

Grit.

A JOURNAL OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY AND PROHIBITION.

VOL. XXII. No. 31. Twopence. SYDNEY, OCTOBER 4, 1928.

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



AFTER THE POLL, OR FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING.

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UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE BOTTOM SQUARE.

Keep these hideous daily doings of alcohol under the notice of all who voted against Prohibition. Rub it in; make them ashamed of themselves, if that is possible:

TWO DEAD; ONE DYING.

CITY TRAGEDY; MOTOR DRIVER BEFORE COURT.

Two of the six victims of the early morning smash in City-road, Darlinghurst, died in the Prince Alfred Hospital, and a third is given little hope of recovery. The car skidded and crashed into a pole.

Those killed were George Edwin Kell (18), Robert Edward Gray (25). Walter Bird (23) had his left arm amputated and is in a critical condition. The others, Eric Winberg (22), William Lunney (22), and Frank Harrison (18), are recovering.

Hamilton Valda McLerie (27), motor driver, and driver of the car, appeared before Mr. Gates, C.S.M., at the Central Police Court.

He was charged with having feloniously slain George Edwin Kell and Robert Edward Gray, and with having driven a motor car in City-road whilst under the influence of intoxicating liquor.

Mr. Gates granted bail in £100, on the understanding that McLerie reports daily to the C.I.B., and remanded the case until October 4.

TEST FOR DRUNKEN DRIVERS. SAY "TRULY, NEWLY, AND NATIONALLY."

"Truly, newly, nationally."

Enunciation of these words is calculated to test a man's sobriety. That he passed the test was claimed by Alfred Reid, at the Central Police Court, when charged with driving "under the influence."

Following his arrest, Reid was examined by a doctor.

"He told me to say truly, newly, nationally," said Reid, stumbling over the words—then, with a flash of inspiration—"Why, I repeated them better that night than I can now."

Mr. Laidlaw, S.M., however, preferred to believe the constables' evidence. Reid was fined £13, with £2 costs, in default three months' imprisonment. His license was suspended till September, 1929.

"SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME."

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

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

MOTORIST FINED £20.

At the Central Court Thomas Austin Mounter, 46, salesman, was fined £20 for having driven a car while under the influence of

liquor. His license was suspended until its expiration in February.

AIR PILOTS IN TROUBLE. FATHER'S CAR.

"Don't make it too hard. Father won't give me the car again."

That remark, according to Constable Hunter at the Balmain Court, was made by Adrian S. Wilson, of Rockdale, a pilot officer of the R.A.A.F., when apprehended in Commercial-road, Rozelle, for having driven a car at a speed dangerous to the public.

The constable said that Wilson had turned a corner in an erratic manner, and had narrowly missed hitting another car.

Mr. Perry, S.M. (to Wilson): "I don't think you'll pilot a car for some time."

Wilson was fined £20, in default three months' imprisonment, and his license was suspended until its expiration on December 20.

"THREE GINS."

At the Balmain Court William Miller Hill, 43, a commission agent, was fined £20, in default six months' imprisonment, for driving a car while under the influence of liquor.

Defendant said he had had three glasses of gin that afternoon.

"Any man driving a car should not drink at all," said Mr. Perry, S.M. He also suspended Hill's license till its expiration, on June 6, 1929, and disqualified him from holding another license for a further six months.

SPEEDING. FINE OF £15.

"You seem to have no regard for the lives of other people," said Mr. Laidlaw, S.M., when he fined John Eison, 21, indentor, £15 or three months' jail and suspended his license until its expiry in December, for having driven a car in a manner dangerous to the public.

The evidence was that defendant drove down Figtree-avenue, Domain, at between 50 and 60 miles per hour. At the time there were women and children in the vicinity.

"APPALLING."

MAGISTRATE'S COMMENT. MOTORIST DROVE ON. HEAVILY FINED.

"The number of motor accidents in the metropolitan area is appalling.

"Almost every week somebody is knocked down, and the motorist responsible drives on and disappears."

Thus Mr. Laidlaw, S.M., commented on the increasing number of "hit-run" motorists at

Central Police Court, when he imposed a fine of £20 or four months' hard labor on Alexander McGill, 28, carter, who was charged with having driven a motor vehicle in a manner dangerous to the public.

The magistrate also disqualified McGill from holding a license for a period of three years, fined him £1 for driving without a license, and £1 with £5 compensation for having maliciously damaged a car.

Constable Allard said that defendant collided with a taxi in Castlereagh-street, and drove on ignoring a traffic constable's signal to stop. Defendant turned into Wentworth-avenue, taking the wrong side of the road and narrowly avoided another collision with two cars.

LITTLE GIRL VICTIM.

Robert Bailie, formerly a well-known horse-trainer, was fined £20, and disqualified from holding a license for two years, at the Parramatta Court, for having driven a motor car while under the influence of liquor in Parramatta-road, Auburn, on September 4.

Roy Richard Klein, a painter, said that Bailie was steering his car in an erratic course, and struck a little girl and knocked her down.

Bailie said that on the morning of the accident he went to the Subiaco Convent, where he had a cup of coffee with the Bishop of Papua and two priests. He drove to Sydney, later returning to Granville with one of the priests. Then he went to Canterbury.

He said that for lunch he had had oranges, apples and bread, but he had had no liquor since a previous conviction.

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ANOTHER WANDER AROUND.

A CONTRAST.

By JACK CREAGH.

Since I last wrote "Grit" I have visited England and France. I went to Europe on the Olympic, and returned to New York on the Majestic—two of the largest liners afloat.

It has been a wonderful experience, but not a new experience, for my gipsy feet are constantly urging me to move. I wish every person in a "wet" country could live as I have done four out of the last five years under Prohibition in U.S.A.

Most of the four years was spent in New York or New Jersey, two of the States that are perhaps the dampest in U.S.A. Sure there are bootleggers and speakeasies here. One has to break the law and sneak in—and out—in U.S.A.. But oh, Boy, when you get to London or Paris and see the bars and saloons open to everyone, then you see what kind of a benefit Prohibition is, even in damp New York. In New York one can move about the city, day in and day out, seldom seeing a drunken person, but the same cannot be said of London and Paris or any other place where alcoholic liquors are easily obtained. I saw more drunken people in London and also in Paris in one day than I have seen in New York in many months.

The women drinking in the public bars, while their little children are waiting outside the doors, often in the rain and cold—this sight is just common, and shocks one's sense of decency.

ITALY MOVES AT LAST.

One often hears about the various wine-drinking countries being free from drunkenness. Everyone who has visited these countries knows it is just "wet" bunk. The Fascist Government of Italy knew it to be the bunk, and they proceeded to act, for they knew that a great deal of the excessive drinking had to be eliminated if they were to make any progress in their great scheme of bringing Italy back amongst the successful nations of the world.

I have a number of Italian friends in New York. Many are staunch Prohibitionists, so I get much news that concerns Italy.

The New York "Times" just came out with a statement about the position. Here it is in part, and is the answer to all those who believe no drunkenness follows drinking of wine:

"NEARLY HALF OF ITALY'S WINE SHOPS CLOSED AS A RESULT OF POLICE CAMPAIGN OF 1927.

"Rome, February 3.—The progress of the temperance struggle in Italy by the Fascist Government is shown by a report of the activities of the police last year, which reveals that the number of wine shops was cut almost in half in 1927. Almost 9000 licenses were withdrawn, reducing the number of wine shops from 20,000 to slightly over 11,000.

"These figures show also how authority gradually passed from the hands of the Fascisti to those of Government officials. Soon after the march on Rome, it is recalled, the Fascisti in some northern regions issued a decree ordering all saloons to keep a large bottle of castor oil visible on a shelf as a warning of the fate awaiting anyone who overindulged.

"Such things are no more now. The police have been entrusted with the task of eradicating what little intemperance exists in Italy. They are doing it by less spectacular but probably more efficient methods.

"The number of bars, saloons and public houses, the police report further shows, was decreased last year from 104,000 to 99,000. However, there is still more than one saloon for every 400 inhabitants. This is considered far too high, and the efforts to reduce the number will be continued.

"Public morality also claimed the full attention of the police last year. Considering only the efforts to keep public dance halls decent, the report shows that more than 300 were raided in the year, 250 licenses were withdrawn and steps were taken against 1800 minors found dancing in them.

"Dope peddlers came in for their share of attention. Eighty-five raids were carried out and 130 pounds of drugs were seized.

"Crime in all forms showed a decrease during the year. Crimes of violence decreased from 20,000 in 1926 to 18,800 in 1927, robberies from 1600 to 1200 and thefts from 52,000 to 50,000."

ONE SALOON FOR 400 PEOPLE.

Note the fact that after closing 9000 drink shops there still remains one saloon to about 400 people.

A good deal of liquor must be sold for every one of those remaining to get a living—indeed, sufficient to make for much drink-

ing, and with much drinking there will be much drunkenness. It is not how many sell it, or where it is sold. Alcoholic liquor does the trick, and where it can be easily obtained drunkenness is sure to follow.

BACK IN U.S.A.

The two months in England and France have given me added knowledge. I am back in U.S.A., and things here, especially the people, look good to me. I only wish all the British countries were living under the splendid conditions that exist here.

