

Grit.

A JOURNAL OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY AND PROHIBITION

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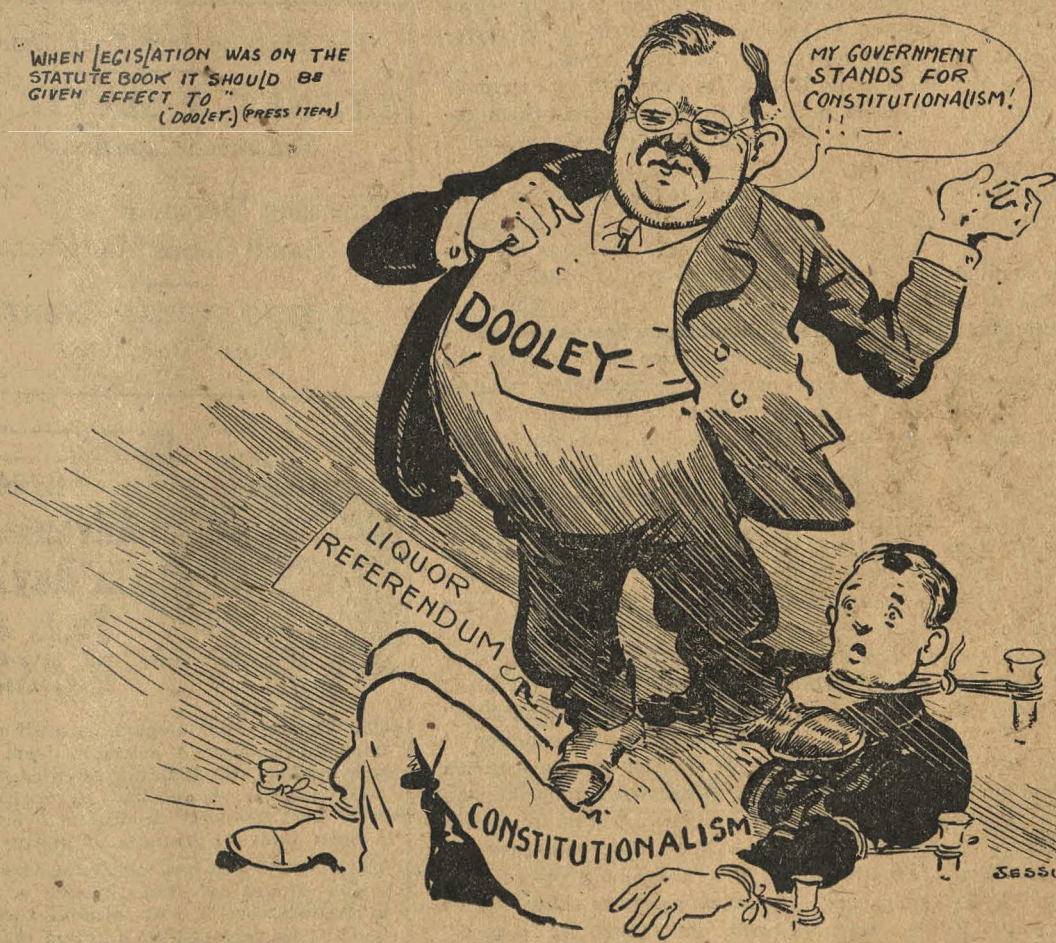
Twopence.

SYDNEY, NOVEMBER 17, 1921.

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

"WHEN LEGISLATION WAS ON THE
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(DOOLEY.) (PRESS ITEM)

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THE BRAIN AND NARCOTICS.

MORALS RETREAT BEFORE ALCOHOL.

Science, not yet omniscient, is content to look upon the brain as being made up of millions of cells, each cell having the nerve fibres—one bringing to it nerve motion, and the other conducting energy from it. Certain of these cells, having found they had similar work to do, have formed a kind of communistic society. They group themselves and work together. Endlessly doing the same thing, they become identified with one kind of work. So you have the Speech-group, for instance, which attends to the mechanism of talking. These groups are not all of the same age. They were developed little by little as the varying needs arose. The modern physiologist thinks of them as layer upon layer. This is the theory of Functional Levels. They have been divided into three great levels or planes.

It is easy to understand, if you bear in mind that the oldest bodily habits—which have now become automatic—belong to the lower plane. Digestion, growth, breathing, blood-circulation and the like are old established functions. The nerve-groups that control them are buried deep in the nervous system—so deep the will cannot reach them. There, too, lie the groups that feed the muscles. For example, I dip my pen in the ink. The muscles, as I have said, and their nutrition, have their nerve-groups on the lowest plane. The movement—the nicely-adjusted action with which I dip the pen—has its groups on the middle plane. But the conception of the movement, the idea of pen and ink and the written page before me, have their home on the highest level.

The higher functions are on the higher level, the highest on the highest. This upper plane was the most recently acquired in evolution. Therefore, it is the least stable. It is still within the sphere of the will. You may think of it, if you please, as the physical basis of character; and it is not difficult to see how delicately complex—how easily thrown out of order—are these nervous processes, which are concerned in right conduct. The older groups of nerve-cells which attend to "the automatic mechanism of the vital

functions," are buried deep in the lower level, and are not easily perturbed. Those on the highest plane, more recently acquired, still swayed by the will, delicate and complex, are always in peril. And they are not isolated. Peril comes to them from every side; for they are linked by nerve-fibres to every other group of cells on all the planes. In the exact words of the physiologist, every organ (and every function of the body) is triply represented in the nervous system—it is represented on each of the three planes.

It is not difficult to imagine how extremely delicate must be the mechanism which co-ordinates them. A fragile machine—triply delicate.

Now what I want to get at is the exact effect narcotics have upon it. The man takes a drink or a smoke. He takes his bottle of wine, his glass or two of whisky or his pipe, cigar or cigarette, or two or more. A certain part of the narcotic passes unchanged through the bodily system—and is, from the user's point of view, economically wasted. The rest mingles with the blood, and is carried through the body. If you could vivisect the person who has absorbed the narcotic, you would find it in all the large organs; but chiefly you would find it in the nervous system. This is a fierce, deep and tragic fact. There is a sort of dark affinity between narcotics and the brain tissue. They come together like cats in the night.

The first effect is on the nerve-centres, or groups, which control and regulate the blood supply. That is where the "stimulation" comes in. The heart feels it; its action is hurried. The blood-vessels in the stomach dilate and glow pleasantly—whereby the man fancifully thinks that the drink or smoke has warmed him up. Then the brain gets the "stimulation." The nervous processes are quickened. It seems easier to think. There is a sense of bodily well-being, for "organic" congratulations are pouring in, from the glowing blood-vessels. This is the physical effect—the first one—that makes men love their pipe and their glass. But now the narcotic, coursing through the system, with the

blood elements, has reached the brain; what does it do?

"The action induced in the brain is of the nature of a progressive paralysis, beginning with the highest level, and its most delicate functions, and spreading gradually down through the lower. Moral qualities and the higher processes of intelligence are, therefore, first invaded." From the top down—that is the way narcotics work on a man; they destroy first what is highest in him—the moral qualities so painfully acquired in the long years of evolution.

Narcotics put to sleep the higher functions of the brain and break the co-ordination of the three planes of the brain. Inventive chemists have perfected scores of these drugs which act upon the nervous system. Alcohol and tobacco go about their business slowly; they take years, it may be, to do what cocaine does in a flash—but physiologically they are doing the same thing. Even the moderate drinker or smoker is poisoned at the top, his morals are in retreat.

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REFERENDUM CAMPAIGN.

THE SOUTHERN "KICK."

(By W.C.A.)

Last week, like a politician, I "went to the country," but with this difference: my "tail" was up. I was not (as often happens with them) discredited. I was accredited and certain of a good reception. Though the way of the politician may be hard, I went to help make his path "straight."

WHO PICKED ON PICTON?

Picton was dry, though not as "dry" as we hope to make it. By the time I left, though, the long looked-for rain came and it was wet indeed.

I gathered that to be popular in Picton you had to take life easily. This came to me after I had placed my bag in the sulky and had waited the driver's pleasure for ten minutes. He, bright but casual fellow, was deciding with a confrere that Eurythmic was "the only possible" for the Melbourne Cup. Alas, for the best laid schemes of ponies and punters—he recked not that there's many a slip 'twixt Cup and "the tip."

