

Grit.

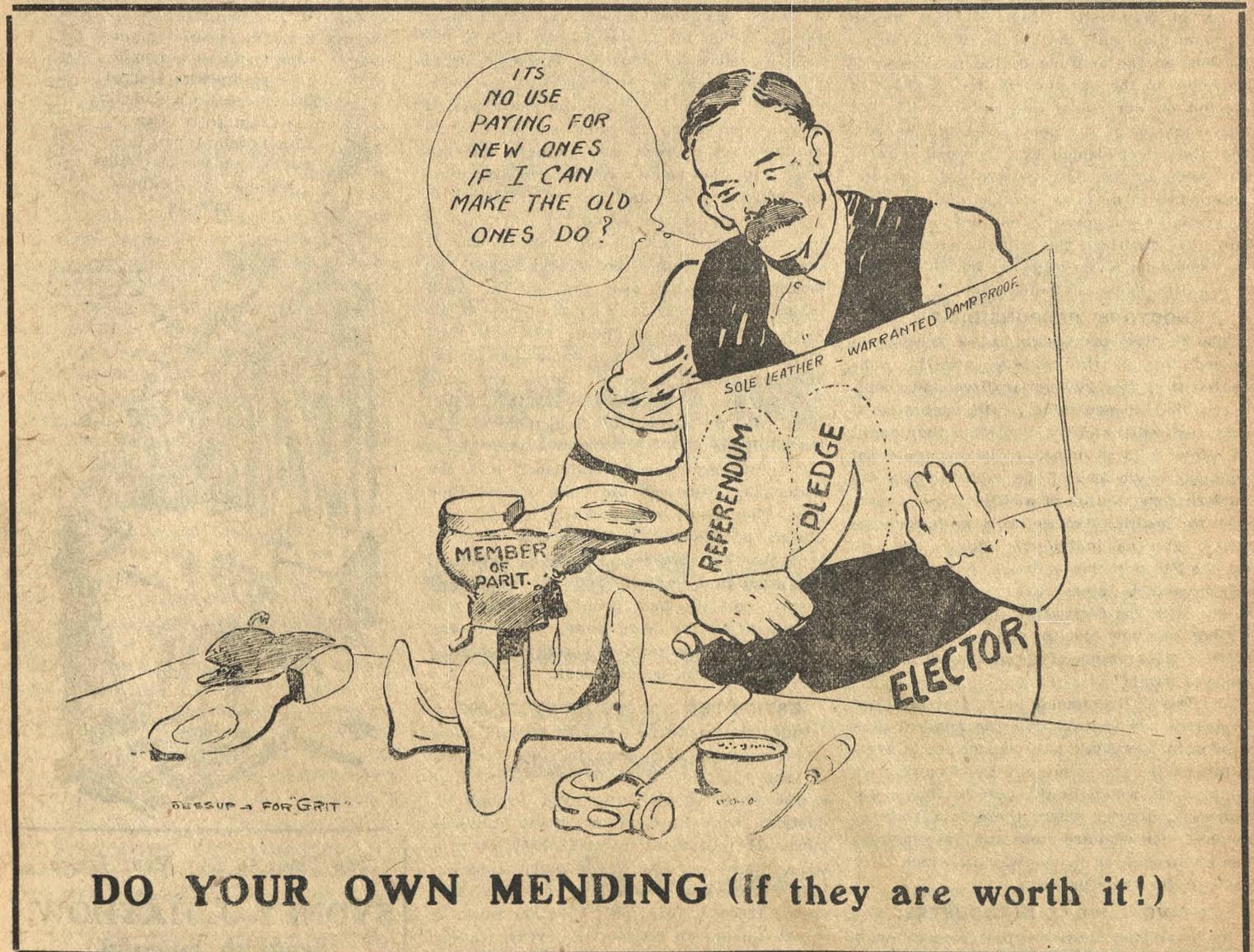
A JOURNAL OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY AND PROHIBITION

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Twopence.

SYDNEY, OCTOBER 27, 1921.

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MEDICAL WORK IN FACTORIES.

PLAN THAT WOULD SAVE £140,000,000 A YEAR.

Alcohol as a Cause of Inefficiency.

Sir Alfred Pearce Gould, late Vice-Chancellor of London University, and Vice-President of the League, delivered a special address in Newcastle (England) last month in connection with the British Medical Association, on the attitude of the profession of medicine to the question of the influence of alcohol on our social and national life. It was a matter of common knowledge, he said, that the use of alcohol as a therapeutic agent had been in the past twenty years greatly diminished in medical practice, and was employed only as a narcotic, and not as a stimulant. He described the millions spent yearly in alcohol as a beverage as horrible waste, and as the cause of inefficiency.

DOCTORS' RESPONSIBILITY.

The medical profession had a special responsibility in this matter, and he submitted that they had not realised and shouldered that responsibility. He suggested if they realised the effect of alcohol they ought to allow it to influence their own personal conduct. "We know," he added, "that the modern consumption of alcohol is not necessary for health. Are we, as a profession, he asked, and as individuals, doing the best for the State in this matter? Are we taking all reasonable measures to acquaint ourselves with the facts, and are we personally willing to allow the teaching of science, in spite of the pressure of social custom and the voice of habit?"

Dr. David Drummond said: I should like to assure our visitors that the medical profession in Newcastle and district are in sympathy with the aim of the Temperance League. It would be difficult to find a big industrial district where there is a body of medical men who are more moderate in their use of alcohol, or in the way in which they order it for their patients.

MEDICAL WORK IN INDUSTRY.

In the section for preventive medicine with regard to industrial diseases, Professor Collis,

of the University of Wales, opened a discussion on the importance of industrial medicine to the community. He said there existed a direct economic interest in maintaining health, which up to the present had hardly been perceived by industry. The State up to adolescence was striving to instil the principles of health, but when the youth passed to employment no attention was paid to its maintenance. Fresh air, sunlight, cleanliness, and wholesome food were necessary to the efficiency of adults as to children.

The miner carries home the color-bar of his occupation, and no Sherlock Holmes is needed to recognise the cement-maker, the stoker, the cotton operative, or the dock laborer on the way to carry the grime of his work to his artisan dwelling. Not until tidiness, cleanliness, and fresh air, which are the breeding ground of good manners and good thought, are to be found in British industries can we expect to find them in the British home.

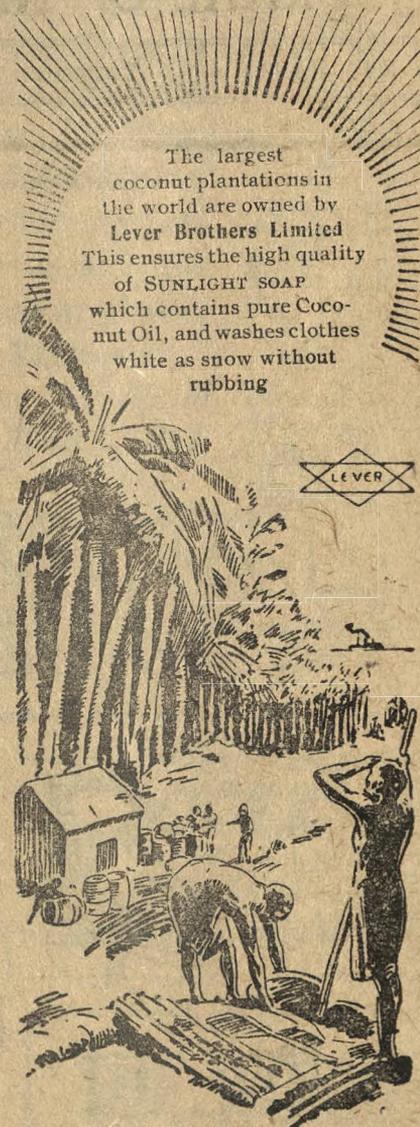
Careful inquiry had established that the underlying cause at the back of lost time was either certificated sickness or that conditions of lowered health which preceded sickness. Convalescence could be expedited by graduated activity of an interesting nature, and the best form of interest was remuneration for work done, which to-day was precisely the form of activity prohibited for the industrial convalescent.

ESTIMATED SAVING OF £140,000,000.

Industrial medicine properly applied could effect a saving each year on labor turnover of from £60,000,000 to £70,000,000, on lost time of £50,000,000 to £60,000,000, and through industrial convalescence of many millions more. He put the total at £140,000,000 on a conservative estimate. If industry employed half the medical profession, and gave each doctor £2000 a year for wholtime work, it would amount to £40,000,000 a year, leaving a handsome balance of £100,000,000. Such

wholesale engagement of the profession was not proposed or needed, but it demonstrated that there is a science of medical sociology, the principles of which, if applied to labor, would give results more certain and enduring than all the remedies evolved from the inner consciousness of political economists.

Dr. Legge, of the Home Office, in an apology for absence, wrote: "I think industry, before shouldering the burden, will be inclined to point out that it already pays a big-gish sum for health insurance, of the benefits of which it may be a little dubious. No: until the door of the factory is open to medical men will there be scope for industrial medicine."



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M1420

AMERICAN EFFICIENCY.

CAN WE STAND AGAINST IT?