I have made a study of the political parties and conditions in U.S.A. One can get a great insight into the advancement that is going on amongst the progressive Yanks. I often smile when I see someone giving a definite opinion, often unfavorable to the Yanks. Nearly always the unfavorable ones come from those who only stay a few days in the country. They cannot see much, for most of the time they are asking their way or looking after their luggage.

One has to live a fair length of time here before you can get the hang of things, especially political. The coming six months will be a real treat for me, the Presidential election supplying the fuel for intense interest; I expect a great "dry" Hoover and a great "wet" Al. Smith to be the choice of their parties. Cheerio!

PARENTS OR GUARDIANS.

We want you to send to our office and ask for "HELPS to PARENTS IN EXPLAINING MATTERS OF SEX TO THE YOUNG," issued by the Bishops and General Synod, together with 10 White Cross booklets suitable for parents, boys and girls.

You will never regret the expenditure of ONE SHILLING in providing yourself and family with knowledge on the most important subject of sex in the purest style.

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THE BAND OF HOPE UNION OF N.S.W.

Our name, "The Band of Hope," is world-wide, and is too well known in temperance circles to require any introduction. In New South Wales the Band of Hope Union has, like all other organisations, had its ups and downs. Recently the future of the Union was looked upon as precarious, due to the overburdening financial responsibilities of the Union, combined with the fact that the Union was without a President. And yet by those who cared it was felt that if a strong leader could be found as President of the movement, there was a great and useful work waiting to be done in New South Wales that only the Band of Hope Union could do. The Executive Committee met, and after very careful and prayerful consideration elected the Rev. R. B. S. Hammond as the President of the Union. Would he accept? That was the question which worried those who desired Mr. Hammond. The need of the Union appealed to Mr. Hammond, as did also the great opportunity for leadership among the young, and to-day the Union is proud to have Rev. R. B. S. Hammond as its new President.

This page in "Grit" has been set aside by Mr. Hammond to be known in future as the "Band of Hope" page, and will be used to record the happenings of the various Bands of Hope and affiliated Juvenile Temperance bodies throughout the State.

COMPETITIONS.

This week a prize of 2/6 will be given to the boy or girl who will furnish the most novel suggestion for a Band of Hope entertainment. Next week a prize of 2/6 will be given for the best "hint" as to how to interest a boy or girl in Band of Hope work.

Competitors should address letters to E. Trafford, Band of Hope Union, 140 Elizabeth-street, Sydney.

HAVE YOU A BAND OF HOPE IN YOUR DISTRICT?

Now is the time to organise. The young elector must be caught young. Agitate

in your district for a Band of Hope to be started. Rally round the workers of the local Band of Hope if you have one. If not,

Please fill in and send to
Ernest Trafford, General Secretary,
N.S.W. Band of Hope Union,
140 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

Dear Sir,

I will be pleased to have particulars of how to form a Band of Hope on modern lines.

Name (in full)

Address

WINDING THE CLOCK.

ACTION PIECE FOR A BOY.

Week by week, and day by day,
Still I wind and wind away!
Clocks I make, and clocks I mend,
And to wheels and springs attend,
Miles around each week I go—
Mansions, office, bank I know—
Day by day I lend my aid,
Winding up the clocks I made.

Not too fast and not too slow,
True and sure my clocks must go;
Not too slow and not too fast—
Heed these words as time flows past.
Never let the laggard stay,
Work before the close of day;
Wind the clock up—Hear it tick:
Boys and girls, be quick, be quick.

Set to work and don't be late,
Precious time will never wait;
Not too slow, and not too fast,
That's the way to rise at last!
Words and actions without thought
Lead to snares where lives are caught.
Not too fast, and not too slow,
Sure and true the clocks must go.

Week by week, here in your place,
Sure and true, oh, show your face!
Not like some who bustle in
After all the rest begin;

Wind your clocks up, children dear,
And be always early here—
Tick, tick, tick, oh, hark the song!
"Value time while young and strong."

Week by week, and day by day,
Still I wind and wind away;
Love shall be my magic key
Moving you to join the free!
Ere the clock shall stop for aye,
Friends, come choose the safest way!
Listen to its voice—tick, tick—
Sign the pledge, be quick, be quick.

Dear Uncle B.,

Many of my cobbers read your page, so I thought you might be willing for me to write them, and the others, through that channel.

A TON OF SUGAR A MONTH.

The 300 happy boys and girls at the Fairbridge Farm, Pinjarra, W.A., consume that quantity of sugar every month. My word! How would you like to keep a family as big as that? I really had the opportunity of visiting this fine place. The children are English, and the Farm is run on good lines. It is named after the founder, Kingsley Fairbridge, whose idea was to bring children from the crowded places overseas to this newer land of great opportunity. Sad to say he died in the early stages of the enterprise, and his body was laid to rest on the farm. We had a splendid Band of Hope meeting there, and many of the young people signed the pledge.

OH! MRS. BROWN.

Tommy Smith had heard a temperance lecture at school, and on going home told his mother about it. She discussed the matter with Mrs. Brown next door. Mrs. Brown was far from convinced that milk was much better than beer, and made the suggestion that "we should get some of each and take it to the Town Hall and have them paralysed by the anarchist."

FAIR CORKERS.

At our meetings in West Australia we have had some great riddles and puzzles. Here is one that "gets them": When is an orange not an orange? When it is a little tart. If the Devil lost his tail where would he get a new one? At the pub, where bad spirits are retailed (re-tailed).

SOMETHING GOOD.

Next time you are planning something special for your Band of Hope or other Society here is something good for you: Cut out five paper shapes of beer bottles and pin them on the board. Take along some lumps of sugar. Hold one in your hand, and pointing to the "bottles" on the board say, "There is more nourishment in a small lump of sugar than there is in five bottles of beer." Give a lump of sugar to all the cobbers who say it over correctly.

PUZZLES AND RIDDLES.

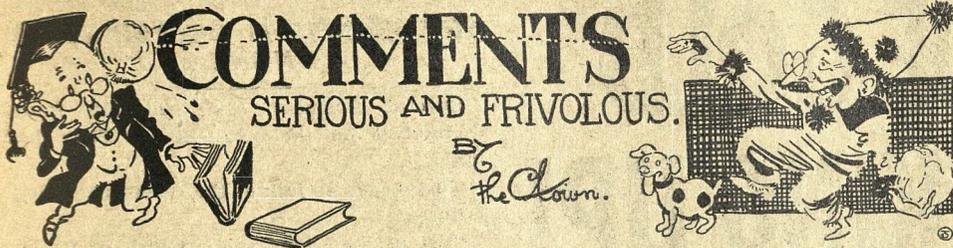
I will be pleased to send some "Happy Time" papers containing puzzles, riddles, etc., to those who write to Band of Hope Union, 140 Elizabeth-street, Sydney. Enclose a stamp for postage. Cheerio!—Your
cobber,
W. H. ROSE.

PLEASURE IN EVERY CUP OF

Griffiths Bros.'

TEA

ORDER SOME TO-DAY
AND YOU WILL BE MORE THAN PLEASED



No political party will do right if you give it your vote when it does wrong.

Daniel A. Poling is a clergyman, and as such is honored in U.S.A., where a man is respected because of his merits and listened to if there is character behind his words. He made a fine statement in a sermon in the early part of this year; it is worth cutting out and making good use of. He said:

"Our whole fabric of government is dependent upon a political system conceived and established by the fathers, but for which we are responsible. This system of government, changed from time to time to meet the needs of the advancing social order, halted at intervals by the shock of social revolutions from within and the impact of new world forces from without, remains today the most hopeful plan of government yet evolved for human progress. The keystone of this system is the ballot. He whose hands fail to hold the keystone in its place is a traitor to the State and should be made a man without a country.

"But does not the right to vote imply the privilege of not voting? No, rather the right to vote enjoins the duty of voting.

"Free government must eventually fail when men do not practise the truth that every voter is bound, on every offered occasion, unless physical disability prevents, to go to the polls and cast his ballot in such a way as to represent his sovereign sentiments on the issue before the people. I may never vote with the majority; but if my vote expresses my citizenship, delivers my soul, it wins! And for a Christian it is just as much a religious duty to vote as to pray. The ballot is my political prayer."

A LIQUOR "TRUTH."

We were told that the people of Canberra were such slaves to their palate and so defiant of the "dry" restrictions that one man collected in a week 60,000 dozen bottles. Sounds big, doesn't it? Just fancy, he carted all these 720,000 bottles away in one week!

Most people overlook the fact that this number of bottles weigh 321 tons, and would take 54 railway trucks carrying six tons each to get them out of Canberra.

Of course, since they were imaginary bottles they were carted away by imaginary trucks, or perhaps some man took them away in his hip pocket, the way he brought it in.

This naturally recalls a famous New Zealand advertisement which appeared in a Wellington paper. This full page consisted of business places in Masterton, the splendid No-License town. It was asserted these

places were all to let because of local Prohibition. Mr. Hammond happened to be in Masterton the day the advertisement was published. Having personally investigated this audacious advertisement he, with great confidence, denounced it in a meeting that night at Palmerston North. He asserted that "a liquor fact" was the shadow of a truth entirely surrounded by lies. A man in the audience called out, "I was responsible for that advertisement." Mr. Hammond then invited the audience to behold the lie as he held the paper up before them, and then to turn round and behold the self-confessed liar standing at the back of the hall.

