the same pedestrian.

BACK WITH THE DUDS.

Boss: "Well, did you read the letter I sent you?"

Office Boy: "Yes, sir; I read it inside and outside. On the inside it said, 'You are fired, and on the outside it said, 'Return in five days,' so here I am."

SAFETY FIRST.

"Offisher, you'd better lock me up. Jush hit my wife over the head with a club."

"Did you kill her?"

"Don't think so. Thash why I want to be locked up."

PROOF OF VALOR.

Wife: "When we were married, I thought you were a brave man."

Husband: "So did a good many other people."

PROBABLY BACCHUS.

Stage Hand: "Shall I lower the curtain?"

Manager: "Why?"

Stage Hand: "One of the livin' statues has the hiccups."

N.S.W. HOMES FOR INCURABLES (RYDE).

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Rev. R. B. S. Hammond

SUNDAY, 26th—

3 p.m.: Granville.

7 p.m.: Pitt St. Congregational Church.

8.30 p.m.: Newtown United Service.

MONDAY, 27th—8 p.m.: Lindfield.

TUESDAY, Aug. 28.—Goulburn.

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Daily Inspiration—

(Continued from page 14.)

SATURDAY.

"Abide in Me and I in you. As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself except it abide in the vine, nor more can ye, except ye abide in Me. If a man abide not in Me he is cast forth as a branch and is withered.—John 15, 4-6.

Master, I am so useless as I lie Unseen, unnoticed, on the ground. No fruit I seem to bear, and e'en the leaves scarce shoot

From such a worthless branch. Men pass me by,

And think me dead; I have no power to show

A sign of life, and how should others know That I am living, when I scarce think so Myself? And yet Thou know'st I fain would be

A living branch which brings forth fruit to Thee.

Master, why am I thus?

ABIDE IN ME,

Thus only canst thou live. How canst thou grow

While severed from the Vine? No life hast thou

Without Me; for from Me the sap must flow Which feeds that life: dead, dry, and worthless now

Art thou? Then stretch thine arms and twine them round

The Living Vine; raise thyself from the ground,

And closely cling to Me. Let no alarms Sunder thee from thy prop. Let no false vine Allure thee from the True. In My strong arms Thou shalt be safe. Fed by this life of mine Thy life will be renewed, and all will see The wondrous change which I have wrought in thee.

No longer dry and worthless on the ground A branch fit for the fire wilt thou be found; But living, flourishing beneath the Sun Of Righteousness, watered by dews of heaven, The life in Me and by Me thus begun Shall spread until the life above is given. And when My Father to His Vine shall come Looking for fruit thereon, e'en thou shalt be O'erladen, and grand shall be the Jubilee As thou art carried to His Harvest Home.

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