Yet, we did get off the mark, and I commenced my canvass. The first man I met told me it was hard to arouse any interest in anything in Picton, that the place was going back, and, in short, that it had better be unpicked from its setting on the map.

A LOADED PLEDGE.

Another man, a good soul but a trifle slow, was moody over it being a political question, and said he was-ss-n't sure he'd like to see the cards in church. I tried to point out that on those lines anyone would be justified in refusing to enter any religious work for fear of the sectarian touch. I suggested that if we didn't touch politics some time the field would be clear for "the wild asses of the devil," and that any asses were better than those. I put it to him that Christ took a whip to church on a memorable occasion, while we were extremely polite with a pledge

loaded with nothing more harmful than a double negative—like a Kodak. He merely shook his head, while I wanted him to stand on it.

But there are brave hearts in Picton notwithstanding, and before I got far it was plain that in the coming fight the local quota was in good hands and I had no regret that somebody had picked on Picton for my beginning. One good lady had commenced to canvass "on her own," and it was good to see how members of the various churches are sharing a fellowship in the crusade.

BOWRAL GOING STRONG.

On to Bowral, where I found the local Branch of the Alliance in excellent hands, and strong. Here I met a quaint argument, coming from a life-long Prohibitionist. The human mind is honey-combed with what the flying men call "air-pockets." A man demurred about signing the pledge because, forsooth, "Prohibition would certainly be carried and we hadn't the money to pay the compensation stipulated by the Act."

I reminded him that "where there's a will there's a way," and that there was a bagatelle of billions we found for the Great War. But human nature has to be allowed for; he's a jolly good citizen, but he lent lots of money to the war loans. This little incident shows how a man can "take" the pledge without signing it.

But Bowral will hold its own with the best. The local Branch has not merely one, but half-a-dozen, "strong" men, and the Protestant clergy are stalwarts to a man. I found here, as indeed everywhere I touched, that the members do read "Grit"—and remember what they have read. I found several opportunities ready-made of passing on my message. There was the Protestant Federation meeting I was allowed to speak at,

after a lecture. There was the ceremony of dedicating the ground for the Bowral Methodist College, when, after the speechifying and stone-laying, several hundred people were asked to well and truly subscribe to the "referendum pledge." I should like to have spoken after the officials, but there was no time. Ruskin says somewhere that "you do not educate a man by telling him what he knew not, but by making him what he was not," and it seems to me there is a connection somewhere with our own movement.

MITTAGONG'S MITE.

My ride to Mittagong may not go down to history with Turpin's ride to York or the epic of "The Man from Snowy River," but it had its significance. One of the stout carles of Bowral lent me a steed, (Fancy trusting me with a horse, or a horse with me!) I don't know which felt the more embarrassed, horse or I. The picture of Don Quixote came to me on the road, the difference between us being that I was tilting, not at windmills, but at Tooth's, one of whose branch breweries squats in Mittagong.

It was not, I think, my fancy that Mittagong seemed to be out of tune with the surrounding district, which is splendid dairying country. After all, no one thinks of milk and beer at the same time. The women of the town, generally speaking, are strong for Prohibition, and are keeping aloft the fiery cross carried in by the late James Marion with Marsh Little as attendant bard.

MOSS VALE'S MANY.

Moss Vale is fortunate in several ways. Her environs provide scenery equal to anything the Blue Mountains can show, and
(Continued on Page 15.)

HELP 250 CHILDREN!

The Church of England Homes at Glebe Point and Carlingford care for 250 children.

IT IS MAGNIFICENT WORK.

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TOWN HALL, SYDNEY,

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24th, NOON TILL 10 P.M.

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'Phones: General Offices, City 157; Organising and Public Meeting Dept., City 8944.

FIELD DAY APPOINTMENTS.

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 20.

11 a.m., Lidcombe Anglican Church.
7 p.m., Paddington Presbyterian Church.
Mr. Francis Wilson.

11 a.m., Penrith Anglican Church.

4 p.m., Kingswood Anglican Church.

7.15 p.m., Penrith Anglican Church.

Rev. J. T. Phair.

11 a.m., Mulgoa Anglican Church.

3 p.m., Badgery Creek Anglican Church.

7 p.m., Luddenham Anglican Church.

Mr. W. D. B. Creagh.

11 a.m., Manly Baptist Church.

7.15 p.m., Balgowlah Methodist Church.

Rev. H. A. Cubis, B.A.

11 a.m., Dee Why Methodist Church.

3.30 p.m., Mona Vale Methodist Church.

7.30 p.m., Brookvale Methodist Church.

Mr. C. Atkinson.

7.15 p.m., Auburn Methodist Church.

Mr. Henry Macourt.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 21.

8 p.m., Presbyterian Hall, Marrickville.

Rev. R. B. S. Hammond.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 22.

8 p.m., Erskineville Church of Christ.

Rev. J. T. Phair.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 24.

8 p.m., Mortdale Anglican School Hall.

Rev. J. T. Phair.

FROM THE FIELD.

Mr. Creagh had an interesting experience in Corowa, where he spoke at an open-air meeting, two church services, and a united rally. He found the town much under the influence of the liquor business. There are 14 pubs, and wine-making forms the main business of a few people just outside the town. The local ministers stand loyally for Prohibition, and were a tower of strength to Mr. Creagh.

At Balldale on the Sunday afternoon there was a most sympathetic audience in the Union Church. And it was practical, too, as shown by the response to the appeal.

Brocklesby and Henty, also, were visited.

At Junee Mr. Francis Wilson had an encouraging week-end. From there he travelled to the farthest end of the Irrigation area at Griffith. In his address he dealt very effectively with a matter that is arousing some interest—the effort to secure a reversal of the commissioners' policy regarding licenses. There is going to be very strong opposition to this on the part of the better class of settler.

Mr. Phair and Mr. Cubis were engaged in the metropolitan area, speaking at Botany, Mascot, Haberfield, and Five Dock.

CAMPsie LICENSE.

The application, by petition, for a publican's license at Campsie comes on for hearing next Wednesday before the Parramatta Licensing Bench. Strong opposition will be put up by residents. A numerously-signed objection form has been lodged, and quite a

big number of witnesses will appear against the application.

Each Friday night for several weeks past an open-air meeting has been held at the Campsie railway bridge, where the reasons against the license have been well presented by various speakers.

At the Metropolitan Court on Thursday last one application for a spirit merchant's license was withdrawn, and another refused.

METROPOLITAN DEMONSTRATIONS.

On Sunday afternoon, November 27, there is to be a Pledge Rally in the Lyceum, Pitt-street, Messrs. Francis Wilson and David Watson will be the principal speakers. A

WORKERS' CONFERENCE!

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 21, ALLIANCE ROOMS, 321 PITT-STREET.

Tea served at 5.45. Conference follows.

Presidents, Secretaries, Committee Members.
You are invited.

Important matters to be discussed.

special request is made to all friends of the cause, who can do so, to be present at this gathering.

There will be a unique service at St. Barnabas', George-street West, on Sunday evening, December 4. Representatives of various temperance societies, in regalia, are to attend. The preacher will be Rev. R. B. S. Hammond.

EDUCATIONAL TALKS.

Several of our Field Team are engaged on certain week-nights giving educational Prohibition talks at church meetings, Young People's gatherings, and out-door meetings. Some add the attraction of pictures. We shall be pleased to make fixtures according to the limits of time. Send in your request right away.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

BROKEN BOTTLES.

No fewer than 13 children at Bronte last Sunday received wounds necessitating ambulance treatment. The cause was the number of bottles that had been wantonly broken on Saturday night and strewn along the sand. The children were cut about the arms and legs.—("Evening News," 7/11/21). We say, "How unfortunate for the children," and commend the Waverley Council for taking prompt action to minimise this danger, and to punish the culprits. But what about the many children injured, not by bottles,

but their contents—Booze? At Bronte a few children received slight external wounds from broken glass. Every day throughout our State innumerable children receive not only physical but mental, moral, and spiritual wounds through the alcoholic contents of bottles—cut to the quick by a careless community. Why do not our councils, Parliaments, and people realise that liquor blights children, and that Prohibition is needed to protect young Australians?

SOMETHING DOING AT NEWCASTLE.

Just upon the eve of World's Temperance Sunday, we received an order for 1000 Temperance Pledge Cards for Newcastle. This indicates activity in the work among young people. Other districts are also working hard, and many Sunday schools are giving the special service: some on November 13 and others a week or so later. Send in a report of what you are doing.

