

# Grit.

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PINNING IT ON THE CAMEL.

IT IS PATHETIC TO SEE GROWN MEN PLAYING A CHILD'S GAME.

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## SOME THINGS WE DO KNOW. THE SORDID STORY OF LIQUOR IN N.S.W.

### THE SORDID STORY OF LIQUOR IN N.S.W.

The brewers have much use for water. They "water their stock," and their beer is 93 per cent. water. In the first case they practise a deception, in the second case they poison a God-given beverage. We suspect anything from such a source and are not surprised if they "cook" their figures.

We may not know for a certainty all that Prohibition does, but we do know beyond any dispute what the beverage use of alcohol does, always has done, and can guarantee to go on doing unless we vote it out on September 1 next.

Here are a few samples:

#### TO JAIL DRUNKEN MOTORISTS.

Magistrates have no power to send drunken car drivers to jail. Mr. Perry, S.M., said so at the Central Court.

"If I could do so, you would go to jail," he said to John Robert Hassell, aged 28, foreman, who was charged with having driven a motor car whilst under the influence of intoxicating liquor.

He was fined £20 or six months. His license was suspended until its expiry in September, and he was prohibited from holding a license for a further two years.

Police evidence was to the effect that Hassall drove a car along Castlereagh-street at 6.15 p.m. on Saturday at 40 miles an hour. He drove an erratic course, and collided with two other cars. The constable giving evidence added that it was a bad case.

The Chief Secretary, Mr. Bruhnell, announced that he would recommend to Cabinet that amending legislation be passed to enable magistrates to send drunken motorists to jail.

#### KILLED AT DANCE.

Allan Andrew Paton, 21, laborer, was sentenced to 12 months' imprisonment by Mr. Justice James at the Central Criminal Court on a charge of manslaughter, arising from a fight at a dance.

On March 17, during the holding of a dance at Homebush, the doorkeeper, Thomas Guy Wood, refused admission to a party of drunken men, and during the altercation which followed he was kicked in the stomach by Paton.

An operation next day showed that Wood's appendix had burst, and he died from peritonitis a few days later.

Paton said he was attacked by several men, but he denied kicking anybody intentionally.

#### "KICKED ME ON GROUND."

With his head swathed in bandages, Thomas Jones, a slaughterman, told Mr. Gates, C.S.M., at the Central Police Court, a story of a brutal assault outside the Plaza Cafe, King-street, on April 13.

Clive Samuels, aged 35, taxi-driver, and Allen McDonald, aged 28, a colored boxer,

charged with the assault, were committed for trial on bail of £40 each.

Jones said he met McDonald at the Plaza Cafe at night and gave him some money to buy liquor. When he received a £1 note change a woman snatched it from him and he followed her into King-street.

"There," said Jones, "Samuels, who was called over by the woman, struck me. On rising from the footpath, McDonald, who had followed me out, knocked me down. While I was on the ground he kicked me about the head and body."

The police took Jones to the Sydney Hospital, where it was found that his jaw was broken in two places. His ribs were bruised.

While he was in hospital McDonald and Samuels visited him and offered him money, but he refused.

#### RECKLESS WOMAN PAYS.

Melbourne.—At the Frankston Court the magistrate in finding Cora Eileen Vanderkelen £20 for driving a motor car in Point Nepean-road, while she was under the influence of liquor, declared it was a serious case, as she had collided with another car.

#### VICTIM SERIOUSLY HURT.

A sensation was caused when the local police received a message that a man had been battered to death at West Dapto.

Proceeding to Waple's slaughter yards, the police found three men lying on the ground, two in an allegedly drunken condition, and a third man, said to be Cecil Thompson, aged 23, horribly battered about the head, and in a semi-conscious condition. He was taken to the Wollongong Hospital in a serious condition.

It is alleged that a young boy saw five men arrive near the slaughter yards in a motor car. Immediately the car stopped they got out, and a fight occurred. It culminated, according to the boy's story, in two of the men holding Thompson, while a third battered him about the head with a billet of

wood. The attention of the men working at the slaughter yard was drawn to the affray, but when they moved towards the combatants Thompson's assailants made off into the wild country, in the locality of where the cross-country railway to Moss Vale is being constructed.

#### KEEPING HIM QUIET.

When a young man at Darlinghurst Sessions was convicted of housebreaking Judge Curlew said that he would keep him quiet, so he bound him over to be of good behavior for five years, directed that he abstain from intoxicating liquor, bank his earnings in the Savings Bank, go to employment in the country and stay there until he had permission of his employer to leave, and not draw any money out of the bank without the permission of his employer.

#### OUT FOR FIVE YEARS.

Ernest Garner, aged 28, a laborer, at the Central Police Court, was fined £20 by Mr. Perry, S.M., who also suspended his driving license until its expiry, in January, 1929, and further disqualified him from holding another license for five years.

Garner, who had previously been convicted for similar offences, was charged with having driven a motor lorry along Bayswater-road on June 4 while under the influence of liquor.

#### "NUISANCE," SAYS S.M.

For riotous behavior on Sydney Cricket Ground on Saturday, when, according to the police, he was "very drunk and wanted to fight everybody," Cecil Lawson, 25, a bus conductor, was fined £2 at the Central Police Court.

"These drunken men and beer bottles around you at the Cricket Ground are a nuisance," said Mr. Perry, S.M. "I know; I've been there myself."

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IS MOST INVIGORATING

MAKE INQUIRIES ABOUT IT



## TERRIBLE ODDS.

VERY DEADLY, BUT NOT MUCH OF IT.

### A STRIKING ARTICLE IN THE "SATURDAY EVENING POST."

"Not only does Prohibition fail to check drinking, but it directly encourages the introduction of liquors of the most unwholesome and injurious sorts."

This is a very popular statement in some quarters at present, and the United States, being the handiest reference, is usually cited as an example to demonstrate the truth of the thesis.

Let us take the second section of the claim first and admit frankly that, on the basis of the best official figures available, there would seem to be abundant truth in the contention.

Let us do more, and quote a few statistics from a questionnaire recently addressed to the chemist in charge of the analytical laboratory in each of the Prohibition administrative districts.

Amongst other things, these officials were asked for information as to the percentages of U.S. Pharmacopoeia whisky, synthetic whisky with a pure alcohol base, true Scotch, fake Scotch, fake gin, spirits made from specially denatured alcohol, wood-alcohol concoctions and so on, which had been found in the samples seized.

Naturally, the whole tabulated mass is far too unwieldy to quote, but we may well consider the following small table, which gives a fair picture of conditions as a whole, since the examples selected represent the three best and the three worst of the whole twenty-two and are besides well distributed geographically.

#### NUMBER OF SAMPLES OF "GENUINE" LIQUOR IN EACH 1000 EXAMINED.

BUFFALO .....	120	ST. LOUIS .....	3
SAN FRANCISCO .....	80	PITTSBURG .....	3
LOS ANGELES .....	35	NEW YORK .....	NIL
PHILADELPHIA .....	15	NATIONAL AVERAGE .....	10

The catalogue of toxins found present in the vast majority of the samples analysed include fusel oil, metal salts, a poison similar to ptomaine poisoning (coming from distilled spirits made from a mash consisting chiefly of rotten fruits), aldehydes, furfural, etc.; and the effects on mortality of the ingestion of such substances are too well known to need elaboration.

Having dealt with this deplorable state of affairs we may well turn back to the first portion of our original proposition, that Prohibition has failed to check drinking.

We have seen the quality of the stuff being concocted to foist upon the unsuspecting public; we know, only too well, the dreadful damage to health which such substances must work, so that we may deal with our opening clause by asking one simple question:

IF MUCH OF THIS STUFF IS CONSUMED UNDER PROHIBITION, HOW IS IT THAT THE DEATH-RATE OF THE UNITED STATES HAS DECREASED DURING RECENT YEARS?

Now these statements are admittedly general; and as a sapient Frenchman once remarked, "All generalisations are untrue—including this one!" So let us go a little further into detail. Very recently the Government field chemists were directed to answer a questionnaire on the character of the samples of seized liquors which come to their laboratories for analysis. There are twenty-two field laboratories, corresponding to the twenty-two Prohibition administrative districts in the continental United States. Reports have been received from thirteen out of the twenty-two, and these thirteen are so distributed as to give a pretty fair picture of conditions at the moment of writing. The questionnaire asked for the percentages of U.S. Pharmacopoeia whisky, synthetic whisky with a pure alcohol base, true Scotch, fake Scotch, fake gin, spirits made from specially denatured alcohol, wood-alcohol concoctions, and so on, which had been found in all samples seized.

The first return is from that staid centre of alcoholic density, good old Philadelphia. Our chemist reports 1.5 per cent. of genuine spirits of all sorts, 6 per cent. synthetic gin, 4 per cent. denatured-alcohol mixtures, and

20 per cent. moonshine. But—and here Philadelphia tops the list for the country—69 per cent. of all samples analysed was synthetic whisky made from alcohol, 63 per cent. of it pure alcohol at that. It is not for nothing that Philadelphia is the premier industrial-alcohol city. You have one and a-half chances out of a hundred to get a genuine drink in Philadelphia.

