

Grit.

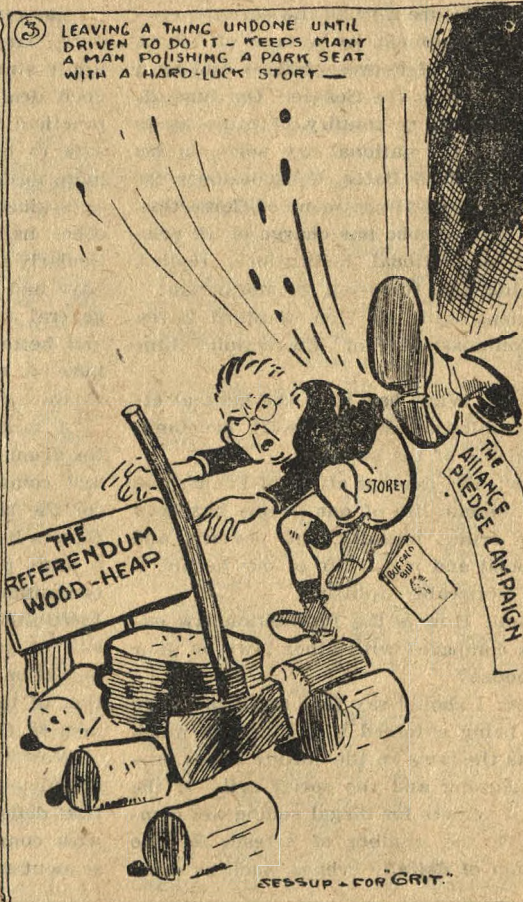
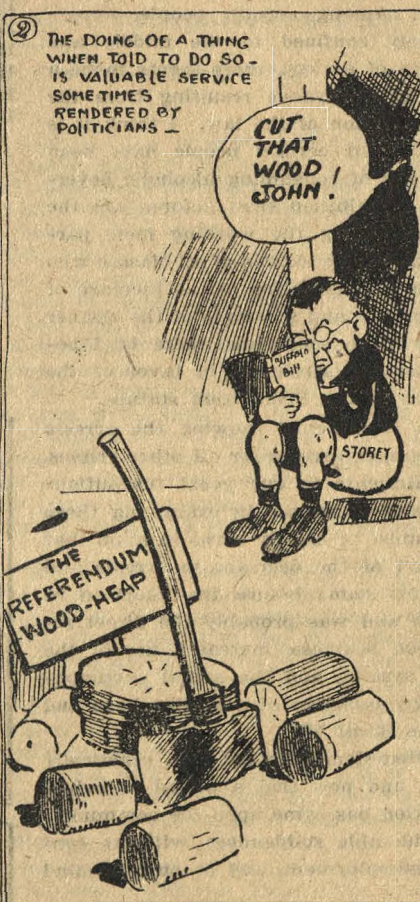
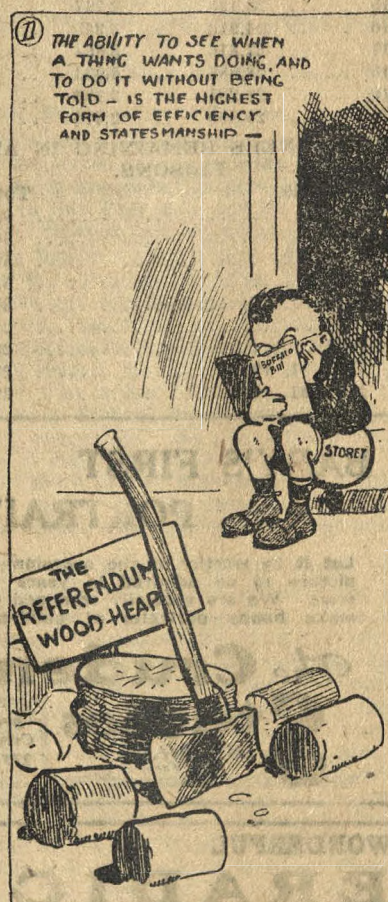
A JOURNAL OF NATIONAL EFFICIENCY AND PROHIBITION

VOL. XV. No. 26.

Twopence.

SYDNEY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1921.

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A Story in Three Chapters

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A World of Difference.

Prior to the adoption of National Prohibition, Massachusetts had been under local option laws since 1881. Under these laws, 12,520 elections were held, of which 9541 resulted in dry victories. When National Prohibition came into effect 69 per cent. of the area of the State was under Prohibition by local option, and 32 per cent. of the population resided in such areas. The results of this limited Prohibition were so satisfactory that the Legislature ratified the national constitutional amendment by a vote of 145 to 91 in the House of Representatives and by a vote of 27 to 12 in the Senate. On June 28, 1921, replying to an inquiry of mine as to the effects of the national dry policy in his State, Mr. Sanford Bates, Commissioner for the Massachusetts Department of Correction, the State official who has charge of all prisons and correctional institutions, replied, transmitting the following memorandum:

"Statement made by Hon. Sanford Bates, Mass., Commissioner of Correction. June 20, 1921.

"Question: What has been the general effect of Prohibition on the social, economic, and moral life of the people?

"Answer: The general effect of Prohibition on the economic life of our people has been to reduce crime, insanity, and poverty, and on the social and moral life of our people, it has been noticeably uplifting.

"Question: How is the Prohibition law enforced as compared with other laws on your statute books?

"Answer: I should say that the Prohibition law was being enforced with about as much success as the laws on the statute books prohibiting gaming and the social evil. If the number of arrests for illegal selling are compared with the number of arrests for the commission of definite crimes, such as mur-

der, robbery, larceny, assault, etc., it would appear that the Prohibition Act is not enforced with as much severity as in these cases. I think it is fair to say, however, that the Prohibition law is being enforced with about as much severity as was expected, or as is advisable at the present time.

"Question: Is sentiment in favor of Prohibition growing as a result of the practical operation of the law in your State?

"Answer: Among certain people, apparently largely confined to the middle and upper strata of society, there seems to be a good deal of annoyance resulting from the practical operation of the law. I think it is safe to say that certain people have been more desirous of consuming alcoholic beverages since Prohibition than before. On the other hand, among the working men, particularly among the women of all classes who have had a demonstration of the increase of general morality and a sample of the cleaner and better home conditions, there is, I believe, a growing sentiment in favor of the continuation of the Prohibition statute.

"A table is attached showing the arrests for drunkenness, arrests for all other crimes, and commitments to our penal institutions for the last few years. In examining these figures it must be clearly borne in mind that a large part of the decrease in arrests and commitments came before the adoption of Prohibition and was probably the direct result of good business, increased use of the probation system, and the actual participation of three-quarters of a million boys and men in the Great War.

"Now that demobilisation is practically completed, and now that a period of industrial deflation has come upon the community with considerable suddenness, with its consequent unemployment, and bearing in mind

the tendency towards crime which follows every great war and which was expected with more intensity in this instance, as a result of the inculcation of the spirit of violence in the members of the community, it can be fairly stated that the Prohibition law on our statute books has kept our criminal statistics down to a comparatively low point."

ARRESTS FOR DRUNKENNESS.

Boston.			
	Male.	Female.	Total.
1914	54,658	4,797	108,185
1915	53,465	4,920	106,146
1916	59,216	5,334	116,655
1917	67,341	5,556	129,455
1918	52,124	3,877	92,833
1919	39,847	3,009	79,212
1920	18,675	1,222	37,160

ARRESTS FOR OFFENCES OTHER THAN DRUNKENNESS. (Mostly Misdemeanors.)

Boston.			
	Male.	Female.	Total.
1914	24,572	2,664	68,433
1915	26,128	2,767	72,864
1916	24,910	3,339	69,707
1917	27,816	3,653	79,661
1918	28,585	4,031	80,446
1919	28,281	3,189	81,180
1920	29,490	2,476	78,466

PRISONERS REMAINING IN ALL PRISONS.

Sept. 30.	Total.
1914	6878
1915	6663
1916	5657
1917	5239
1918	3701
1919	2896
1920	2352
Dec. 31, 1920	2708
May 31, 1921	2990

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ADMIRAL SIMS ON PROHIBITION IN AMERICA.

A representative of the "Times" told the most famous of American seamen he was credited with being a supporter of America's dry policy, and asked him if this was so.

"In favor of the dry policy?" he said. "Oh, absolutely and whole-heartedly. When Congress passed that law the people of the United States seemed to think that something had been 'put over' on them, but as a fact the number of votes controlled by the Prohibitionists was sufficient to warrant that law being passed, and when the Conventions met before the last Presidential election it was clearly shown that there had been no rushing of the thing over the heads of the people. When the Conventions met neither the Republicans nor the Democrats had anything to say about Prohibition. They were neither of them willing to condemn Prohibition, still less to come out as 'wets,' which is conclusive evidence that they believed the people of the country are behind the 'dry' law. It is the belief of a good many of our citizens to-day that if it was put to a vote of all America the result would be in favor of Prohibition. In short, the Prohibitionists are so powerful that no party dare oppose them.