ESSAY CONTEST.

Entries must reach the office by December 1. Enquiries keep coming in from many sources, and a large number of entries is anticipated. Address all entries to "The Y.P. Department, N.S.W. Alliance, 321 Pitt-street, Sydney."

JAMES MARION MEMORIAL FUND.

£2/2/-.—Merewether Citizens' Prohibition League.

£1.—A. C. Hammond, E. Dann.

10/-.—Mr. Piper, Mr. Dickson.

5/6.—T. J. Coleman.

5/-.—Mrs. Waddenham, A Friend.

2/6.—Mr. Mallison.

2/-.—Mr. Foy.

"GRIT" SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Received to 10/11/21, and where not mentioned the amount received is 10/-: Mr. Bradhurst, 30/12/21; A. C. Broad, N.Z., £1 1s., 12/7/23; S. Hunter, £1, 22/2/21; Rev. G. McLean, 10s., 30/12/22; J. E. Hellawell, 10/11/22.

HEAN'S TONIC NERVE NUTS STOP NERVE STRAIN.

After a tiring day's work you're apt to sleep badly. Next day finds you unrefreshed. Give your tired nerves a little help by taking HEAN'S TONIC NERVE NUTS. They pull you together and brace you up wonderfully. If they are not yet stocked by your chemist or grocer, send direct to the Sole Manufacturer, G. W. Hean, Chemist, 178 Castlereagh-street, Sydney. The price is 3/- per box, or six boxes for 17/3. The same medicaments in mixture form would cost about three times as much.

REMEMBER!

SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 3 p.m., LYCEUM RALLY.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 4, 7.15 p.m.

Rally of Temperance Bodies, St. Barnabas' Church, George-street West.

The cynical refusal of the Government to carry out the law and give the people of N.S.W. a referendum on the liquor question was unconstitutional, undemocratic, a flat bare-faced denial of the rights of the people, and was a reversion to the despotism of the dark ages.

Put YOUR signature and YOUR help towards obtaining the 100,000 referendum pledges and you will be making a practical effort to

**WIPE THE
BLOT
OFF
DEMOCRACY
AND
TAKE THE
"MOCK"
OUT OF
DEMOCRACY**



A MODERN PLEDGE.

I promise that I will not give my first preference vote to any candidate for Parliament who is not pledged to support the democratic principle of an immediate Referendum on Prohibition to be decided by a bare majority.

Signature

Address

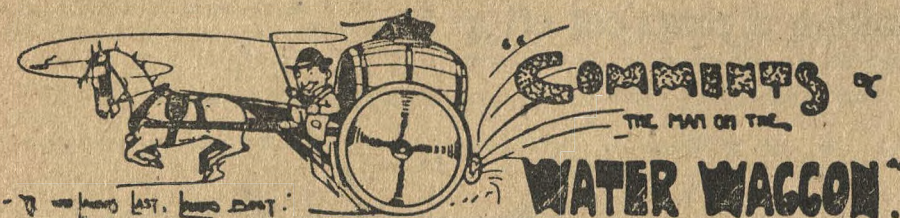
**SIGN AND SEND!
AND
SEND FOR MORE!**

[After signing the Pledge, please return to N.S.W. Alliance,
321 Pitt-street, Sydney.]

A DELIGHTFUL BREAKFAST BEVERAGE—

GRIFFITHS BROS.

Signal Cocoa



"The following story about an absent-true God. The Bible House Library now possesses specimens of the large majority of these translations. The British and Foreign Bible Society has had the honor and privilege of aiding the spread of this knowledge in more than five-sevenths of this number; and that these 700 languages are understood by seven-tenths of the inhabitants of the globe.

There is a message in this book, and it is the most worth-while message in the world, many millions of people in all these languages bearing eloquent testimony to this.

The explanation is not to be found in the Bishop's absent-mindedness, but in the fact that the bald head belonged to a vote-catching member of Parliament.

DO YOU USE THIS BOOK?

It is not a question of do you own or know about "The Book," but do you use it? What lies behind the fact that, omitting what may be termed literary curiosities, we are safe to say that there are no fewer than 700 forms of human speech in which some part of Scripture has been printed in order to instruct mankind in the knowledge of the

sesses specimens of the large majority of these translations. The British and Foreign Bible Society has had the honor and privilege of aiding the spread of this knowledge in more than five-sevenths of this number; and that these 700 languages are understood by seven-tenths of the inhabitants of the globe.

There is a message in this book, and it is the most worth-while message in the world, many millions of people in all these languages bearing eloquent testimony to this.

"IN IT" AT LAST.

Most folk prefer to "hope" than to "help," to "kick" than to "pull," but they will pay for their preference, and the longer deferred the payment is, the bigger the interest will be. What do you think of the chap the following lines from the Milwaukee Ad-Club Magazine, describes:

They built a church at his very door—

He wasn't in it.

They brought him a scheme to relieve the poor—

He wasn't in it.

"Let them work for themselves as he had done,
They wouldn't ask help of anyone,
If they hadn't wasted each golden minute—"
He wasn't in it.

So he passed the poor with a haughty tread—
He wasn't in it.
And he scorned the good with averted head—
He wasn't in it.

When men in the halls of virtue met
He saw their goodness without regret;
Too high the mark for him to win it—
He wasn't in it.

A hearse crept down the street one day—
He was in it.

The funeral trappings made a display—
He was in it.

St. Peter received him with book and bell;
"My friend, you have purchased your ticket
to—well,

Your elevator goes down in a minute."

He was in it.

By the way, what have you done about
the Modern Pledge?

THE POWER OF A LIE.

Wherein lies the power of a lie?

Either it startles us and rouses our fears lest it may be true, or it meets a subconscious wish that it may be true.

A lie prospers either because we fear it or we wish for it.

It is quite likely we will strongly deny the fear or the wish, and do so quite sincerely. A well-known clergyman has just been thrown into a panic by a bald-headed lie, with birds' nests in its whiskers. How can you answer a lie?

To deny it may carry no relief.

To explain it may still leave it with disturbing power.

It is like a prickly pear—so long as there is any of it, it may prick and scratch.

We argue that there must be fire where there is smoke, which may be true as a physical fact, but it is not true as a moral one. In the moral realm the smoke may be as imaginary as the fire. The liquor folk are publishing some very "extraordinary" stories, on the principle of "tell a lie, tell a big one, and stick to it." What is the remedy?

The only way is the long slow, but sure one of education. No reader of "Grit," who reads with any thoroughness, can ever be disturbed by any "half-baked truth" of the liquor gang.

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COLONEL JOHN LEADER

Soldier—Traveller—Lecturer.

GIVES A NON-ABSTAINER'S VIEW OF PROHIBITION.

(SPECIAL INTERVIEW TO "GRIT.")

"America is prepared to be the goat. She is prepared to suffer the butt of the wit of the world, if by so doing she can give birth to a generation of men and women who know not the taste of alcohol. Therein lies the secret of the greatness of the American people."—Colonel John Leader.

Colonel John Leader, an officer of the Royal Irish Rifles, a colonel of the army of the United States of America (this distinction was conferred by a special Act of Parliament), and a fighting man whose days of campaigning began in Africa in 1899, talked quite frankly to our representative about Prohibition in Canada and U.S.A. After serving with the R.I.R. for three years in the war, the U.S. Government requested the British Government to send suitable men to train officers for the U.S. army. It was this mission which took Colonel Leader to America. The position he occupied in America gave him unique opportunities of judging the actual effects of Prohibition, and what makes his story all the more interesting, from our point of view, is that he was an anti-Pro-

hope all the undesirable Reds have not come to Australia now that they are homeless in America."

DRINK AND SLAVERY.

The colonel had to suffer being asked the stock question: "Do you think America will ever go wet again?" "Go wet again? See, there is more hope of Uncle Sam reverting to slavery than to go back to the old wet days," said this hard-headed soldier, and there was no doubting that he meant what he said. "No, America will not go wet again. King Booze, the only king the Yankee has ever had, is very much dethroned, and his very throne is destroyed, and nothing short of a civil war will ever bring him back. . . . And the only trouble with such a war would be that almost everybody would be fighting

upon the people an air of self-confidence which sprang from a well-founded optimism. I could not help noticing these things, and naturally I inquired the reason for these things, and in spite of my personal views on the question, and in spite of the fact that I was not a Prohibitionist, I had to frankly admit that Prohibition had conferred all the benefits I have mentioned upon the people of America and Canada among whom I lived."