(By Ernest J. P. Benn, of the Publishing firm of Benn Bros.)

The common ambition of the American is to be efficient; nothing strikes the stranger more forcibly. The awful fact is impressed upon the mind, as one travels from city to city, that there are 110,000,000 human beings, all of them as keen on efficiency as we are on cricket. Efficiency and its corollary, service, attain to the dignity of a religion, to which has lately been added a sanitary craze, and the combination is indeed formidable as an industrial force.

The outstanding difference between the workers of America and of England is, of course, that the former have always readily accepted machinery. The result of this in the second and third generation is a general mechanical sense, the equal of which I have never seen anywhere. The existence of this peculiar national qualification explains the ready market which is to be found for all sorts of new devices, patent gadgets, system stunts, and time and labor-saving appliances which could not exist anywhere but in America. The American workman is as keen on doing things quickly as the Englishman is on sharing a job with a pal. I walked through many factories and never saw anything lifted by hand; overhead carriers, magnetic hoists, travelling cranes and electric trolleys, are as common as spade and shovel.

In the matter of his person, the American workman is proud to be efficient. I was a week in New York wondering where the working classes hid themselves; I saw nobody that could be classed as a laborer; I moved about in buses and subways, trolley-cars, and overheads, and never found a suit of clothes contact with which would be likely to soil my best travelling rig-out. After a week I discovered the secret. The American working man, from the top to the bottom, goes to work and comes home in his best clothes. He changes for his work or puts on overalls; if his work is dirty he wears gloves; before he leaves at night he generally takes a bath, almost always a shower, and turns out for his homeward journey like a member of the Stock Exchange. I paid a visit to the gallery of the cheapest music-hall I could find on Manhattan Island, and I thought I was in the dress circle at His Majesty's.

EVERYBODY ENTHUSIASTIC.

Incidentally, this personal efficiency goes a long way to explain the absence of classes on the railways of America. There is no need for them. The risk of getting the dust from a coalheaver on to one's white waistcoat simply does not exist over there. The length to which this determination to secure personal efficiency has gone is, of course, shown by Prohibition. Prohibition is nothing but an efficiency scheme. Notwithstanding all that is said to the contrary, I found it working well, and I found everybody enthusiastic about it. I did not discover

any earnest temperance advocate anxious to abolish liquor for moral reasons; I found none of the old teetotal arguments; in fact, most of those with whom I discussed the matter looked upon Prohibition as a sort of serious joke; but it gave them more production, and no argument could appeal more strongly to the American worker than that. Prohibition is, without question, the most serious industrial force in the world to-day.

BE CLEAN.

The sanitary craze is the latest development of the science of efficiency. You cannot be efficient unless you are clean and healthy, and the Americans are determined to realise that ideal. Thus it comes about that all the drinking fountains—and there are many, many thousands of them in the dry climate of those lands—have been altered and every one of them fount upwards. Cups are no longer necessary. When requiring refreshment you put your mouth over the upward fountain and take the water without the slightest risk of contamination. In railway stations, hotels, and clubs, where water comes from filters and other receptacles, you are provided with individual envelopes, or individual paper cups, so that each drinker

Sydney Town Hall

WE'LL NAIL THE FLAG!

—The Referendum Flag—at the

“UNUSUAL”
DEMONSTRATION

on

MONDAY **21** NOVEMBER

Monday's the day. Note it in your diary. It will be unusual — unusual speakers — unusual features—unusual . . . but . . . fix the date—Monday, the twenty-first . . . November.

uses his own receptacle once. The length to which this same idea has been carried is in no way better illustrated than by the horse drinking-troughs of New York State; these have been filled up with sand in order to make sure that each horse shall drink from his own individual bucket, and thus avoid the risk of glanders.

EVERYONE RENDERS SERVICE.

The difference between ourselves and the Americans in this matter of personal efficiency is brought out by the habits of the common people as one travels about in public vehicles. It takes not half the time to load and to empty a tram in New York that it takes in London; everybody enters at one end and alights at the other, and it is not necessary to placard the vehicle with frantic instructions to ensure this simple time-saving practice.

The efficiency idea breaks out in another way, which they call “service.” The word service, strange to say, is used by this capitalistic, individualistic people on every possible occasion.

Everything is a service, every man is out to render service, every service is boasted as an improvement on some other service; indeed, the country is full of service. When it comes to office, warehouse, or factory, these dual notions of efficiency and service form a combination which makes things run at a pace and with a smoothness which causes the heart of the Englishman to sink when he thinks of the disgruntled conditions at home, and the way in which ideals of a very different kind are operating to destroy both efficiency and service.

It is easy to criticise. The American has by no means succeeded in reaching the highest forms of efficiency. He interprets the term to mean time-saving, and that is about all. Time is not only with him the essence of the contract but it is the contract itself. The universal race after efficiency in the time sense leads to shoddy work. A good proportion of the mass production of America is shoddy work, looked at through English spectacles. When I made that point I was told that the work was good enough for its purpose, and no doubt it was. The subject of discussion was a mowing machine which had been dipped into a pool of paint and had bubbles and blobs all over it. I was told that the paint was there to keep off the weather, and not to provide the buyer with a work of art. He wanted to cut his grass, and the machine would perform that function satisfactorily.

IT PAYS.

The American workman no doubt likes efficiency because it pays him; measured either in money or in values, he is even today the best paid workman in the world. His money, after all the recent drastic reductions, is still at least twice the highest rates paid in England. Although prices are high, very high, he gets enough to enable him to buy some sort of a motor-car, and to secure an interest in, if not complete ownership of, his house. Notwithstanding this, I

(Continued on page 12.)

New South Wales Alliance

Offices—Macdonell House, Pitt Street, Sydney.
Cable and Telegraphic Address: Dry, Sydney.

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

SUCCESSFUL REFERENDUM. PLEDGE CAMPAIGN.

NO CLASH WITH PROTESTANT FEDERATION PLEDGE.

GENERAL SECRETARY OF FEDERATION SIGNS!

There is no hitch in the pledge campaign. All old committees and the many new committees with one accord are pushing the pledge. Our organisers, with practically no exceptions, have roused fine enthusiasm throughout the State.

"It clashes with the Protestant Federation pledge," a few people have said. It does not! In whatever party and in whatever electorate you find a Catholic favoring a referendum, there also you find a Protestant of the same party and in the same electorate also favoring a referendum. Besides, what greater proof of its "alrightness" could you have than the fact that Mr. Wallace, General Secretary of the Protestant Federation, has himself signed the referendum pledge?

AROUSING THE COUNTRY.

The latest report to hand is from Dubbo. Rev. Macallum and his wife and other zealous workers have made things easy for Miss Grant, and the pledge has been signed by a magnificent number of residents—tables at bazaars and public meetings have played their part.

Teachers on the North Coast have "gone one better than the single pledge"—they've got together twenty-four of them in Lismore—and have all signed underneath the pledge—a striking demonstration that the teachers are for a referendum.

CITY WORKERS IN ACTION.

Over 200 ladies were present at the fine meeting addressed by Mrs. Wells at Leichhardt on the 12th, and this fine body of workers is going to make pledge-signing some big thing in their suburbs.

Local demonstrations are being planned. Marrickville is to have one soon and Epping committee has booked the Cambria Hall for

3 p.m. on October 30th, and Mr. Loxton, M.L.A., is the speaker, supported by Mr. Fred Middleton, the powerful speaker from "Dry" Canada.

Sans Souci have re-elected Mr. Hardy as Secretary and the Methodist Minister as President, and their demonstration success is to be followed by a pledge-signing success. They've almost got their quota now!

Mrs. Wells also enthused another fine gathering at Haberfield, and the workers are already working!

Permission for pledge-signing tables to be placed in most of the city and suburban churches has been obtained, and placards have kindly been put in porches and on notice boards.

HELP WANTED.

Already we have a little band of volunteers for our street pledge-signing tables.

Who'll volunteer to give, say, a day each week for the work? We provide table, poster, etc., and defray travelling and meal expenses.

Ring City 8944—quick! And who will handle stickers? We have a supply. Ring City 8944, or write to the Alliance.

SEND YOUR PLEDGES IN!

Don't wait too long before sending your signed pledges in to us!

Send them in once a week, and let us know how you are progressing!

Keep the ball rolling, make it roll faster every week, and we'll have those 100,000 pledges before the Town Hall demonstration on the 21st November—the unusual demonstration!

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT.

Health Week, October 16-27th.

It is very interesting to notice during the present week the emphasis which is given to health by the celebration of Health Week. The immediate purpose of Health Week is to make hygiene and sanitation the chief topic of public concern, and to induce the people to realise that disease is preventable, infantile mortality can be reduced, and that

an ill-nourished child is a personal reproach. In the list of lectures and demonstrations being given by experts the value of child life is emphasised by the frequent subjects dealing with this aspect of health, such as "The Health of the School Child," "Effect of Stories on School Children," "Sport and Health," "Children's Play Grounds," "The Adolescent," "Infant Welfare."

As a small contribution to this campaign we have arranged for two displays of our temperance art gallery. The Health Week authorities have had one set of these pictures displayed by Messrs. Buckingham's of Oxford-street, and another set hangs in the Boys' Department Hall, Y.M.C.A. These pictures help to emphasise the fact that temperance is an aid to health.