"It is working all right. Of course, there is a good deal of smuggling, but I don't suppose there is one-half of one per cent. of alcohol being consumed now that was consumed before the dry law came in force. But our great claim as Prohibitionists is that it has shut up the schools of future drunkards, the saloons and the clubs. We have saved the rising generation from the drink."

LOOKER-ON IN DRY AMERICA.

AUSTRALIAN VISITOR CONVINCED THAT PROHIBITION IS GOOD THING.

(Heading and article taken from New York "Tribune," June 21, 1921.)

To the Editor of the "Tribune."

Sir,—As an Australian business man visiting your prosperous and beautiful city I have wondered why such wide publicity is being given to the projected "wet parade" on July 4. It has been my privilege to spend about three months in various cities situated between San Francisco and Washington, and every day I have marvelled at the sobriety of your citizens and the absence of objectionable street scenes.

So impressed am I that again and again I have found myself asking the question: "How is it your cities differ from those of other countries? Why are they freer from drunkenness, vice and poverty than is the case in 'sunny Australia'?" The answer I get is usually, "Oh, we've got Prohibition," and this reply is usually followed by an expression of opinion as to the merits or demerits of the Eighteenth Amendment.

In several western cities I found strong support of this measure, largely on the ground that it had become a part of the law of this great country. As one said in California: "I don't like it, but, damn it, it's part of the Constitution, and as an American I must support it." As I have travelled East, especially in Chicago and New York, I have found a disposition to complain and to stress the "personal liberty" argument. For the life of me I cannot understand any citizen of good standing wishing to repeal the law which makes for the elimination of drunkenness, the lessening of crime, the protection of the weak, which encourages good citizenship, prosperous business and happy domestic life.

Let any man who is doubtful as to whether Prohibition is a good thing or not go down to the Bowery and contrast the present condition with the old days of the open saloon. Let him sit down in a clean, well-lighted, wholesome restaurant where twenty hands are employed and recall the old days when instead of the plate glass windows there were brick fronts and swinging-door screens and a pay roll of only four or five.

Let him inspect the properties where in place of one dingy saloon there are as many as six different businesses, including cigar stores, candy shops, cafeterias, clothing stores, barber shops and stationery stores, and let him ask himself which is better for the community—the old or the new. Let him remember what the product of the saloon was among the men and women and children of his own acquaintance, and if he wants further evidence let him do as I have done, go to the police courts and the State prisons and ask to see figures for the last five years. And then if he is still unconvinced let him go to the charity organisations and relief depots.

Let him inquire from business firms who sell their goods on the time-payment plan. And if the results of his personal investigations justify his identifying himself with the opponents of Prohibition, well and good. But after comparing conditions here with those existing elsewhere, I incline to the opinion he will decide, in the words of Judge Landis, of Chicago, "to give Prohibition a trial."

HERBERT HOARE.

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

If this strikes you, then send along to

THE AUSTRALASIAN WHITE CROSS LEAGUE,

56 ELIZABETH STREET,
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And ask for a Report of work done and
literature for yourself and your children.

AN EMPTY JAIL THAT STAYS EMPTY.

A recent issue of "Capper's Weekly" tells of a county which is proud of its jail because it is empty and stays empty. Washington County contains 900 square miles. It has 19,000 inhabitants. In the days before Prohibition it had use for a county jail with accommodation for sixteen prisoners. But vacant county jails in Kansas, and vacant poor houses, are an oft-told story. The paragraph is printed for Eastern consumption merely. How long could 19,000 people in any wet community get along without a jail and perhaps an insane asylum? Even in sparsely settled rural Kansas Prohibition has proved that it was booze and the open saloon which promoted about 75 per cent. of all the crimes.

HOUSE PASSES ANTI-BEER BILL.

The Willis-Campbell anti-beer bill, which prevents physicians from prescribing beer for their patients and limits to one pint the amount of alcoholic liquor which may be prescribed for internal use in any ten-day period, has been passed by the House by a vote of 250 to 93. There never was any doubt during the four hours of debate as to what the result would be, but foes of the measure—who numbered 64 Republicans, 28 Democrats, and 1 Socialist—took the chance to indulge in bitter attacks on Prohibition legislation and drew heated replies from the dries.

The bill as passed embodies part of the supplemental Volstead Bill, sections having been lifted out bodily after the House Rules Committee refused to sanction the Volstead Bill as it stood. Chairman Campbell, of the Rules Committee, explained that the supplemental Volstead Bill had been held up because it involved several controversial questions, such as the use of industrial alcohol, "over which the Congress has no control under the Eighteenth Amendment. The House felt the need for prompt action on the section banning beer as medicine because of the ruling of A. Mitchell Palmer, when he was Attorney-General, that beer might be prescribed in unlimited quantities, a ruling which the dries feared would flood the country with beer.

There probably will be little difficulty in getting the Willis-Campbell Bill through the Senate, but even if there should be delay there the prescribing of beer will be held up, as the new Federal Prohibition Commissioner is deferring the issuance of regulations until Congress has expressed its wishes in the matter.

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FIELD DAY APPOINTMENTS.

SUNDAY, SEPT. 18:

- 11 a.m., Murrumburrah Presbyterian Church.
3 p.m., Galong Methodist Church.
7.30 p.m., Murrumburrah Anglican Church. Mr. Francis Wilson.
11 a.m., Grenfell Methodist Church.
3 p.m., Brundah Presbyterian Church.
7.30 p.m., Grenfell Presbyterian Church.
8.45 p.m., United Church Rally, Holy Trinity Hall. Rev. H. Allen Job.
3 p.m., Castle Hill Methodist Church.
7.15 p.m., Parramatta North Methodist Church. Rev. F. C. Middleton.
11 a.m., Young Presbyterian Church.
7.30 p.m., Young Methodist Church.
8.45 p.m., United Church Rally, Parish Hall. Mr. Thos. E. Shonk.
11 a.m., Cootamundra Presbyterian Church.
3 p.m., Cullinga Methodist Church.
7.30 p.m., Cootamundra Methodist Church.
8.45 p.m., United Church Rally, Town Hall. Mr. W. D. B. Creagh.

MONDAY, SEPT. 19:

- 8 p.m., School of Arts, Murrumburrah. Mr. Francis Wilson.
8 p.m., Oddfellows' Hall, Gundagai. Mr. W. D. B. Creagh.

TUESDAY, SEPT. 20:

- 8 p.m., Mechanics' Institute, Harden. Mr. Francis Wilson.
3 p.m., Methodist Church, Granville. Miss Grant.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 21:

- Goulburn. Mr. Francis Wilson.

THURSDAY, SEPT. 22:

- 8 p.m., Methodist Church, Burwood. Mr. W. D. B. Creagh.
3 p.m., Methodist Church, Newtown. Miss Grant.
Goulburn. Mr. Francis Wilson.

WITH THE FIELD TEAM.

There were twelve Church services taken at the week end, chiefly in the outer suburbs. Ryde, Guildford, and Merrylands were visited. The congregations generally were small, but interest was keen. The pulpits of all of the Guildford Churches were occupied at the evening service. In view of the fact that this thriving suburb is threatened with a hotel, this was an encouraging indication of the unity of spirit among the people there.

Reference to the hotel recalls the stand taken by the local municipal council as regards the application. The matter came up in connection with a letter from a stalwart Prohibitionist, Mr. Cattnach, and after discussion the aldermen decided unanimously against the application.

APPLICATION FOR LICENSES.

The fight against these continues. Applications for a hotel license and a wine license at West Bargo were defeated, Mr. Telfer appearing for the objectors. Mr. Cleary, one of the Labor members for Wollondilly, was the applicant for the hotel license.

An application for a spirit merchant's license at Bay Road was withdrawn. The opposition looked too threatening. Another such application for Bondi has been lodged. One was granted at Auburn. No notice of the latter was received until after it had been granted.

PERSONAL.

The President left on Monday for Tasmania, where he is to inaugurate a forward move, which is likely to have big results affecting the campaign for Prohibition there.

Mr. Francis Wilson, who had suffered a severe attack of influenza, is again on the platform.

Mr. Thos. E. Shonk, well known as one of the Field Team, has been given charge of the Referendum Pledge-signing Campaign. Our friends will be hearing from him in this connection. Give him all the encouragement you can. The job is a big one; it can be made a big success—with your help.

Ex-Senator Watson has taken up his work in Newcastle, and is commended to the friends of the cause there. Give him hearty support.

PLEDGE-SIGNING CAMPAIGN.

This is the big effort for which we are now asking the help of all workers. It will be launched throughout the State during the month, and continued until the end of November.

The aim is 60 Referendum members, and the weapon 100,000 Referendum pledges. A programme for this campaign has been prepared and adopted by the executive, who have placed Mr. Shonk in charge of the scheme. Already a considerable amount of detail work has been done in preparing the data and getting ready for launching the campaign in every electorate.

Each electorate will have its quota. Quotas will be given, too, to every town. The assistance of every affiliated organisation is being sought. They will be asked to obtain a quota of pledges. Canvassers are to be put on to obtain both pledges and workers.