DRUGS AND WOOD ALCOHOL.

"What about the alleged drug habit?" I asked.

"I have discussed the matter with several doctor friends of mine in America," replied Colonel Leader, "and they all told me that in their practices they had not found any evidence of any increase in the drug habit. So far as the question of drinking wood alcohol is concerned, when men are so far gone that they will satisfy their desire for stimulants by drinking such concoctions as wood alcohol, then the opinion of decent people is that they should be allowed to drink all they want. . . . America can well spare such folk."

THE IDEAL OF A GREAT PEOPLE.

"The American people are a people with great ideals. They are banking on the future. They believe in their own destiny, and I would sum up their opinion of Prohibition by saying this:

"America is prepared to be the goat. She is prepared to suffer being the butt of the wit of the world if by so doing she can give birth to a generation of men and women who know not the taste of alcohol. Therein lies the secret of the greatness of the American people."

COL. JOHN LEADER.

Colonel John Leader, of England, whose interview is printed on page 7 of this issue, comes to speak to Australian audiences on "Reconstruction Problems through the Anglo-Saxon Eyes." For twenty-three years Colonel Leader was in British Military service, in the Boer War, Boxer Uprising, and in the Great War. Seriously wounded on the Somme, he was sent to the United States by the British Government to take charge of one of the largest American training schools for officers. He was Military Observer with the Japanese Army during the Russian-Japanese War, and has been on military missions in practically every country of Europe and Asia. Certainly few men are as well equipped to discuss the problems of reconstruction.

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A STRIKING COMPARISON

ENGLAND & WALES

With partial liquor restrictions.
Population, say, 40,000,000.

1920—Convictions for drunkenness.

Increase

49,353, or over

106 per cent.

on 1917.

59 U.S.A. CITIES

Previously wet, now under National Prohibition.

Population about 20,600,000.

1920—Convictions for drunkenness.

Decrease

207,074, or about

60 per cent.

below 1917.

hibitionist, and to-day he freely admits that he still likes a whisky and soda.

"Prohibition," said the colonel, and his voice betrays his public school training, "Prohibition! What do I think of the abolition of drinking saloons? Well, I have to admit that one cannot help seeing the advantages which come to the people when a country is dry.

I.W.W.

"I suppose you have heard of the I.W.W. troubles in America. Well, since the abolition of the drink traffic the extreme and unreasonable radicals have been having a very bad time. Their doctrines of hatred and the use of force fall like water on a duck's back so far as the decent sober citizens of America are concerned." With a twinkle in his eye, the colonel added: "I

on the one side, and it is difficult to get fighting under such circumstances."

The colonel had said that the results of Prohibition were obvious to the observer. This prompted my next question. "You say you noticed the good effects of Prohibition. What effects do you mean?"

"What I mean is that after living in the cities of the Old Country, and gaining an intimate knowledge of their standard of living, and then living in America and Canada, I saw that something had happened to the people of the latter countries which had not happened to the people of the old land; the something, whatever it was, had raised the standard of living in America. It had reduced poverty and crime; it had practically wiped out of existence such crimes as wife-beating and assaults on children. It had conferred

A Personal Chat with my readers

THE ONLY is that you can't make
WAY. "dough" out of a "loaf." The

universal law is work—no matter who may dodge it or seem to prosper without it. The law of life is work. We used to be afraid of the black hand, now our greatest menace is the idle hand.

Lord Robert Cecil opened a conference at the Central Hall in London to inaugurate the national movement towards a Christian Order of Industry and Commerce. The six principles of the new Order affirm that from the Christian point of view the—

Governing motive of all industry and commerce should be service of the community;

Receipt of an income lays on the individual the duty of rendering service in accordance with his capacity;

Competition should be subordinated to the service of the community;

Industry should create and develop human fellowship;

Value of all natural resources which owe their worth to the labor of all should be held and utilised for the benefit of all;

Human labor cannot be regarded as a commodity.

Ewart McArthur once
A MAN AND wrote:

A HORSE. "I spent a holiday time with a friend in a southern line town. My friend is a horse lover and also possesses an unusual command over them. Neighbors in the district, aye, from other towns, bring their yearlings to be 'broken in' under his hand; stubborn mouths learn to take 'the bit' readily. With one exception.

"We took a walk over the sloping country, and after a mile or so rested on a hillside overlooking a Chinaman's gardens.

"Look down there!" I exclaimed, pointing to a horse grazing alone in a paddock adjoining the gardens. "What a magnificent animal! Why is he there? Surely he is a racer."

"My eyes swept the perfect proportions of form—slender, strong, graceful. His coat black and shining as a woman's quality satin gown. I turned to my friend. 'Surely you know that horse.'

"Yes, I know him," he replied slowly. 'Good to look at, but no good to go. He'll pull up before long at the boiling down works.'

"What!" I exclaimed. "That beautiful creature! What's wrong with him—isn't he sound?"

"Yes, he's all right that way, but he will not brook restraint; breaks away every time.

He has a vicious temper, and his first owner could not make any good of him as a young colt. He brought the beggar to me later, to break in, but he would not yield; I tried all I knew, but he's no good. The Chinaman bought him cheap and because he is good to look at, but he will soon tire of that. Nobody else in the district would give him stable room. He's no good.'

"And in my friend's voice I detected a note of sadness because of the failure of the thing he loved.

"Sitting in the beauty of a country morning, I looked into my own nature. Was I like that horse? The Divine 'breaker-in' of my will sought to lay His restraint upon me. Did he find me 'no good,' unwilling in the collar, kicking against the traces, not lending my shoulder to the burden of service?

"In the hands of my Master are the reins of love. Had I responded to the movements of the Master hand, or jibbed?"

"How much is a man better than a horse? A man is never too old, thank God, to bend his will and temper to the hand of the Master of human lives; to respond to the spirit of God that the energy of man-force may be transformed into the energy of God's force. A disciplined soul—ready to bear his share in the team of life's common burden.

"What does a man expect of a horse? Obedience and service. What does the Divine Trainer of your life expect of you, my brother man?"

The police could not arrest a modern girl for being without visible means of support.

THE PRAYER OF THE TEMPTED WOMAN.

This is so honest and true a prayer that it may help you to pray: "O God, I am coming into Thy presence, here alone, on my knees, beside my bed. Dost Thou know? Dost Thou care? I have been led up to the top of a high mountain and all the kingdoms of pleasure have been shown to me, if I would. And, O God, I want to do wrong. It seems so easy. All my being craves the immediate light and joy of it. Hear the truth, God. I want to do wrong. I have not yet. Something, self-reverence, keeps me back. But to remain true and good seems so dark, stretching out into dull days for ever and ever. But, God, I am not going to do wrong. The ways are smoothed for me to slip into evil. Within and without my heart, everything pushes me down. But I shall not go their way. Something in me protests. I shall not let the God

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.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, NOV. 17, 1921.

go out in my soul. So here I am. I seek Thee. I reach out my hand to hold Thy hand. I cry to Thee, and 'with no language but a cry,' for I know not what to say. Only help me. I shall stay here on my knees until wrong loses its lure, until goodness shines before my eyes. God, Father of me and all the world, Thou art so great and good and strong. I am Thy child. I have been too close to the fire and I am afraid. Oh, hold me. Take these, my outstretched hands. Father, bring me to right desires; kill in me the untoward longings. Clean out my heart, let Thy spirit blow into me as sweet, fresh air, driving away all the unwholesome perfumes of spoiled thoughts. Cleanse my imaginations. Strengthen the pillars of my temple. Save me, and make me glad and content—to be brave and true and good. For Jesus Christ's sake. Amen."

THE EDITOR.

BABY'S FIRST PORTRAIT.

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How Alcohol Affects Body and Mind.

PROFESSOR W. A. OSBORNE'S SCIENTIFIC SUMMARY.

SPECIALLY REPORTED FOR "GRIT," BY W.A.S.

"I never knew a scientist who took even the remotest quantity of alcohol before entering his laboratory to work." Thus Professor W. A. Osborne, the learned Professor of Physiology at the University of Melbourne, in the course of the sixth of the series of lectures under the auspices of the Anti-Liquor League of Victoria.

"Nevertheless," said the professor, "I am not here as a propagandist, but simply as a scientist, to tell you as dispassionately as it lies in me to do, what are the effects of alcohol on the human body. "Yet," he added, "I do not wish you to think that I am not distressed by the horrible sights of drunkenness in some of its most bestial forms often seen in our streets."