New Societies.

Information has been received of the formation of new societies at Coraki, Inverell, and Belmore, and plans for one at Auburn. We are pleased to note this gradual extension of temperance work amongst young people, and congratulate the workers.

Additional registrations have been received as follows:

No. 39—Inverell United Band of Hope; Secretary, Mr. H. G. Payne. Membership 64.

No. 40—Comboyne Methodist Band of Hope; Secretary, Miss D. E. Kirton. Membership 140.

No. 41—Wentworthville United Band of Hope; Supt., Mr. A. J. Barnes; Secretary, Mr. W. Walters. Membership 52.

For Our Elocutionists.

Here is another short recitation for our societies:

JACK AND HIS HARD LUMP.

"Halloa," the landlord cries, "you must not pass!
So cold a morning, too, without a glass!"
For Jack, before he signed the pledge, had spent
Full many a sovereign at "The Good Intent."

"No, thank'ee landlord," said the Tar; "Oh dear!
I cannot drink, I've such a hard lump here,"
"A lump? No doubt, Now, mark friend,
what I say,
Good drink will quickly take your lump away."

"If you will cling to your teetotal so,
Depend upon't your lump will bigger grow;
Nor should I wonder if I soon descried
Another lump upon your other side."

"True, true, old boy," the witty sailor cries,
And clinks a bag of gold before his eyes;
"This is my lump, man! And you truly say
That if I drink 'twill soon all go away."

"But, sticking to teetotal as I've done,
I soon shall have just such another one.
No, landlord, no! good-bye; I tell you plain,
You ne'er shall catch me in your net again."

UNCLE JOHN.

GOODS NOT RECEIVED.

Macpherson (at the box office): "Will ye kindly return me the amount I paid for amusement tax?"

Clerk: "Why, sir?"

Macpherson: "We wasna amused."

✱ *Laundrena* ✱
the Quality
Starch
For dainty women

NEWCASTLE ELECTORATE.

Present Members:

Major Connell (Lab.): Not replied.
Hon. J. Estell (Lab.): Not replied.
Mr. J. L. Fegan (Nat.): Favors Ref.
Mr. Gardiner (Lab.): Not replied.
Mr. D. Murray (Lab.): Not replied.

Mr. Lewis, the highest unsuccessful candidate, obtained only 732 less votes than the lowest successful candidate.

WE SHALL HOLD THREE SEATS IN NEWCASTLE !

ST. GEORGE ELECTORATE.

Present Members:

Mr. Bagnall (Nat.): Favors Ref.
Mr. Cann (Lab.): Favors Ref.; abide by Party.
Mr. Ley (Pro.): Favors Ref.
Mr. Arkins (Nat.): Favors Ref.
Mr. Gosling (Lab.): Favors Ref.; abides by Party.

WE ARE ALL POWERFUL IN ST. GEORGE !

SYDNEY ELECTORATE.

Present Members:

Mr. Buckley (Lab.): Not replied.
Mr. Burke (Lab.): Not replied.
Mr. Levy (Nat.), Speaker: Not asked.
Mr. Minahan (Lab.): Not replied.
Mr. Birt (Lab.): Not replied.

Mr. Jackson, highest unsuccessful candidate, obtained only 16 less votes than lowest successful candidate.

WE HOLD THE POWER IN SYDNEY !

SIGN AND SEND !

A MODERN PLEDGE.

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

Signature

Address

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

**OUR AIM
100,000**

**OUR AIM
100,000**

**DO YOUR BIT !
WRITE FOR A SUPPLY !**

**DO YOUR BIT !
WRITE FOR A SUPPLY !**

**"UNUSUAL"
DEMONSTRATION
SYDNEY TOWN HALL,
MON. 21 NOV.**

SEND YOUR PLEDGES IN NOW !

WESTERN SUBURBS ELEC.

Present Members:

Mr. Hosking (Nat.): Favors Ref.
Mr. Lazzarini (Lab.): Non-committal.
Mr. McTiernan (Lab.): Not replied.
Mr. Shillington (Nat.): Favors Ref.
Mr. J. Wilson (Pro.): Favors Ref.

Mr. Doull, highest unsuccessful candidate, obtained only 359 less votes than lowest successful candidate.

OUR PLEDGE HAS A BIG PUNCH IN WESTERN SUBURBS !

GOULBURN ELECTORATE.

Present Members:

Mr. J. Bailey (Lab.): Not replied.
Lt.-Col. Rutledge (Nat.): Favors Ref.
Mr. Millard (Nat.), deceased: Favored Ref.
Third seat in abeyance.

Mr. Evans, highest unsuccessful candidate, obtained only 338 less votes than lowest member
GOULBURN GOES TO THE PLEDGED PEOPLE !

MAITLAND ELECTORATE.

Present Members:

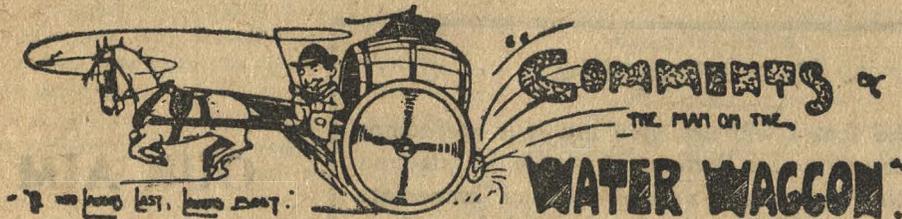
Mr. W. Bennett (Pro.): Favors Ref.
Mr. O'Hearn (Lab.): Not replied.
Mr. W. Cameron (Nat.): Favors Ref.

1000 pledges will master three seats in Maitland.

WE HOLD THE BALANCE OF POWER IN MAITLAND !

A STEAMING CUP OF
GRIFFITHS BROS.
Signal Cocoa

WILL WARM THE COCKLES OF YOUR HEART.



ANALOGY OF SLAVERY.

A tremendous moral victory was achieved when England abolished the slave trade. Traffic in human life had lasted for centuries, and unresisting Africa lay exposed to any aggressor. Ceaselessly the terrible ships came to the dark continent, and left with writhing cargoes of slaves, destined to rot in forced labor. But moral forces were at work in merry England. Lashed by the whip of abolitionist prophets the conscience of our forefathers at last awoke—looked about, and saw the dreadful thing as it indeed was. The sight was enough, and to-day every soldier and sailor of England keeps watch against the slave trade. It is dead, and in hell. The reform did not come "of itself"; reforms do not ever so come. It was the reward of patient labor and prayer, toiling in the night amid abuse and neglect and contempt. Like coral insects the abolitionists labored. Each in itself insignificant, the sum total of effort produced gigantic results. To propose, nowadays, that capitalists should send ships to the Gold Coast to waylay negroes, and bring them, bound, to unpaid labor till they died, such a proposition would be "unthinkable." But thinkable, practical, sensible and ordinary it sure was till Wilberforce and Zachary Macaulay, and ten thousand unknown persons, broke the strength of the superstition that the Black Man was the scriptural and appointed helot of the whites.

AND IN AMERICA.

Though England abolished the slave trade it still flourished for long afterwards in the United States. Cotton, in the South, depended on slave labor. A great captured nation filled Louisiana, Maryland, Virginia, and other States. Cotton was god. Men, women

and children were sold at auction like calves. The negro had no legal rights, and the smoke of his torment rose up day and night. But these things were not unnoticed by heaven. Gradually the cry of "Freedom" gathered strength. Small at first, the volume and strength of abolition became irresistible, culminating in Lincoln, the Civil War, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Gettysburg, and the Proclamation of Emancipation. America is now free of slavery—though she is to walk in the fear of that Nemesis which slavery brought—a vast black population, unceasing, homogeneous, and unassimilable. John Brown, of Harper's Ferry, was called "fanatic" then; to-day he is next to canonised. That laborer's task is o'er.

A PECULIAR INSTITUTION.

The point of the last two paragraphs is evident enough. Firstly, abolition of slavery, in England and in the States, was accomplished by degrees only. It commenced with the humble efforts of a few patient and humane persons. Their energies were not advertised. They were met with incredible opposition. Even on "religious" grounds they were decried by priest and people. Slavery was God's "peculiar institution," and was expressly sanctioned in the Bible in respect of the children of Ham! But the agitation grew and grew. The peculiar institution had the curious property that, like a cess-pool, the more it was examined the more it stank. The yells of "fanaticism," "confiscation," and so forth, failed. Though not without infinite toil, and even blood, the agitation went on remorselessly to its goal. Slavery is no more.

OUR JOB.

A greater than slavery is here. With us, here and now. The little finger of Booze is

thicker than the thigh of Slavery! For consider, slavery affected some millions of negroes; Booze concerns countless millions of whites. Its political pull is beyond computation. Its effect on the public health is such that no cemetery but stands as witness to its fanged attacks, daily and hourly renewed. Its effect on the State finances are worse than any drought or pestilence with which we have been acquainted. Morally, Booze is the white ant of society. Women and children are especially its helpless victims. It desecrates marriage, fills the hospitals, rots the soul. Those who are attacking it are called, like their prototypes of Lincoln's day, "fanatics," "fools," "wowsers," "confiscationists." But Booze, like chattel slavery, must go. Even if it come to Gettysburg, still at any cost Booze must go. Toll on, O workers; despise the despisers, laugh at the "fanatic" cry, remember "Uncle Tom," and at last we shall win the conflict against a blacker and more formidable enemy than ever filled a slave ship hold or chanted its dooms in the cottonfields of Carolina.