Already considerable interest is being shown. Committees are getting to work. At Cabramatta the Organising Secretary met a band of eager Prohibitionists, ready for work. Pledges continue to come in from many quarters.

In this campaign there is room for every Prohibitionist to do a little. To get half-a-dozen pledges would be a simple task. That is what is asked of each Prohibitionist. Many persons who may never have declared themselves with us, are prepared to support the request for a referendum. Get some of these to sign.

Secretaries are urged to give this effort the biggest possible push. Call workers together, allocate them a section to canvass, and give each one a definite number of pledges to obtain. Do this right away.

Send for pledges, with explanations. These will be forwarded promptly. With many workers the pledges are assured. With 100,000 pledges the referendum is assured.

AMONGST THE WOMEN.

Miss Grant is succeeding well in her effort to rally women workers to the educational effort. During the past week she visited most of the suburbs, having a cordial reception in every place. Several meetings are to be held during the next few weeks.

Mrs. Wells is following up the conference of last week. Another has been summoned to be held in St. James' Hall, at which the League of Women is to be launched. A good deal of encouragement for this effort has been received.

MR. MARSH LITTLE.

Friends of Mr. Marsh Little, who did splendid work in connection with our campaign during this and last year, will be in—
(Continued on Page 16.)

I SAW YOUR AD. IN "GRIT"

If you say to me, "I saw your ad. in 'Grit,' or send someone, and business results, I will pay 'Grit' 20 per cent. of the commission.

PROPERTIES ALL SUBURBS.

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TERRIBLE PROSPERITY.

THE BREWER CHAMPION PROFITEER.

The English brewers have been among the greatest profiteers both during and since the war. Their coffers are simply overflowing with war profits. A remarkable article appeared in the "Daily News" by "A.G.G." showing the terrible prosperity which has come to the Drink Trade owing to the war. From "Public Opinion" we take the following:

Mr. Gardiner takes the tell-tale figures

it put up the price. The consumer paid more and more the less he got and the worse it became.

FATTENING ON VICE.

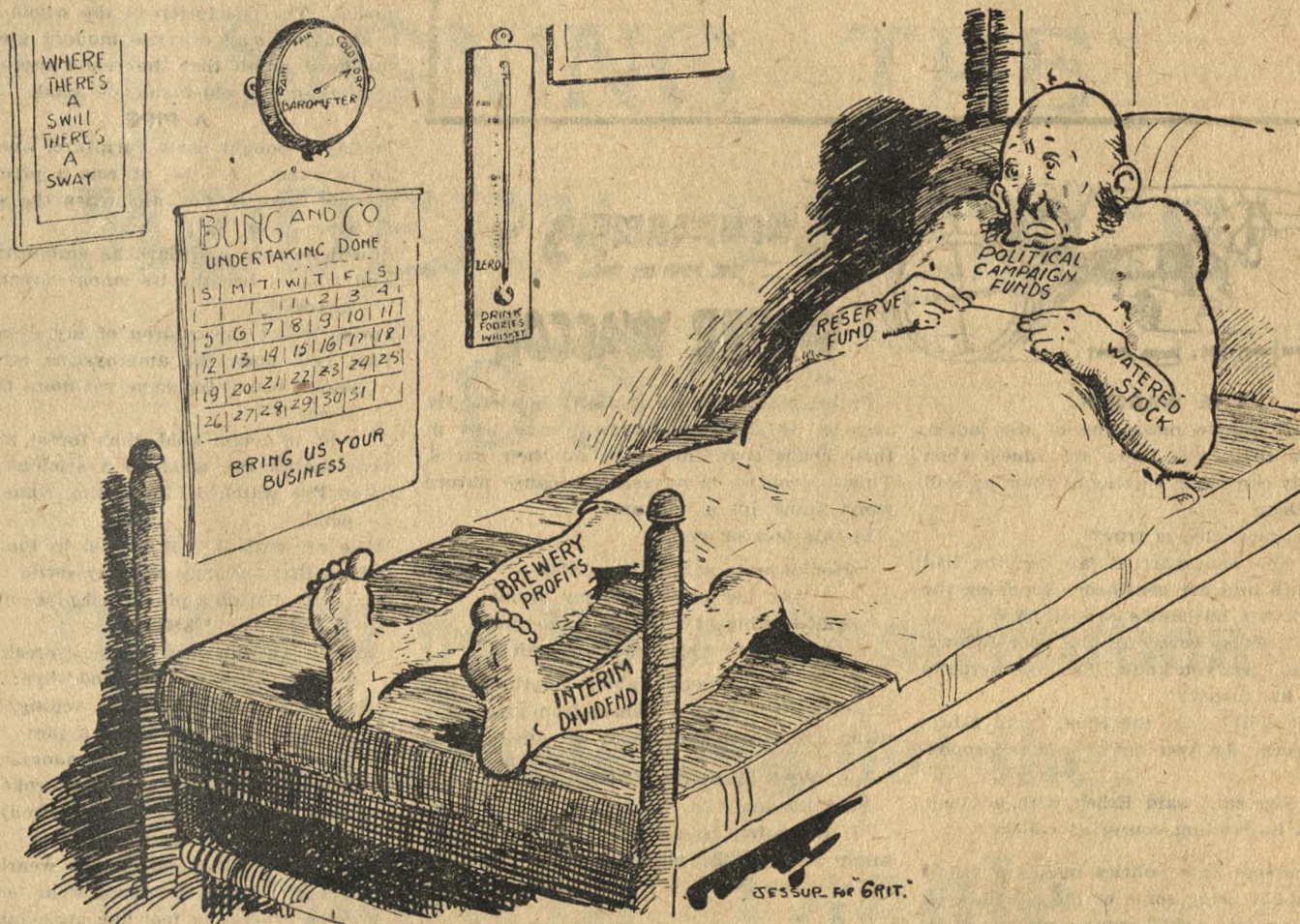
"The result was what might be expected in such circumstances. The profits of the breweries went up by leaps and bounds. In the 'Economist' of March 1 there was a comparison of the profits of the leading firms in

from 9 to 30, Whitbread's from 2 to 7, Ind and Coope from nil to 7½, and so on.

"But we must not look to dividends, or even to the declared profits, to see what was happening. The good fortune was too great to be revealed in its naked characters. For example, Ind, Coope made £262,953, but the actual sum distributed was only £20,671. In some cases huge profits went to reserve; in others new shares were created out of reserve, and so the dividend was kept at a figure that would not shock the public.

PROFIT IN WATER.

"There is a little table of the price of



THE INADEQUATE SHEET: Things that can't be covered.

for the year before the war, 1913, and compares them with the figures for 1917.

"Here is a table giving a comparison of the liquor consumed and the money paid in these two years," he says:

	Consumption in barrels.	Drink bill. £
1913	92,000,000	166,700,000
1917	37,000,000	259,000,000
1920	463,000,000

That is to say, in 1917, for rather more than one-third of the commodity sold, the trade pocketed nearly £100,000,000 more than it received in 1913. Its trade was cut down by nearly two-thirds, and its receipts went up by more than a third. The explanation is simple enough. As it reduced the quality

1915-16 and the two following years. Here are a few typical cases:

	1915-16. £	1917-18. £
Arnold Perrett	14,427	40,576
Bass	295,628	437,120
Ind, Coope	2,484	262,953
Allsopp's	36,811	181,062
Threlfall's	80,885	239,686
Watney, Combe	206,009	472,974

In the case of fifteen firms the profits in two years had risen, after the payment of debenture interest and all administrative expenses, from £2,591,606 to £4,164,048, an aggregate increase of over a million and a half. Dividends bounded up joyfully. Perrett's who had paid nothing in 1914, paid 33½ per cent. in 1917-18. Threlfall's went

shares, which will throw a flood of light on the facts:

	1915.	1917.	1919.
Allsopp's	2	25½	86
City of London	12½	91	185
Guinness	213½	307½	391½
Watney	10	85	169

From these figures it will be seen that anyone who invested £2000 in, say, Allsopp's, even as late as 1915—long after the war had commenced, now holds shares to the value of £86,000, a net gain of £84,000. Even in this golden age of the profiteer, this is a record that will not be easily surpassed."

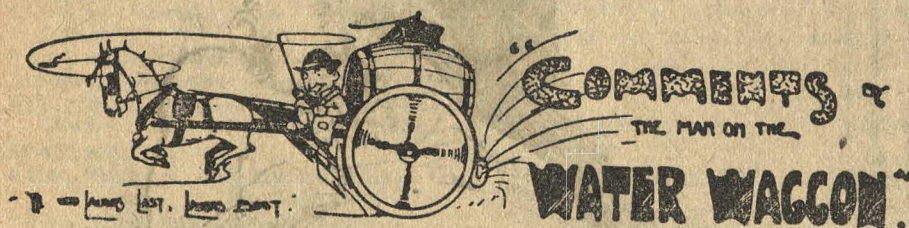
The trade has grown fabulously rich by selling water to the consumer.

(Continued on Page 15.)

GRIFFITHS BROS.