The upshot of this was a £100 challenge. Mr. Hammond selected the mayor, the man nominated a lawyer, and Mr. Hammond reduced his charge to ten assertions of untruth.

The two adjudicators journeyed to Masterton and their verdict was: "Hammond wins on the whole ten counts."

The result was the liquor crowd republished the advertisement in the South Island.

I will make further comments on a "liquor truth" next week.

WHEN THE BRAINS ARE IN THE FEET.

From grotesque dancing to sensual barbarian dancing we have lately developed a craze for marathon dancing.

If these folk want a patron saint I suggest St. Vitus.

With the abandon to indecency of clothing and posture it is no wonder that in town and country each week there is evidence of such conduct as would shame a savage.

This kind of thing will kill itself, but unfortunately not until it has killed the best in a great many otherwise beautiful young lives.

An important decision relating to dances at hotels has been given by the Licensing Court in Melbourne.

A club of old collegians desired to hold a charity dance at the Hotel Australia. The police opposed the application, which the Court, after hearing argument, refused.

The Court laid it down that the catering for the dance must be done by the old collegians themselves, that the licensee must take no part in the arrangements for the dance, and that no liquor must be served at the dance.

The Court deprecated the use of hotel premises as dance rooms.

For writing like this I am, of course, a wouser, but a policeman hardly warrants that slur, and the following incident which took place a few days after the decision of the Licensing Court surely justifies their action and warrants my strongest condemnation:

Melbourne, September 18.—"Improper behaviour and disgraceful conduct" is alleged in a police report of a ball held by the Old Girls of the Firbank Church of England Girls' Grammar School at Brighton on Saturday night.

"In cars parked outside the hall, and in the streets, drinking of beer and other liquor was freely indulged in," says Sergeant Ewart, of the Brighton police.

"On Sunday morning the street was littered with broken beer bottles, empty ice-cream pots, wraps, and other papers which had contained fish and chips.

"I moved couples from St. Cuthbert's school enclosure, and action before the local Court is pending on charges of indecent behaviour by members of the ball party."

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GRAINS OF GOLD WORTH PICKING UP!

When a Man's a Man.

The manly man accepts opposition or competition as evidence that he has something the other fellow is willing to fight for. The other fellow evidently considers him worth fighting! That's something!

To the thinking fellow there is nothing more inspiring than competition. It gives him at once a feeling of consequence. Only the little man is disheartened and discouraged by a rival—the live one rises at his approach.

* * *

Common Sense Sends the Light.

Commonsense soon teaches a man that life is not all sunsets, sunrises, sweet symphonies and stars. He learns that life is a responsibility and very real.

He also learns, a little later, that he can make it quite pleasant for himself and his friends if he wishes, and that every earnest effort he makes brings its return.

* * *

Conscience Never Slips.

A guilty conscience is an uncomfortable travelling companion; it fears a tiger in every tree.

A clear conscience is a continual holiday of happiness. It's well worth having.

The eye often proves an illusion, the ear a delusion; but the conscience will tell you which way.

* * *

Co-operate for Success.

Every big man is made by co-operation. No man is big on his own. It's a long pull, and a strong pull, and a pull all together that makes for the stroke of success.

It is lots of people shoulder to shoulder who put the punch into an enterprise. Napoleon failed eventually because, after all his successes, he thought he could stand on his own. He let slip the co-operation that had accounted for his every success.

* * *

You Get What You Give.

The world pays you in your own coin. If you give it pure gold and silver it gives you the same. If you pass in counterfeit coin—just as surely you'll get it back.

Give the world a fair deal and you'll get one in return. But try kicking your way through life and you'll soon get your own shins skinned!

Cheerful people get invited again.

* * *

If there is a virtue in the world that always helps it's cheerfulness.

* * *

Willingly doing a thing doubles the worth of the deed.

"IT CAN."

There's a thousand "Can't-be-doners"

For one who says "It can!"

But the whole amount of deeds that count

Is done by the latter clan.

For the "Can't-be-doners" grumble,

And hamper, oppose and doubt,

While the daring man who says "It can!"

Proceeds to work it out.

There isn't a new invention

Beneath the shining sun

That was ever wrought by deed or thought

Of the tribe of "Can't-be-done."

For the "Can't-be-doners" mutter,

While the "Can-be's," cool, sublime,

Make their "notions" work till others smirk,

"Oh, he knew it all the time!"

Oh, the "Can-be's" clan is meagre,

Its membership is small,

And it's mighty few see their dream come true,

Or hear fame's trumpet call.

But it's better to be a "Can-be,"

And labor and dream and die,

Than one who runs the "Can't-be-dones,"

Who haven't the pluck to try!

It is not a bit undignified or inconsistent with success to be cheerful.

* * *

Moans and groans never glorified anything or anybody.

* * *

Cheerfulness is one of the ingredients of courage.

* * *

The sad man soon gets tired, but the cheerful one goes on.

ANY EXCUSE IS BETTER THAN NONE.

Several Business Men suddenly found themselves on the scrap-heap. They had failed.

They began to talk of the reasons for their failures.

"Let us see," they said, "which of us has the best excuse."

Brown said: "I didn't advertise. I thought that one customer would tell another. But it seems that they didn't do it fast enough."

Jones said: "I took a partner and the partner took the business."

Robinson said: "I thought that window display was a waste of time. But my competitors didn't."

Smith said: "I joined a golf club and tried to knock the ball in the hole. But while I was trying to knock the ball in the hole it seems that I fell in a hole myself."

Jenkins said: "I gave credit to everybody who asked for it."

McTavish said: "I was too keen on saving the pennies. My shop seemed to run down. I see now that I was wrong."

Wilson said: "I was a great one for cutting prices. I had my shop full. I did a roaring trade. But my banker got me in the end."

Bloggs said: "I don't know why I failed. I had a good business and I made plenty of profits. But things seemed to get in a muddle. There was one thing, perhaps, I ought to mention, I had a bad-tempered wife."

"You win," exclaimed Brown, McTavish and Wilson. "Poor old Bloggs!"

OLD MOTHERS.

By Charles S. Ross.

I love old mothers—mothers with white hair,
And kindly eyes, and lips grown softly sweet,
With murmured blessings over sleeping babes,
There is a something in their quiet grace
That speaks the calm of Sabbath afternoons;
A knowledge in their deep, unfaltering eyes,
That far outreaches all philosophy.

Time, with caressing touch, about them
weaves

The silver-threaded fairy-shawl of age,
While all the echoes of forgotten songs
Seemed joined to lend a sweetness to their
speech.

Old mothers!—as they pass with slow-timed
step,

Their trembling hands cling gently to youth's
strength.

Sweet mothers!—as they pass, one sees again
Old garden walks, old roses, and old loves.

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A BREEZY LETTER.

ADVICE TO WOULD-BE JOURNALISTS.

(By JOE LONGTON, Special Representative in America for "The Sydney Sportsman.")

With a "Scotch beefsteak" (a bowl of porridge) tucked comfortably away inside me this morning, I got an early start for Brooklyn, where I obtained a picture at Albemarle-street and Nostrand Avenue that will make those who say "Get religion into the people, then we will not need Prohibition" hold a corrobororee and keep it up ad infinitum. It is an old "gin mill" that has been converted into the Gospel Alliance Church. A huge sign reads, "Jesus Saves." That's good!

Ever since alcohol began to make history there has been an element who desire to abolish it with religion. That will never, in the life of "tomcats," rid the world of the curse. There are too many imbibers who prefer alcohol to religion, and unless a better way of abolishing alcohol as a beverage is adopted, those who would use religion towards its extinction will be as far away from their goal as those who have used religion as its panacea for the last 1928 years and more. Alcohol can no more become abolished by a wowsler, who throws a habitual drunkard upon the ground while a "sob sister," sitting on his chest, reads the Scriptures to him, than Bill Jamieson purged me of "devils" in the days when I developed all the earmarks of becoming a desperate criminal and a sure subject for the hangman's halter. Bill would reach for the castor oil bottle, then reach for my nose. With a ladle in his right hand and my nose securely held between his forefinger and thumb, he would administer a dose that would kill an ox. It might have cleansed my liver, but it never brightened my soul. I do know that it made me all the more resolute to "get even" when I became a man, and made me visualise Bill on the long end of "a father of good hidings." So be it with the reformer who attempts to lasso the subjects of Bung after chasing them through the world at the end of a prayer book, which is as effective as a parrot cage in holding a burglar, or the explosion of a toy balloon in wrecking the Rock of Gibraltar. The only panacea for all the trouble is Prohibition.

As each generation warps, and begins slandering youth just as each generation through modernism gets slandered, it is a sure sign, as that generation condemns the exquisite loveliness of youth, that old Father Time has it on the business end of his scythe. Vilification of youth is a sure sign of senility, and I advise those who can find no other occupation in life to grow into the sere and sallow with youth if they desire to enjoy life and die young-old. Youth is more moral than it ever was when I was a boy. I saw more feminine degenerates in the days when about all a woman exposed was her ears above garments that camouflaged her from the "rats" in her hair that took a bale of bent wire to hold in position, to the trailing skirts that picked up everything in the street, from a horseshoe to a dog license, or a

cigarette butt to a well-polished dog bone. Perversity in youth is wet propaganda. Bung yells "Look!" and our reformers only think they see what he psychologically desires—anything to take the minds of the taxpayers off Prohibition. The best thing in life is free; it is Prohibition. J. B. Korn gives nothing away, outside last year's calendar and the yell "Look!"