THE DISPASSIONATE ATTITUDE.

Though desiring to be strictly impartial, and to divest himself both of tradition, conviction, and emotion, the lecturer pointed out how difficult this was when tradition had so stamped the use of alcohol into the habits of our race. "How strange some of these traditions are," he said. "How queer it is that when we desire to pay a man a compliment, we should associate the idea with the swallowing of a fluid! Personally, if a man greeted me with joy, after an absence of some months or years, I would much prefer him to take me into a tie and collar shop than into a bar and ask me to have one with him." (Laughter). But the greeting of friends, the parting with friends, the pledging of friendship or of loyalty always seems to be traditionally associated with the stupid custom of taking down some liquid—and even if there is no liquid there, people automatically go through the action of drinking. . . . So that you see that in approaching the study of alcohol one finds it difficult to dissociate oneself altogether from the traditions that surround it.

WHAT IS ALCOHOL?

"Briefly let us consider what alcohol is and does. Chemistry tells us that the alcohol used in beverage form is a compound of carbon, hydrogen and oxygen, and is one of a number or series of alcohols, the action of an alcohol on the body varying according

to its position in the series. The science of Pharmacology goes a step farther, grouping alcohol with certain other compounds, of which chloroform, ether, and chloral are the chief. These are anesthetic or hypnotic substances that give a brief period of exertion, followed by a long period of depression. Before the anesthetic action of chloroform was discovered alcohol used to be administered for this purpose. . . . In cases of severe dislocation it was customary to give the patient a good stiff dose of alcohol mixed with tobacco, which made the patient so abominably sick that he didn't care what the surgeon did to him. But in the use of alcohol as a beverage, the exerting stage is felt, and possibly the depressing stage is generally forgotten.

SHEETING IT HOME.

"Now the question is, Can we sheet this home to any particular quality, physical or chemical, of the alcohol?" asked the lecturer, and replied: "Yes, we can, because of the independent investigations of two famous physiologists—one an Englishman (Professor Overton), and the other an Austrian—who discovered that all substances which dissolve oil or fat, and are at the same time soluble, even to a slight extent in water, act in this way on the body. There is present in every part of our living body, and particularly in our nervous system, a substance called lipid, meaning "fat-like." It is a very wonderful substance, which controls the permeability of our membranes, insulates the nerve-fibres, and in some mysterious way seems to be essential in every living part of the body—particularly in the brain, where huge quantities of it exist.

Now anything that can reach and dissolve lipid acts as an anesthetic. Petrol, for instance, has a slight action in this way—hence a chauffeur who has crawled beneath his car to discover a leak is dragged out blue in the face and semi-conscious through having inhaled too much of its fumes. But petrol is not used as an anesthetic deliberately; it is easy to put a man to sleep with petrol, but it is not quite so simple a task to wake him up again.

Chloroform is perhaps the best known of the anesthetics, and its action is now pretty well known and controllable. But when chloroform was first used, there were many sudden and tragic deaths. So much so that the Nizam of Hyderabad, displaying that public spirit for which he was noted, allotted a large sum of money for the investigating of its action. Unfortunately, the commission of inquiry that was appointed consisted of men who were uniformly unqualified to make the inquiries, with the result that their findings were almost uniformly wrong. It is indeed a matter for this community, and for our University, to be proud of, that one man practically single-handed, and in a long and laborious series of investigations, disproved their pronouncements point by point. That was Dr. W. H. Embling, of Melbourne. (Applause.)

I mention this Hyderabad Commission because there are two other commissions of inquiry to which I wish to refer. The first is the Carnegie Research, which at the present time is carrying on an investigation of a most extraordinary detailed character in Boston (America) into the action of alcohol on the body. Unfortunately, it is not possible to find the money in the British Dominions to finance an investigation of this sort, so we have to leave it to America. But they are certainly doing it thoroughly. I have here a volume of some hundreds of pages which is merely the preface to the report. (Laughter). Then here is another volume of almost equal weight and size, devoted entirely to the examination of a single man, who will go down in history as 'Case Six.' (Laughter). I think we may safely assume that, say by the end of the century, this commission will have completed its researches, and we shall know all there is to know about the action of alcohol on the body. That is, if there is any left. (Laughter.) For you must remember that all the time these investigations have been carried on in the quiet of the laboratory, the fight for Prohibition has been raging outside. But the other noteworthy feature about this report, which is published by the Carnegie Institute, in addition to its extreme detail, is its extraordinary caution.

"Now a much more valuable inquiry to you and me than this scientific investigation of the ultra-cautious type, is one conducted in England by a very powerful committee of scientific men—the most able committee in England, probably in the world. Its names may be more or less familiar to some of you, but in the scientific world they are revered. I have had the honor of being a colleague of two of them, and I know others, so that I can appreciate the worth of their report, and I cannot summarise Kraepelin's findings in a couple of sentences thus:

"All doses of alcohol depress the intellectual processes of comprehension, memory and judgment."

"Small doses of alcohol facilitate motor discharge at first, and subsequently depress it . . . the amount depending upon the characteristics and condition of the individual subject."

(To be continued.)

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For dainty women

"SITUATION CAUSING MEMBERS MUCH ANXIETY."

SUCCESSFUL REFERENDUM CAMPAIGN.

A LETTER TO YOU (?)

My Dear Old Sceptics,—You are many. The opinion of the Sydney "Sun's" reporter is one. In the "Sun" of the 7th inst. it said: "The situation is causing members much anxiety." Believe me, when 46 members of Parliament, out of a total of 89, say they favor the referendum it is calculated to cause the remainder much anxiety. When they learn, as they are learning, that there is an inflexible "will to succeed" behind the host of Prohibitionists in this State, it is absolutely certain they will have "much anxiety," and if you do your part to back up the big efforts being made to obtain the 100,000 pledges we shall have sixty members pledged to a referendum, and we'll relieve the anxiety of the others; we'll relieve them of their seats in Parliament.—Yours, etc.,

A PRACTICAL OPTIMIST.

46 members favor a Referendum—make it 60. Sign and send for Pledges.

A LABOR STALWART.

Is a man to be subjected to censure for upholding the main plank of his platform? Ex-Senator David Watson, our Northern representative, and who is a candidate for selection as an endorsed Labor candidate for the Senate election, is having his case referred to the Australian Labor Party's Disputes Committee. The question is whether a Labor nominee should support the Referendum Pledge. No true Labor man could do otherwise; it demands enforcement of the first plank in Labor's platform—a Referendum on big questions.

The Referendum is essentially a most democratic and progressive principle. The Government are trying to steal the right from the people. The Referendum Pledge is a means of retaining it!

LADY PREACHER IN ANGLICAN PULPIT.

Miss Grant has finished her Western tour. At Lithgow, the great mining and industrial centre, so keen is the feeling over the Referendum pledge that the Church of England minister felt justified in inviting Miss Grant to address a Sunday congregation. She did—and did more—and Lithgow is now for the Pledge.

The Labor man who stands by Labor principles is the one who will get Labor votes. Make your member a Referendum member. Sign and send!

REID OF MANLY SAYS:

"I favor an immediate Referendum on the liquor question!" Our latest recruit to the ranks of "declared" members of Parliament.

Persuade your member to "declare" early for a referendum. If he waits till election day it may be too late. We want all signed Pledges in by

November 30, but our publishing of members' attitude will not cease.

FROM BOMADERRY TO HELENSBURGH,

and from Marulan to Campbelltown. That's about the extent of Wollondilly electorate, and the whole of it has been organised in fine style by Mrs. Brunton Smith and Mr. Curtis Atkinson.

TO WHERE THE ORANGES GROW.

From Strathfield to Castle Hill, that has been Miss Lance's task recently, and some fine results have been obtained.

BUILDING THE NORTH SHORE BRIDGE.

They've started building the North Shore Bridge—the bridge which links the North Shore people strongly with the Referendum Pledge Campaign. Dee Why, Newport, Narrabeen, Mosman, Manly, etc., etc., are all taking their quota of Pledges, and Miss Decent is discovering a fine body of workers.

Hitch up with the team in your district. Send to us for name and address of local Secretary, and pull your pull.