Signal Cocoa

IS MOST INVIGORATING.



THE WAGGON.

It is not fair to make fun of the ladies. God bless them, but there are times when you simply can't help smiling at them as well as with them.

Do you think this is true?

Ethel, who had married late in life, had taken Edith into her confidence touching the manner of her husband's proposal.

"Why, I felt so sorry for the poor fellow," said Ethel. "Do you know, his voice actually stuck in his throat?"

"I don't doubt it in the least," said Edith, "but however did you know he was proposing?"

"Well, you see," said Ethel, with a blush, "I took a lip-reading course at college."

Their advent into politics makes a fellow careful about using some of the old phrases. A politician was asked some time ago if he put any faith in the wisdom of plain people. He replied: "I dunno, I used to, but there are so many lady voters now that I do not know as its tactful to speak about plain people in politics."

SURELY YOU HAVE SEEN HER!

A permanent blush can now be supplied by the beauty specialist. Just the thing to wear with some of the evening gowns we have seen lately, and some that were just King-street dresses.

Father Vaughan is a calamity howler. He actually thinks some women have less in their heads than they have on their backs. This, of course, is nonsense, because nature won't stand for a vacuum.

Is this fact or verse?

Her parents named her Calsy—

I held her close—Oh, joy divine!

And looking at my coat I thought,

I ought to whisper, "Calsy mine!"

Men will exaggerate about anything, but if you want to keep a woman from exaggerating, get her to talk about her age.

WAS IT EVER YOUR LUCK?

Said the maid to the bashful young man:

"I am going to scream anyway, so you might as well kiss me."

I saw this one in a U.S.A. paper the other day:

"What progress are you making towards matrimony, Edith?"

"Well, Uncle, I'm on my fifth lap."

A shrewd young fellow was asked what he would call a man who hid behind a woman's skirts? He said: "A magician."

NATURALLY!

As she did her hair in a marcel wave, She sang no song of the free and the brave. Then what did she sing? Well, what would you think!

Of course she sang "God Save the Kink!"

A wise fellow once said that the only man who understands woman is the one who understands he don't understand her, and lets it go at that.

Now all this is just good-natured piffle. The man on the waggon has not fallen off—he is not boozed, pifflicated, corned, obfuscated, primed, stewed to the ears, soused to the gills, awry-eyed, pie-eyed, pickled, plastered, fuddled, jingled, groggy, muddled, tanked, ossified, alcoed, slopped, edged, loaded, inked, blued to the nines, oiled, shikkered, half seas over, under the influence, canned, top heavy, rummed up, greased, or let us say—drunk!

He is just in one of his old-time funny moods. The conclusion of the whole matter is that you may criticise modern girls, but you must admit that they show more backbone than the old-fashioned kind.

A PIPE.

To-day I bought some furniture, one piece, To be exact. A pipe; it was a pipe, Marked down so far; and when the wood is ripe

It will be rich, and dark as ambergris.

And when I breathe its smoke dreams will increase:

For is it not the caldron of my dreams, That ride upon the amethystine streams Of smoke, bound for some yet more fabulous fleece

Of gold, of forest gold, that forest metal That makes the wind so avaricious there? Often I've watched him seizing some bright petal,

Make off with it half hidden in his hair.

I think that one may casually settle

On a wife, but oh a pipe, good pipes are rare.

SHE—

Smiles, though her heart is breaking,

Smiles, when you say good-bye;

Smiles, when her feet are aching,

Smiles, when she burns a pie;

Smiles, when you've little money,

Smiles, when you are dead broke;

Smiles, when there's nothing funny,

Smiles at your worn-out joke;

Smiles, when her old clothes wearing,

Smiles, when her friends wear new,

Smiles, when you feel like swearing,

Smiles, when the world looks blue,

Smiles, when she's mad as a hatter,

Smiles, when the clouds are gray,

Cries—when there's nothing the matter,

This—is lovely woman's way!

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Grumbling Does Not Help BUT SIGNING THE MODERN PLEDGE DOES

That will be Your Contribution
to straightening out the
Political Tangle

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

A Personal Chat with my readers

A SAFETY VALVE. Every one should have a hobby, and it will be quite all right if the ladies spell it hubby. Some men play golf, some go motoring—I just play Prohibition. It is not cheap, but it gives one lots of fun and keeps one out of the groove so many clergy get into, and this is a mercy, since the natural development of a groove is a grave. A hobby is a safety valve; it is the change the doctors are always urging us to take. It is not work but worry that kills, and worry is tremendously increased by monotony, the dreary drab sameness of one's thoughts and doings. What is your hobby? It must be something so different from your regular work that it will take your thoughts into an entirely different direction. It is not a luxury, it is a necessity; it does not depend on others, but entirely depends on you. Toil is our lot on earth, a hobby is our safety valve. Henry Van Dyke says:

This is the gospel of labor!
Ring it, ye bells of the kirk!
The Lord of Love came down from above
To live with the men who work.
This is the rose that He planted,
Here is the thorn-curst soil;
Heaven is blest with perfect rest,
But the blessing of Earth is toil.

THE STRANGER. We have all been "the stranger," and we can recall the pleasure the kind folks gave who took the trouble to put us at our ease and made us feel at home. The following lines have been sent me several times:

You may not know his name,
And you may not know his face;
But go to him just the same,
He's a stranger in the place.
Go and stretch your hand to him,
Have a cheerful word to say,
For his struggle may be grim,
And 'twill help him on his way.

There's no need to ask him what
Is his claim upon your smile,
Has he ancestry or not
That will make him worth your while.
What he's done he hopes to do,
Is he famous or unknown?
Speak a cheerful word or two,
Make him feel he's not alone.

To be strange is not a crime,
To be lonely no disgrace;
You yourself may yearn sometime
To behold one smiling face.
You may some day stand alone
And know what it is to sigh,
When with strangers you are thrown,
And you see them hurry by.

We're too formal. Let us go
To the stranger who is near,
And a friendly feeling show;
Let us speak a word of cheer,
Let us stretch a kindly hand
To the brother who's unknown,
We can make him understand
That he doesn't dwell alone.

OBEY YOUR PROMPTINGS. I have received the following suggestive piece by Ewart McArthur. It needs no comment:

"I sat at my table in the office, crowded in by many and varied demands upon thought and patience, feeling the burden of a modern business, tired, fretted; just in the frame of mind one reaches under continual pressure, with a fleeting thought, 'Is life worth all the strife?' Suddenly an acquaintance, himself a busy man, strode into the office, thrust into my hands a bunch of wattle, and, in a gruff voice, said, 'I thought you'd like these; got them from my tree this morning.'

"Like them! Why those blooms brought me a message fragrant with the breath of heaven, and laid gently upon my spirit the rebuke I sorely needed. I put my face in the middle of the golden bunch, and smiled into their sweetness with a silent appreciation of the reminder of my God that to fretted hearts He does send the fragrance of His love. That thought held my mind for the rest of the day. What prompted the kindly thought of my visitor? He had never brought such a bounteous gift before; I doubt whether he knew why he came.

"I am content and grateful to know that the Holy Spirit prompts to willing hearts the suggestion of kindly actions, most needed by anxious hearts. Cannot we wait and listen more often for such promptings?"

THEY SAY. We are greatly influenced by what we fear others will say and we do well to exercise a sturdy independence of other folks' criticisms while it is good to be corrected by those who know all the facts and who have our welfare at heart, yet we ought to arrive at our own conclusions and stick to them in spite of sneers or any other kind of cheap comment. It is good to remember the old

Oh, Mary, Mary, always contrary!
How does your garden grow, dear?
We know of the shells and the sweet blue-bells,
And "daffodils-all-of-a-row," dear.
But, oh, how funny! Oh, dear, and oh, lor!
What are you planting the peppermint for?
It it's for colds you'd be wiser, I'm sure,
In buying Woods' Great Peppermint Cure.

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 to grindstones—the more grit they contain the better they wear.

SUBSCRIPTIONS.

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SYDNEY, THURSDAY, SEPT. 15, 1921.

motto: "They say! What do they say? Let them say!" The weakness of all cheap criticism is its hollow insincerity, its evident inconsistency and unreasonableness.

Weep, and you're called a baby,
Laugh and you're called a fool;
Yield, and you're called a coward,
Stand, and you're called a mule.
Smile, and they'll call you silly,
Frown, and they'll call you gruff;
Put on a front like a millionaire
And some guy calls you bluff.

THE EDITOR.

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DOROTHEA SPINNEY.

DOROTHEA SPINNEY, THE FAMOUS INTERPRETER OF GREEK DRAMA, SPEAKS ABOUT PROHIBITION.

(Special to "Grit" by C.B.)

Dorothea Spinney has by hard work and the application of her genius won for herself a unique place in the wide world of art. To witness one of her performances is an experience which will remain vivid in the mind for many years. Miss Spinney has discovered the great secret of the annihilation of Time. The lights of the hall are lowered, conversation ceases, and from behind the dark drapery of the stage the artist appears. By the magic of her voice and the movement of her body, Miss Spinney makes the centuries melt away, and we live again in those wonderful years when the old Greek gods made sport of men and women from Olympus.