From here we take a long jump to the limpid shores of the Pacific. The Government man in San Francisco admits 8 per cent. of genuine whisky; which, by the way, is the best report next to Buffalo, and eight times greater than the average of genuine stuff the country over. But he is a gloomy chap in spite of relatively good liquor surroundings. Says he:

"Not more than three or four samples of Scotch have been received which I would consider genuine aged whisky." And as for gin: "I believe we have not had a single sample of genuine imported gin this year."

He reports 62 per cent. of jackass brandy, which is a sort of California carry-all term embracing both moonshine and the third-rail whisky of the Eastern States. On this subject he is positively morose:

"The term 'jackass brandy,' as used locally, includes brandy and corn whisky, distilled wine and all kinds of spirits made in illicit stills. Comparatively small amounts of pure and denatured alcohol are used, although the use of specially denatured alcohol has increased considerably within the last year."

Eight chances out of a hundred to get a real drink in San Francisco!

The man in Southern California is also something of a pessimist, though he boasts a very creditable 3.5 per cent. of real stuff.

"In my opinion," says he, "10 per cent. of the distilled spirits made in California contain wood alcohol in very minute quantities. The chief poisons from jackass brandy and moonshine products in this district are fusel oil, metal salts and a poison similar to ptomaine poisoning, coming from distilled spirits made from a mash consisting chiefly of rotten fruits."

Three and a-half pure drinks out of a hundred in Los Angeles!

So far our record of genuine liquor is excellent—way above the average of 1 per cent. But we've got to work back from the sunny land that seems to have more than its fair share of safety. Our next stop is St. Louis.

St. Louis is a little depressing. The Government man there says that he found only ten or twelve instances of genuine aged-in-the-wood liquor out of the 5000 samples analysed:

"On the basis of 5000 liquor samples examined during the past calendar year, you can readily see that the percentage of this class—aged-in-the-wood spirits—is almost negligible, or three-tenths of 1 per cent."

No, the St. Louis record is bad; of all returns received, it ranks lowest in genuine liquor. Apparently in St. Louis you have just three chances out of 1000 of getting a really good old-time drink.

Pittsburg is no better. Says the administrator in that district:

(Continued on page 4.)

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PASS "GRIT" ON.



## THE GREAT BIG PIE.

### A STORY FOR THE KIDS.

By DAVID KELLY.

Once upon a time a man named N.S.W. made a big pie. He put 13 million plums in it, and called it a liquor pie. But while he slept a giant called Big Burly Brewer grabbed the pie, and would have got away with the lot only for a hungry fellow called Federal Government, who jammed the giant in the excise gate and made him sit down and share the pie. While the hungry chap was eating  $4\frac{1}{2}$  million plums the giant gobbled up all the rest. He was a beggar to eat. And when Mr. N.S.W. woke up he found all his liquor pie was gone, and all he had was the washing up. There were lots and lots of dirty, smelly things called drunks to clean up, and some hard ones that would not go shiny any way called lunatics, and some other nasty things that nobody likes to talk about; and when Mr. N.S.W. had washed up he said, "This is no good to me." So he rang up Jack the Giant Killer and told him about the matter, and Jack said, "I'll be there," and started to climb up the beanstalk. It was a long, hard climb. There were wobbly places called public opinion and some mighty slippery places called politics; but at last he got to the top just in time to meet the giant called Big Burly Brewer. Jack let fly with a big stick called a Referendum Pole and knocked the giant into the middle of 1930, where he died and was buried, and that was the end of him—the grave-stone end of that giant. When the hungry fellow called Federal Government came round next year and said, "Give us a bit of pie," Mr. N.S.W. said, "Liquor pie is off, but I can give you a piece of up-to-date pie. You will only get  $1\frac{1}{2}$  million plums in it, and if that is not enough you can go to the other States and get a bigger share of their liquor pies, but you had better hurry, as those pies are going out of date—there's too much washing up to do; and besides that I am saving 3 million plums out of this up-to-date pie to help me to bury Big Burly Brewer in his compensation grave, but I will soon get that job done."

And when the pie was opened  
The birds began to think  
It's better to save your money  
Than go spending it in drink.

New South Wales pays to the Commonwealth £4,500,000 annually in liquor taxes.  
If New South Wales goes dry the wet States will have to pay their share of Commonwealth loss in liquor revenue.  
New South Wales will then pay £1,500,000 and save £3,000,000 annually.

### Terrible Odds—

(Continued from page 3.)

"Checking over the distilled spirits analysed by our chemist, I find only three samples out of each 1000 to be genuine whisky."

#### CHECKING UP ON EVIL SPIRITS.

Pittsburg and St. Louis seem to be running neck and neck in the graveyard stakes.

There's a reason. The farther inland you get, the farther you are removed from the coast line and border supply of smuggled stuff. It's a matter of geographical infiltration. The penetration of imported liquor becomes less and less, whilst the percentage of artificial substitutes shows a corresponding rise.

That being so, let us try a city on the north-eastern border. From Buffalo comes an excellent report—a very cheering one after those dismal figures from the interior. If you must drink, go to Buffalo. The Buffalo chemist reports 12 per cent. genuine whisky out of all samples examined—which is better than San Francisco and Los Angeles put together, and far and away better than any other city which has yet sent in its returns.

That's what comes of living on an international lake with nothing but an imaginary line between you and the real stuff. The fact that even Buffalo has 88 per cent. of synthetic or moonshine or rotgut or worse, should be no deterrent to the earnest seeker.

And now for New York. New York, the greatest and wealthiest city in the world, the

biggest producer and consumer of alcohol in the whole land, the centre of most of the bootleg brains and money in America. New York, blase and sophisticated, the original wise-guy city of the world, the great urban sponge waiting to absorb every genuine drop that trickles in from Rum Row.

Yes, New York is all these things. And by virtue of this geographical, financial and alcoholic eminence New York might reasonably be expected to command a fair share of the best in booze. Not so. For, after all is said and done, New York is the biggest boob town of all time. It is only fair to add that New York never denies this. Give ear for a time to the report of the Government chemist in New York:

"With reference to saloons, speak-easies and cabarets, I would say that 95 per cent. of the rye, Scotch and gin samples are synthetic products and that 85 per cent. of the alcohol used in preparing them is recovered denatured alcohol, leaving a possibility of the other 10 per cent. being prepared with straight alcohol."

But let the New York chemist continue: "Moonshine whisky in this locality—3 to 4 per cent. of all beverages—is very rank and raw, containing in most cases a high percentage of aldehydes and other substances found in the heads and tails of the mash.

"I do not recall having analysed a single sample of straight whisky coming from a saloon, cabaret or speak-easy, but occasionally we receive a sample—from other sources

—containing 25 or 30 per cent. of whisky mixed with colored alcohol. One per cent. would be a fair average, and 2 per cent. would certainly be a maximum for this kind of sample. This applies not only to the small dealer but the larger ones as well, who are doing a mail-order business." And then he adds that out of thousands of samples analysed he found absolutely no straight rye whisky and absolutely no genuine gin.

Now, as we have seen from these chemists' reports, every drink known to bibulous America can be—and much of the time is—made wholly synthetically and without the addition of a single drop of genuine stuff. The great point to keep constantly in mind is that what we are drinking is denatured alcohol—not Scotch or bourbon or rye or Irish or gin or Bacardi, but industrial alcohol with the poison partly removed. The principal ingredient of every illicit bottle is nothing more than recooked alcohol, with varying amounts of water, sugar, coloring and flavoring extracts added, and with perhaps a percentage of genuine smuggled spirits to give it tone and character. This is true despite the fact that the big booties and the proprietors of well-organised bottling plants usually command a supply of imported liquor which they cut several ways with alcohol. But the bedroom bottler—and his number is legion—has long ago quit the expensive and needless practice of adding real whisky. He has to pay high enough anyway for his phony bottles and labels, and for his alki, which he buys five or ten gallons at a time—competition is fierce among the small fry. But more of him later. Our immediate concern is with his source of supply.

Now, is it remotely probable if, as we are sometimes told, alcohol in its more orthodox forms is readily obtainable, that bootleggers should try to dispose of this terrible stuff? Who on earth would be willing to buy it?

No, the fact of the matter is the Prohibition does what its name implies. That there is very little "good stuff" obtainable is proved by the type of illicit liquor offered, and that precious little of this finds its way into the public stomach is amply demonstrated by the continually improving mortality statistics.

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## HOW AMERICANS EAT. NO WINE TO FLAVOR THE SOUPBONES.

By JACK CREAGH.

The wets are constantly crying out, also printing the statement, that Prohibition is a failure. One reason given for this is that there are avenues open that make it possible to get all the liquor you want—"all kinds of liquor"—but from the statements of those who need liquor, or at least they say so, you get a different story, and I am frequently coming across such stories that make this angle of Prohibition very interesting. Such a story as to the shortage of liquors—in this case wine—was published in the press. The statement was made in Milwaukee, and the occasion was a meeting of hotelkeepers and caterers. The statement of one L. W. Huillery, a Chicago chef, should be full of interest to all who study the question of Prohibition, especially from the angle of the shortage or otherwise of liquor.