HEALTH WEEK.

The Doctors Purdy, Knowles, Armstrong, and Sutton and other masters have lectured on flies, efficiency, early rising, picture shows, teeth, wholesome food, environment, heredity, skin, surfing, and a dozen other things. More power to these able demonstrators. They are soldiers of the common good. But allow the water-waggon to creak as it passes; just one little creak. Hamlet has been left out of the play. No one in "Health Week" seems to have referred to Booze! No one said Prohibition—or else my old ears have been untrue. Truly a fine thing to make war on flies. Pernicious fly, get thee hence! Who wants to defend flies? Down with 'em! And the care of the skin and the tooth is very admirable—may the dentist flourish. Who has a good word to say for dirt and decayed molars? Out with 'em! But to attack Booze now—that kills in winter where the flies are not, that kills the toothless—that were a job. But not to whisper "Booze" and "Prohibition" at a Health Week, remembering just their magnitude, seems a little—shall we say—EXCLUSIVE. O Hamlet, Royal Dane!

**WONDERFUL
 ERADICA
 "Sure Cure for Septic Sores."**

ERADICA

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

THE K.O. for THE "BULLY."

IN ANSWER TO THE "DAMPNESS OF 'DRY' AMERICA"
IN THE SYDNEY "BULLETIN."

In his article on the "Dampness of 'Dry' America" Bob Dexter makes statements intended to prove that Prohibition is a failure, and that the Volstead Enforcement Act will soon be changed so as to permit the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquor.

In attempting to prove that Prohibition is a failure Mr. Dexter makes two fundamental mistakes. In the first place, he gives personal observations made in New York City, which is only a very small part of the United States, and in which successful Prohibition has not been developed to the extent reached in other parts of the nation. It is not fair to ascribe the dampness of one small and backward section of the nation to the entire nation, as Mr. Dexter does in his title. In the second place, Mr. Dexter compares Prohibition in New York with perfection instead of with conditions existing before the adoption of the Prohibition law.

A complete answer to the inference that Prohibition is a failure in America because it is not yet successful in a few sections of New York city is found in the results of Prohibition throughout the nation. Police reports and other public records show that crime, drunkenness, sickness and poverty have greatly decreased under Prohibition practically everywhere in America. A great mass of statistics could be presented in support of this assertion. The fact that the Congress elected last fall, after Prohibition had been in operation for some time, shows an increase in the number of drys proves that the people in general consider Prohibition a success.

In New York City itself Prohibition has brought about a great change for the better. As suggested above, Prohibition cannot be fairly judged by the remaining violators but by the decrease in the sale of liquor and the consequent harm therefrom. The public records show that intoxication and crime have decreased in New York City to an amazing extent considering how strongly the liquor forces were entrenched in this city. A reference to the figures as given in the Anti-Saloon League Year Book quoting public records shows that Prohibition is advanced far even in the one place in the United States where the liquor traffic was expected to make its last stand.

In common with predictions made by pro-liquor writers in America, Mr. Dexter's prophesies relative to the Volstead Act, our National Prohibition Enforcement Law, have already been disproven by events. The new Congress will make amendments, but these will be designed to make Prohibition even more effective. There is no possibility of the law being so amended as to permit an increase in the legal alcoholic content of beverages. Mr. Dexter's statement that Congress could increase the alcoholic percentage to one hundred shows how limited is his knowledge of the Prohibition situation in America. The Eighteenth Amendment forbids the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, and by no possibility would the Supreme Court declare a law constitutional if it permitted liquors to be of an alcoholic content unquestionably intoxicating.

PROGRESS DURING FIRST YEAR UNDER EIGHTEENTH AMENDMENT.

1. The Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Enforcement Act stood the test in the courts, being upheld by the Supreme Court of the United States on June 7, 1920.
2. The one half of one per cent. limit has been firmly established in the enforcement laws of the nation by the decision of the United States Supreme Court.
3. The big distilleries in Peoria and many other former liquor producing establishments have been remodelled for the production of food and other useful products.
4. Hundreds of saloons have been replaced along the streets of our large cities by restaurants, groceries, show stores, book stores, and many other kinds of legitimate trade.
5. The obtaining of liquor has been made so expensive, difficult, and dangerous that, according to Prohibition Commissioner Kramer, the average boy's chance of becoming a drunkard has been reduced from one in five to one in a hundred.
6. It has been demonstrated that not one penny of liquor license money is needed to support the Government of the United States or any subdivision thereof.
7. The power of the saloon in politics has been broken, two striking proofs of this fact being the failure of the wets to control either National Party Convention and the organisation of the State Legislatures for the first time in history.
8. It has been proven that convicted violators of the law pay about three times as much in fines and penalties to the Government as it costs to enforce the Eighteenth Amendment, National Prohibition.
9. The election of increased dry majorities to the National Congress and to various State Legislatures has proven that Prohibition was not "slipped over," but has the overwhelming majority sentiment of the people behind it.
10. It has been proven that Prohibition can be made to prohibit by the fact that jails, workhouses, and inebriate asylums have been emptied for the first time in history, and the figures showing that drunkenness has been reduced from 50 to 90 per cent. wherever the officials make an honest effort to enforce the law.
11. It has been proven that the liquor traffic cannot be entrusted with permits to handle liquor, thus clearing the way for more effective ways of controlling the handling of liquor for lawful purposes.
12. It has been proven that not one of the arguments against Prohibition has materialised into disadvantage worth considering.

TRICKS OF THE TRADE.

The Department of Commerce has been warned that some of the largest wine merchants in France, who used to find a profitable market for their wares in the United States and have been hoping that Prohibition would be short-lived so that they could again export the various brands of champagne and wines to this country, have about given up hope. They are now planning to send "non-alcoholic" wines to the United States bearing the same names as the old alcoholic brands. The trade in the United States is warned to look out for this new competition, and Prohibition enforcement officials will probably note an opportunity for smuggling in forbidden wines.—
"C.S.M." 16/8/21.

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A Personal Chat with my readers

We can all of us be strangely **QUAINT** stupid at times, and this fact **THINGS** ought to make us more patient with others when their stupid acts slant across our path. "A little while ago," so the "Argus" published in Seattle, Wash., "a man received a letter from the Government, telling him that his body had arrived from France." It must have been a great relief for him to know his body was no longer lying dead on foreign soil. I overheard a good suggestion the other day to the effect that it was a pity we did not use music in civic life as freely as we did in military life. It would surely help if a band played thrilling patriotic airs as citizens walked up to pay their taxes. It is worth trying, anyhow. There seems to me some good sense back of the statement that if "we abolish the unread the 'red' will vanish." There has been quite a stir over women who go to work to make "pin money" having to pay equal fares with men on the railways. It seems strange that anyone should want to argue that there should be any difference in what people pay for transportation when they all receive alike a living wage. However, it would be just as well if the railways remembered they are not a military organization, and, therefore, cannot attain their objective by charging.

On the question of disarmament, one American paper very wisely says: "Disarmament by agreement would surely be better than disagreement by armament, as in the past." Anyhow, it is worth a trial. This is quaint enough to conclude these rambling observations:

Two Tommies turned punsters, went into a restaurant over on the eastern front and said to the waiter, "We want Turkey with Greece."

The waiter replied, "Sorry, sirs, but we can't Servia."

"Well, then, get the Bosphorus."

The boss came in and heard their order, and then said: "I don't want to Russia, but you can't Roumania." So the two Tommies went away Hungary.

Maybanke Anderson, writing to the "Daily Telegraph," explains the degenerate, over-powdered, under-dressed cigarette-smoking, cocktail-drinking female freaks. She says:

It began three generations ago, when a few women (all honor to them) asked for higher education for women, and made a mistake, a fatal mistake. They thought that what was good for the boy must be good for the girl. They did not ask that women would

wear men's boots, but they insisted that they should walk in men's footsteps. They knew that education could never make a boy into a girl; but they insisted that two beings, different physically, mentally, temperamentally, different outside and inside, should receive the same training.

The attempt has been fairly successful. Our girls, some of them, smoke, and swear, and drink; they even play football almost as well as boys. They go to the University, and take degrees, to prove what did not need proving, that some women have intellectual ability. In short, the higher education, as given to most women, has succeeded in making the aspiring girl into the likeness of a third-rate man, when it might have made her a first-rate woman.

If the reformers had seen with clearer eyes, if they had demanded for girls the highest possible education on subjects relating to the essentials of life, food, clothing, and shelter—the home; if they had insisted that girls should know all about babies, from beginning to end, what homes, what wives, what children we should have had by this time! Women with scientific knowledge of food values would have decreased drunkenness, would have made adulteration impossible, and would have driven patent medicine out of the market. They would have studied architecture and arranged dwellings, and invented contrivances of all sorts, so that domestic work would be pleasant and honorable, and they would have made the home and its surroundings so delightful that even the most confirmed bachelor would feel obliged to marry, in order to enjoy it. And they might have had, by this time, a woman's university, where lectures on the mind of the child and the health of the community might have taken turn with light, heat, the chemistry of cooking, and the behavior of the germ, as training calculated to educate a first-rate woman.