Now I knew this gifted lady by repute. I knew that she had travelled many lands, some wet and some dry, and I knew that she possesses the rather uncommon faculty of seeing what is to be seen, rather than seeing what one looks for to see—even as do the majority of people. Hence I pushed my way through a crowd which surged in front of the King's Hall in Sydney, and by many and perhaps devious ways piloted myself into the presence of the lady whom I hoped would say something about Prohibition.

A REAL DIFFERENCE.

"Have I anything to say about dry America?" remarked Miss Spinney, the while getting ready for her performance. "Yes, Prohibition has worked wonders in that great country. Why, you can see the difference on the faces of the people, the porters on the trains, and . . . yes, you can actually smell the difference!

"Before America went bone dry I could tell when I alighted at a dry or a wet town without making any inquiries. My companion and I would arrive at a town and on the way to our hotel we would guess whether we were in a place which had closed the saloons or in a town where liquor could be legally bought and sold, and we never had any difficulty to guess correctly. In the wet towns we saw the usual number of loafers lolling about and the usual badly dressed children and women, but in the dry towns the change was remarkable. Of course Prohibition has not abolished poverty, but it has outlawed one of the big contributing factors which makes for the degrading poverty of cities where hotels continue to sell liquor."

PERSONAL LIBERTY.

Miss Spinney has some very definite views about the cry of the liquor sellers that Prohibition interferes with personal liberty. "Personal liberty!" she said. "I would give them personal liberty. I would ship all the old personal liberty toppers to an island and there if they so desired they could have all the liberty they crave for to drink themselves to death, but without damning future generations by their abuses."

"What is the general impression gathered from Americans about how long Prohibition will last?"

"The Americans are quite reconciled to the fact that the wet times are gone for ever. And very few complain. I never heard of a brewer who squealed about it, and the business men almost to a man are converted Prohibitionists. The increased business and falling off of bad debts has made the Ame-



DOROTHEA SPINNEY.

rican business man a Prohibitionist in spite of the fact that many of them were fond of a cocktail in the wet days. I was present when one vote was taken, and was in the company of several business men who were enjoying their drop of whisky. I inquired, 'You will vote wet to-day I suppose?' 'Vote wet!' They appeared surprised that I should even suggest that they might be so foolish." "How many years will it take to eliminate the sly-grog selling?" I asked.

ONLY SEVEN YEARS TO COMPLETE THE MIRACLE.

"That is a difficult question, but let me give the experience of an old schoolmaster I met in Kansas. I asked him the question you wish me to answer, and he said that when his State went dry he considered that it would take thirty years to entirely eliminate liquor, but his experience proved that after seven years of dry conditions liquor was as extinct as the dodo, except, of course, in those towns which bordered on wet States."

WORTH A FIGHT.

"Have you a special message for the readers of 'Grit'?" I ventured.

"Tell them that nothing is worthwhile

which is gained without a fight. All the forces which are urging the race onwards and upwards towards a higher and saner standard of living are on your side. You must win. Not all the wealth of the Traffic or the influence of hired politicians can dam the rising tide of Prohibition. And do not forget this big fact: The remarkable economic advantage which America and Canada have conferred upon themselves will force such countries as Australia to fall into line or else be left far away behind in the keen and exacting trade war which is one of the legacies of the Great War. The simple fact is that Australia will learn by experience that she cannot afford to squander twenty-seven millions a year on liquor and compete in the world's markets with countries which have no such percentage of waste. Mr. Hammond, the leader of the movement in this country, will, with the loyal co-operation of those he leads, do more lasting good for Australia when he has won and Australia has been dry twelve months than all the politicians have done in fifty years."

The call boy appears, and Miss Dorothea Spinney passes from behind the stage to the footlights and is greeted with round after round of applause, and this poor scribe went out by a side door against which lolled a drunk whose beer-laden breath brought forth the remark, "Miss Spinney is correct—you can smell the difference between a wet and dry town."

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Law Breaking Liquor-Sellers.

By W. D. B. CREAGH.

I have often said that the drinker cannot keep the law, and the licensees will not keep the law; there are no doubt exceptions, but the more I investigate what often happened to myself "when a drinker" and from investigations made personally in many directions, I stand up to my statement above.

It is easy to understand how difficult it is for the drinker and seller to keep the law. The drinker of alcohol is a drug addict; the seller goes into the business to make money. The drinker cannot be blamed for going after the drug, and human nature is prone to err when it goes out to make money, especially when the human being goes into the liquor trade, often paying very large sums of money for the privilege of running a hotel for a few years.

The brewery masters are real Shylocks; they pay enormous sums to buy up the right to sell their liquor in hotels; they tie them up, as shown in the recent evidence of the Gladstone Hotel, known as the City Council scandal.

The evidence given in many suicides, brutal assaults, robberies and murders shows that drunks are turned out often. Especially the recent murder at Moss Vale proves this, where the evidence shows that La Barte came out of a certain hotel so drunk that he could hardly keep on his horse, although an expert horseman; so drunk was he that he tried to enter a chemist's shop on horseback.

We all know the result of that drinking bout—two graves mark the resting place of the victims; the brave major is in jail for seven years.

His Honor Chief Justice Cullen, in summing up before sentencing La Barte, said: "He was mindful of the need for the protection of the public, as crimes of violence had become very common."

Greater punishment of licensees will do more than the Judge's words to a prisoner.

The punishment given to liquor-sellers is

inadequate, as shown by the case recently at North Sydney. The evidence given in the "Sun" of August 30 shows many things:

"DRUNKENNESS ON PREMISES.

"Albert Brown, licensee of the Albert Hotel, Mount and Walker streets, North Sydney, pleaded not guilty at the North Sydney Police Court to an information alleging that on August 13 he permitted drunkenness to take place on his licensed premises.

"Mr. Kidston, of the Crown Law Office, prosecuted, and Mr. D. Levy appeared for the defence.

"Sergeant Dobson said that at 9.10 a.m. on the 13th, in company with Constable Sharpe, he entered the bar of the Albert Hotel, where he saw a man leaning against the bar in a state of drunkenness. The attending barmaid admitted selling the man the beer. Defendant followed witness into the street, and said, 'Can't you overlook it, Sergeant? I have sold out the business, and it means a lot to me.'

"The man was later charged with drunkenness, and convicted.

"Magistrate: The defendant's evidence is very unsatisfactory. I find that the man under review was drunk when served with liquor.

"A fine of £5 was imposed, with 8/- costs, in default a month's jail."

Sergeant Dobson and the constable deserve praise for their action. If others were as keen, thousands of cases would come to light, and many lives would be saved. The squeal of the licensee about what he would lose—how much does his class care about the loss mothers, wives and others lose when, after getting filled up to the drunkenness point, they pass out of their gilded bars to often meet their death and to pollute the rest of the people they come in contact with?

Liquor cannot be controlled. Prohibition is the only cure, but until Prohibition comes the punishment given to law-breaking liquor-sellers should be made more drastic.

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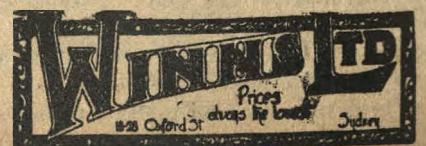
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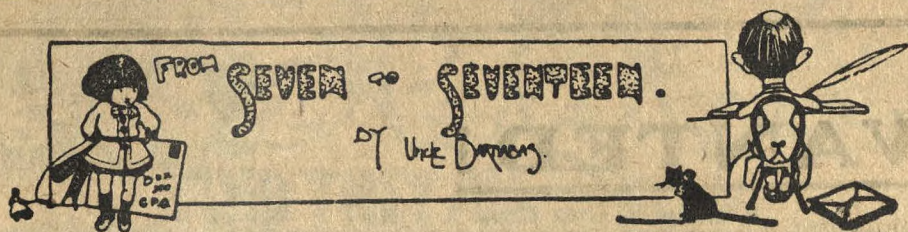


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All boys and girls between the age of seven and seventeen are invited to join the family of Uncle B. Write only on one side of the paper. Send your photo as soon as convenient. Send the date of your birthday. There is no fee to pay. Uncle B.'s birthday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

THE COMMANDMENTS IN RHYME.

An easy way to know God's ten laws, understand their meaning, and remember their numbers, is to learn well the following rhyme:

1. Thou shalt have no other gods but me.
2. Before no idol bow thy knee.
3. Take not the name of God in vain;
4. Nor yet the Sabbath Day profane.
5. Give both thy parents honor due.
6. Take heed that thou no murder do.
7. Abstain from words and deeds unclean;
8. Nor steal, though thou are poor and mean.
9. Thou shalt not make a lie nor love it.
10. Thy neighbor's goods thou shalt not covet.

—From "Young Peoples' Banner."

JUST ESCAPED.

Jean McLaughlin, "Mackville," Eldorado," writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I am sure I am a scallywag, but I am awful at writing, and I hope you will forgive me this time if I try and not be one again. I am in the seventh grade at school and am 11 years old. My brother next to me still goes to the High School in Wangaratta. Well, Uncle B., I will close now, with love to all "Grit" cousins, not forgetting yourself.