The following is part of the statement that appeared in the "New York Times":

"The average American eats more than any other person in the world, and his fare is 'coarse and vulgar foods,' in the opinion of L. W. Huillery, Chicago chef attending a meeting of catering managers of leading hotels. The American, he said, is no epicure, because 'he has no food that develops a fastidious taste.'

"Without wines, you cannot make fine sauces, gravies and soups," he explained, adding that until Prohibition is abolished hotel managers of America will go looking for the 'per cents,' which come in profits from coarse foods."

### AMERICANS CONSTANTLY SLANDERED.

Mr. Huillery is a poor kind of chef if he cannot make up dishes that are both tasty and nourishing without the aid of wines, and I would like to ask this culinary genius this question:

Is it not a fact that the citizens of U.S.A. since Prohibition came into effect have (1) had more and better food made available; (2) had more money to buy food; (3) that because the people had more and better food it was one of the factors in lengthening life and making life more enjoyable?

The statement that the food the American eats "is coarse and vulgar foods" is a positive slander on the great bulk of people who rank to-day so high as intelligent and progressive.

One of the first things noticeable to visitors is the splendid quality, also the large assortments and quantity, of food available, and you do not have to go to the districts where the people are wealthy. The poorer classes have available about ten different dishes, also the same number of varieties of raw foods, to three found in any other country—10 to 3—and you can take the cities of London, Paris, Berlin, Sydney, Mel-

bourne, or any other place where people live and have to be catered for. Every hour, day or night, you can get attended to, and there is no doubt that since Prohibition cooks have taken the place of bartenders hundreds are employed now where, say, forty were employed in the days of the open bar.

The hotel and restaurant business has progressed more than most businesses, and the stomachs of workers that once were full of booze are now full of food to the advantage of all concerned. Bigger and better hotels, also restaurants, for rich and poor alike, exist to-day, and one of the principal reasons for this is Prohibition.

And you don't need to look at U.S.A. to prove this. Any place that won Local Option can tell the same story. Every cook and housekeeper can smile at the statement that "without wines you cannot make fine sauces, gravies, and soups." I would like to tell Mr. Huillery that the ordinary person never needs or uses wines in his foods. If he caters, as I expect he does, to those who have ruined their natural food tastes—the fastidious folk who experiment in smells and tastes—well, let him apply himself to that class. Those who measure their stomachs by the amount of money they possess are in the minority in every country.

The good Lord made meat, soup bones and sheep's heads long before man made wine, and to-day the good Lord looks down in all countries, especially in U.S.A., and finds the very great majority of human beings using the common sense that he gave them in relation to the need of eats.

### ECONOMICS OF PROHIBITION.

In Fernald's "Economics of Prohibition," published in 1890, I find this statement:

"There is not an honest industry, nor a good cause in all our broad domains but will find immediate advance and prosperity in the wiping out of the liquor traffic."

The above was said in 1890—thirty-seven years ago. What say the leading men of to-day? Professor Irving Fisher, Yale University, says:

"One-fifth of our increase in national prosperity, or 6,000,000,000 dollars, should be annually credited to Prohibition."

Professor Babson says:

(Continued on page 10.)

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## DRY BY MORAL CONVICTION.

Henry Ford in March "Forum" Gives View on Prohibition and what it is Doing for America

Henry Ford is author of an article appearing in the "Forum" for March, 1928, under the caption, "Machinery the New Messiah." Mr. Ford in this article speaks of the benefits of Prohibition as follows:

"The gap between the people and their leaders is nowhere more discernible than in the matter of liquor. Some leaders are still for it; the people are now, as they have never been, against it. The United States is 'dry' not only legally, but by moral conviction. You must find the people's sentiment where the people live. The American home is 'dry,' and the American nation gets its tone from the home and not from the 'wet' propagandist. In common decency the liquor generation should be allowed to die in silence. Its agonies should not be the constant topic of American journals.

"Prohibition was intended to save the country and generations yet to come. There are a million boys growing up in the United States who have never seen a saloon, and who will never know the handicap of liquor, either in themselves or their relatives; and this excellent condition will go on spreading itself over the country when the 'wet' press and the paid propaganda of booze are forgotten. There should be no mistake about it. The abolition of the commercialised liquor trade in this country is as final as the abolition of slavery. These are the two great reforms to which moral America committed itself from the beginning of its history.

"Anything that interferes with our ability to think clearly, lead healthy, normal lives, and do our work well will ultimately be discarded, either as an economic handicap or from a desire for better personal health. Tobacco is a narcotic which is exacting a heavy toll from our present generation. No one smokes in the Ford industries. Tobacco is not a good thing for industry nor for the individual.

"The coming of Prohibition has put more of the workman's money into savings banks and into wife's pocketbooks. He has more leisure to spend with his family. The family life is healthier. Workmen go out of doors, go on picnics, have time to see their children and play with them. They have time to see more, do more, and, incidentally, they buy more. This stimulates business and increases prosperity, and in the general economic circle the money passes through industry again and back into the workman's pocket. It is a truism that what benefits one is bound to benefit all, and labor is coming to see the truth of this more every day."



# GRAINS OF GOLD WORTH PICKING UP!

## LOVE IS LIFE ITSELF.

Englishmen, and Australians after them, make a pretence of being superior to love. They treat it, in public, like a skeleton in a closet. It is only aired privately between two persons.

What humbug! We were all born in love, even the hardest and most unloving of us. Each one of us was once the very centre of some home—reared in and surrounded by love. All Life is a play or moving-picture mainly about love and its power over us.

We are about as superior to love as the birds are to the air or the fishes to the sea. It's nothing to be ashamed about. Why pretend?

## H.P. NEEDN'T MEAN HORSE POWER.

The supreme h.p. is not horse power. It is heart power. The heart is the greatest of all prime movers.

"Love makes the world go round," says the old French song. Yes, make no mistake! It's not money or power—or position—but Love.

Love is the Law of Life in the universe. Therefore the most practical thing you can do is develop your capacity to love. You must have loved and been loved to have lived.

## HOW MUCH YOUR HOME-LIFE MATTERS!

Because it starts and finishes every day, your home-life matters tremendously. Breakfast strikes the keynote of the day and the evening meal brings it to a close. Your good or bad start and your glad or sad finish depend on your home.

Out in the world, back of every business, are the homes of the employers and the employees, and the quality of their homes pretty well determines the quality of the business. The good home-makers and real home-helpers generally make a happy, helpful job of life.

## BELIEVE THE BEST OF EVERYONE.

People are better than they seem. They really put their worst side out. That's why it's so silly to be cynical, because if you knew all you'd forgive all.

The Great War showed what our lads in shops and factories really were. They were heroes inside—but how well they hid the fact before! How little you'd have guessed!

So you must trust people and believe in them. Believe the best of them till they prove the worst—then start believing all over again because you don't know all the facts!

When you see others happy don't disturb them; tongues have driven more than one to suicide.

A very useful sense is the sense of your own ignorance.

The right man can make a good job out of any job.

Learn to love reading, then you'll always have a friend to make happy hours of your would-be weary ones.

The secret of happiness is not in doing what you like, but in liking what you do.

### THINGS TO FORGET.

If you see a tall fellow ahead of a crowd,  
A leader of men marching fearless and proud,  
And you know of a tale whose mere  
telling aloud  
Would cause his proud head in anguish  
to be bowed—  
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a skeleton hidden away  
In a closet and guarded and kept from  
the day  
In the dark, and whose showing, whose  
sudden display  
Would cause grief and sorrow and life-  
long dismay—  
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

If you know of a thing that will darken  
the joy  
Of a man or a woman—a girl or a boy—  
That will wipe out a smile or the least  
way annoy  
A fellow or cause any gladness to cloy—  
It's a pretty good plan to forget it.

Strange how a dependable man is always found in a dependable position.

Worth makes base minds envy it, and great ones emulate.

The truth hurts; so would you if you were stretched as much.

Your own good breeding is your best security against other people's ill manners.

The promise of the perfect is more beautiful than the perfect; the rosebud is more beautiful than the full-blown rose.

A malicious man drinks his own poison, for malice is mental, moral and physical suicide.

## Campaign Meetings

### Rev. R. B. S. Hammond

June 28.—Town Hall, Sydney.

July 2.—Hurstville.

July 3.—Auburn.

July 5.—Hornsby, Masonic Hall.

July 8.—Haberfield, after Church Rally.  
School of Arts.

July 9.—Marrickville, Town Hall.

July 10.—Mosman.

July 23.—Bondi.

July 24.—Concord.

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1.15 p.m.

Mr. HAMMOND DEMANDS QUESTIONS.

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### Mr. Reg. Stephens

Formerly Chief Stoker, H.M.A.S. Australia.

July 1 and 2.—Lithgow.

July 4.—Cessnock.

July 5.—Maitland.

July 16.—Tamworth.

### Mr. R. J. C. Butler

Director, W.A. Prohibition League.

July 1.—Hurstville, 7 p.m., Methodist Church.

July 9.—Culcairn.

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## SOUND SENSE v. COMMON SENSE.

### A REVIEW OF THE LITERARY PROPAGANDA OF THE LIQUOR REFORM ASSOCIATION.

(By P.C.)