I am in receipt of a letter from a young Australian about to graduate from school. He wants to be a sporting writer. To him and all others—of whom they are many—I say: Writing up sport is the aim of 90 per cent. of all who contemplate a literary career. Like myself, who am neither imbued with interest, humor, nor ability, they, too, fall from grace just as I whose stuff is punk did. Every young cub entering the literary world thinks that he has the sporting page of a paper cinched because he knows Rugby, tennis, running, or some other sporting pursuit. Sporting writers invariably fail to collect. The ghost sometimes refuses to walk. I for one could easily starve to death on what I collect from sporting newspapers. They're awful "poor pays." Still, there is nothing to prevent an inspiring "sporty" youth from cutting his wisdom teeth on a sporting page. Then when he realises that windy pudding is not fattening, there is yet nothing to debar him from being a restaurant dishwasher, or the election to dogcatcher in Grabben Gullen. There's a hole in every fence.

I see some strange sights in my travels. To-day I saw a dear old lady saying a prayer over a dead tomcat that attempted to wreck a rock-laden auto truck. I also saw a sign in a Brooklyn Prohibitionist's window that read, "The wet Democratic Party hopes to float into the Presidency upon a wet plank; they'll sink in the Bay of Boozky."

Pierre du Pont, manufacturer of ammunition and high explosives, and multi-millionaire of Wilmington, Delaware, writes an article for the wet Hearst "rags" entitled, "The Extravagance of Prohibition." It is to laugh, especially when one realises that Pierre owes his success to the number of widows and orphans left over from wars. I should think that his appetite for human blood and grief and woe should be appeased by what he got out of the world's war without advocating a return of what would only mean more widows and orphans, more wrecked homes, and more blasted humanity. Some people are never satisfied. Pierre reminds me of the tiger that, after once tasting human blood, hungered for more. Pierre is solid for the human crusher, the mill that makes little men out of big ones—the saloon and alcohol.

In New York City, where I write this, the Chain Building is going up where a liquor warehouse stood at 43rd-street and Lexington Avenue. It advertises "Fifty-six Storeys of Sunlight," and the S.S. Clayton—the

Morgue boat, the craft that never hauled her "Blue Peter" down since it was built—has been made rather inviting by a good boot topping and a "soogey moogying" of her deck paint. I have a great interest in this trim craft. It took someone very dear and near to my heart to Potter's Field one day. But we will leave that story to a future issue of "Grit."

Of the next American President, Mr. Herbert Hoover, I interviewed a man who said, "He is a dry—inspiring, moving, majestic. He got his start in Australia. Alcohol Al Smith, he and the rum hounds of the wet Democratic Party, will lap up a few more dishes of liquor. Then they'll curl up on the mat. We have been fair to John Barleycorn. Now we are getting 'fairer and warmer.' J. B. Korn's eyes shine like the seat of a well-worn pair of a chairwarmer's breeches. His hours are numbered, and they are all thirteen."

A man about town and a fool about women recently arrived from "Yurruip." He is one of those "dollar-chasers" with a "handle" (title) that sounds much like Baron de Bait. I presume I got that from the fact that his ancestors made the money he has already squandered out of the fishing industry. I interviewed him, and got the following sarcastic humor: "I am in America to obtain a new siren for my car; the other jumped out. I believe in clubs for women; but kindness first. I bought my divorced wife a sewing machine, and she sowed her wild oats. There were only two sides to our question—hers and her mother's. She had a heart of gold—heavy, yellow, and hard. Yes! I acquired a huge vocabulary—I married it. My last marriage was just a banana-peel on the doorstep of romance. I came to this great business college of New York with a title for sale—I'm just a plain salesman—but say, old chappie, this neck of the woods has been worked to a frazzle, and I'm up against it—I'm broke! The pickings are lean. For every salesman born, such as I, there's a purchaser to throw him out. I attribute it to this farce, Prohibition."

"Soolimon" Pasha, of Abyssinia, got tangled up with some "tanglefoot" in a New York "speakeasy" a few nights ago. The bottle had a genuine-looking label, and the "painted pirate" that had him in tow vouched for its accuracy. "Soolimon" told the judge

(Continued on page 16.)

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A Personal Chat with my readers

How often do we dream of all
WHEN I GET RICH. we will do when "our ship comes in"! How often have people said when sending a pound, "How I wish it were £100!"

P. H. McAuley writes my sentiments in these lines:

When I get rich, how many things I'll do;
For all poor folks whose lives are full of care,
Their days, now drear, I'll make so sweet
and fair,
They'll know no grief, no sorrow, no despair,
When I get rich.

When I get rich the friends I love so dear
Shall know no more those weary, toilsome
hours;

I'll light their skies with sunshine, and the
showers
Will scatter on their pathway fairer flowers
When I get rich.

When you get rich! Those friends you loved
so well

May not be here, but far beyond the skies,
And never know the hidden love that lies
Within your heart—O, vain surmise—
When you get rich!

Wait not till rich, but haste to do it now!
Yes, scatter sunshine—dry the falling tear—
Light up with hope the darkened heart and
drear,

That may be near you—never mind the year
When you get rich!

It will be easier to give of your little if
you remember that the big gifts of the past
are quite forgotten. We can only recall the
widow's mite, the widow's cruse of oil and
handful of meal, the boy's five loaves and
few fishes and other such big little things.

When a bit of sunshine hits ye
After passing of a cloud,
When a fit of laughter gits ye
An' yer spine is feeling proud,
Don't forgit to up an' fling it
At a soul that's feeling blue,
For the minute that ye sling it
It's a boomerang to you.

* * *

It naturally follows from this
IF. that our non-activity is explained
by an "if." If I only had time,
money, etc., etc.

Well, you know many people who have
none of your limitations. They have money,
but they don't give it; they have time, but
they don't use it for God; they have a car,
but it only takes them away from Church;
they have a nice home, and they plan all day
to be out of it as much as possible; they
have neighbors, but they don't even know
their names.

It is a good thing to say a little prayer for
courage and honesty, and then face this fact:

IF
Your wishbone
Is where
Your wishbone ought to be,
You'll
WISH
For Success.

IF
Your backbone
Is where
Your backbone ought to be,
You'll
WORK
For Success.

* * *

DO YOU LIKE PRAISE?

Have you ever noticed how eager all
children are for a word of praise?

Well, grown people are just as eager,
although they pretend they do not care.

Is this not one of the reasons why we have
so many dull faces in our shops and offices
and factories?

Fancy working for 10 years at a job that
has long ago ceased to be interesting, with-
out any praise from anyone!

Is it not true that we have almost lost the
habit of praising one another, as though we
were above such childishness?

And is it not true that everybody loves
to be praised?

Are not Prime Ministers as keen for praise
as any child?

Are not Managing Directors? Are not
Lords and Dukes?

Is it not true that the more famous a man
is the quicker his ear is to listen to praise?

Why do we grudge a word of praise to a
workman who has so little else to cheer him?

If the Managing Director praises no one,
you may be sure that his Managers will not,
either.

Lack of appreciation has brought many a
staff to a standstill.

Why should a man try to do his best if no
one gives him a few words of approval?

How can a man keep on doing his best in
the face of utter indifference on the part of
his Manager?

Every man needs praise. All wise wives
know that. But few Managing Directors do.
Heaven help the man who never gets any
praise!

They might have added: "The best way to
get praise is to be worthy of it and start by
giving some."

It is just as well to remember that one
can easily develop an abnormal appetite for
praise. It may become a very serious "ail-
ment," and wise folk find their satisfaction
in what they do and not in what other people
say of their doings.

GRIT

A JOURNAL OF
NATIONAL EFFICIENCY
AND PROHIBITION.

"Grit, clear Grit."—A pure Americanism, stand-
ing 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.
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Phone: MA1355.
Postal Address: Box 390F, G.P.O., Sydney.

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Subscriptions may commence with any issue, the
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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1928.

The fact is much of the praise we get is
unmerited and some of it is quite insincere—
so we should take all praise with a grain
of salt.

* * *

Few of us think, and fewer still
THINK. can hold a thought without
wavering for as long a time as
we can hold a glass in our extended arm.

"I begin any piece of work with the idea
that for each part of it there is a simpler,
quicker, less costly method than the one in
general use," says Mr. MacEvoy, "and I con-
sider it my first task to find that better way.
I deliberately look for short cuts, and I look
for them in advance. I do not allow myself
to be stampeded into starting anything
until all the operations and methods are
clear in my mind. In other words, I don't
start a job until I know how I'm going to
finish it. The time to hurry is after you
have tackled the physical aspects of your
job.

"But never let anyone hurry your thinking.
The more thoroughly you think in advance,
the more short cuts you will find, and the
more speed you'll make in the long run."

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WHY WE REFUSE TO BE DISCOURAGED.

THE FIGHT IS NOW ON IN POLITICAL CIRCLES.

By ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.

It is well for us to face some of the outstanding differences in the forces for and against the beverage use of alcohol.

It is first of all a fight between amateurs and professionals, part-time volunteers and full-time paid experts.

The time must come when Prohibitionists will realise how costly and fatal this method is. When people with no special ability and very little time are opposed by those of the highest ability and all the time there is, there can only be one result.

It is beyond imagination to picture a general and his staff officers giving their spare time to a war or putting in their lunch-hour devising plans to defeat the gigantic forces opposed to them, yet this Gilbertian situation prevails throughout Australia in the anti-alcohol war.

A QUESTION OF MONEY.

Eight years ago the liquor exploiters made a charge of a penny in the pound on all their liquor sales. This amounts to about £55,000 a year, on which the interest alone would be about £2750. This fund has been accumulating for eight years at compound interest.

They started off with half a million pounds in hand. This is a business investment, which promises a handsome profit.

The Prohibition Party started with a bank overdraft.

Could anything reveal a more pitiable contrast?

The "paid mercenary" has always played a part in the wars of olden times and is equally prominent in the anti-alcohol war.

Prohibitionists get tied up with brewery contracts for subsidiary businesses, and, afraid of financial loss, take no part in the fight.

Extensive advertising contracts with and shares in newspaper companies account for the silence and inactivity of many.

A man signed a contract for a £48 space in "Grit." Within a fortnight he ordered his advertisement to be taken out of the paper, and paid cash to break his contract because of the business pressure the liquor exploiters brought to bear on him.

The subterranean passages from the breweries are as extensive in their ramifications as the city sewerage. Their methods of making things financially comfortable for people are as devious as the kinks in a nigger's hair.

FURTHER HANDICAPS.

These factors are common to every land, and in these particulars we have no more to face than other Prohibitionists.

In addition, however, we had not voted for 15 years. This is a tremendous loss to us. An annual poll would give us Prohibition in four years in New South Wales. The poll is of the very greatest educational value. It is the one thing the liquor exploiters are afraid of.

If any team in any sport beat its opponents as the liquor exploiters claim to have beaten us they would cheerfully and willingly accept a challenge to play again under any circumstances.

The liquor people are busy moving the powers that be to get a guarantee of some further postponement of any future polls.

We had a further handicap in that the vote was compulsory. When you compel people to express an opinion on a question about which they are in ignorance and in doubt they are sure to act in a negative way. We all act cautiously in the dark.

The third factor that added to our burdens was the women's vote. Please don't misunderstand me. The women have a right to vote, but in giving women a vote we just doubled our obligation to educate and organise. We could not win without the influence of good women; but women average up about as morally high as men, and a woman's vote is only equal to a man's, though her influence for good or evil is greater.

Women were perhaps the greatest single factor in the winning of Prohibition in U.S.A., but they did not vote. It was their influence that counted. No man can obtain a license to sell liquor in New South Wales unless his wife or mother lives with him. This means that 2500 women are primarily involved in our hotel licenses. Housemaids, waitresses, cooks and barmaids involve perhaps another 15,000 women in the hotel business.

These women would not lose their jobs, with the exception of the barmaid, but they can easily be made to think they will, and they live in the atmosphere and associations which place them in antagonism to Prohibition.

Add to all these the official opposition of the Roman Catholic Church and the perversity of some other Christians and the situation would seem to be hopeless.

BUT WE ARE NOT DISCOURAGED.

In the face of all these things how can we hope to win?

First of all, we believe in God, and while "the mills of God grind slowly they grind exceeding small." God, who used a flake of snow to defeat Bonaparte in Russia and a puff of wind to defeat the Spanish Armada, and still uses the wrath of man to praise Him, will in His own time utterly discomfort His enemies, of whom the liquor exploiters are chief.

Just so soon as we do all we can with our means and talents—and it must be "all"—then will God do all we cannot do, and the victory will be given to us.

Ours the fight; His the victory.

Second: Time is on our side, unless the world is going on to chaos and back to barbarism. Progress may be slow, but so long as it progresses it will eliminate the beverage use of alcohol.

For it is not right in a civilised community to give legal protection to those who exploit human weakness.

Third: Prohibition is not a failure. It is as successful as sheep breeding or wheat growing, and this fact will eventually soak into the human mind.

Fourth: We are receiving reinforcements quietly, persistently and without any effort on our part.

Science, business, sport and industry are all discovering alcohol to be the greatest fraud on earth. Modern machinery will increasingly use alcohol, and relentlessly oppose humans using it.

Fifth: The liquor exploiters are the most effective force working for Prohibition.

Daily the liquor business provides tragedy, outrage, accident, brutality and callous cruelty that combine to provide the urge to outlaw it.

We refuse to be discouraged, because we are sure we will win because we ought to win.

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THE EVILS OF DRINK.

ALISON GRANT, Hurstville Church of Christ.

By their fruits ye shall know them.—St. Matthew, 7, 16.

Of the five crimes, the taking of life, theft, adultery, lying and drinking, the last is the worst, because it leads to all the rest.—Buddha.

The remedy for an evil so gigantic and so long established cannot be a simple one. There is no short cut to national sobriety. But our own part in bringing about the remedy is simple enough.

This is not merely a detached question concerning a personal habit, but it is in fact correlated with almost every movement of social or economic reform. Temperance reform is labor-in-vain, unless the agitation is constantly directed, not so much to the hampering of a trade as the discipline of a passion. Because we cannot do everything we are certainly not justified in doing nothing. When the individual Christian realises his responsibility, when the moderate drinker comes to realise how much rests on his plea for moderation, when the working man recognises his most formidable enemy is drink, then we shall make a forward move. The remedy is, therefore, partly moral, the legislation being effective only in proportion to the moral tone or public conscience of the place, and it is entirely in the hands of the three—the Christian, the moderate drinker and the working man—to raise the moral tone and demand effective legislation.

Alcohol even if taken in seemingly moderate quantities may lead to serious disease of the brain and nervous system, of the stomach, the liver and the kidneys. The regular consumption of a quantity often deemed moderate is more likely to produce disease than occasional excess.

All medical authorities agree that it strengthens neither the body nor the mind. It lessens the capacity for physical work, dulls the perceptive faculties of the mind, renders the body more susceptible to the effects of cold, fatigue and disease, and weakens the power of control.

Every man who is in the habit of using alcohol regularly is a possible drunkard. All drunkards are at first so-called moderate drinkers, and at one time would have repudiated indignantly the idea that they could ever drink to excess. If one is an abstainer they are safe from the danger. If one is a moderate drinker, some state of ill-health, or family business may cause the habit of having recourse to stimulants to so grow upon them that they cannot leave it go, however much they may desire. There is no foe so insidious as alcohol, and the disease of inebriety may be firmly established in their system before they are aware of the danger.

If you are worthy of the citizenship one possesses, one must be concerned in the prosperity and welfare of the community.

As intoxicating drink is the chief cause of poverty, disease, crime and insanity, no social progress is possible until the liquor traffic has been controlled or abolished.

There is no doubt that drink is responsible for a very large proportion of crime, and where not a direct it is a large contributing cause. In the more vicious cases of crime, such as murder, or when personal injury is inflicted, drink is very largely responsible.

It does not need experience to know that drink contributes largely to crime. Drinking to excess makes dissolute characters of them all, and the next step to crime. Drink is the cause of a large and preponderating proportion of the people who are in jail. If there were no drink in the country we should certainly not want so many prisons or lunatic asylums, and the homes of the people would be prosperous.

Many of our social evils which overshadowed the land, like so many upas trees, would dwindle away and die if they were not constantly watered with strong drink.

Unfortunately for humanity, alcohol is unlike everything else we eat or drink; it creates an irresistible liking or appetite for itself in time—the more a man drinks the more he must and will drink, and, of course, the more he drinks the sooner he will get wrapped up in it—that is to say, he will think of nobody and nothing else but the drink. Most people drink tea every day, but no one ever gets an irresistible craving for it; and if we have an ordinary diet placed before us too often the tendency is to kill rather than to sharpen our appetites for it. But it is not so with alcohol. The taste for it is gradually acquired, and when once it is acquired the victim soon develops into the drunkard. The "taster" of to-day is the "boozer" of the future. Any man who drinks at all—in small or large quantities—must be prepared for the evil fate that has befallen so many of his fellow-beings. I, of course, do not mean to imply that all drinkers necessarily become drunkards, for such is not the case, but I do think that if we take an intelligent view of the matters we must come to the conclusion that there is a large element of risk to be faced by every drinker, no matter what his position or station in life may be. Every man living can count among his friends and acquaintances dozens of bright, promising young men who have faded away from civilisation through drink—men whose intelligence and self-control at one time formed a striking feature of their character.

It is one of the commonest things in English society that people are injured by drink without being drunkards. It goes on so quietly that it is even very difficult to observe. A man's nearest friends will frequently not know it. From experience of

others, alcohol is the most destructive agent that we are aware of in this country. There is a great deal of injury done to health by the habitual use of wines in their various kinds and alcohol in its various shapes, even in so-called moderate quantities. It leads to the degeneration of tissues; it spoils the health, and it spoils the intellect. I would like to say that a very large number of people in society are dying day after day poisoned by alcohol, but not supposed to be poisoned by it.