100 DEGREES AND 200 PER CENT.

Organiser Patton, from the North Coast, say it's sweltering hot, over 100 degrees in the shade at Kempsey, but local people are 200 per cent. enthusiastic for the Pledge, and most places are sure of more than their quota. North Coast people take a pride in the reputation of their towns and villages.

Is your town doing its utmost for this effort? Write us for "how to help" hints!

A MINISTER AT MIDNIGHT.

There's a Methodist minister in A—, a Western town, who owns up to prowling out at midnight with paste pot and brush and blazing the Referendum trail with posters. This spirit will win the day.

Say, don't be stiff-necked! The cause is big enough—do your part at canvassing, organising, speaking! Let us know you're alive!

City 8944.

Tables, tables everywhere, but not a one too many. First, there's a Pledge-signing table in Martin Place. That's permanent. Others at railway stations all over the place. Many country towns are notifying that they're having a table on shopping night, and in Sydney amongst the suburbs which are to have tables are Haberfield, Burwood, Manly, Bankstown, Hurstville, Artarmon, Chatswood, Ashfield, Milson's Point, Mosman, Watson's Bay, Kogarah, etc.

Help at these tables, or have a table in your own town or district. 'Phone for particulars, City 8944, or write.

BIG ROW IN MACDONELL HOUSE.

The postman "hit" the office to-day and the big parcels of signed Pledges that hit the counter made quite a noise, and the names

of some of our fine workers shine out of the letters accompanying the parcels. The parcel from Miss Wise, of Hurlstone Park, came first, then a big one from Miss Gow, of Newcastle, then an instalment from Mrs. McCoy, of Peats Ferry Road, Hornsby, and other lady workers came along. Mr. Gambling at Thornleigh is also doing well.

Send your signed Pledges in. Don't wait till they're all signed. Make it a weekly—not a weakly—parcel.

A PLEDGE RECORD.

101 in four hours at a Pledge table—Miss Grant at Katoomba. Who can beat it?

And I like this:

"I'll guarantee to have the 100 Pledges signed, if not before the end of the month, then very little later. So you can work with this knowledge in hand." That spells capability, bigness, broadness—not hair-splitting, quibbling, bogey - objection raising.

"BOGEY-OBJECTION" ANSWERS.

The Modern Pledge doesn't conflict with the Protestant Federation Pledge.

Wherever there's a Catholic Referendum member there's also a Protestant Referendum member in the same party and same electorate.

It won't make you vote against your party. Each party puts up two or three candidates at each election. The party wants your vote. Show them you want a "Referendum" candidate and they'll provide one—sure!

AN INVITATION TO YOU!

Interested in the Pledge work? Yes! You want to help? Yes! You've been helping? Yes! Whatever it is, come along at a quarter to six on Monday, 21st of this month, to N.S.W. Alliance, room 32, Macdonell House, Pitt-street, near Bathurst-street. You're invited to tea and a yarn. Good speakers, good friends.

Do you really want to sign the Pledge? Our Martin Place open-air meetings at mid-day, our Pledge tables, our address here, our telephone number, our local workers, make it easy.

Thank you!

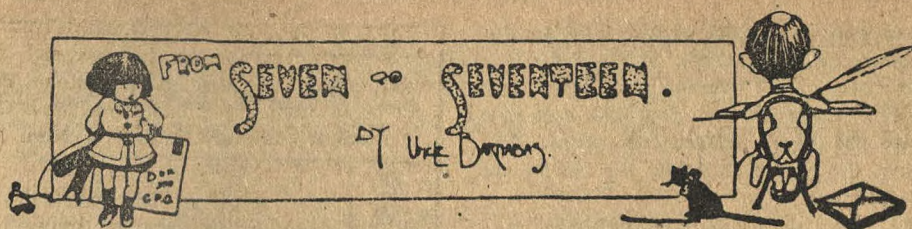
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All boys and girls between the age of seven and seventeen are invited to join the family of Uncle B. Write only on one side of the paper. Send your photo as soon as convenient. Send the date of your birthday. There is no fee to pay. Uncle B.'s birthday is celebrated in April each year by a picnic, to which he invites all his Ne's and Ni's. If you do not write for three months you are a "scallywag." Address all letters to Uncle B., Box 390, G.P.O., Sydney.

THE HOUSE WE LIVE IN.

A boy of about ten years of age wrote the following several days after listening to a temperance address:

The house we live in is far more wonderful than any king's palace, for it can walk and has living walls.

The top of the head, which holds the brain, is the thinking part.

The eyes are the windows, and the eyelids are the blinds, which, when we sleep, we close to keep out the light.

The two ears are the telephones.

The nose is the ventilator, which lets in the air.

The mouth is the door of the house, into which all food goes.

Down below is a kitchen with a cook in it.

The hands are the two servants, which carry everything for us.

The heart is the busy little pump which carries the blood all through the body, and goes clap, clap, clap all day long; when night comes it rests by going much slower.

When alcohol is taken into the body this busy little heart goes faster than it does during the day, or while it rests, and if you keep on drinking it, the pump will soon wear out.

Now the cook down in the kitchen makes out of the food we eat blood, nerves, brain, flesh, skin, and if we neglect to give these good things she cannot give strength to the servants to carry our parcels.

If any alcohol is taken into the house, and goes through the door down into the kitchen, the cook will not feel well, and will ask the servants what they are sending down, and tell them that it is very poisonous, and must be kept out.

The cook will say: "There is no room in here for you, and you must get out." How does it get out? Why, you smell the odor of alcohol coming out with the breath. That is the way the cook gets rid of some of the bad things.

ESSAY CONTEST

Over £12 in Prizes for Young People, Ages 7-17.

Entries coming in from all over N.S.W. and other States.

FINAL INFORMATION FOR ESSAYISTS.

1. Entries must reach the office by December 1.
2. Write on letter-size paper (8in. x 10in.) on one side only, in ink or typewriter.
3. Address entries to
Y.P. DEPARTMENT, N.S.W. ALLIANCE,
321 Pitt Street, Sydney, N.S.W.
4. Do not put your name on Essay Paper, but give following particulars on separate sheet.

PARTICULARS OF ENTRY FOR ESSAY CONTEST.

Full Name

Age as on December 1st, 1921

Full Address

Number of Words in Essay

Statement signed by Parent or Guardian, as follows:—

"I certify that this Essay is the unaided work of

(Name of Competitor)

Date

..... Parent or Guardian

Alcohol will boil up the brain, and make it hard and brown, and the man who drinks it will not live as long as if he lets it alone.

There is alcohol in cider as well as in beer and wine.

Do not drink a drop of alcohol if you want to live long, be healthy, and keep strong.

A NEW NI.

Jean Birnie, Forbes, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I hope you will accept me as one of your Ni's. We have been receiving "Grit" for a long time, and I love to read the letters written by your Ne's and Ni's. I have just turned thirteen, and my birthday is on August 11. I will send my photo as soon as possible. I am in sixth class at school, and hope to pass the Q.C. this year. We are having lovely weather here at present, which I hope will continue, as our Show is on the 23rd and 24th of this month. We used to have a bakery business in Rankin-street, but have recently shifted to the above dress. My brother (Hilton) is going to write to you, too. There was a pantomime here yesterday, showing "The Merchant of Venice." Well, Uncle, as news is scarce, I will conclude now, with love to all "Grit" cousins and yourself.

(Dear Jean,—I will be just as delighted to receive you as a Ni as I will to get your photo. I wish you success in your coming exam. Be a true Ni.—Uncle T.)

A NEW NE AND NI.

Betty Atchison, "Holroyd," Shellharbour, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Will you please accept me as a Ni? I was eight years old on August 6. I go to school and also to Sunday school. I got an extra prize for going every Sunday last year, and so far I have not missed any days this year. There is a little willie wagtail building a dear little nest in a tree outside by our window. We watch her every day. We have a cat, and he is fourteen years old; and we have a dog called Peter, and he likes to run after the fowls. I have got two sisters and one brother. We go to the beach very often, for we live close to the sea. I have a box of nice shells that I found on the beach. I hope I will see my letter in "Grit," for we all like reading page 11. I have not got a photo of myself, but I will send you one when I get one taken.

A MAORI NE.