(Dear Jean,—Your letter arrived just in time to save you from the scallywag list. You must try and win two others to the "Grit" family, and then all will be well.—Uncle T.)

GENUINE REGRETS.

Stella Ellery, Lithgow, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I suppose it is quite time I wrote to you again or I will be on that awful scallywag list. It is about three months since I wrote to you last. I am in sixth class at school and am going for the Q.C. this year. I was very sorry to hear of Mr. Marion's death; he will be missed very much in Prohibition circles. I believe in Prohibition, Uncle. It is terrible to see all the men coming out of the hotels on Saturday. In Lithgow there are eight hotels and one wine shop. I am going for the Sunday school examination in August. I learn cooking at school; I have been learning for about six months. I would like one of my Ne's or Ni's to write a letter to me. I learn elo-

cution from Miss Elphic. I think I have told you all the news. With love to all "Grit" cousins and yourself.

(Dear Stella,—You are within the time for writing, so in no danger of the "scallywagism." If those "drinkers" could only see themselves as others see them, they would hesitate to make beasts of themselves.—Uncle T.)

PASSED WITH HONORS.

Linda Ellery, Lithgow, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I hope I am not on the scallywag list. I went up for my music examination last Tuesday and passed with honors; I got 97 marks out of 125. My music teacher went to Dubbo last Friday for good. I was sorry to hear of Mr. Marion's death. I am going up for the Sunday school examination. We have ten little chickens; they were hatched three weeks ago. I went to hear Mr. Dean speak on missionary work. I might be going away for the midwinter holidays. We have a week's holiday. My little sister lives in Sydney with my auntie and uncle. It is bed time now, Uncle, so I must close, with love to all "Grit" cousins and yourself.

(Dear Linda,—I am very pleased to hear of your success, and it adds honor to the "Grit" family as well. I hope you will be just as successful in the Sunday school exam. Write and let me know.—Uncle T.)

THE ZOO.

Leonard Cocks, "Cattai," Windsor, writes:

Dear Uncle B.,—I was very pleased to see my letter in "Grit." I went down to Sydney for my midwinter holidays and had a nice time. I went to the Zoo and had great fun watching the monkeys. One monkey was trying to break a piece of string. I liked watching the polar bears diving under the water. I had a ride on the elephant and enjoyed it. I have not had my photo taken yet. When I do I will send it to you. I will close now, with love to all "Grit" cousins and yourself.

(Dean Leonard,—I am delighted to hear that you had a pleasant holiday. The Zoo is fine, and even I (and I am more than seven) get delight from watching the antics of the animals. Write again soon.—Uncle T.)

THE GOOD WORK.

Ruth Davies, Mayfield, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I have made a bad start, for I am afraid I must be a scallywag by this time. Will you please forgive me if I promise to write more regularly in future? I was 15 years of age last Friday. One of my birthday presents was an Onoto fountain pen. I am writing with it now. Thanks for the birthday greeting. I was glad to see my letter in "Grit" some time ago. Oh, Uncle, it is only 14 more weeks to the intermediate examination. Won't we all have to

fag? I have another little nephew; he was born on July 5; his name is Keith. During the last rain one of my married sisters was nearly flooded out. The water was up to her back step. A few inches more and the water would have been in the house. The lucerne crop was ruined. Our Methodist Girls' Club meets every fortnight. Our next meeting is to-morrow night. Mrs. Strang, of Sydney, is going to speak to us about girl philanthropists. About 28 girls attend the meetings. Any girl over 14 may come. We have very enjoyable evenings. It will be our Christian Endeavor anniversary soon. We are to begin practising for it next Sunday. I cannot think of any more news, so good night. Love to yourself and all "Grit" cousins.

(Dear Ruth,—The regular daily endeavor throughout the school year is much more profitable than the "fag." However, I wish you success. I am very pleased to hear of your Girls' Club and Christian Endeavor. You will find that will profit you most on the "Last Great Day."—Uncle T.)

HOLIDAY SPORT.

Jean Henry, Mayfield, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Last time Mr. Hammond was at Newcastle my father went to hear him speak. I would very much like to have gone, but as the meeting was at night I could not go. I was very sorry to hear he had a toothache. It must have been very painful having to speak when his tooth was so bad. Our midwinter holidays are just over. I enjoyed them very much. Last Monday we went round King Edward Park and down to the beach. The sea was very rough after the recent storm. It was a beautiful sight to see the waves dashing up against the rocks and the spray springing high into the air. I did a lot of riding during my holidays. I am afraid I am a scallywag, but I hope you will forgive me. I will try and write regularly in the future. We have a very nice tennis court. I am learning to play. There has been such a lot of rain lately that I have not had much practice.

(Dear Jean,—As you have promised to write regularly in the future I will forgive you. It is always pleasing to learn that my Ni's and Ne's have had a happy holiday. Please don't mention "toothache!"—Uncle T.)

"JEALOUSY."

Ralph Wilson, "Moorillyah," Ilford, writes:

Dear Uncle B.,—I saw my letter in "Grit." The wattle is out early this year about here, because it is not generally out till about two weeks later. The willows are also getting their leaves very early. We haven't had much cold weather before the last week

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this winter. Last night we had some snow. I don't know how much we had, but there wasn't much this morning. I came first in sixth class, and got a box of crayons as a prize. I think I'm going up for the Q.C. this year. We have got a bulldog pup named Bully. Bluey, our cattle dog, slept in the feed shed, but he won't now, because Bully sleeps in a box in the feed shed, and Bluey is jealous of him. The school 'bus didn't come this morning, so I went and helped my father do some suckering this afternoon. We played football at school on Thursday. We've hardly ever played football at school before. The football belonged to my cousin Ronnie, but when the children were going home in the 'bus Phyllis, his sister, put it under the wheel of the 'bus, and burst it. We couldn't play on Friday, but we'll be able to play to-morrow as the football is mended. I had some nice cabbages in my garden, when one day the cow got in and ate most of the best cabbages. I have got thirteen rhubarb plants in my garden.

(Dear Ralph,—Your letter is full of news and interesting. Your progress is very good, and you should win your Q.C. Cows are only useful for giving milk, and are no good in the garden.—Uncle T.)

A VERY HON. NI.

Elsie M. Raymond writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—Seeing your invitation in "Grit" for girls and boys to join your family, I thought I would write and ask you if you would accept me as a Ni. I will be seven-

teen in October, so I have not long to write to you, have I? But all the same I would like to write to you during the few remaining months, if I may. I go to a big boarding school, but am home for a little while now. I have been going for a long time now, and I like it very much as it gives one a splendid opportunity of leading others to the Master. What a privilege it is to be able to do a little for Him, just to suffer a little bit for Him, when He has done so much for us, because, after all, although it may seem a lot to us, it is really nothing compared with what He did, is it? And then, if we just remain faithful for the little time we are here, then He is coming, perhaps to-day, to take us to live with Him forever. I find it a splendid plan to try and always understand the girls here, because I know what difficulties one does come to as we go forward in life, and then, as I try to help them, I find that I am understood much better myself. I do indeed thank the Lord for His love in giving me the confidence of so many girls, because it is His love that attracts, for there is nothing attractive in the human himself, is there? I would love to write to any boys or girls in your family. So if they would like to, too, they could just mention it in their letters to you, and I will write. With kindest regards, hoping you will accept me as a Ni. Yours sincerely.

(Dear Elsie,—The delight is mine, and will be shared by all "Grit-ites," to welcome you to the family. Your personal efforts are

beautiful, and will bear good fruit. So we want you to forget about your birthday, and write on—about the Master and His love.—Uncle T.)

PLEASED,

Herbert Ward, "Bowralville," Pennant Hills, writes:—

Dear Uncle B.,—I was very pleased to see my letter in "Grit." Since I last wrote to you our dog, Nell, had six little pups. We have given five away. We have kept one, and its name is Prince. I go to the Thornleigh Methodist Sunday school, and I like it very much. My teacher at the week-day school saw my letter in "Grit." With love to all "Grit" cousins, and please accept the same yourself.

(Dear Herbert,—I am also pleased to hear from you again. There are two likes I want you to hold on to—Sunday school and "Grit."—Uncle T.)

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A QUESTION.

"What kind of a dog is that, pa?"

Once asked a little boy,
As round and round in circles
Its tail it chased with joy.

"A watch-dog," said the father.

Young hopeful eyed the pup:

"Of course!" he answered wisely,

"He's winding himself up!"

* * *

ALL MINOR.

"When we were married," said Brown, "my wife and I made an agreement that I should make the rulings in all the major things and she in all the minor ones."

"And how has it worked?" Black inquired.

Brown smiled wanly. "So far," he replied, "no major matters have come up."

* * *

A CONUNDRUM.

"Father," said a little boy thoughtfully, as he watched his parent collect his notes and arrange the slides for a parish entertainment, "why is it that when you spend your holiday in the Holy Land you always give a lantern lecture on it? You never do when you have been to Paris!"