Somewhere in the Prolegomena to his "Critique of Pure Reason" Kant, if our memory serves us correctly, insists upon the superiority of sound sense over commonsense. For, commonsense, he says in effect, is that to which the mob orator appeals when he lacks inductive logic, whereas sound sense is alone pleasing to the philosopher who is superior to the clamor of popular applause.

We are forcibly reminded of this Kantian distinction as we peruse a thirty-two page magazine, which has recently made its bow to the public under the title of "Common Sense." This production is described as the "Official Organ of the Citizens' Rights and Liquor Reform Association." In the month of June it is in its fourth issue. Its price is threepence.

Now, superficially, this "Liquor Reform Association" presents credentials which are impressive. It admits the need for liquor reform, and has an elaborate programme of measures to that end. It has an executive committee, which includes some names that are beyond suspicion, insofar as the bona fides of their holders go. But we wonder whether it has ever occurred to the Rev. Canon Garnsey, M.A., one of them, to consider whether a high-sounding programme is anything more than an elaborate piece of "spoof," when it is obvious that no practical effect can be given to it.

There are three considerations which are fatal to any claim which this "Liquor Reform Association" may set up to public confidence:

(1) Its programme is not new. The whole of its programme, and more than the whole, was repeatedly advocated by would-be liquor trade reformers in the United States before the advent of Prohibition. It aroused the hostility of the "trade" to such an extent that many of its protagonists were forcibly retired into private life, and otherwise penalised. Despite all assertions to the contrary just before a referendum, the "trade" has invariably opposed reform. The trade will not permit itself to be reformed and it was experience of this fact which ultimately swayed over the so-called "moderate" vote to Prohibition in America.

(2) The Citizens' Reform Association only becomes a live entity in the months immediately preceding a liquor referendum. Why so? If its programme is bona fide, why do we never hear of active propaganda in its support at any time other than when the actual existence of the "trade" itself is threatened? Why is not "Common Sense" a permanent organ instead of coming to light at such time only as is coincident with an appeal to the ballot box? Do we ever hear in ordinary times of this precious Association promoting legislation, or even seeking to instruct public opinion? The whole activity

of this Association savors too much of a qualified death-bed repentance, of an appeal ad misericordiam for a reprieve, based on vain, if not false, pretences.

(3) Finally, this Association sails under the false colors of a detachment and an independence which do not belong to it. It is almost entirely financed with liquor money, and it is only in times of crisis that liquor money is forthcoming for propaganda purposes. The "trade" is well content to finance a bluff designed to save its skin by misleading the electors. The connection between the "trade" and the Liquor Reform Association is well known in Sydney, but this fact alone must surely place the electors on their guard.

There is one way in which the "trade" could establish the bona fides of the Association. It might publicly proclaim its adhesion to the whole platform of "reform." Will it do that? Will it, for instance, "support all properly-constituted authorities in bringing about strict observance of all general liquor laws and all special regulations thereunder?" If so, why, hitherto, has it never done so? Why is there more persistent evasion and disregard of the liquor laws and regulations than of any other laws on the statute book? Will the "trade" support "advocacy of the reduction of the alcoholic strength of liquors?" If so, why has it done nothing so far in that direction? Why, on the contrary, does it put tobacco in rum, and why does it fortify wine?

So much for the Liquor Reform Association and its programme of reform. Let us glance at the fourth issue of "Common Sense." We shall only direct the attention of the reader to two illustrations of the sort of pabulum this meretricious publication offers to its readers.

On page 3 it prints a series of illicit liquor advertisements culled "from one weekly issue of an American magazine devoted to the variety stage, prize-fighting, and racing." "Common Sense" goes out of its way to tell its readers that "all" these sample advertisements are culled from that one source. In other words, it stands condemned out of its own mouth, for it is certain that if the liquor law-breakers who follow the variety stage, the "fancy" and the "ponies" were suddenly incapacitated, nine-tenths of the present evasion of the liquor law in America would suddenly cease as if by enactment.

But the American nation consists of something more, and its greatness has been achieved by something else than variety artists, pugs and punters. And it is obvious that an inquiry into the general moral condition of the American people to-day cannot be determined by an appeal to "one weekly issue of an American magazine devoted to the variety stage, prize-fighting and racing." From this one illustration alone the discerning reader will appreciate the wide gulf fixed between commonsense and sound sense.

On page 4 of this precious journal there appears what is described as a "closeup" of "sham Prohibition" in America, written by one Beverley Nichols, introduced to its readers by "Common Sense" as "the most brilliant young writer of recent appearance in Great Britain." A fairly extensive knowledge of current literature, periodical and otherwise, fails to recall the name of Beverley Nichols to our memory. But that may pass. Let us see what this "brilliant" writer has to say. "I was dining," he says, "in a 'speak-easy.' . . They are fascinating, these speak-easies. . . If the head recognises you, you are admitted. If it doesn't, no power on earth would get you past that door. . . On

(Continued on page 10.)

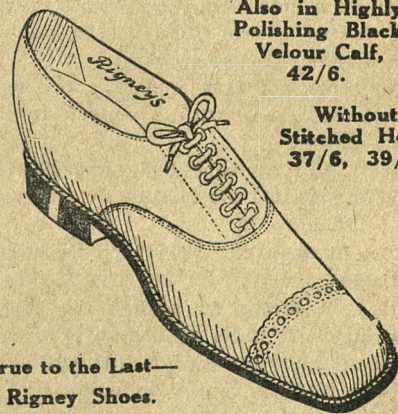
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# A Personal Chat with my readers

## LIQUOR DEFENDS ITSELF.

Some time ago a lady wrote and asked whatever could I need so much money for when I stated at the Sydney Town Hall that I needed at least £1000 a week to make any kind of a showing against the Liquor Protection Society.

The liquor people have nine public speakers known to be on their pay sheet. This costs them from £160 to £180 a week. Their publicity campaign in city and country newspapers is fixed at £40,000; more if need be.

They have some forty canvassers at £10 a week and a bonus. This will cost them not less than £500 a week.

Their motor car account will cost from £5000 to £6000.

They have a film, from 500 to 600 feet, to be shown in all the picture shows in New South Wales. This will run into about £500 a week.

Their printing and distribution account will easily absorb another £200 a week.

The overhead cost will be another £150 a week.

This is what we know of. Subsidies to newspapers come very high, and we can only guess at their expenditure in this direction.

This runs into about £9000 to £10,000 a week, taking a proportion of the publicity and motor cost for each week.

I have not got £100 a week. You might as well ask a boy with a popgun to fight a man-of-war.

I feel as if someone had handed me an eggspoon and told me to ladle out the water in the harbor.

We need to reach 1,250,000 people at least six times.

It is bad tactics to neglect the country press, and it is quite as bad to take costly space in the city press when they will nullify anything we pay to say in editorials they won't let us reply to.

We cannot show a film, though one is procurable.

What can we do? We can supply tens of thousands of leaflets if our friends will volunteer to faithfully and systematically distribute them.

Three of us are pledged to hold 150 meetings, to send out 200,000 copies of "Grit" and one million leaflets. For this I am personally responsible.

Many loyal devoted friends are making splendid sacrifices to help, and while they will never be adequately thanked they will have the satisfaction of having done pioneering work in a cause that will eventually win, and in the days to come a generation will

bless the memory of their vision, service and sacrifice.

\* \* \*

## SILENT PARTNERS.

I notice that among the shareholders in two of the breweries and two of the wine companies there are no less than eight doctors, one priest, one sergeant of police, one judge and several members of the Upper House. It ought to be possible to obtain "disinterested" and interesting statements from such people about the Prohibition that threatens their precious dividends. There are many other "silent partners" in this nefarious business.

In this fight for Prohibition it is true that those who are not for us are against us. There are only two questions on the ballot paper—the people of New South Wales are compelled by the Government to vote for the liquor traffic or against it.

A good bishop has written to me to say "he does not think that Prohibition is the solution of the liquor problem." However, he surely must know, and know beyond a shadow of a doubt, that the present liquor system does not solve anything.

If Prohibition is not the solution it is up to the leaders to provide a solution of an evil of such proportions and such growing power as the liquor problem.

In the meantime nothing could be worse than the system we have, and we urge Prohibition as being at least better than the worst.

I look on Prohibition as an adventure for God. To me it is right to stand between the weak and that which exploits their weakness.

It is right for me to rise from having prayed "Lead us not into temptation" and joyfully vote to close a door of temptation. I enter into the thought in lines written by Kenneth W. Porter, who was guilty of "indiscriminate charity," knowing that it solved nothing, but sure that it eased something:

The hour that Christ once drained the cup  
Of thorns and blood and steel,  
A pale and haggard man came up  
And braced me for a meal.

Like a burgess good I thought to lie  
And say I had no change;  
But I looked at his sad and sunken eye,  
His face so tired and strange.

Now I did not think him the Crucified  
And he may have been one of the thieves,  
But I gave him a coin for the Wounded Side  
And my joy in the budding leaves.

And for this grievous sin of mine  
'Gainst all good citizenry,  
By the soldier's pitying sponge of wine  
May I forgiven be!

# 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.  
Postal Address: Box 390F, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Remittances should be made by Postal Notes payable to Manager of "Grit," or in Stamps.