But alas! too many of our educators still think that woman is undeveloped man. Can we be surprised if some of our girls made the same mistake?

WHO IS LISTENING? "Sir John Kirk has told a very beautiful story. A policeman noticed that a poor woman used to stand nearly every night beneath the window of a magnificent house. Several times he thought to drive her away; but noticing that she did no harm, he asked her why she came. She told him that her work was finished at nine o'clock, and she came there to hear the sweet voice that sang so beautifully every night, and made her forget that she was tired and

GRIT

A JOURNAL OF
NATIONAL EFFICIENCY
AND PROHIBITION

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

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1921.

prepared her for a sweet and blessed sleep! The singer knew nothing of the listener! Outside there was an invisible audience, whose heart was made lighter by the song within! At the window of every life there may be somebody listening. It is therefore well that everybody asks the searching question: What will the listener hear—something to cheer or something to depress? Something to inspire or something to scare? We never know just who is listening, and therefore it is well that we carefully choose the tune."

Have you done anything yet **THE PLEDGE** to help this modern pledge **CAMPAIGN.** movement? I know of nothing so necessary, and nothing so effective, as this effort to obtain the balance of power. Will you sign to-day and get a dozen others to sign? Paste the pledge in this issue on a sheet of paper, and then get your friends to add their signatures after yours. It is a promise to only vote for that candidate of your party who will guarantee to help us obtain a Referendum on Prohibition. We want 100,000 votes. This is not many since there are at least 300,000 Prohibitionists in this State. Please, as the boys say, "Get a wriggle on," and help us promptly!

THE EDITOR.

PASS "GRIT" ON

THE NORTHERN RIVERS.

A WELCOME INVASION.

(By THE EDITOR.)

If twenty million pounds had been spent on the Northern Rivers twenty years ago on transport facilities and generally opened up the country, New South Wales would have been 100 per cent. better off to-day in cash and in population. But, alas, we lacked a statesman with any vision, and so to-day the millions are spent in Sydney to our embarrassment, for we are sadly overcrowded and the country is under-populated, and its riches only guessed at. There is probably no part of the world so well able to carry two million people as what we call the Northern Rivers, and I take off my hat to those folk who are determined to make it a new State and guide this "garden of Australia" to progress, prosperity, and happiness.

We took train to Tenterfield, 481 miles from Sydney, arriving at 8.40 a.m. We piled into a great Cadillac car and raced over 106 miles of fairly good road and much wonderful country. Lismore was reached at 3.30 p.m., and we had a warm welcome, and were soon scattered abroad under hospitable care in preparation for Sunday. I was fortunately the guest of my old friends, the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Tugwell.

THE HORRORS OF "TEETOTALISM."

Messrs. ex-Senator Watson and Francis Wilson made a good impression at the street corner on Saturday night. One elderly man, who wanted to speak on alcohol, was evidently full of his subject. He demanded that the speakers should tell the listeners of the "horrors of teetotalism." He convulsed the audience with his story of the man who had drunk deeply and persistently for twenty-four years. The teetotallers got hold of him. After first pay-day he came home, and, meeting his boy in front of the house, gave him a shilling. The boy, on recovering from his surprise, ran into the house calling out, "Father is mad." Mother ran out to see what was the matter, and, on being presented with the week's wages, gave a scream and collapsed. The dog rushed around and flew at the man, whom he did not evidently recognise in his new condition, and caught him by the throat, tearing out his windpipe, and so ended his life, and providing a great example of the horrors of teetotalism. Prohibition can hardly be expected to please such a person, though it may greatly benefit him.

SOME SUNDAY.

Mr. Hammond preached at the South Lismore Anglican Church at 9.45, being kindly motored there by Mrs. Lance. At 11 he took the Methodist service, which, by some misunderstanding, was not prepared for a Prohibition sermon and card appeal. This was to be regretted, because it was a fine sympathetic congregation, and would have given generously. At 3 Mr. Hammond took the

Church of Christ service, and the congregation responded most generously. At 7.30 St. Andrew's Anglican Church was crowded, and evidently impressed with the claim of Prohibition as a movement in which we can trace the hand of God and which had become a fact because the people of God were behind it.

MURWULLUMBAH.

Leaving at 7 a.m. by train, we ran through 64 miles of the most glorious country. Grass, water and hills combine to make it perhaps the most beautiful part of Australia. On every hand one sees banana plantations and hears stories of prosperity. Warmly welcomed at Murwullumbah, which means "I am satisfied," we at once engaged in a very well-attended and valuable conference, and at 1 o'clock an excellent dinner was provided, at which 64 local business folk were present. This was most representative, and its value was increased by the excellent report given of Mr. Hammond's talk in the "Tweed River Daily." This place suffered by the sudden and record flood of a few weeks ago, but the people, with commendable grit, have removed all trace of it, and are steadily marching towards increased prosperity. The town is on the river, and is overlooked by Mount Warning, some 4000 feet high. This mount was named by Captain Cook. I was the guest of the Rev. Matthew Hart, Presbyterian minister, who greatly impressed me when, as a young man, I set out to be a minister. I had not seen him for nearly 30 years, and he did not even know that I had a grateful remembrance of his ministry. The evening meeting was fine and responsive.

NEARLY A RECORD.

Up at 4.45 a.m., I arrived after 64 miles back in Lismore, delivered an address to ministers gathered from all over the district, then an address to a large gathering of workers. This was followed by a business folk's lunch that I also addressed. I was rushed away from them to enjoy a civic reception in the Council Chambers, at which the mayor spoke most kindly, and at which I gave an address that was well reported in the Lismore "Northern Star." This paper is one of the best country papers in Australia, and treats Prohibition with the fairness that is so often lacking in papers which forget it is a great public question. At 3 I addressed a fine meeting of women, and was then motored off to Alstonville, where I had a good meeting, presided over by Archdeacon Lampart. So ended a day that was unreasonably full, and I certainly felt a fit subject for some protection by the Humane Society. But, after all, everything must be measured by its worth-whileness, and this day was a truly worth-while one.

THE INTERJECTOR.

A man walked the length of the hall, and asked, in a very courteous way, an irrelevant question. He received a kindly answer, and retired, apparently satisfied. However, a second brain spasm convulsed him, and he called out, "You can't stop a man having a drink, old chap. If your bosom friend is a doctor, he will get all you want for you."

I could not lose such a good opportunity, so I informed him that if his doctor was a "boozum" friend, it was time he changed his doctor; no sensible man wants a drinking doctor, and no kindly doctor wants a drinking patient.

MAKING BACK TO SYDNEY.

On Wednesday morning a ten-mile trip in the service car brought me back to Lismore, where I transferred to the service car for Maclean—and faced a journey of some seventy miles. The country is all beautiful, and the crops of sugarcane looked good to me. I was nearly sea sick as we came up the main street of Maclean—it was the bumpiest piece of road on the whole journey. I was the guest of Rev. F. M. Boyer, the Methodist clergyman, and son of one of our warmest helpers in days gone by. This little town has several claims to distinction. There are only seven Free Church of Scotland congregations in the State, and the largest of them is in Maclean, their minister being a strong Prohibitionist. We have here a Baptist minister who is unique, in that he is a medical man as well as a minister, and holds aloof from Prohibition and other reforms. The chairman made the best introductory speech I have ever heard. Referring to the poisoned state of the public mind due to liquor propaganda by the "by arrangement" method, he said I was the doctor who would provide the antidote, and, more than that, would inoculate them against any further poisoning. The speech was cleverly worded and made a distinct hit.

After the meeting Mr. Boyer drove me 30 miles to Grafton, which was a very delightful run in the moonlight along the banks of "the finest river in Australia," for such the Clarence claims to be. Forty miles from the sea this river is 1200 yards wide at Grafton. Here I had a few hours as usual in bed, when I rose to catch the service car for Glen Innes, a 108 miles' journey. Here the clergy showered hospitality on me. A tea-table conference of workers, a fine meeting at which Dr. Blessing, from Indiana, U.S.A., mayor of the town, presided, and at 9.32 I was crowding into the Brisbane mail and wondering how I would fill in my spare time in the days in which I only had two and three meetings planned.

Six days, 1428 miles, 16 meetings, about £500 in cash promises, and several times I had a meal, and once I was in bed for five hours. That, surely, is a genuine Prohibition holiday.

PASS "GRIT" ON

Prohibition as seen by a Detached Spectator.

(A FORMER MEMBER OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.)