* * *

ONE LOOK ENOUGH.

The politician who was running for re-election called upon a Quaker family and asked his wife, who came to the door, to see her husband.

"Have a seat and my husband will see thee," the Quaker lady responded.

The politician waited for several minutes but the husband did not show up.

"I thought you said your husband would see me?" he said.

"He has seen thee," responded the Quaker lady, "but he did not like thy looks so he went another way."

* * *

Phyllis: "Are you fond of sports?"

Irene: "I used to think I was till I married one!"

THE CLEVER COMEBACK.

The witness had just been severely reprimanded by the court for having talked insultingly to a policeman—in fact, he had openly called the officer a jackass.

"You mean to say that it is a misdemeanor to call a policeman a jackass?" asked the witness.

"It certainly is, at least morally, in the opinion of this court," was the answer.

"Is it any harm to call a jackass a policeman?" queried the witness again.

"None whatever," smiled the judge.

As the witness left the court room he turned and said to the policeman:

"Good bye, policeman!"

* * *

PATERNAL ADMIRATION.

"Most wonderful baby I ever saw!" exclaimed Mr. Meekton.

"Wonderful for what?"

"Courage. Doesn't hesitate to interrupt Henrietta when she's talking."

* * *

DIDN'T GIVE IT AWAY.

Betty: "You mean thing! You said you wouldn't give away that secret I told you."

Bertha: "I didn't. I exchanged it for another secret and a chocolate sundae."

* * *

CHANGING THE BASIS.

Two Methodist preachers, one white and the other colored, served rural charges in Mississippi which were conterminous. The negro received a considerably larger salary than his white brother, who asked him if it was not his custom to expel his members who failed to pay. "No, boss," he replied, "we would not like to put the gospel on a money basis. We gets them to subscribe, and if they don't pay we turns them out for lying."

* * *

THE JURY.

The trials of life would not be so bad if we could render our own verdicts.

Mistress—

Mary, your kitchen
is a picture!

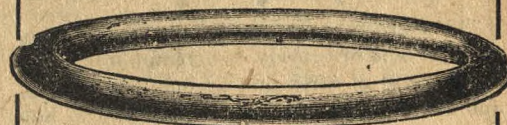
However do you
get everything so
spotlessly clean
& bright?



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

KERR'S

RELIABLE JEWELLERY, WATCHES
AND SILVERWARE



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Others, 25/-, 30/-, 42/-, to 25/5/-

Solid 15ct. Gold, 23/3/-, 24/4/-, to 27/7/-

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old Jewellery. Also repair work of all
kinds.

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Silversmith,

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Made from Best French Cream Tartar.
Makes Lovely Scones and Cakes.

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MALT AND PEPSIN BREAKFAST MEAL.

Splendid for Dyspeptics and Invalids.
N.B.—One grain of Pepsin-Malt will digest
two thousand grains of any ordinary Farinaceous
Food.

REFUSE ALWAYS SUBSTITUTES.

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FOR BEST VALUE
DRINK

KING TEA

THE NEW CEYLON

DAILY INSPIRATION

By FAIRELIE THORNTON.

SUNDAY.

"As we have opportunity, let us do good unto all men."—Gal. 6, 10.

* * *

There are many people in the world who, through lack of courage to attempt, and firmness of will to carry out, accomplish nothing, and are continually letting opportunities slip by unimproved, when they are capable of doing much which is thus left undone, and they all the while lending a willing ear to any excuses which may present themselves about "waiting for the way to be made clear, instead of setting themselves to clear it."

It is so easy when the will is wanting to see a lion in the way which, when faced boldly, proves to be like Bunyan's lions, chained, or more often an imaginary one. Difficulties which appear perfectly insurmountable when viewed from a distance, when bravely encountered sink into mole-hills, and we find that which once seemed impossible becomes, when faced with courage, one of the easiest and pleasantest things to do.

MONDAY.

"Fight the good fight of faith."—1 Tim. 6, 12.

* * *

Ye who forth would gladly go,
Without dark foreboding fear,
But you see some lurking foe,
In the distance drawing near.
And your heart sinks down within,
While you fain the fight would flee,
Oh, go forth and conquer sin!
"As thy days, thy strength shall be."

TUESDAY.

"Whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely."—Rev. 22, 17.

* * *

There is no such thing as chance
You must your own aims advance,
Every man, may by his will,
His own destiny fulfil.
And the thing which you call fate
You, yourself, by will dictate.

Every movement of your hand
Comes from your own will's command,
Not a step your feet shall go
But you will direct it so,
Not a thought, or heart's intent,
But the will must first consent.

WEDNESDAY.

"Have faith in God."—Mark 11, 22.

* * *

Lose faith, and you lose everything worth having. Keep out of Doubting Castle, and by-path meadow, which leads there, if you would find life worth living. Faith is the eye of the soul, which needs to be kept clean from the dust of this world, or its vision will become dim. It will become clearer the more it faces the light. Turn your back on the sun of righteousness and you will soon be a wandering star lost in the blackness of darkness. There is no such thing as honest doubt. All doubt is dishonest, dishonest to ourselves, and dishonest to the God who made us, robbing Him of His due, and ourselves of our privileges.

THURSDAY.

"He that cometh to God must believe that He is, and that He is a rewarder of them that diligently seek Him."—Heb. 11, 6.

* * *

Faith is of no value in itself. It is what it links itself to which makes it of any use. It is the connecting link between the soul and God. Joined to omnipotence, it becomes omnipotent. The living current works through Him to the one who uses this connecting link. As the branch cut off from the vine is dead, so unless joined to Christ by a living faith we are dead and useless. Faith is the hand which reaches out to God. Put forth thine hand, O timid soul, and God will grasp it in His own, and life—new life—will flow through Him to you. Just in proportion to our faith, so will be our peace and power. "All things are possible to him that believeth."

FRIDAY.

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he."—Prov. 23, 7.

* * *

Guard your thoughts, for they beget
Many a bitter wild regret.
Every act of wilful sin
Had its origin within.
Every deed of vileness wrought
Sprang from an unholy thought.
Guard your inmost being's springs,
Fill your mind with heavenly things.

SATURDAY.

"None of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself."

* * *

No being liveth to himself alone,
Each act of thine is but a wave
Which touches other waves, and so rolls on
For ever. Each act doth pave
The way for others' acts. No man need deem
His life is lost how'er obscure it seem.

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IN A NUTSHELL—
the mellow oil of
the coconut blended
in
SUNLIGHT SOAP
makes all the difference in a true
laundry soap

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It possesses that fragrantcy of aroma with a richness of flavor sought for by all real lovers of tea.

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On the contrary, the better the grade the more economical it is—the greater the number of cups you can make from a pound of the best quality.

The Ku-Ku Blend cannot fail to win your favor instantly. It represents the handiwork of the world's greatest tea experts, with the choicest growths from most fertile gardens of Darjeeling and the Island of Ceylon.

Let your next order be a pound of Ku-Ku Tea. "Safe-Tea First." At all Grocers.

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A LOST CAUSE.

NEW YORK NEWSPAPER COMMENTS ON "THE WET" FUNERAL PROCESSION.

The wet, nullificationist New York "World," a member of the staff of which was the parade's director and creator, in its front page story on July 5 said:

"But certain plain facts about the anti-Prohibition parade—painful as they may sound to the ultra-enthusiasts who worked it up—must be told.

"It was not any 'early morning till late night' affair, such as had been promised. Of the 202,670 men and women who signed pledges that they would march, not one-tenth appeared. And of those who did take part, eight out of every ten—so far as the 'World's' observer could judge—were foreign born. And looking at it in yet another way, eight of every ten were middle-aged."

The New York "Times," commenting on the use of Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper" as a banner by Italian advocates of wine, said:

"Slogans and mottoes, derisive of Prohibition, and calling for the restoration of wine and beer, were scattered in profusion all through the procession. The one that caused the most comment was a copy of Leonardo da Vinci's famous painting, 'The Last Supper,' borne by a woman. Underneath the copy of the painting was a printed slip bearing the words, 'Wine was served.' Then followed 500 men and women, seemingly of foreign extraction, bearing flags with the inscription, 'We want wine with our meals.'

"The use of a copy of what many persons consider a sacred painting had a mixed effect on the spectators. At many places along the route it was received with both cheers and hisses."

The New York "Herald's" comment on the appearance of the "Night Hawks," symbols of days which departed with Prohibition, was:

"Next, a mixture of victorias, barouches, and hansom cabs—drawn by all the cab horses left in New York, night hawks, blinking by day, fuzzy old green stove pipe hats waved by drivers, one of whom shook his whip towards the Mayor and yelled, 'An Irish horse and an Irish driver, Mr. Mayor, and I want me beer!'"

Dwelling upon the very noticeable lack of enthusiasm on the part of spectators, the Socialist New York "Call" said:

"The parade was not appreciated as it

should have been by the scattered thousands who viewed it from the shady side of Fifth Avenue, from Washington Arch to 60th Street. There was little applause. 'Don't cheer, boys, the poor fellows are dying,' seemed to be the sentiment along the sidelines."