SYDNEY, THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1928:

## CANBERRA'S HOTELS GROSSLY MISMANAGED.

The following statement appeared in our particularly "wet" "Labor Daily":

"The granting of licenses to Canberra hotels would almost certainly result in the present losses being translated into substantial profits, was the opinion expressed by the Finance Commissioner, Colonel Thomas, in evidence before the Public Accounts Committee.

"The total working expenses of the hotels and hostels since the Commission regime was £214,553, while the revenue amounted to £180,525. Up to May 7 the total loss on the hotels, including capital costs, was £124,904."

Colonel Thomas is evidently a very bad manager, and should long ago have been retired in favor of someone who knows how to manage an hotel.

No self-respecting traveller wishes to enjoy the comfort of a good meal and bed at the expense of someone drinking more than is good for him, more than he can afford, and paying a price that permits of an outrageous profit.

It is repulsive to have the maudlin drinkers of the bar pay any part of a stranger's accommodation. The great hotels throughout U.S.A. have demonstrated in 1000 cities that the financial success of an hotel, and the comfort of the traveller, is a thing entirely independent of the bar. There are no hotels in the world equal to those in U.S.A., and they pay handsomely without a bar.

\* \* \*

## LET US CO-OPERATE.

A visitor to a mental asylum was somewhat uneasy to find himself the centre of interest of over 40 unfortunates. Turning to the medical officer he asked whether only two warders were

(Continued on page 12.)



# David and Goliath

## WHEN THE IMPOSSIBLE WAS DONE.

### AN INSPIRING STORY FOR ALL PROHIBITIONISTS.

There went out a champion out of the camp of the Philistines, named Goliath of Gath, whose height was six cubits and a span. And he had a helmet of brass upon his head, and he was armed with a coat of mail; and the weight of the coat was five thousand shekels of brass. And he had greaves of brass upon his legs, and a target of brass between his shoulders. And the staff of his spear was like a weaver's beam; and his spear's head weighed six hundred shekels of iron; and one bearing a shield went before him.

And he stood and cried unto the armies of Israel and said unto them, "Why are ye come out to set your battle in array? Am not I a Philistine, and ye servants of Saul?"

And the Philistine said, "I defy the armies of Israel this day: Give me a man, that we may fight together."

When Saul and all Israel heard those words of the Philistine, they were dismayed and greatly afraid.

And the Philistine drew near morning and evening, and presented himself forty days.

And David rose up early in the morning and he came to the trench as the host was going forth to the fight.

And as he talked with them, behold, there came up the champion, the Philistine of Gath, Goliath by name, and spake according to the same words, and David heard them.

And all the men of Israel, when they saw the man, fled from him, and were sore afraid.

And the men of Israel said, "Have you seen this man that is come up? Surely to defy Israel is he come up; and it shall be that the man who killeth him, the King will enrich him with great riches, and will give him his daughter, and make his father's house free in Israel."

And David spake to the men that stood by him, saying, "What shall be done to the man that killeth this Philistine and taketh away the reproach from Israel? For who is this uncircumcised Philistine that he should defy the armies of the living God?"

#### ANGRY CRITICISM.

And Eliab, his eldest brother, heard when he spake unto the men; and Eliab's anger was kindled against David, and he said, "Why camest thou down hither? And with whom hast thou left those few sheep in the wilderness? I know thy pride and the naughtiness of thine heart; for thou art come down that thou mightest see the battle." And David said, "What have I now done? Is there not a cause?"

#### BE OF GOOD COURAGE.

And David said to Saul, "Let no man's heart fail because of him; thy servant will go and fight with this Philistine."

And Saul said to David, "Thou art not able to go against this Philistine to fight with

him; for thou art but a youth and he a man of war from his youth."

And David said unto Saul, "Thy servant kept his father's sheep, and there came a lion and a bear and took a lamb out of the flock; and I went out after him and smote him and delivered it out of his mouth; and when he arose against me, I caught him by his beard and smote him and slew him. Thy servant slew both the lion and the bear; and this uncircumcised Philistine shall be as one of them, seeing he hath defied the armies of the living God." David said moreover, "The Lord that delivered me out of the paw of the lion and out of the paw of the bear, He will deliver me out of the hand of this Philistine." And Saul said unto David, "Go, and the Lord be with thee."

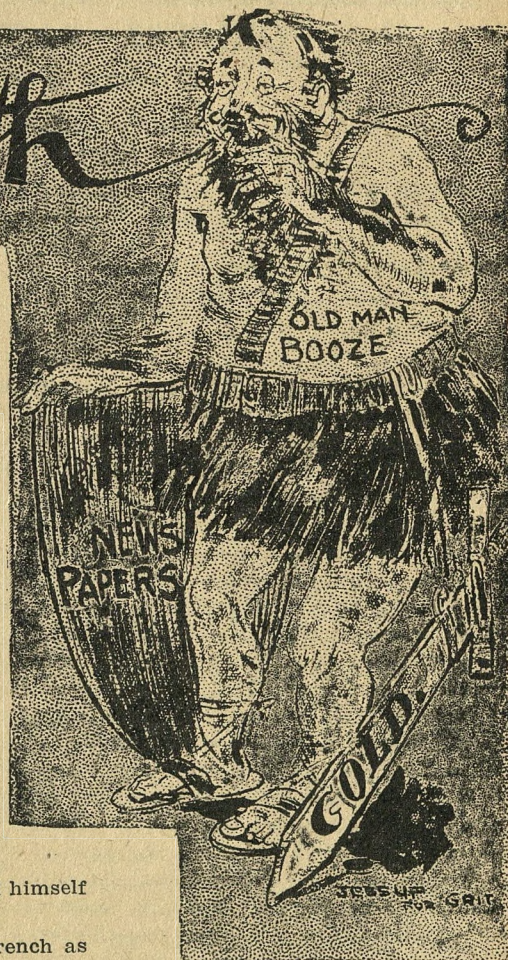
And Saul armed David with his armor, and he put a helmet of brass upon his head, also he armed him with a coat of mail. And David girded his sword upon his armor and he assayed to go; for he had not proved it.

And David said unto Saul, "I cannot go with these, for I have not proved them." And David put them off him.

#### DESPISED WEAPONS.

And he took his staff in his hand, and chose him five smooth stones out of the brook, and put them in a shepherd's bag which he had, even in a scrip; and his sling was in his hand; and he drew near to the Philistine.

And the Philistine came on and drew near unto David; and the man that bare the shield went before him.



And when the Philistine looked about and saw David, he disdained him; for he was but a youth, and ruddy, and of a fair countenance. And the Philistine said unto David, "Am I a dog that thou comest to me with staves?"

And the Philistine cursed David by his gods.

And the Philistine said to David, "Come to me, and I will give thy flesh unto the fowls of the air and to the beasts of the field."

#### THE SOURCE OF HIS COURAGE.

Then David said to the Philistine, "Thou comest to me with a sword and with a spear and with a shield; but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied. This day will the Lord deliver thee into my hand; and I will smite thee and take thy head from thee; and I will give the car-

(Continued on page 12.)

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### Sound Sense v. Common Sense—

(Continued from page 7.)

the night of this particular dinner we were raided. . . "and so on, and so forth. All this may be "brilliant" according to the dubious standards of "Common Sense," but it doesn't sound very original. But consider what it implies. Beverley Nichols, an English visitor, dines habitually in speak-easies; he is known to the law-breakers as a safe man—or are even the law-breakers deceived, and is he merely a spy? At any rate, Beverley Nichols constitutes himself a law-breaker, and by implication admits that this law-breaking has to be carried out with circumspection and by stealth, and that raids in vindication of the law do take place. Liquor law-breaking in America, then, is on the same footing with all other forms of law-breaking throughout the world; it has to be engaged in surreptitiously, and is the subject of vigilance. Thieving is a widespread, a common and a persistent crime, but nobody proposes to repeal the laws against theft. Assaults take place every day all over the world, but who proposes to abolish the penalties for assault? The story Beverley Nichols tells, therefore, constitutes no argument for the repeal of the Prohibition law; it merely reveals the sort of fellow Beverley Nichols is when visiting the United States, and it puts him out of court as a trustworthy and reliable witness to sway us in our judgment upon the great social and economic problems raised by the liquor traffic. If Beverley Nichols is as brilliant as he professes to be, he must surely know that very elementary rule of logic which says that from a series of negative propositions no positive inference can be deduced. It is evident that the conductors of "Common Sense" have much need to explore the avenues of sound sense.

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### BAND OF HOPE NOTES.

#### THE WORLD-WIDE FIGHT.

The Melbourne Central Band of Hope, of which Dr. Samuel Hoban is the President, recently held an "International Night." Letters were received from Band of Hope members from 150 different Bands of Hope all outside Australia. They were of great interest indeed, and indicated the efforts that are being put forth to win the young people for temperance. Individual members have been delegated to reply to each of the communications received. This item has made the members realise that the fight against alcoholism is a world-wide one.

#### WEST AUSTRALIA ACTIVITIES.

The West Australian Band of Hope Union has planned a forward move. Special campaign meetings are being held in more than twenty centres. Mr. W. H. Rose, the National Secretary of the Australian Band of Hope Union, is coming over to help, and will commence his work at Kalgoorlie. Scientific temperance lectures in schools and colleges, special services and other fixtures will make up a full programme. Rev. Ray Hocking is the President, and Mr. E. Douglas Dent the Hon. Secretary of the Union.