"Newspapers, anxious for the unusual, tell of rum-running along the Canadian border, moonshining, bootlegging, and carpets spoiled by homebrewed froth," remarks P. W. Wilson, former member of the English House of Commons, in a recent article in "The Outlook." "But assuming that all this is as true as it is picturesque, the broad fact emerges that drink in the United States is doomed. On no public occasion can it be seen. The banquets are dry. Young people, even when given to dancing, grow up unconscious of alcohol. Following David Belasco, the theatres and movies find that Prohibition helps the box office. Entertainment is now a vested interest against booze. Great hotels and restaurants which depended on drink are disappearing, and this again weakens the wets. The cabarets and follies cannot alone fight the battle for the wets, and they are surrendering. And the Nation, while still drinking a good deal, is for this very reason drinking itself dry. There is none save home-brewed beer. There is little import of wine and spirits. And spirits in bond are disappearing.

"The fears entertained in respect of Prohibition are unrealised. Despite statements that the drug habit is growing, I can find no authoritative proof that this is the case. And if it had been the case, assuredly the evidence would have been there. Salutory sentences appear to have quashed any general danger of wood alcohol. Apparently, the cessation of beer and substitution of spirits, inevitable to the initial period of Prohibition, have led to a more acute type of alcoholism arising among inebriates, but the total of drunkenness has dropped to a frac-

tion of what it was. The returns of the luxury taxes show that Prohibition has been accompanied by a great increase in funds available for life's minor comforts and adornments; and the returns of Ellis Island dispose of the notion that immigration is thereby retarded. No one can now assert that the wage-earners of Britain are more content with alcohol than the wage-earners of the United States are without it, and the bugbear of industrial unrest arising out of 'the drought' has been laid forever.

"It seems to me also, as a detached spectator, that politics in the United States is now far from being the somewhat dubious game which twenty years ago it was supposed to be by people living in England. The saloon has gone, and in its place we have the woman voter, eager, ready to learn, and intolerant of duplicity or graft. In so far as liquor assisted the electoral ambitions of certain hyphenates it tended to split up and depreciate American citizenship, and from this angle also its suppression is a good thing, tending, as it does, to a deeper unity in the Nation. On the other hand, so marked a difference of social custom between the United States and other nations of European origin must result in a certain isolation of sentiment. If the United States is right, then it follows that many others are wrong.

"And with science internationalised and tables of mortality and industrial output available for the whole world, it is obvious that the enforcement of Prohibition in any one country must in the end compel its serious consideration everywhere else."

saloon or in the middle of the block—ask him what his property is worth to-day as compared with what it was worth a year ago when the saloon was in full progress. He will tell you that Prohibition pays in the increased value of his property. You ask any farmer who employs men if Prohibition pays. Having a farm of my own I can speak from personal experience in that line. Formerly when I paid off my hands on Saturday night, did they go home and give it to their wives? Did they buy shoes and clothing or school books for the children? No, they went to the nearest place they could find and got liquor, and then my farm hands would be drunk on Sunday, and on Monday they would be unable to work, crawling in like a whipped cur, perhaps not able to do any work before Wednesday. Now on Monday morning the men come up bright and cheerful. Prohibition pays the farmer!"

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DOES PROHIBITION PAY ?

DR. HARVEY W. WILEY ON THE STAND.

"I undertake to say that Prohibition does pay. I attended a meeting a few weeks ago of the Congregational Church, where a dozen business men, at the head of great industries in this country, appeared before the audience

to tell them how much Prohibition has paid and is paying. More than a hundred telegrams and letters were read on that occasion from business men who could not attend, all testifying that Prohibition is a paying proposition and a great advantage to the industries of the country. You ask the man who owns a building which formerly adjoined a saloon—I don't care whether it's a corner

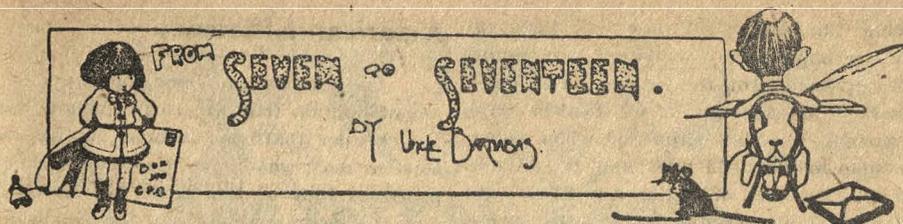
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All boys and girls between the age of seven and seventeen are invited to join the family of Uncle B. Write only on one side of the paper. Send your photo as soon as convenient. Send the date of your birthday. There is no fee to pay. Uncle B.'s birthday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

A WORD TO SCALLYWAGS.

I am related to the biggest company of scallywags on earth. Are you one of them?

Did you notice the invitation to win a prize in "Grit" a few weeks ago? Well, you can find it in this issue if you hunt around. I am very keen on my Ne's and Ni's winning the best prizes. Will you have a try?

UNCLE B.

A NEW NE.

Raymond Atchison, "Holroyd," Shellharbor, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Will you please accept me as a Ne? I am ten years of age. My birthday is on January 20. I go to the Shellharbor school. I am in fourth class. We

have a horse and her name is Dolly, and I am learning to ride. I am making a garden, and I am going to grow some cabbages and tomatoes and peas. I hope we will soon get some more rain to make them grow. I am looking forward to the warm weather so I can go in for swims, for we live close to the sea. Have you ever been to Shellharbor, Uncle B.? It is a pretty little place with miles of nice beaches. We get our holidays this week, and I am going to my auntie's place in Dapto. They have a lot of cows, and I like milking them and helping in the yard. I hope I will see my letters in "Grit," and I like reading the children's letters.

(Dear Betty and Raymond,—It is always an extra delight to me to enrol a brother and sister at the same time on our family tree. Your test will be as to who will escape the scallywag doom. I hope both.—Uncle T.)

THE SHOW.

Wesley Green, Dural, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I saw my last letter in "Grit" a long time ago. But I have been waiting for the Hills District Show to pass so I would have more news to tell you. Well, Uncle, now it has passed. We had a lovely time. Myrtle put in a bunch of rocklilies

and a bunch of maiden-hair fern, but did not get any prize for them; but she put in a table bouquet of wild flowers, and took first prize with it. Ethel put in an essay on the value of fruit as a diet, and she did not get any prize. There were a nice lot of exhibits there. The examination is over, but we have not heard if we have passed yet. We have nine little pigs up here now, and I like watching them. The waratahs and native roses are coming out now. With love to you and all "Grit" cousins, and not forgetting Uncle T.

(Dear Wesley,—Thanks for your letter. I am pleased the show was a success, and that Myrtle did win a prize. Write again soon.—Uncle T.)

A NEW NE.

William Leslie Rodgers, "Corboy," Concord, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I hope you will accept me in your family as a Ne. I am ten, and shall be eleven next May 7. I am in 5th class at school, and hope to go for the Q.C. next year. It is very nice where I am. I had only one pet, and it was poisoned about a week ago. I hope I keep from being put on the scallywag list. I think I had better close now, with love to you and all my cousins.

(Dear William,—You are now a member of "Grit's" large family. I hope you will do all in your power to uphold the family honor. I wish you success.—Uncle T.)

ARBOR DAY.

Kopu Hema, "Rangiahua," Frasertown, Hawkes Bay, New Zealand, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—How are you getting on? I am a Maori boy. I hope that your friends are getting well. We had our Arbor Day on July 28. We went over the river on the canoe, and set off for a gully on the Waikaremoano-road. We gathered ferns and shrubs to plant in the school ground. When we went up the hill we saw some sheep, and Jack Rigby thought they were wild pigs. When we came down the hill the boys gathered sticks to light a fire. We had forgotten to bring matches, but one boy, Rangi, found one in his pocket, so we had to be very careful not to let it blow out. We soon had a good fire, and when the water was boiling we had a nice cup of tea. After that we went to the waterfall, and Rangi and I climbed up to the top. Then other boys came up too. At 3 o'clock we started to come home, and when we were near the river Miss Williams said, "Where is the spade?" "Oh," I said, "I left it away back at the creek." So Whare and I went back for it. We all enjoyed our Arbor Day.

"HELLO! KIDDIES!"

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Over £12 in Prizes for Young People.
Essay Contest**

Entries Coming from all over N.S.W. and other States.
Final Date of Entries: December 1, 1921.

SUMMARY OF CONDITIONS OF COMPETITION.

Age.	First.	Second.	Third.
Section I.—Under 12	£1 1 0	£0 10 6	£0 7 6
Section II.—Over 12, under 14	2 2 0	1 10 0	0 15 0
Section III.—Over 14, under 17	3 3 0	2 2 0	1 5 0

Age will be taken as on December 1st, 1921.

Subject of Essay: "The Success of Prohibition in America."

Text book: "With One Voice." Obtainable from the New South Wales Alliance, 1/-, post free.

Length of Essays—

- Section I. Not more than 500 words.
- Section II. Not more than 750 words or less than 500.
- Section III. Not more than 1000 words or less than 750.

Write in for free Entry Form, with full particulars and rules of contest.

Further information obtainable from and all entries must be addressed to

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336 PITT STREET.

(Dear Kopu,—We are all well, and very pleased to hear of your delightful outing. Always glad to hear from you.—Uncle T.)

SCHOOL GAMES.