Every man who regards himself as a Christian, a patriot, or a political reformer is clamorously called for by the voices of lost men and women in the midst of our towns and cities. If these people were lost in the gloom of wild woods or dreary moorlands or in the entanglements of dense forests, we would speedily equip an energetic search party. Is not such a party needed nearer our homes? This evil drink is no respecter of persons. It creates day and night wallings in the palace and the cottage; the sighings of distress are like the moaning November wind, or like the greedy sea, beneath whose restless waves lie buried is needless mortality many thousands of men and women who have been slowly drawn unto death by the hideous and polluted stream of the murderous liquor traffic. Shall this drink demon devour for ever? Is there no remedy for the evil? If not, let us pray for patience to endure. But if there is a remedy, it ought to be applied, and in God's name must be, or shall we discredit our manhood and our Christian character.

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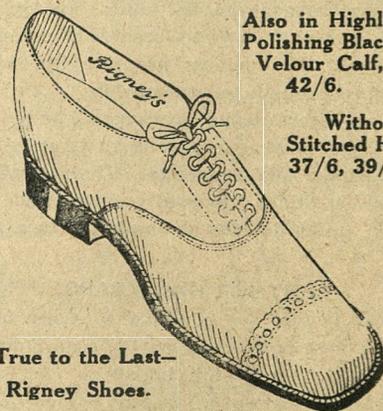
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All boys and girls between the age of seven and seventeen are invited to join the family of Uncle B. Write only on one side of the paper. Send the date of your birthday. There is no fee to pay. If you do not write for three months you are a "scallywag."

Address all letters to Uncle B, Box 390F, G.P.O., Sydney.

THE VALUE OF WATER.

We sometimes turn up our nose at water, and even let people speak contemptuously of it. Of course, it is more important than food, though not so important as air. We can go weeks without food, days without water, and only minutes without air. So that air is the most important thing in our life. You can't have too much of it. Sleep out if you can, but in any case sleep with your windows wide open. Stuffy rooms are rooms full of poison. Any room in which you can smell anything when you come into it is bad. Sunlight and fresh air are God's gifts to king and child alike. Let us use them and thank Him.

Do you know that a potato is 78 per cent. water? That means that out of 100 parts 78 of them are just water. Onions are 87 per cent.; apples are 84½ per cent.; milk is 87 per cent.; eggs are 74 per cent.; steak is 60 per cent.; and fish is from 70 to 84 per cent.

This means that three parts out of four of our food are just water.

Give yourself a good wash both outside and inside every day and you will not only feel better, you will be better.

UNCLE B.

OUR CHAMPION.

Ida Southwood, Monteith-street, Turramurra, writes: As you have kindly introduced me to all my "cousins" by publishing my photo in "Grit," I am hoping that they will all try and do better than I have done. This is my little plan: Four months ago my sister and I began by distributing 50 free copies of "Grit" in one week. Then you, Uncle, suggested that we should sell them. We interviewed church people and they readily bought copies. Then we called on the residents of this suburb on Saturday mornings, and succeeded in selling sixty copies each week. Most of them greeted me kindly; but others were not quite so polite as I should wish. Now we are firmly established with our regular subscribers, and hope to add to their numbers each week. Now, Uncle, if all your Ne's and Ni's will do their best your subscribers will soon number 100,000.

(Dear Ida,—I thank you for your letter, with its simple but effective plan for making champion "Grit" sellers. When your "cousins" read your letter I hope they will set out after a record that will beat your splendid one. You are doing splendid work, and if only I had 100 more like you—but that is a big if! However, I have some others who are doing very well, and I am sure to get more helpers when they read your letter and realise that what one willing, determined

little girl has done, others can also do.—Uncle B.)

BEATING BIG BROTHER.

Kathleen Watson, Junction-street, Wallerawang, writes: I was very pleased to see my letter in "Grit," and I will try and keep off the scallywag list. I am glad Mrs. Harcus is getting new Ni's in Broken Hill. Mrs. Harcus was such a good woman; she never missed going to church. I have gone two years, and never missed a Sunday. I am trying to beat my big brother Fred. He only missed one Sunday in four years. He has left now. Uncle, I am sure Mr. Hughes would put you up, and I would like to see what you really look like. I am sending you a snap; the biggest girl is me with my brothers and sister and Ford. Ford is not a motor car, Uncle; he is my cousin, and we all like him very much. He comes from Greenethorpe.

(Dear Kathleen,—At last I am answering your splendid letter. It sounds pretty bad for a girl to want to beat her brother; but you are beating him in the best way. Why not start out and beat Ida at "Grit" selling? I like the idea of coming to Wallerawang. Wait till you have an anniversary or something, and then ask me.—Uncle B.)

FROM N.Z.

Jean Kahle, Terrace End Park, Palmers-ton North, North Island, New Zealand, writes: I would like to become one of your Ni's. My sister Gladys writes to you. I am eight years old, and my birthday is on the 16th March. At day school I am in standard I. My father bought me a big doll, and its name is Joan. I often go to the park and play on the swings there. I will be very pleased to see you when you come to N.Z.

(Dear Jean,—I am sorry I have been so slow in giving you a hearty welcome to my big family, but I am glad to have you write to me, but, alas, I do not think I will be able to come to New Zealand, and I do so want to come, but just at present it seems impossible.—Uncle B.)

A GENEROUS GIFT.

John Weller, "Wellerleigh," Taree, writes: Will you please have me for a Ne? My sister used to write to page eleven, but now she is a dreadful scallywag. We have been taking "Grit" ever since it was first published, and we all think it a splendid paper. We live near Taree. You mentioned in "Grit" that Taree put up a good fight for Prohibition some years ago. Well, it is going to do even better this time we hope. Will you please send me some "Grits" to distribute? I am enclosing £2 for your

fighting fund; £1 is from my cousin, Leslie Weller, who lives with us, and the other one is from my two sisters and myself. Hoping you will come to see your Ne's and Ni's at Taree soon, and with best wishes.

(Dear John,—I am ashamed that your splendid letter has been left so long unanswered. The reason for delay with some letters is that when they contain money or requests for copies of "Grit" I hand them over to my splendid helper, Miss Southwell, and then when she hands them back they go into a pile as big as a mountain, and wait till I make time to go through them. Thank you for your help. What about beating Ida's "Grit" selling record?—Uncle B.)

WELL DONE, MARIE.

Marie Gordon, "Chandos," 13 Tryon-street, Chatswood, writes: I wish to be one of your Ni's if you would have me, please. I am 11 years old, and I'm in 6D at school. My birthday was on the 11th August, 1928. I have two brothers, one of whom is already a Ne of yours. He said he would take twenty "Grits" each week, but as he is going for the Q.C. he can't sell them. He passed them on to my smaller brother, and he wouldn't sell them. I sell them now. I have 10 customers; the other 10 I sell in the shops or in the street; but all along you thought my eldest brother sold them; but he doesn't. I do. I save stamps, and have a little over 200. Grandma takes "Grit" each week.

(Dear Marie,—I think when Ida reads your letter she will get a wriggle on lest you overtake her and win the championship she so proudly holds. Will you send me your photo, please?—Uncle B.)

GAME TO TRY.

Allan Power, 51 Mt. Vernon-street, Glebe, writes: I have been reading "Grit" lately, and have heard of children ordering "Grit" from you and selling it, and posting the money to you. You might send a few up to 51 Mt. Vernon-street, Glebe. Not too many though, for they're very hard to sell. You ought to try advertising in the papers like the other side and put posters all over the place. My birthday, 2nd March.

(Dear Allan,—I do not know when you sent your letter to me, as it has no date on it; but I have just come across it, and hasten to reply, and say I just love anyone who recognises a thing is hard and yet is willing to tackle it.—Uncle B.)

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WHAT THE CABLES DO NOT TELL US.

During the first week in July two American States, Michigan and Nebraska, saw the complete collapse of movements to break down the National Prohibition Act by means of the initiative and referendum laws of these States.

In Michigan the enemies of Prohibition attempted to initiate a constitutional amendment to legalise the manufacture and sale of alcoholic liquors for home consumption. A petition signed by ten per cent. of the voters is required to place such a proposal on the ballot. That meant that 63,076 signatures would be required. But the petition filed by the liquor forces contained only about 5000 signatures. The present Prohibition amendment to the State constitution was adopted in 1916 by a majority of 68,000. Three years later the question was voted on again, the "drys" winning by a majority of 207,520 votes. Now the best that the liquor forces could do was to secure 5000 signers to a petition asking for another vote. This petition was enormously insufficient, and was rejected, so no vote will be taken in that State.

In Nebraska the "wet" petition was not even filed. The total number of signatures received was about 43,000 and only about 40,000 were required. But so many fraudulent signatures were received that the "wets" did not dare to file them, their official in charge stating that "it was not deemed expedient to file it." Aside from the great number of fraudulent names on the petitions, another reason for not filing it was that the Women's Christian Temperance Union had filed a petition against the repeal having 78,254 names.

Both of these movements were largely for the purpose of creating sentiment, influencing the vote in the forthcoming Presidential election. The collapse of both movements is regarded as significant of the trend of popular opinion of the day.

PASS "GRIT" ON

MODERATE DRINKERS A MENACE.