#### How Americans Eat—

(Continued from page 5.)

"Industrial efficiency has increased 50 per cent. in ten years, due to improved machinery and Prohibition."

Herbert Hoover, the favorite who is expected to be the next President, says:

"Our country has deliberately undertaken a great social and economic experiment, noble in motive and far-reaching in purpose. It must be worked out constructively."

Reading the last three statements of three great men of affairs—others can't be given—sure makes one feel the greatness of Prohibition. The pitiable cry of chefs and toppers, also the bunch who are after the easy money making and selling booze, gives one a pain.

If Prohibition has made for a shortage of wine, admittedly it has made for a larger and better crop of soup bones and all other natural foods that man needs to carry out the work that men and women must do to make for happiness and progress.

I look out of my window—snow is falling; I am hungry; so I will conclude. My eats are waiting for me. Oh, boy, it's great to live and have good eats, such as are found in Lil' Old New York.

## What Is Your Support Worth?

You will vote for Prohibition on  
September 1st.

You are proud of your moral  
opposition to the Liquor Traffic.

**HOW FAR HAVE  
YOU BACKED  
YOUR OPINIONS  
WITH MONEY  
TO MAKE THE  
FIGHT POSSIBLE?**

**Money is  
urgently needed**

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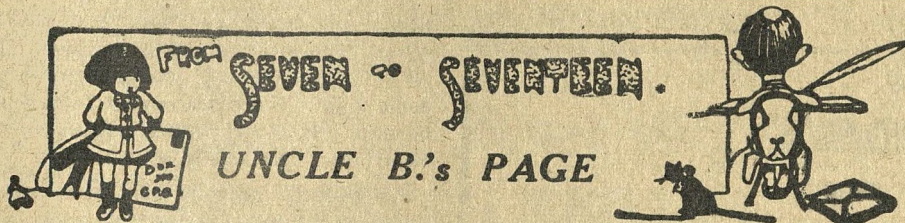
**Rev. R. B. S. HAMMOND,**

**Box 390 F**

**G.P.O., Sydney.**

**PASS "GRIT" ON**





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.

### ARE YOU PUSHING?

In the old coaching days the standing joke was, "First class passengers get out and walk; second class get out and push."

In the Prohibition coach we must all get out and push. Many thousands of people want Prohibition, but they want others to do all the pushing and paying.

I often wonder how many of my Ne's and Ni's read these little exhortations of mine. I wish I could ring up and give you my orders over the 'phone, or find out why you have not written and joyfully volunteered to help in the fight the wicked politicians have denied us for 15 years.

Let us make the most of this chance.

It would be very, very sad if we lost by a few votes just because some of us loafed on the job, and did not give the old Water Waggon a good and continuous push.

UNCLE B.

### OUR LETTER BAG.

#### I WILL HELP.

Elsie Crawford, Uralba Road, Alstonville, writes: I am twelve years of age now, and I am in eighth class at school. I go to the Alstonville Rural School. I saw your appeal in "Grit," and I thought I would write and ask you to send me some issues of "Grit." I have been reading "Grit" every week, and I think Uncle Joe writes some very nice letters. I received a postcard from him, and I will write to him soon and thank him. We have had a good deal of rain lately and everything looks healthy. I have a new horse to ride to school; it is fairly high-spirited, and sometimes it almost runs away with me. I call it "Gem." Do you think it is a nice name, Uncle? We learn shorthand at school, and we have a lot of homework, but we do not mind much as long as it is interesting. Our garden does not look as nice as it used to, although it still has some pretty flowers in it. I always have the honor of picking the flowers and arranging them in the vases; it is a job which I like very much. I still get music lessons on the piano, and the last piece that I had was "Mocking Bird." We had our Sunday School anniversary and prize distribution last March. I received first prize in my class, and the name of my book was "The Girls' Own Annual." It is a very nice book. Do you like reading, Uncle? I love it. Mum is always telling me that I read too much. We have a good many varieties of fruit, such as bananas, passion fruit, persimmons, custard apples, mandarins,

oranges, lemons, plums, peaches, quinces, citrons, grape fruit, pineapples, bush nuts and pears. I would like a Ni to correspond with me, about 12 years of age, please, Uncle.

(Dear Elsie,—I am so glad you will help, and I hope to hear from some of my scallywags. Those who help in distributing literature will soon be in my good books.—Uncle B.)

#### ELUSIVE UNCLE B.

Elsie May Robb, Short-street, Hay, writes: I have been home two weeks yesterday. I had intended writing before, but when I heard I was going to Sydney I waited until I went down, hoping to see you. I was staying in Tempe with Mrs. Carter, and went to a meeting—the Drawing-room Meeting in St. James' Hall—at which you were speaking. So I saw you all right, but was sorry I could not have a few words with you. I went with Mrs. Carter. I was in Sydney two weeks, and had a short but good holiday. I was sorry to come home, but now I'm home I feel as though I have been home about two months instead of two weeks. My two brothers, both younger than myself, went with me, but not to the meeting.

(Dear Elsie,—I am indeed sorry that I had to hurry away from that Drawing-room Meeting. When you live as far away as Hay it is not often that we get a chance of meeting. I wonder if you would distribute some literature if I sent it to you.—Uncle B.)

#### A NEW NI.

Jean Symes, "Waroon," Park-road, Naremburn, writes: I want to join your big family, and I hope you will have me as a Ni. I am 11 years old, and my birthday is on the 14th November. My grandmother gets "Grit," and I have read page 11 for long time. I used to belong to the "Enchanted Castle," but as we stopped getting the "Daily Telegraph" I had to stop. I am in Sixth Class at school, and I am going for the Q.C. and High School at the end of the year. Next Monday we are going to have an exam. almost as hard as the Q.C., but not so much of it and a little longer

to do it in. I go to Naremburn School. My Auntie, Joyce Eipper, used to belong to your family once. Do you remember her?

(Dear Jean,—I am very pleased to have you join my family. I remember your Aunt Joyce very well. I do not think she was a scallywag, though it is safe to say most of my big family are. I hope you did well in that examination. If you have a few spare moments I hope you will join my army of Prohibition seed sowers.—Uncle B.)

#### IF.

Doris Jemmett, Lidsdale-street, Wallerawang, writes: It is a long time since I wrote last to you, so I'm afraid that I am on the scallywag list. However, I'll try to make up for lost time. I know there is going to be voting on the 1st September. I am with you, Uncle, in trying to put a stop to the drink, and put up the shutters. I think, Uncle, if Prohibition is carried some of the hotels could be changed into hospitals and boarding houses. Our Public School is going to be remodelled. When it is finished it will be lovely. Our headmaster's name is Mr. Barnes. He came from Newcastle way twelve months ago. He is also a churchwarden, and things are going well with us.

(Dear Doris,—We never say "if" Prohibition is carried—we say "when" it is carried. Time is on our side, and the liquor traffic is slowly but surely giving way to advancing civilisation. It is only a matter of time—it must go, and it will go. Let us all hurry up its going.—Uncle B.)

#### A NEW NI.

Helen Pickard, "Bullahdelah," 39 Boulevard, Enfield, writes: I would like to join your big family. I am ten years of age, and my birthday is on the 18th March. I go to South Strathfield School, and I am in B Class. I have three sisters and one brother—Una, Billy, Audrey and Marcie. Marcie is a year old. Her birthday was on the 22nd May. Our exams. start on Tuesday, and I am hoping to be promoted into 5A Class. We have only just come to this house. I will try not to be a scallywag.

(Dear Helen,—I am glad to have you join my family. I wonder are you going to offer to help in the next few weeks and sow some Prohibition seeds?—Uncle B.)

(Continued on page 12.)

# Rumford's

# Groats

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INTEREST**  
PAID UP TO £500  
AND 3½ PER CENT. ON EXCESS TO £1000.

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### A Personal Chat with My Readers—

(Continued from page 8.)

available. The doctor replied: "Yes, and quite sufficient." "But," said the visitor, "suppose they all combined?" The doctor's laconic answer was: "Lunatics never combine."

And he might have added "and no one can combine with lunatics."

The liquor interests hang together lest they hang singly. Prohibitionists having no fear of hanging at all, just meander along, most of them making as their sole contribution to the Cause a little disgruntled criticism. From 400,000 to 500,000 people in New South Wales will reveal their sanity, patriotism and intelligence by voting for Prohibition on September 1 next, but not more than about 4000 will commit themselves to giving definitely to the fight against the stronger financial monopoly in the world. If we lose it will be because the great bulk of the Prohibitionists wanted Prohibition for nothing.

If your friends don't like the way the campaign is being conducted, let them do something on their own; let all who can co-operate and let those who can't, become irregulars and sharp-shooters, at least doing something in the greatest fight yet held in N.S.W.

In the last few days I have received very many letters encouraging me to fresh efforts and many little tokens of remembrance.

#### THANKS.

My mail averages about 60 to 70 letters each day, and while it is a joy to receive evidence of appreciation and words of encouragement, it is quite beyond me to write in reply as I would like to. Letters can be read in trams and trains, but they cannot be answered while travelling.