The sentiment expressed by the "Call" reporter in the "lead" to his parade story was more or less echoed by all New York City papers. He wrote:

"The much-heralded line of 100,000 protesting citizens singing, 'We will get you, Mr. Volstead,' in the first place was mostly mute, and in the second place numbered less than 15,000 men, women and children, on foot and in trucks, automobiles, taxi-cabs, low-necked cabs and on floats.

"The Anti-Saloon League of New York had expert accountants on the job, and they declared the actual figures were 14,922, including 922 musicians and 24 policemen."

The Broadway sporting journal, the "Morning Telegraph," on July 6th printed an editorial, from which the following is taken:

"There were two parades in New York on Independence Day; one representing an aspiration, the other an appetite. . . . One of these parades was almost if not quite a fiasco. . . . As a matter of cold fact, there were fewer than 15,000 marchers in the anti-Prohibition demonstration, representing an appetite, and a friendly critic agrees that 80 per cent. of these were foreigners.

"Perhaps the weather had much to do with it, but if this be altogether true, how do we account for the fact that between 30,000 and 40,000 men and women, many of them no longer young, passed over the same gruelling route earlier in the day, representing an aspiration—the longing for political freedom that stirs every patriotic Irish heart?"

The New York "Evening Post" made the following editorial comment:

"Yesterday's anti-dry parade, defiling past a Mayor who sipped soda the while, proved a number of facts. It proved again that a true 'wet' can often see a half-dozen men where the ordinary observer sees one. . . . What it did not prove was that there is an overwhelming army of 'wets' ready to rise as one man against Volsteadism.

"It was a hot day, but on July 4th true sons of personal liberty should have remembered how their forefathers fought at Monmouth when it was too hot to touch the gun barrels. It was not so hot but that the reporters who counted 10,000 'wets' could count 35,000 in the Irish parade. For weeks we have heard how Mr. Drake's mail was the largest in the country; how marchers were coming from the Pacific slope and the far North-west; how 200,000 were enrolled—and the result is a parade of about as many men as New York used to employ as bartenders. It was picturesque but not impressive."

The 'wet' "Brooklyn Citizen" declared emphatically on July 5th:

"The parade in New York yesterday was a failure."

The "Evening Mail" of July 5th said editorially:

"The 'wet' parade yesterday dwindled from the promised 100,000 marchers to 15,000. . . .

"The more efforts made by the liquor interests to arouse sympathy for their lost cause the more certain does it appear that their cause is lost forever."

Terrible Prosperity—

(Continued from page 5.)

The following will give our readers further information concerning the profits of the brewers. The following sixteen brewery companies issued their annual reports for 1919: Barclay, Perkins and Co.; Bass, Ratcliffe and Gretton; Bent's; Boddington's; Bristol (Georges and Co.); Buckley's; Cannon; Chester's; A. Guinness, Son and Co.; Wm. Hancock and Co.; Huggings and Co.; Mitchell and Butler's; Newcastle; Watney, Combe, Reid and Co.; W. B. Reid and Co.; Whitbread and Co. The aggregate figures for these sixteen companies are as follows:

Years.	Net Profits.	To Reserve, etc.
1914 ..	£3,031,442 (100) ..	£865,968 (100)
1917 ..	4,540,769 (150) ..	946,124 (109)
1918 ..	4,342,086 (143) ..	1,129,214 (130)
1919 ..	6,333,545 (280) ..	1,890,747 (218)

TOOHEY'S, LIMITED.

Statements of accounts of Toohey's, Limited, covering the year ended July 31 last were submitted to shareholders at the annual meeting last week. They disclosed net earnings amounting to £88,274, of which £21,654 was derived from interest, etc. A balance of £7490 was brought forward from the previous year, making the total for appropriation £95,764. The rate of dividend is 9 per cent.—an increase of $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the basis observed last year, of which £22,950 was distributed as an interim payment in March.

YEARS ENDED JULY 21.

	1919.	1920.	1921.
	£	£	£
Net profit	55,974	74,725	88,274
Brought forward .	745	719	7,490
Available	56,719	75,444	95,764
Dividend	32,000	37,831	45,901
Rate p.a.	8%	8 $\frac{1}{2}$ %	9%
To depreciation ..	10,000	10,000	15,000
To reserve	14,000	20,000	25,000
Carried forward .	719	7,613	9,863
Capital	400,000	485,149	524,119
Reserves	233,500	198,500	211,000

Liabilities include capital paid, £524,119, or £38,970 more than at July 31 last year, and reserves, which at £211,000 are up £12,500. Sundry creditors are shown at £187,845. Principal assets comprise the brewery plant, stock, freeholds, leaseholds, and goodwill, which are grouped in one amount at £600,655, goodwill representing £22,500 of that total, and having as set-off a reserve of equal sum. Sundry debtors figure for £170,161; stock is valued at £196,098, and there are securities for £19,326, and cash £9538, the accounts balancing at £995,778, as against an aggregate of £821,914 shown a year ago.

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Clerical Outfitters

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New South Wales Alliance—

(Continued from Page 4.)

terested in the concert to be given for his benefit in the Town Hall on September 27. This is intended as a tribute to the value of his famous song, "Boys of the Dardanelles," and other compositions. The concert is being arranged by a representative committee, of which Sir Henry Braddon is chairman.

Mr. Marsh Little intends proceeding to England and America later.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S DEPARTMENT. New Societies.

We are glad to hear of new societies being formed at Branxton and Botany. Doubtless other societies have recently been formed, and we should be pleased to hear of all new societies and existing ones which have not yet registered with our department.

Essay Contest.

Through the liberality of several friends plans have been made possible for an Essay Contest amongst young people. The subject of the essay will be "Success of Prohibition in America." Over £12 is offered in prizes. Full particulars next issue of "Grit."

Lantern Slides.

We have recently prepared several sets of lantern slides for lending to societies. Many of our friends may have slides which they are unable to use frequently. We should be glad to receive donations of slides, especially scenic or temperance slides. If you have any, send them to us, and thus ensure a large sphere of usefulness for them.

A Great Demonstration.

Our Sans Souci workers have enthusiastically planned a procession and rally. It will leave the Ramsgate tram section at 3 p.m. on Saturday, September 17, and march to Sans Souci. Representative speakers will give short, crisp addresses, and there will be a large rally of Junior Lodge members, Boy Scouts, Girl Guides, Order of Knights, Endeavours, Sunday school scholars, etc. It will be well worth a special trip to Sans Souci to see this great event.

Cinema Outfit for Our Societies.

A very liberal friend of temperance and of young people has purchased a Pathe Cinema outfit and placed it at our disposal. We shall shortly be prepared to visit societies with this outfit including about 3000 feet of interesting films, including a 4-reel temperance film, entitled "In the Grip of Alcohol." The generosity of our friend is greatly appreciated.

For Our Elocutionists.

Here is a short poem for use at your next society meeting:

THE DOMINATING FACTOR.

Nay, not the side that wins the toss
Will win the coming Test;
No tricks of "pulling" balls across
Will prove one side the best,
Take notes in the pavilion,
Observe the luncheon feast—
I want to put my money on
The side that liquors least.

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Oh, cricket is a noble game,
Or so I'm always told;
I've showered praises on its name
Since I was six years old.
But this I know, when bowlers fail,
Or batsmen weak appear,
The cricketer who turns the scale
Is mostly "good old Beer."

Beer dominates the cricket score
In country or in town;
Beer now, as in the days of yore,
Puts many a wicket down.
This maxim (meaning no offence)
To captains I'd apply:
Just put your trust in Providence
And keep your teammen dry.
—O.K., in the "Bulletin."

"GRIT" SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Received to 9/9/21, and where not mentioned the amount received is 10s.: R. Coulter, 12s., 30/12/21; H. Toosemore, 30/12/21; Mrs. Melvin, 2s. 6d., 30/1/22; Niel Brown £1, 30/12/22; Mrs. C. W. Heyde, £1, 28/2/23; Mrs. Fowler, 30/12/21; L. A. Tanner, 13s. 9d., 30/12/22; Mrs. Hawkesford, 5s., 3/3/22; Mrs. Morris, 6/10/22; W. C. Morgan, 16/6/22; F. C. Bell (agent), £2 17s. 10d., 30/12/22; Mrs. Jamieson, 3s., 30/12/21; J. G. Symonds, 8/8/22.

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JAMES MARION MEMORIAL FUND.

£1 1s.—Mrs. De Low, W.C.T.U., Albion, Queensland.
£1—June W.C.T.U.
14s.—Friends, per W.C.T.U., Albion, Queensland.
10s. 6d.—J. J. Russell.
5s.—Sympathiser, H. P. Hill, Mrs. Morris.
2s. 6d.—J. H. Russell.
2s.—F. H. Anrousseau, T. H. Bowden, H. Ellis.

The total amount sent in to the fund is £1120/1/-. Will those who have donations in hand please send them at once, as it is desirable to close the fund at once.

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