On the editorial page of the New York "Times," of May 27, 1928, evidence is given by a very careful observer whose experience makes the statement of highest value:

The automobile driver who drinks to excess is the terror of the road. But should any driver even touch liquor while he is operating a motor vehicle? Commissioner Stoeckel, of Connecticut, maintains that the moderate drinker is also a menace to safety.

"It is undoubtedly the fact that even a little liquor often upsets the balance and normal attitude of mind of many a person, and affects his operations of a motor car unfavorably. Liquor makes some persons confident. From other persons it takes away confidence and makes them doubtful and hesitating. Liquor does not mix well with the driving of a motor vehicle. A motor car or truck is not improperly called a private locomotive. The driver has to undergo training to operate a machine that weighs a ton or more and can be sent along at a rate of speed of from thirty to fifty miles an hour. The locomotive engineer is required to be an abstainer. The driver of a car should deny himself the use of liquor whether he rides alone or is responsible for the safety of others."

PROHIBITION HELPS KANSAS TO RANK FIRST IN LIFE EXPECTANCY.

Dr. Earle G. Browne, Secretary of the Kansas State Board of Health, has listed eight reasons for the apparent good health of Kansans. According to the United States census, Kansas ranks the highest of all the States in life expectancy. The reasons are:

1. The character of the early type of settlers.
2. Prohibition.
3. Essentially a rural and agricultural State.
4. Educational advantages.
5. Low percentage of negro and foreign population.
6. Few "slum" districts.
7. Climate.
8. An active health department.

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BY YOUR LEAVE.

The following is a bishop's description of the kind of preaching sometimes addressed to fashionable congregations: "Brethren, unless you repent, in a measure, and be converted, as it were, you will, I regret to say, be damned to some extent."

* * *

THE ENGLISH WAY.

"Is that the fire station? May I speak to the captain? Oh, really? Good evening—or rather, morning. Reginald Renfrew, of Balmoral Mansions, Nasturtium-road, speaking. Sorry to trouble you at this unholy hour, but the fact is we've a rotten fire here and we'd like you to put it out if you aren't too terribly busy."

* * *

FAITHFUL TO OLD FRIENDS.

Mrs. Smythe: "I'm soliciting for a charity organisation. What do you do with your cast-off clothing?"

Mr. Smith: "I hang them up carefully and go to bed. Then in the morning I put them on again."

CAT OUT OF THE BAG.

"Miss Lamb—er—Sylvia—there's a question I've been wanting to ask you for weeks."

"Carry on, old thing, the answer's been waiting for months."

* * *

If any man thinks a changed spirit hasn't come over America since Prohibition, let him attempt to drink some of it.

* * *

A scientist says that one day women will become the ruling sex. It isn't often that married men find anything to laugh about, but this statement ought to help them.

* * *

INVENTOR'S TRIUMPH.

I eat my peas with honey,
I have done it all my life;
They do taste kind of funny,
But it keeps them on the knife.

The Vulkitchevitch Government has resigned in Belgrade. It may be succeeded by the Stanojevitch Government, which doesn't sound like much improvement.

* * *

Some men regard Prohibition as an outrage because it costs them more to get drunk than it used to.

* * *

New York Customs agents seized 1,000,000 dollars' worth of pre-war rye concealed in kegs of herrings. The suspicions of the astute sleuths were aroused when it was observed that the herrings were pickled.

DONE ITS SHARE.

Andre Seigfried, in his book, "America Comes of Age," while not a Prohibitionist, pays this splendid tribute to the workings of the Eighteenth Amendment: "Under the new conditions in America the psychology of temptation has been reversed, and the great mass of the people are undoubtedly benefiting in health, standard of living, working efficiency, and increased wages. As the output of a sober workman is greater, the employers have been able to increase labor's share of profits without adding to the cost of production; also, that portion of wages which formerly was spent in the saloons now goes into Fords, tires, gasoline, radios, houses, and even into savings banks. The Eighteenth Amendment has done its share in raising the standard of living of the American workman to the highest level that the world has ever seen. The leaders of industry, who realise that this increase in purchasing power of the people amounts to millions of dollars a year, will never voluntarily accept a return to the old ways."

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REMEMBER, ALL PROCEEDS USED FOR TEMPERANCE WORK.

DRY LAW HELPS SOCIAL WORKERS.

The value of Prohibition as a social agency was emphasised at the National Conference of Social Work, held recently at Memphis, Tenn. In a discussion of the subject led by Benjamin Glassberg, he said:

There has been a decrease in dependency in juvenile delinquency, in arrests for drunkenness, and in alcoholic deaths since Prohibition, he declared, and quoted statistics to prove each assertion.

Workers are to-day far more efficient than they were in the days before Prohibition became law. There are fewer discharged because of intoxication. The mass of wage earners seems to be much better off, in spite of the fact that those who insist on getting liquor can still do so.

Living conditions are improved. Many more wage earners have radios and autos. Many more of them are spending their time at home with their children. They spend far less on liquor than formerly.

Certain conditions, it is true, he admitted, are not as favorable as they might be. There is an alarming upward tendency in violations of the Volstead Act, as compared with its first year of enforcement.

There has been a gradual but steady increase in intemperance in the larger cities from 1920 on, but conditions are still far better than they were in 1916 before Prohibition. Many believe we have reached the peak of this increase and things may soon begin to improve.

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DAILY INSPIRATION.

By FAIRELIE THORNTON.

SUNDAY.

"Be strong and of good courage."—Josh., 10, 25.

Be strong and of good courage! The Master goes before;

Dread not the fierce encounter, dread not the noise of war:

The King of Earth and heaven—He, He shall go with thee;

•Be strong and of good courage! thou shalt triumphant be.

Be strong and of good courage! forth to life's conflict go

Without a fear of failure, go—bravely face the foe!

Heed not the scorner's scorning, heed not the fierce array;

Be strong and of good courage! the Lord is more than they.

Be strong and of good courage, O fearful, trembling one,

Thou shalt be as the mighty by whom great things are done.

Thy trusted ones may fail thee, thine own strength nought avail;

Be strong and of good courage! the Lord can never fail.

Be strong and of good courage! the mighty one and strong

Will not forsake His children whom He has led so long.

Look not to thine own weakness; why shouldst thou fearful be?

Be strong and of good courage! the Lord shall fight for thee!

These verses may be had on card with five different in packet for 1/-. See advt.

MONDAY.

"The Lord shall be thy confidence and shall keep thy foot from being taken."—Prov., 3, 26.

Strength and courage! How we all need these for life's conflicts! So many times are we exhorted in Scripture to "Be strong." This would not be commanded were it an impossibility. It is in our moments of greatest weakness that this strength is most available. "In the Lord have I righteousness and strength." "I will strengthen thee, yea, I will help thee," is God's promise. "Say to them that are of a fearful heart, be strong." What is your special need? Is it strength in sickness? Here is a promise for you: "I will strengthen that which was sick." And again, "The Lord will strengthen him upon the bed of languishing." Ps., 41, 3; Ezek., 34, 16. Do you dread some future path to take? Hear Him saying, "Be strong and of good courage, the Lord He it is that doth go before you. He will not fail you, nor forsake you." Are you very weak and faint with many failures? "He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have NO MIGHT He increaseth strength." Put forth your feeble hand of faith into the grasp of the strong hand of healing which is outstretched now towards you, and take Him at His word, and strength other than your own shall flow into you.

TUESDAY.

"As much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men."—Rom., 12, 18.

"She is a very trying person to live with." So said the special friend of a very deaf lady who had herself tried the experiment, and yet been a friend of many years' standing. However, the one to whom it was said, having been used to give and take in a large family all her life, knowing, too, from experience, that deaf people were very much inclined to be "touchy," or sensitive, as they would call it, being wrapped up so much

within themselves, she did not withdraw from the trying ordeal. Never taking offence herself, and being quite oblivious to others doing so, she managed to get along fairly peaceably with this trying person. Any sulky fits caused, she supposed, by some imaginary offence, she ignored and bestowed some little extra act of kindness if the other person did something particularly disagreeable, or took liberties without asking permission. Have you someone who is trying to live with? Perhaps one who cannot live peaceably with anyone, not even with themselves? Just try this rule. Patience may be sorely tried at times. But determine not to be offended. Everyone is more or less trying to live with at times. But it is a necessary discipline. Those who live alone and have only themselves to consider must grow naturally selfish. Better to have a selfish person who only considers her or his own interests, than grow into an isolated, self-centred being. "Be patient toward all," even to that trying person. Perhaps you say, "I am too patient. People take advantage of those who are too good-natured." Yes, that is often the case. Nevertheless, better to bear a wrong than to inflict one. "'Tis only noble to forgive." "It is the glory of a man to pass by a transgression." Pity, rather than retaliate. One only wrongs himself who wrongs another. He may seem to triumph, but in the long run the one who rules his spirit is the conqueror.

WEDNESDAY.

"Be patient toward all men."—1 Thess., 5, 14.

"Better is the patient in spirit than the proud in spirit."—Eccles., 7, 8.

Let us be patient. God has been with us,

Although unlike Him in His tender love.

Let us remember Him, and love them thus;

So shall we soon their deepest feelings

move,

And if they still should nourish their ill-

feeling

We will be patient still, their fault conceal-

ing.