Iraia Amo, "Rangiahua," Frasertown, New Zealand, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—To-day is very wet so I am writing a letter to you. I have never written a letter for a paper before. I hope

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338 PITT STREET.

you will have me for a Ne. I am in standard II., and I'm a Maori boy. I live in New Zealand, and we have a little school in the Maori pa. Some of the children have stopped at home to-day because they have a long way to come to school. We had a social in the school about two or three weeks ago. A number of people came to our social and we all enjoyed ourselves. Two of our school girls said their poetry very nicely. We had plenty of games at the social. Sister Jessie and Mr. Ward came to the social. Mr. Ward is a Maori missionary, and speaks just like a Maori. He has been a Maori missionary for twenty years. On Sunday morning all the people went to the church. Sister Jessie and Mr. Ward told the people to bring their Maori hymn books, and he told us about Peter when he denied Jesus, and when he repented. I think I must close my letter now.

(Dear Iraia,—I am pleased to welcome you to our family circle. What is the date of your birth? Your first letter is a very creditable one, and we will always be glad to have others like it. I hope you will remember the lesson and never be led into evil ways that will make you deny Jesus. "Watch and pray."—Uncle T.)

INFLUENZA.

Frank Butt, Macksville, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I was pleased to see my letter in "Grit" a few weeks ago. Did you get the bundle of clothes, and did the children like the scrapbooks? We have been in Macksville nearly two months now, but I do not like it as much as our old home on Taylor's Arm. There has been a big flood here lately that went up into some of the houses, and the people had to get out of them. We boys are all in bed with influenza, and mother has to nurse us. One boy in Macksville died from pneumonia, and another family had four very ill with it. The doctor got a trained nurse to look after them, and now they are all better. We have been going to the Methodist Sunday school, and we have a very nice teacher, but he is going away soon, and we are sorry. Mother helps to teach Sunday school, but she could not go yesterday as we were sick.

(Dear Frank,—Sorry to hear of your illness, but very pleased to know you have all recovered. Yes, the clothes were received and much appreciated by those to whom they were given. Many thanks.—Uncle T.)

A NEW NI.

Nellie Hansen, Dural, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Will you accept me as one of your family? I will be nine on November 1. We have a dear little calf about seven months old. I have four sisters and three brothers. I attend the Dural public school,

and am only in second class. I go to the Methodist Sunday school.

(Dear Nellie,—Of course I will accept you as a Ni. Keep on and you will soon get up into the higher classes at school. Remember, the higher the class the harder the task.—Uncle T.)

HENS AND EGGS.

Ethel H. Hall, "Swanbrook," Manilla, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I suppose I am nearly a scallywag by now. I would have written sooner, only I was sick. I think Wes. has told you all about our cat, kittens, and hens.



Fluffy, the chicken I told you about in my last letter, has laid over 20 eggs, and mother thinks she is going clucky now. We have another pullet, which is going clucky. Yesterday one of our cows got a calf. It is a little red and white one. We have not as yet got our garden up, only a little patch at the back of the house, and it hasn't many flowers in it either. One of our hens has made a nest under a silver fern in the garden. The hen flies over the fence nearly every day and lays an egg. Well, I must close now as mother has some work for me to do. Love to all "Grit" cousins and yourself.

(Dear Ethel,—As you have been sick, I could not think of making you a scallywag. Thanks for letter.—Uncle T.)

PASS "GRIT" ON

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Nerve Nuts
THE FAMOUS BUILDERS OF HEALTH AND STRENGTH

WONDERFUL ERADICA

"Sure Cure for Septic Sores."

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Is highly recommended for boils, burns, bruises, carbuncles, abscesses, poisoned or inflamed sores, poisoned bites, gathered sores, whitlows, and septic sores.

Sold by Anthony Hordern, W. H. Soul, Pattinson, Winn's, Ltd., Oxford-street, Sydney.

When a man is rescued from evil you save a unit; but when a child is prevented from evil you save a multiplication table.

If this strikes you, then send along to

THE AUSTRALASIAN WHITE CROSS LEAGUE,
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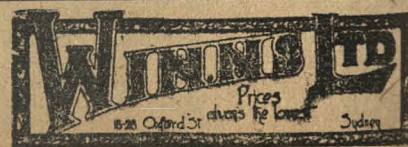
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IT WOULD BE.

A man was called upon to testify in a suit as to the number of cubic yards that were handled in some filling work near his place. He showed very little knowledge of the matter, and his idea of a cubic yard was so indefinite that it seemed doubtful whether he knew what the term meant. In order to make its meaning clear the Judge said:

"Listen, my man! Just suppose this inkstand to be three feet across the top this way and three feet that way, and three feet in height, what would you call it?"

"Well, your Honor," said the witness, without hesitation, "I should say it was some inkstand."

* * *

A FRUGAL POSTMASTER.

The inhabitants of a small village at last got a post office, with the grocer for postmaster, and their pride in their acquisition was at first unbounded. When complaints began to come in that letters were not being sent off, the post-office department sent an inspector to investigate.

"What becomes of the letters posted here?" the inspector demanded. "The people say they are not being sent off."

"Of course they ain't," was the response, as the grocer pointed to a large and nearly empty mail sack hanging in a corner. "Ain't sent if off because it ain't anywheres near full yet."

* * *

NOT THE FIRST EITHER.

The doctor had been summoned to the police station to examine a prisoner. The latter lay on the floor, muddy and dishevelled.

The doctor examined him, and then said: "This man's condition is not due to drink. He has been drugged."

"Yes," said the youngest policeman. "I drugged him all the way myself by the scruff of the neck."

SUFFICIENT REASON.

First Knut: "I wonder why those girls didn't answer us when we spoke to them?"

Second Knut: "Oh, I expect they're telephone girls."

* * *

IS IT FAIR AND RIGHT?

"The perfect image of his father!" is what they always say

When a wee, squirming bit of humanity comes into the world to stay;

He is red and wrinkled and homely and quite often has no hair,

And he makes the most awful faces. Now, I hardly call that fair!

Then later, when he is showing a real resemblance to me,

And I take him to ride in his gocart, as proud as a father can be,

A chorus constantly greets me: "The baby! How pretty! How bright!"

He's the image of his mother!" Now I claim that isn't right! —K. H. Charles.

* * *

HOLES UPSIDE DOWN.

Two men were waiting for a train and one said: "I will ask you a question, and if I cannot answer my own question I will buy the tickets. Then you ask a question, and if you cannot answer your own, you buy the tickets."

The other agreed to this.

"Well," said the first man, "you see those rabbit holes? How do they dig those holes without leaving any dirt around them?"

The other confessed: "I don't know. That's your question, so answer it yourself."

The first man winked, and replied: "They begin at the bottom and dig up!"

"But," said the second man, "how do they get at the bottom to begin?"

"That's your question," was the first man's rejoinder. "Answer it yourself."

The other man bought the tickets.

Mistress—
Mary, your kitchen
is a picture!
However do you
get everything so
spotlessly clean
& bright?



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DAILY INSPIRATION

"Blessed are the peacemakers: for they shall be called the children of God."—Matt. 5, 9.

SUNDAY.

"For where your treasure is, there will be your heart also."—Matt., 6, 21.

* * *

"Lay up for yourselves treasures in Heaven," When Jesus spoke these words He had been talking of a life of prayer and self-denial and self-discipline. What are we accumulating in Heaven and in ourselves here? How much is prayer the habit of our lives? When did we last wrestle in prayer for anybody else? Christ ever liveth to make intercession. We read in the Lord's parable that "there is joy in the presence of the angels over one sinner that repenteth." That is Heaven at this moment. God Himself, in the fulness of His love, the angels, all the redeemed already gathered there, are interested in the work of redemption in this lower life. If we are not one with Jesus Christ in the purpose of His coming and in the sympathies of His heart, then we can have no part in Heaven. God cannot thrust Heaven into us, nor us in to Heaven. There must be fitness, adaption, preparation.

MONDAY.

"Be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that we may prove what is that good and acceptable and perfect will of God."—Rom., 12, 2.

* * *

TRANSFORMATION.

Only a little shrivelled seed,
It might be flower, or grass, or weed;
Only a box of earth on the edge
Of a narrow, dusty window-ledge;
Only a few scant summer showers;
Only a few clear shining hours;
That was all. Yet God could make
Out of these, for a sick child's sake,
A blossom-wonder, as fair and sweet
As ever broke at an angel's feet.

Only a life of barren pain,
Wet with sorrowful tears for rain,
Warmed sometimes by a wandering gleam
Of joy, that seemed but a happy dream;
A life as common and brown and bare
As a box of earth in the window there;
Yet it bore at last a precious bloom
Of a perfect soul in that narrow room;
Pure as the snowy leaves that fold
Over the flower's heart of gold.