Jack Hemt, "Rangiahua," Frasertown, Hawkes Bay, New Zealand, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Thank you very much for putting my letter in the paper. My brother, King, is quite better now. Would you like me to tell you about the games we play at school? Miss Williams made us two big balls like footballs, and we have some fine fun with them. We also play relay-race, bull in the ring, cat and the mouse, prisoners' base, egg-cap, tig, French tig, rounders, and fill the gap. This is a very wet day, and we have a fine big fire on in the school-room. We are sitting round the fire now at our desks. Several of the children are away from school to-day because they have a long walk to come.

(Dear Jack,—When I was a boy I also played most of the games you mention, and remember the great fun they were. I always like to hear of the school-day joys. Write again soon.—Uncle T.)

"JUST SPLENDID."

Mavis Clarke, "Dalmar," Croydon, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—When I saw my letter in "Grit" and it was headed "Dreadful," I was almost afraid to read your reply; I thought you meant the letter or writing was dreadful. I must thank you for accepting me as one of your N's. I hope I am not a scallywag. I am going for the Sunday school exam. in August. Such a lot of people about are sick. We have all had the influenza. One of my uncles is in the hospital with appendicitis; he is getting better now. I have an uncle living in Canowindra; he came to see us a few months ago and christened my baby brother. I do like reading items on Prohibition in "Grit." Won't it be splendid when we have a dry Australia? I wish I was old enough to sign the referendum pledge. Best wishes to you and all "Grit" cousins.

(Dear Mavis,—As you are not old enough to sign the referendum pledge, yet you are old enough to urge others that are to do so for the sake of all the young people like yourself. I wish you success in the exams.—Uncle T.)

"PICK AND PACK AND EAT."

Lela M. Reid, "Avondale," Ourimbah, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I saw my last letter in "Grit," and as I had no wish for the "Gritite phantoms" to haunt me in my dreams I am writing again. There was a mistake in the spelling of my first name. Now, was it my bad writing, the printer's, or your mistake? Can you tell me? Our orchard is looking beautiful now with lots of golden oranges, though a good many of the sweet ones have gone to market. We are sorry that there isn't a bigger demand for Seville oranges, as we have rather a good crop. Last Saturday morning dad and I picked over sixteen cases of Sevilles to send to N.Z. next Tuesday, when a neighbor brought out word that there would be no space on the boat till the

following Thursday. So they will have to lie. We're hoping they will keep, but doubt it. The orchard is on the market. Dad cannot work it on account of his health. We shall wonder what has happened when we've no oranges to pick and pack and eat. Well, Uncle, as I am tired of feeling a pen between my fingers (I always did detest letter writing) I will say good-bye, with love to all "Grit" cousins, not forgetting yourself.

(Dear Lela,—With regard to the mistake, it would be very hard to say now who was at fault. So we will all take the blame. Sorry to hear about dad's bad health. Pray on.—Uncle T.)

BETTER NEVER LATE.

Ernest Benson, "Mascotte," Ryde, writes:

Dear Uncle B.,—It is some time since I wrote to you, so I had better not leave it any longer. "Better late than never anyway." I have been in bed for nearly a week, and have just got up to-day. Ruth has a bantam hen sitting on twelve eggs. Only four chickens are out. Two of them are pure white, and two are black and yellow, like their mother. We expect more out sometime to-day or to-morrow. I hope I will be able to go to school next Monday, because I have been away nearly a week with a cold and sore eyes, etc. I could not have my music lesson either, although I only have to go just across the road; but I hope I will be able to go for it next Saturday. There was a Protestant Federation concert out at North Ryde last Saturday week. It started at 8 p.m., and finished at half-past 10 or 11 o'clock. We weren't in bed till twelve. Wasn't that late, Uncle? That is about the latest I have ever been up. I go to St. Anne's Church every Sunday with my auntie, and Ruth goes to St. John's, North Ryde, with mum and dad. But we both go to St. John's Sunday school, North Ryde. I must close now, with much love to you and all "Grit" cousins.

Dear Ernest,—I suppose "better late than never" is a good motto; but "better never late" is the best. I wish you a speedy and complete recovery.—Uncle T.)

A NEW LEADER.

N. Myrtle Bowd, Pitt Town, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I was very pleased to see my letter in "Grit" last week. I hope I will never be on the scallywag list. I was the first one to write out of this parish. I went to Gordon with the school teacher last week, and I had a lovely time. Also I wish to go again. I am going to Sydney next week to the Sowers' Band meeting. I am studying for the Q.C. this year. I have just got a certificate for coming third in my class at Sunday school; and wish to come top next time. I have not received my photo yet, but I will send it to you shortly. I suppose a snapshot would do. I will close now, with love to you and all "Grit" cousins.

(Dear Myrtle,—I am pleased to hear of your success, and hope you will have greater in the future. Always "dare to be a Daniel, dare to stand alone."—Uncle T.)

American Efficiency—

(Continued from page 3.)

am of opinion that American labor is cheap, far cheaper than our labor. An American worker may get twice the money, but he produces four or five times the goods. He does not work as hard as the Englishman, but he applies to his job a point of view which is utterly foreign to us; he accepts gladly and readily any suggestions for speeding up, and is the most persistent force in the land hammering for production.

WHY NOT ORGANISED.

The American workman is not organised, and this is often represented as due to the power of capital. I question that. He is not organised because he does not feel the need of organisation. He is the most independent, self-respecting, self-assertive, high-minded creature that it has been my pleasure to meet, and if he wanted organisation he would "darned well have it." If he thought he would get anything by it, he would be organised 100 per cent., but having found that he can lead the world in the matter of wages, social position, and prestige, without the aid of organisation, it makes no particularly strong appeal to him. He finds that efficiency and production serve him better.

In such circumstances, it is for us to consider how long we shall be able to stand up against such forces, and what will happen to us when the American becomes efficient in other matters as well as time-saving. We still have British quality to our credit, but a nation which will gladly accept Prohibition in the interests of industry cannot be long before it will absorb the quality idea also.—"Export World and Commercial Intelligence, August, 1921.

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THE STAGGER TODDLE.

Algy: "Parker, I'm ruined socially! Last night at the ball I drank too much and staggered into everybody."

Valet: "Scarcely that sir. Every one's talking of you as inventing a new dance."

* * *

LOOKING BACKWARD.

"How did you get that scar?"

"I got that jumping through a plateglass window in London on armistice night."

"What on earth did you do that for?"

"Oh, I don't know. It seemed a good idea at the time."

* * *

THE JILT.

Charlotte: "Saw Joe at the movies with Mabel Saturday night. Aren't you keeping company with him now?"

Gladys: "No. I asked him if he liked her better than me, and he said yes—so I threw him over."

* * *

THE PRINTS OF PEACE.

"Some men," remarked the admirer of poetry, "go into politics with the idea of leaving footprints on the sands of time."

"Some do," replied Senator Sorghum. "And others are lucky if they get tout without having their thumb-prints taken."

* * *

A MATTER OF LOOKS.

A homely young English chap, having his view obstructed by the headgear of the girl in front of him, ventured to protest.

"See here, miss," he said, leaning over, "I want to look as well as you."

"Oh, do yer?" she replied, in a rich Cockney accent. "Then you'd better run 'ome and change yer fice."

* * *

"Our dear bishop looks very stiff and dignified," remarked old Mrs. Croxley; "but I assure you he has a warm, kind heart beating beneath his gaiters."

A NATURAL ERROR.

"How did it come about," a friend of the family asked, "that old Goldbug's daughter refused Lord —?"

"Well, you see," another friend of the family answered, "Jane Goldbug is slightly deaf, and when the Earl proposed to her she thought he was soliciting for the Red Cross, and so she told him she was very sorry, but she had promised her money in another direction."

* * *

TWO OUT.

The baseball fan takes his small daughter to see her first (and last) game:

"See that place in the centre? That's called the diamond."

"Daddy, can I have an ice-cream cone?"

"That beautiful lawn is the outfield."

"Why can't we sit down there on those other seats?"

"That man in the blue suit is the umpire."

"Daddy, I want an almond bar."

"That bell means that the game is going to start."

"What has that man with the white coat and hat got in his basket?"

"Watch that man with the bat; he's trying to hit the ball."

"What does it say on those flags over there?"

"Where the man stands is called the home plate."

"Daddy, that fat man bought some popcorn. Why don't you buy some, daddy?"

"Watch the ball; see it go?"

"Daddy, why don't you buy some popcorn?"

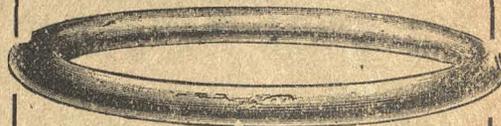
"See that man catch the ball? That's one out."

"It says 'Peanuts' on that man's hat, daddy."

"Let's go."

Two out!

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get everything so
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look nice but it's
very little trouble
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DAILY INSPIRATION

"Under all circumstances let your lives be worthy of the good news of the Christ."—Phil. 1, 27, T.C.N.T.

SUNDAY.

"Hereby perceive we the love of God because He laid down His life for us."—1 John, 3, 16.

WHEN THE PRINCE OF PEACE DRAWS NEAR.

Courage will come with His presence,
And patience return at His touch,
And manifold sins be forgiven
To those who love Him much.
And cries of envy and anger
Will change to the songs of cheer,
The toiling age will forget its rage
When the Prince of Peace draws near.