Let us be patient: life so soon is over,

So brief the time together we shall spend.

Soon—very soon, the grass their forms will

cover,

No vain regrets a broken bond can bend.

Let us be patient, ere it is too late.

A crown of life the conqueror doth await.

THURSDAY.

"Show piety at home."—1 Tim., 5, 4.

Home is often the hardest place in which to show piety. Of many it is said, "He is saint abroad, and devil at home." Those most frequently with us are often shown the worst side, while the best is reserved for strangers. It is not very difficult to put on your pleasant face and manners to a visitor or to those you meet occasionally, but when it comes to the daily friction of those you cannot get away from, it is so easy to throw off all restraint, and exhibit all the irritability of your nature. Little vexations you would put up with patiently from an outside friend, from your own people, or from those you meet daily, annoy you terribly, and you do not hesitate to show your annoyance. In this test the genuineness of one's piety is shown. He whose religion is exhibited in the home life, not by words, but by deeds, need not trouble about it abroad. It will take care of itself there if he takes care of it at home or in the place where he spends his daily life. Unselfishness, patience, self-control, love, forgiveness, these will find full scope for their exercise, until a perfect character is formed.

FRIDAY.

"Let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing."—James, 1, 3.

'Tis bearing little pinpricks day by day; Annoying things that others do and say. Not the great loads upon our shoulders laid, Which shows the stuff of which our souls are made.

For patience is a virtue, few, alas! possess When it doth come to daily strain and stress,

To constant irritations which annoy, Keeping the soul from fulness of its joy; But if in these we can triumphant be, Our patience perfected we yet may see: If we are heroes in our daily life, We shall be victors in the greater strife.

SATURDAY.

"Be ye angry and sin not. Let not the sun go down upon your wrath." "Let all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor and evil speaking be put away from you, with all malice."—Eph., 4, 31.

The only anger we can have without sinning is that which is akin to love—that love which Jesus had when He wept over Jerusalem on account of its sin. We may be angry with sin, and love the sinner. He was the Friend of sinners, but the hater of sin. The anger which is akin to malice or has bitterness in it, is of the devil, and injures the one who gives way to it more than it does its object. If anyone has provoked you to anger with some meanness they have shown, or some wickedness has stirred your blood, bring it to the Master, asking Him to give repentance to that one, and ere the sun goes down let your wrath against that wrong be calmed in His presence.

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PASS "GRIT" ON.

CLUBS VERSUS PUBS.
INTERESTING "TRADE" DISCUSSION.

The "Morning Advertiser" on May 8 contained a report of an interesting discussion on the Club question at a meeting of the Women's Section of the Greater Birmingham Licensed Trade Association. The subject was fully discussed, and we think our readers will be interested to see the different points of view.

"The subject for discussion was 'That the licensed trade has nothing to fear from the clubs.' The Chairman (Mrs. S. E. Lloyd), having explained that she opened the discussion in the affirmative for purposes of debate only, said that her principal reasons for believing that the public houses had nothing to fear from the clubs were based on her appreciation of Englishmen's loyalty to old, well-tried, and not-found-wanting institutions, of which the public house was a type. The exclusiveness of a club, contrasted with the open-handedness of the public house, was all in the latter's favor. Nothing could exceed the democratic ease and freedom of the public house, and when compared with the fact that clubmen had to wear the livery of the political, social, or other club to which they belonged, speak its language, and toe the line it marked out, left the pub an easy first in public and general esteem. The public house, too, was favored by the woman in the home, because she knew that in the public house the husband would not be beset by the temptations to gamble, late hours, and excessive drinking. The public house was advancing with the times, and was now, more than ever, what the late Mr. W. J. Stead denominated, "The common parlor of the common man."

PRICES QUESTION.

Mrs. R. Porter contended, in reply, that the public house had everything to fear from the club. Man was a social being, and the institution that contributed most to this sense of clubability was the one that must prevail. Men seemed to find greater freedom and less responsibility at the clubs. The fact, too, that clubs indulged in undercutting in the matter of prices could not be ignored as a factor in the club's popularity. The facilities extended to women and children also helped to favor the club to the detriment of the public house. Opportunities for entertainments were more easily supplied by the clubs, encouraged by the fact that they could fix the hours of opening and closing in the way no public house could. The public house had to fear the club, too, because, only too frequently, the sins of clubmen were visited upon or laid at the door of the trade. The only chance the public house had was in the direction of equal facilities for rational refreshment within reasonable hours for club and licensed house alike, and then she would back the public house every time.

Mrs. Darrall insisted that both the public house and the club had its spheres of usefulness. When the clubs and the licensed

establishments got the restoration of the rights and privileges of which the war conditions deprived them, when both started from scratch again, she had no fear as to where the public house would be at the finish.

Mrs. Simcox recognised that under present conditions things pointed to the greater possibilities of the clubs. The fact that children could find rest on club premises, which was denied them in the public house by the Act of teetotal bigots, had to be reckoned with. She did not fear the healthy competition of the club, and when legislation should compel this, the public house would go on its way rejoicing in that public favor which it had for years enjoyed.

ODDS ON THE SIDE OF THE CLUBS.

Mrs. Cowley said her personal experience in public house management impelled her to realise that the amusements which the club could supply always told against the restricted facilities of the public house in this direction. Until the public house came into its own again, she felt that the odds were on the side of the club in the race for popular favor.

Mrs. Clift also feared the club with its greater wealth of opportunities to win popular support. The licensed victualler had to observe galling restrictions against which the club snapped its fingers.

Miss E. A. Collison, summing-up, maintained that the law of the survival of the fittest would apply to this question as to most others. Which would survive, club or public house? and under what form? Both had their own clientele, and when properly conducted there was no clash. As a matter of fact, both were in the same boat so far as having been robbed of their privileges was concerned. Both were ranged side by side against Local Veto and Prohibition. After a careful analysis of such arguments as had been advanced, she said she thought it was a case of "fifty-fifty." The public house survived because it filled its proper place. The club would have to justify its existence, and, having done so, it, too, would continue. There was room in the social world for both, if both were allowed that reasonable liberty of action identified with British institutions."

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"Grit" subscriptions received to 28/9/28, and where not mentioned the amounts is 11s.:

Miss Eileen Brown, 4s., 30/12/28; Mrs. M. H. Linley, 3s., 27/12/28; Mr. Ravenscroft, 5s.; Mrs. H. Simpson, 5s. 6d., 27/3/29; H. Callender, 2s.; W. Casperson, 1s., sales; per A. L. Elvery, £4 4s. 6d., extra copies; Mrs. Holmes, 2s. 9d.; Rev. J. Robb, 30/8/29; F. W. Dunkley, 10s., extra.

The following are paid to September, 1929: A. I. C. Coventry, George Evans, senr., Henry Fynmore, A. A. Perry, Miss A. E. Head, J. Downes, Nurse E. M. Gategood, Miss F. Sheede.

A BREEZY LETTER.

(Continued from page 7.)

that after she "sadeyed" him out of a fur coat, all he remembered was her telling the suspicious hotel manager at the door that "my husband has just had one too many," and "he's in the movies; he's just a big boy—he's so bright!" But that didn't convince the manager, who called the police, who relieved her of "Soolimon's" crown jewels and what money she had separated him from. They were three days awakening "Soolimon." After picking from his whiskers the false teeth that the potent fluid had converted into a sticky, rubberlike foam, "Soolimon" refused to press the charge, and took the first outgoing boat to Abyssinia, where he is going to tell his subjects that "Prohibition in America is a failure!"

Boars and sows are at home when wallowing in their own filth. So be it with the "leftovers" from the saloon days in America. These human culls are what the degenerated wet press of the world points to as "the failure of Prohibition." Yes, they are "the failure of Prohibition." Nothing on God's earth but a burial in Potter's Field could straighten them out. Like pigs they live; like pigs they wallow in their filth. They will not wash. They harbor flies and fleas and other vermin that spring at them with the slogan "Home to Papa" or "Home to Mama." The less animalised element are then left to combat what these degenerated two-legged beasts spread. The wet press—Bung's common carrier—carries their brief, and society awaits the generation that is to outlive these worldly curses abovementioned, in order that all concerned in the manufacture, sale and advocacy of alcohol will find their place amongst the "also rans" and the other destructive menaces that can only be found when one turns over the pages of the past that deal with barbarism.

NOT GOING INTO BARS.

During the last five years there has been a marked increase in imports of mahogany. The total for 1922 was 50,000,000 board feet, while the annual average for the three-year period of 1925-27 was 70,000,000 board feet. This is 35 per cent. greater than the general pre-Prohibition average.

Have you thought of your

Ice Chest?



We would respectfully ask you to see the

Captain Scott

before deciding on one.

Not because we sell it, but it has proved itself superior to all others.

THE WIFE OF THE CONSUL-GENERAL FOR THE U.S.A. SAYS OF IT: "It is quite the nicest one I have had in any of my many homes abroad, including our own U.S. It is such an economical one too; uses so much less ice than others. I can heartily recommend it."

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Mistress—

Mary, your kitchen is a picture!

However do you get everything so spotlessly clean & bright?



Yes ma'am, it do look nice but it's very little trouble when you use PEARSON'S SAND SOAP