If these lines should come under the notice of some to whom I have not yet written will they add to their niceness yet a little patience, and I will perhaps find the chance to say how sensitive I am and how responsive

to the remembrance, the practical help and the appreciation my friends convey to me.

Nothing in nature seems more pathetic to me than the solitary tree on a hill that one finds in many places. "One tree hill" is not inviting or inspiring, it is only pathetic.

The forest, however, is alluring in its depths, its strength, its promise of protection, and its suggestion of many possibilities.

Someone has written:

In every patch of timber you  
Will always find a tree or two  
That would have fallen long ago,  
Borne down by wind or age or snow,  
Had not another neighbor tree  
Held out its arms in sympathy  
And caught the tree the storm had hurled  
To earth. So, brothers, is the world.

In every patch of timber stand  
Samaritans of forest land,  
The birch, the maple, oak and pine,  
The fir, the cedar, all the line;  
In every wood, unseen, unknown,  
They bear their burdens of their own,  
And bear as well another form,  
Some brother stricken by the storm.

Shall trees be nobler to their kind  
Than men, who boast the noble mind?  
Shall there exist within the wood  
This great eternal brotherhood  
Of oak and pine, of hill and fen,  
And not within the hearts of men?  
God grant that men are like to these,  
And brothers brotherly as trees.

*The Editor*

### From Seven to Seventeen—

(Continued from page 11.)

#### LOST.

Jack Jemmett, Lidsdale-street, Wallerawang, writes: Uncle, I wrote long, long ago to you but it did not come out in "Grit." It was windy, so it must have blown away. I belong to the Church of England, and also

attend the Scripture Union every Tuesday night. The meeting is always good, and we all enjoy it. We only wish you would come some night. It's a pity every town couldn't have it. I hope Prohibition will be carried in September. No doubt it will be.

(Dear Jack,—So your last letter was lost, stolen, or perhaps it just blew away as you suggest. I am sorry I do not manage to print all my letters. Sometimes they are written on both sides of the paper, and then I put them on one side. My printer is a wonderful chap, and puts up with a lot from me, but I know he does not like MSS. written on both sides.—Uncle B.)

### SETTING THE MARK.

Will Smith, Bathurst-street, Wallerawang, writes: Perhaps, Uncle, I had better introduce myself to you. I was born in Bathurst on the 22nd October, 1917, but I have spent nearly all my long life in Wallerawang, so I must be a Wangite. I am one of those who went to Sydney in Mr. Hughes's party. I wonder did you hear, Uncle, of the accident which happened in the Zoo. Please don't tell anybody of it. I was carrying a little case which contained some chocolates, and somehow or other it slipped, dropped and rolled down to the monkeys' den. The case naturally opened, and a few of the monkeys enjoyed a sweet feast. The account came out in the Lithgow paper, and we had a lot of fun over it, but perhaps not as much as the monkeys. I have set the mark, Uncle, for the future, D.V., to be a captain of a ship. Then, Uncle, depend upon it there will be no grog on that ship, for I'm a Nazarite, and hope to continue so.

(Dear Will,—Your letter is fine. I am so glad you have set a mark and will steer for it—no matter what the storms, or darkness, or undercurrents. You will win out, and I am proud to have you as a Ne.—Uncle B.)

### David and Goliath.

(Continued from page 9.)

cases of the host of the Philistines this day unto the fowls of the air and the wild beasts of the earth; that all the earth may know that there is a God in Israel. And all this assembly shall know that the Lord saveth not with sword and spear; for the battle is the Lord's, and He will give you into our hands."

And it came to pass when the Philistine arose and came and drew nigh to meet David that David hastened and ran towards the army to meet the Philistine.

And David put his hand in his bag and took thence a stone and slang it and smote the Philistine in his forehead, that the stone sank into his forehead, and he fell upon his face to the earth.

So David prevailed over the Philistine.

And when the Philistines saw their champion was dead, they fled.

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#### THE VOICE WITH A SMILE.

First Telephone Operator: "What is your favorite poem?"

Second Ditto: "Well, I like 'Tell me not in mournful numbers!'"

\* \* \*

#### HIS JOB.

Mr. Staylate: "If, as you say, your sister keeps you in pocket money, I presume you render something in return?"

Her Young Brother: "Oh, yes, I have to come in and yawn when visitors stay too late."

\* \* \*

#### ROOTING.

Some Welsh farmers have been attending classes in the higher branches of arithmetic. Already, comments the "Humorist," it is rumored some of the brighter pupils have produced excellent crops of square roots.

\* \* \*

#### THE HEIGHT OF ECONOMY.

"I hear that the owner of the Highland Restaurant is pretty thrifty."

"Thrifty? Why, do you know, he has the little pieces they punch out of the checks swept up and sold for confetti."

\* \* \*

#### REGARDING SHOES.

"There is nothing like leather," an expert reminds us. Except cardboard, comments the "London Opinion," as many poor soles can testify.

#### MOTHER TONGUE.

"We were passengers on a liner bound for America," says a writer in "Near East." "He was studying English, which he expressed perfectly in short sentences. He sat opposite me at the luncheon table and a savory plate of sliced tongue lay just beyond his reach. Slyly he consulted his dictionary and slipped it again into his pocket. 'Will you please, sir,' said he with a confident smile, 'pass the language?'"

#### THE ATTORNEY PLEADS.

It was a stormy night in mid-ocean. One of the ship's passengers, a judge, was trying to cheer up a fellow traveller, a lawyer.

"Isn't there something I can do for you?" asked the judge.

"Well, your Honor," returned the lawyer, "you might overrule this motion."

\* \* \*

#### WITHOUT A PEER.

The children were playing a new game called "trial and murder." Little Johnnie, the ringleader, was assigning the parts.

"I'll be the murderer," he said, "and you Tommy, can be the man that gets killed. Jane can be his wife. But how about Sarah? She's too little to know anything. Oh, I know, she can be the jury."

\* \* \*

#### DID YOU?

Alfred was not quite as happy as he might be in the choppy sea, when the skipper turned his kindly blue eyes upon him and drawled through his grizzled whiskers:

"Sonny, didn't ye never hear that little poem of Watt's:

"Little rocky motion,  
If you've got some "sand,"  
Makes the ocean mighty  
Pleasanter than land!"

#### Speakers Available.

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Son: "What does it matter? I eat both sides!"

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## DAILY INSPIRATION.

SELECTIONS BY FAIRELIE THORNTON.

### SUNDAY.

"We then that are strong ought to bear the infirmities of the weak, and not to please ourselves."—Rom., 15, 1.

He who cannot deny himself a self-indulgence for the sake of a weaker brother has not yet learnt the first step in the Christian life. To the weak Paul tells us he became as weak that he might win the more. "Destroy not him for whom Christ died." One is surprised at the foolish excuses made for perpetuating the drink traffic by those who love to indulge in it themselves; the utter selfish disregard of others is appalling. Then, too, some will argue that Christ turned the water into wine, forgetting that the wine in common use then was not the intoxicating stuff sold to-day, but the unfermented juice of the grape, such as is now often used at the Communion table, and which should be in general use for all such purposes. Alas, too often the Priest himself, as the Bible tells us, errs through strong drink, and indulges even at the table of the Lord by the foolish custom of having to finish all that is left. We have the general principle laid down throughout Scripture that we are to love our neighbor as ourselves, and do nothing that will in any way injure him. A little sip and a little slip go together.—F.T.

### MONDAY.

#### QUOTATIONS.

Some drink healths till they drink away their own health.

Many a child is hungry because the brewer is rich.

Drink first darkens, then deadens, then ruins.

"Be not among wine-bibbers."—Prov., 23, 20.

Ardent spirits are evil spirits.

Satan's palace is the gin-palace.

Drink injures a man externally, internally, and eternally.

"Wine is a mocker."—Prov., 20, 1.

### TUESDAY.

#### THE DREAM OF THE REVELLER.

By CHARLES MACKAY.

Around the board the guests were met, the lights above them gleaming,  
And in their cups, replenished oft, the ruddy wine was streaming;  
Their cheeks were flushed, their eyes were bright, their hearts with pleasure bounded,

The song was sung, the toast was given, and loud the revel sounded.  
I drained a goblet with the rest, and cried,  
"Away with sorrow!

Let us be happy for to-day; what care we for to-morrow?"

But as I spoke, my sight grew dim, and slumber deep came o'er me,  
And, 'mid the whirl of mingling tongues, this vision pass'd before me.

Methought I saw a Demon rise: he held a mighty bicker,  
Whose burnished sides ran brimming o'er with flood of burning liquor:

Around him press'd a clamorous crowd, to taste this liquor greedy,

But chiefly came the poor and sad, the suffering and needy;

All those oppressed by care or debt—the dis-solute, the lazy—

Blur-eyed old men and reckless youths, and palsied women crazy;

"Give, give," they cried; "give, give us drink, to drown all thoughts of sorrow;

If we are happy for to-day what care we for to-morrow?"

The first drop warmed their shivering skins, and drove away their sadness,

The second lit their sunken eyes, and filled their souls with gladness,

The third drop made them shout and roar, and play each furious antic,

The fourth drop boiled their very blood, and the fifth drop drove them frantic.