TUESDAY.

"Rest in the Lord, and wait patiently for Him."—Psl., 37, 7.

* * *

To wait patiently, men must work cheerfully. Cheerfulness is an excellent working quality, imparting great elasticity to the character. As a bishop has said: "Temper is nine-tenths of Christianity." So are cheerfulness and diligence nine-tenths of practical wisdom. They are the life and soul

of success, as well as happiness, perhaps the very highest pleasure in life consisting in clear, brisk, conscious working; energy, confidence, and every other good quality mainly depending upon it.—Samuel Smiles.

WEDNESDAY.

"I have not run in vain, nor labored in vain."—Phil., 2, 16.

* * *

SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT AVAILETH.

Say not the struggle naught availeth,
The labor and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light;
In front the sun climbs slow, how slowly!
But westward, look, the land is bright!

—Arthur Hugh Clough.

THURSDAY.

"Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall."—1 Cor., 10, 12.

* * *

MY FATHER'S BUSINESS.

"No one can stand still who lives with God. If God is the fountain of your life there will be no green mantle on the surface telling how long you have been in one place. Neither in earth nor in heaven do we stand still or stay where we are. Take up the anchor and the ship follows the tide, and in God the tide always sets one way. You cannot stand still without anchoring to the creature. There must be fresh discoveries of truth and duty every day, and fresh inquisition made into the heights and depths of Redeeming Love. Abandonment to God must mean advancement in God."—J. Rendel Harris, in "memoranda Sacra."

FRIDAY.

"Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love."—Rom., 12, 10.

* * *

A GIRL'S SERVICE.

Some say the world is weary, but they've missed the God-sent light
That beaming eyes and radiant souls are sending
To fill the world with sunshine and make it fresh and bright,
Which youth and hope and joy are ever blending.

Oh, the world is never weary, nor a day so sad or long,

But a maiden's smile and winsomeness can make a cheery song,

And their tones are just like blessings, and fall like sunny rays,

For a heart that's pure and joyous is just a psalm of praise.

—L.H.

SATURDAY.

"Great is the glory of the Lord."—Psl., 138, 5.

GOD'S GLORY.

Earth's crammed with heaven,
And every common bush afire with God;
But only he who sees takes off his shoes,
The rest sit round it and pluck blackberries.
—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

* * *

Had it pleased God to make but one sweet smell in all the earth, that had been a priceless blessing; or to vary it as He has varied color, that had been still more; but giving it as He has, varying to the utmost bound, He has imparted a unique element to this boon as to none other given to our senses.—Sarah F. Smiley.

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost,
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest,

Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm,
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds,

Ye signs and wonders of the elements,
Utter forth God, and fill the hills with praise.

—S. T. Coleridge.

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Quick and Blessed Results

Commander Booth says Prohibition Wrought Beneficial Results in Hovels of Poor.

PRISONS ARE EMPTYING.

Hospital Nurses Report Marked Improvement in Condition of Children.

Commander Evangeline Booth of the Salvation Army in the September 3 issue of the "War Cry" discusses the benefits of Prohibition as seen by the Salvation Army.

"Who better than the Salvation Army," she asks, "can speak of the quick and blessed results of the banishment from the streets and the hovels of the poor of this liquid fire and distilled damnation?"

"Our social secretaries tell us that drunkenness among the men frequenting our hotels and industrial homes has almost entirely disappeared. That men who previously had not enough money to pay their way from one day to another, now have money in the bank. In one of our hotels there are 120 men with banking accounts of considerable amounts, who previously could not keep a dollar for 24 hours.

"In another hotel twenty-five men, who before Prohibition could not muster a dime among them, have deposits ranging from 100 dollars to 500 dollars. Paul Stoker, a man who drank every cent of his earnings, has saved 700 dollars since Prohibition came into effect. An increase in prosperity and thrift is universally acknowledged. The state of

Minnesota reports a savings increase of 17,000,000 dollars for the year.

PRISONS RAPIDLY DEPOPULATED.

"Our officers engaged in prison work report that the penal institutions are rapidly being depopulated, many of them, like Paterson, New Jersey, reduced from 150 to 14; and Hackensack, the same state, is converting its jails into dwelling apartments. Prisons in other places are being turned into schools. In our social institutions there have been more conversions, and more soldiers have been made during the past year than in any previous year of our history. Several of our Rescue Matrons, who are also police court officers, say that they are not receiving any cases from the courts; whereas before Prohibition they had an average of eight to ten commitments per week.

HOSPITAL ATMOSPHERE CHANGED.

"The nurses of the Baby Hygiene Association, visiting throughout the city, already find a marked improvement in young children. The sword of sorrow and shame which overhung their homes has been snatched away, which has meant development, beauty and vitality to tens of thousands.

"Needless to say, the experience of our own slum officers emphasises these benefits. Father buys us clothes since Prohibition. He used to drink all the money up," said a little girl of six in Hell's Kitchen last week. They find the home better cared for, and less divided, and where they used to get mother and children only to the meeting, the whole family now attends."

Referendum Campaign—

(Continued from page 3.)

some of her most influential and prosperous citizens are convinced Prohibitionists. Indeed, the whole town wears a bright, attractive air that reflects the keenness of the many friends of the Cause. This augurs well for the "local quota" to the "hundred thousand." One finds this keenness and sympathy in the least expected quarters, so that Moss Vale is doing its "bit" towards

the "fist-full" of votes required to make the Government move.

It was impossible to visit all the places around, so our total result will depend on the loyal support of the many whose aid is promised.

At Bundanoon I met the proprietor of the hotel at Omaru, where Admiral Jellicoe stayed. It is in one of the no-license areas in New Zealand and is the envy of other hotel-keepers. Commercial travellers—students of comfort—swear by it, saying that

it provides the best fare at the cheapest rate in the Island. I was told how even those in the hotel business, but living in licensed areas, were longing for no-license to be carried, so obvious are the benefits conferred.

THE FIRST HUNDRED THOUSAND.

So the good work goes on, in town and shire. Altogether it was an inspiring trip, and the weather was consistently fine. Occasionally high winds blew, and once a hurricane, but who minded? Are we not out to raise the blast of the century? To-day we number only tens of thousands. But I have seen sufficient, even on a short trip, to convince me that if all our friends just play their part and no more we shall get our hundreds of thousands.

When we are given that we will ride the whirlwind and direct the storm.

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HOW PROHIBITION WORKS

The operation of Prohibition in Canada and the United States was alluded to by Dr. T. W. Leys, formerly managing editor of the Auckland "Star," in his lecture at the Leys Institute, Ponsonby, last evening. In Canada, he explained, Prohibition had been brought about by provincial legislative enactments, which differed in various provinces, not only in text, but also in the strictness of enforcement. Despite loopholes in doctor's prescriptions and facilities for obtaining liquor in large quantity, the law had greatly diminished the consumption of liquor as a beverage, by making it very difficult to obtain. "When I was in Winnipeg," said Dr. Leys, "I asked three members of the staff of a daily newspaper whether they could tell me where I could buy a bottle of whisky in that city, and they answered in the negative."

In the United States, the lecturer said, Prohibition was a reality. The prohibitory law there was no more broken than any other law. In speaking to people indiscriminately, he had found a preponderating opinion in favor of maintaining the law, which both supporters and opponents agreed was unlikely to be repealed within any measurable period.—New Zealand "Herald."

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FX 3719—A Very Dainty Frock for Maid's Wear, as illustrated, fashioned of Blue and White Check Crepe. There is a pretty lace trimmed yoke and collar of White Organdi.

PRICE 28/6

FX 181/5.—Dainty Frock for Little Girls' Wear, fashioned of Cambric, having square neck scalloped in white, and showing embroidery to tone. The short magyar sleeves are finished with white scallops and the girle belt runs through slots in front.

Sizes 18in. 20in. 22in. 24in.

PRICES 7/11 7/11 7/11 8/6

FX 3705.—Smart Check Zephyr Frock for small girl, has front yoke effect, edged with plain material to tone. There is also a collar of plain material, turned back cuffs, and a smart belt. Sizes 24in., 27in., 30in.

PRICE 9/11

FX 3767—An Attractive Maid's Frock in Fancy Check Crepe of Saxe Blue and White. The 3 sleeves are finished with scalloped effect, edged with plain saxe blue material. The long-waisted bodice is finished in similar manner. Sizes 42, 45, 48in.

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