MONDAY.

"Looking for the blessed hope."—Titus, 2, 13.

"Desire only the will of God. Seek Him alone, and you will find peace; you shall enjoy it in spite of the world. What is it that troubles you? Poverty, neglect, want of success, external or internal troubles? Look upon everything as in the hands of God and as real blessings that He bestows upon His children, of which you receive your portion. Then the world may turn its face from you, but nothing will deprive you of peace."—Fenelon.

TUESDAY.

"What hast thou gleaned to-day?"—Ruth 2, 19.

STILL OUT OF REACH.

Sir Martin Conway, the great mountaineer, once described an ascent of his in the Himalayas. He had fixed his eye upon the golden crown, the vast summit that had never been touched by the foot of man, and he set to work to climb to it. He described the great glacier that he had to ascend. It took him a fortnight to climb that glacier, and when he reached the top and looked out over a distance to the height above him, the golden crown there still reared its mighty summit into the cloudless blue, and between him and it was a valley as deep as that from which he had started. It was a discouraging fact, but the mountain climber

at least was grateful for the glimpse he had had of the mountain top and hoped for the day when at last he would attain to it.

Is it not like the pursuit of ideals—ever beyond us and yet never to be given up?

WEDNESDAY.

"By love serve one another."—Gal. 5, 13.

WAITING.

"I will go and work for my King," I cried,
"There are so many ways on every side."
But my feet could not reach the open door,
And I heard a voice whisper, "Try no more,
Rest quietly on this bed of pain,
Strength for some other day to gain."
And my heart was filled with dark despair,
For how could I serve my Master there?
While I lay idle day by day
Those chances to work would slip away.
Then slowly the darkness lifted, and lo!
Again came the whisper, soft and low,
"When they cease to murmur against their fate,
They also serve who only wait."
—Eunice C. Barstow.

THURSDAY.

"In everything give thanks, for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you."—1 Thes., 5, 18.

"Let us learn to be thankful for all the brief, bright blessings that come to us—the flowers, the song of the birds, the laughter of children, the bits of music that steal out through the open window, the cheery hail of a friend. Common and fleeting all of them, but how many bright threads they weave into the days!"

FRIDAY.

"The Lord is thy keeper."—Ps., 121.

"Holiness is the habit of being of one mind with God, according as we find His mind described in Scripture. It is the habit of agreeing in God's judgment—hating what He hates, and loving what He loves—and measuring everything in this world by the standard of His word. He who most entirely agrees with God, he is the most holy man."

"The finest slogan is not 'Doing ones bit,' but 'Doing one's best.' The first is good, the second is better and best."

SATURDAY.

"Be ye transformed."—Rom. 12, 2.

* * *

A BROTHER'S BURDEN.

The heart grows rich in giving,
All its wealth is living grain;
Seeds which mildew in the garden,
Scattered fill with gold the plain.

Is thy burden hard and heavy?

Do thy steps drag wearily?

Help to bear thy brother's burden,

God will bear both it and thee.

—Selected.

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10s.—"Well Wisher."

PAT FLANNIGAN'S LOGIC.

"Patrick Flannigan, are you guilty or not guilty?" asked the prosecuting attorney. "I am not guilty ov half thim things ye've read to me," answered Pat, looking at the Court; "but I did have a bit ov a row last Saturday week, an' I dunno jist what I did, fer, ye see, I was drunk on the worst whisky yer honor iver tasted."

"But," said the Court, "you are charged with perpetrating aggravated assault and battery on Mr. S——, the hotelkeeper."

"Well, yer honor," said Pat, "if I did I only gin him back jist what's in his own whisky; an' if yer honor hadn't gin him the licence I wouldn't 've got the drink; an' if I had'n 've got the drink I wouldn't 've binn drunk; an' if I had'n 've been drunk I wouldn't 've got in the fight; and' if I had'n 've got into the fight I wouldn't 've been here this mornin', ony-how."—The "Clarion Call."

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Analysing Law Violation.

(Excerpt from Interview with Hon. John F. Kramer, Former Federal Prohibition Commissioner.)

"The first reason why some people violate the dry law, is that from long association with liquor many people have developed abnormal appetites for it," remarked the former Federal Prohibition Commissioner, John F. Kramer, to a newspaper reporter not long ago.

"An appetite, assiduously encouraged, cannot be legislated away. The possessor of such an appetite will attempt to gratify it. He will resort to denatured alcohol, wood alcohol, flavoring extract, shoe polish. Such an appetite is a harassing thing. It leads men to patronise bootleggers, to resort to home brew. It is a reason why a certain element, not unduly numerous, sees red with relation to Prohibition.

"Happily, most people with the habit strongly developed are well along in life. Those who are not cured will soon pass away. The rising generation will have no craving. In years to come this problem will not have to be met.

"The second great cause of violations of the Prohibition law is bravado. There are some people who did not drink when there were saloons on every corner who now go to great extremes to get liquor. There are those who were mild drinkers who are now imbibing more heavily. One is sometimes puzzled to know why they should go to so much trouble.

"There is the home brew enthusiast. He assiduously pursues the elusive five per cent. and invests much money in patent stills. All his spare time is spent in learning an art in which he had no interest until it became unlawful.

"The answer to the activities of all these people is that they are still boys. The boyish traits often survive when the hair is grey. They are determined to have the thing that is prohibited. They respond to that queer

WOMAN LIQUOR'S ETERNAL FOE.

Minnie J. Minnich, Member of the Kansas House of Representatives.

Permit me to say that without the powerful influence of woman's constant demand for the suppression and obliteration of the liquor traffic, we could never have succeeded in obtaining State and National Prohibition legislation.

I do not depreciate the great and powerful work and influence of such leaders as Neal Dow, John B. Gough, George W. Bain, John P. St. John, and scores of other able men who have in the past made it their life work to keep alive the fires of opposition to this traffic in human souls; but it needed something else to make the sentiment against liquor triumphant and permanent. It was woman's long-suffering and her influence in both home and public place, and finally in the legislative halls of both State and nation which gave America national Prohibition and a higher morality. It is now the highest duty of womanhood to hold fast that which has been won by long, long years of struggle for sobriety and temperance in all walks of life.

Women should not give way before the vain boasts of the liquor interests nor yield in any way the battle for enforcement of the law. Through the home, the church, and finally the ballot, she has helped mightily to direct and control legislation and to create sentiment which has resulted in the right settlement of this great question.

quirk in the human brain which fights against all restraint.

"There is a considerable element in the population that is giving itself to that thing which in children is called pouting. Psychologically, these mental reactions are just what was to be expected. They could not have failed to happen. But psychologically, they are of little importance. The novelty of home brewing will soon pass and the industry will languish and die. The bravado of patronising the bootlegger will eventually be overcome by respect for law. Fretting against the chafe of the harness will pass as the wearer gets used to it. These facts have been well demonstrated in communities that passed through all these stages years ago."

"It is harder to enforce the law at first," continued Mr. Kramer. "State and municipal authorities must do most of the work. When a community has just gone dry there are many men in office who owe political obligations to the liquor interests. They have no enthusiasm for driving those interests out of business. The power of these interests in politics will gradually slacken. Tammany admitted in the recent election that it had lost much of its former power. It explained that it had lost 3000 of its meeting places when the saloons closed. Saloonkeepers are becoming grocerymen, automobile salesmen. They need no police protection and are getting out of politics. As liquor loses its hold on local officials the interference with law enforcement will disappear.

"But back of all this is a still bigger natural law. It will be easy to enforce Prohibition because the desire for liquor is an unnatural desire. Nearly every one of the ten commandments is directed against some failing in man that is due to natural desires within him. The enforcement of any one of these commandments is, therefore, a hard and unending task. Not so with liquor. It denies to man a thing for which he has no natural desire. The oncoming generations will require no Prohibition enforcement."—"Union Signal," August 4, 1921.

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LICENSING COURTS.

AN APPEAL.

The work that is carried on by the Alliance in connection with the Licensing Courts is at present greatly in need of the help, individually, of our friends and sympathisers. We have a big difficulty to overcome, and while in some suburbs help is given by our friends, we have in other districts the greatest difficulty in getting the objectors to the applications of licenses.

On the other hand, perhaps, when we do get our objectors, the day comes when the case is set for hearing, and we have had in some cases to face the Court and fight the case without any help.

No wonder a magistrate on one of our licensing benches said, "It is simply a farce when objectors object to a license and yet they won't come to Court and support their objections." This does not help us a bit in the Court. I am sure if our friends could remember that even in a suburb where no licenses exist, the granting of one license in that suburb would do more harm than an additional license in the city or Surry Hills. We have places like Campsie, Haberfield, Five Dock, Abbotsford, Croydon, and dozens of others hardly touched by the hand of the liquor trade, yet the one or two licenses in these places have completely altered the whole situation as far as the locality is concerned. To keep a suburb and district clean, you must keep out the bars.

Let this be an appeal to our friends to rally round us and give us more support in these cases. Legal help is given by the Alliance, and all it costs an objector or witness is a little time. Think over this. See if you can help in some way when help is needed in your district. Remember that in our fight for Prohibition this work is only the first step.

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