"Drink!" said the Demon, "drink your fill! Drink of these waters mellow,

They'll make your eye-balls sear and dull, and turn your white skins yellow;

They'll fill your homes with care and grief, and clothe your backs with tatters,

They'll fill your minds with evil thoughts, but never mind—what matters

Though virtues sink, and reason fail, and social ties dis sever,

I'll be your friend in hour of need, and find you homes for ever.

For I have built three mansions high, three strong and goodly houses,

To lodge at last each jolly soul who all his life carouses—

The first, it is a spacious house, to all but sots appalling,

Where, by the parish bounty fed, vile, in the sunshine crawling,

The worn-out drunkard ends his days, and eats the dole of others,

A plague and burden to himself, an eyesore to his brothers.

"The second is a lazar house, rank, fetid, and unholy,

Where smitten by diseases foul, and hopeless melancholy,

The victims of potations deep pine on their couch of sadness,

Some calling Death to end their pain, and some imploring Madness.

The third and last is black and high, the abode of guilt and anguish,

And full of dungeons deep and fast, where death-doomed felons languish.

So drain the cup, and drain again! One of my goodly houses

Shall lodge at last each jolly soul who to the dregs carouses."

Full well he knew—that Demon old—how vain was all his preaching.

The ragged crew that round him flocked were heedless of his teaching,

Even as they heard the fearful words they cried, with shouts of laughter—

"Out on the fool who mars to-day with thoughts of a Hereafter!

We care not for the houses three, we live but for the present,

And merry will we make it yet, and quaff our bumpers pleasant."

Loud laughed the fiend to hear them speak, and lifting high the bicker,

"Body and soul are mine!" he cried. "I'll have them both—for liquor."

### WEDNESDAY.

"Woe to the crown of pride, to the drunkards of Ephraim, whose glorious beauty is a fading flower, which are on the head of the fat valleys of them that are overcome with wine! Behold the Lord hath a mighty and strong one, which as a tempest of hail and a destroying storm, as a flood of mighty waters overflowing, shall cast down to the earth with the hand. The crown of pride, the drunkards of Ephraim shall be trodden under feet: and the glorious beauty, which is on the head of the fat valley, shall be a fading flower, and as the hasty fruit before the summer, which when he that looketh upon it seeth, while it is yet in his hand he eateth it up. In that day shall the Lord of hosts be for a crown of glory, and for a diadem of beauty, unto the residue of His people, and for a spirit of judgment to him that sitteth in judgment, and for strength to them that turn the battle to the gate. But they also have

erred through wine, and through strong drink are out of the way; the priest and the prophet have erred through strong drink, they are swallowed up of wine, they are out of the way through strong drink, they err in vision, they stumble in judgment."—Isa., 28, 1-7.

### THURSDAY.

"It is high time to awake out of sleep." We are living, we are living in a grand and awful time,

In an age on ages telling to be living is sub-lime.

Hark! the onset! Will ye fold your arms in lazy lock?

Up—O up! thou drowsy soldier, worlds are charging to the shock.

Worlds are charging—heaven beholding; thou hast but an hour to fight,

Love's pure banner now unfolding, on—right onward to the fight!

Fear not! Spurn the worldling's laughter, thine ambition, trample thou.

Thou shalt find a long Hereafter to be more than tempts thee now. —Coke.

### FRIDAY.

"The night is far spent, the day is at hand."

O let all the soul within you

For the truth's sake go abroad.

Strike! let every nerve and sinew

Tell on ages—tell for God. —Ibid.

### SATURDAY.

"There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding."—Job, 32, 8.

I feel in myself the future life. I am like a forest once cut down; the new shoots are stronger and livelier than ever. I am rising, I know, towards the sky. The sunshine is on my head. The earth gives me generous sap, but heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds.

You say the soul is nothing but the resultant of the bodily powers. Why, then, is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter is on my head, but eternal spring is in my heart. I breathe at this hour the fragrance of the lilacs, the violets and the roses as at twenty years. The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear the immortal symphonies of the worlds which invite me. It is marvellous, yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history.

For half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose and in verse; history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode and song, I have tried all. But I feel I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say like many others, "I have finished my day's work." But I cannot say, "I have finished my life." My day's work will begin again next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; is a thoroughfare. It closes on the twilight, it opens on the dawn.—Victor Hugo.

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## ORGANISE.

### ORGANISATION, REAL ORGANISATION, IS NECESSARY AND IMPERATIVE.

Knowing how great an evil drink is, knowing how great good will come from Prohibition, knowing how much we need money and service—to do nothing is unpardonable. There are things YOU can do. Is your district organised? We hope it is, but we know that only a few districts have really tackled the job of intensive organisation. Our opponents have already an army of paid canvassers and organisers. We are not worried about the number of paid people on the other side. On a cash basis we are beaten out of sight. BUT WE KNOW THAT IF OUR CHRISTIAN CHURCHES WILL TACKLE THE BUSINESS OF INTENSIVE ORGANISATION WE CAN OUTNUMBER THEIR ARMY OF PAID AGENTS BY TEN TO ONE.

#### KEEP THIS FACT IN MIND.

The liquor gang will not have one volunteer, disinterested canvasser, or organiser. All the agents of the liquor party are paid agents, and these agents are being paid higher salaries than they could ever hope to earn at any other job they could do. If we could get a right view of that fact we could turn it to such good account that Prohibition would win easily on September 1.

#### WHAT TO DO.

If you are a clergyman or minister in charge of a church you should, at once, get into touch with your brother ministers in your own district. Take the initiative and ask your brother ministers to morning tea. At this little meeting discuss how best to get a combined meeting of working Prohibitionists, decide on the best method and call the meeting. IF YOU WILL GIVE THE MATTER SUFFICIENT PERSONAL ATTENTION YOU WILL BE PLEASED TO FIND HOW MANY OF YOUR PEOPLE WHO ARE WAITING AND READY TO GET BUSY... IF THEY ARE GIVEN A LEAD.

#### THE A.B.C. OF ORGANISATION.

At the suggested meeting you will, of course, do the following things:

1. Appoint a campaign secretary.
2. Have a map of your combined district at the meeting and allot a portion to each church.
3. Make an approximate estimate of how many leaflets you will want for the whole district. The Secretary will let our office know at once how many leaflets you can use, and these will be sent without delay. The Secretary will distribute the leaflets to the various workers.
4. Decide that every house in the district shall have at least one leaflet per week until polling day.
5. If possible decide that the whole district shall be canvassed at least once. The canvasser will tell what voters must be brought to the poll—the aged, infirm, disabled. The canvasser will note such and hand a complete list to the Secretary.

#### TO CHURCH MEMBERS.

If you are a member of a Christian Church there are many ways in which you can help win Prohibition.

First, you can pray for Prohibition, and if your prayers are real and sincere and you are able you will want to work for Prohibition. Christians who pray most—real prayers—work most.

ARE YOU A SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER? If you are you should secure a supply of leaflets and see that each child in your class is given a leaflet to take home. You should, in the way you know best, impress upon the mind of the children the big fact that Prohibition is chiefly for them.

ARE YOU A BIBLE CLASS LEADER? If you are, and you have a class of young men or young women, yours is a heaven-sent opportunity to get some worthwhile work done. Find out what is being done in your district about the distribution of leaflets. Draft your class into this work. Enthuse them, lead them and show them how they may make a splendid contribution to this great campaign. If perchance there is no good organisation in your district start one with the members of your class as the foundation.

ARE YOU A CHRISTIAN ENDEAVORER? If you are then you will be working. FROM NOW UNTIL SEPTEMBER 1 THERE IS NO BETTER CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR THAN THAT OF OUTLAWING THE LIQUOR EVIL. Ask your minister or leader what is being done in your district about organising for the fight and offer your services at once.

ARE YOU JUST AN ORDINARY MEMBER OF THE CHURCH? If you are there are many ways in which you can help. You could afford to post, say, six copies of "Grit" to six people in your district. Pick out six people who are not very enthusiastic or even opposed to Prohibition and post a copy each week to them. We will supply the "Grits" if you will ask for them. Talk Prohibition to your neighbors and friends. Ask everybody you meet how the fight in your district is going and what is being done.

Only a few weeks remain between this and polling day. September 1 offers us the greatest opportunity we have ever had to kill the liquor traffic. There are enough Church members in this State to ensure this being done. But you must work. Do not leave it to "the other fellow." He has never done a job yet. It is your job and mine. At this end we are trying to do our bit in the best way we know. Begin to do yours now and we will, on September 1, begin a new and cleaner page in the history of this State.

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### MEXICO ADVANCES.

Governor Ports Gif, of Tamanlipas, recently secured a statute prohibiting the importation of liquor into the districts of Victoria Hidalgo, Padilla, Gonzalez, Xicotencute, Guemes and Villagran, in addition to all the agrarian communities of the States. The law provides heavy fines and the confiscation of all liquor seized, together with the cars and other means of transportation. The law is reported to be strictly enforced, and most successful in its results.

A bill on similar lines has been prepared and presented to the National Congress by the deputies from Tamanlipas, and much interest has been aroused throughout Mexico, both for and against the Prohibition proposals contained in the measure.

**MACQUARIE PLACE,  
EVERY THURSDAY, 1.15,  
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QUESTIONS.**

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