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LICENSE DOES NOT PROTECT US.

SLY GROG IS NOT A FRUIT OF PROHIBITION.

"The liquor appetite knows no law, fears no degradation and is not deterred by any consequences."—R. B. S. HAMMOND.

We are told ad nauseam that Prohibition is the sole and original parent of the sly-grog seller—the bootlegger. The facts, of course, disprove the assertion, but a fact has a hard job getting into the average mind. The following incidents convince us that legalised drinking is responsible for the demand for sly-grog.

SLY-GROG MENACE TO HOTEL TRADE.

So serious was the opposition to the business of a hotel at Emerald through the activities of sly-grog sellers, according to evidence at the police court there, that the licensee was contemplating closing the premises.

Continuing their campaign against sly-grog sellers, the police prosecuted Richard Owen, storekeeper at Rangal colliery, on whose premises a considerable stock of liquor was found.

He pleaded guilty, and a fine and costs, totalling £33 were imposed.

SAID HE LENT THE BEER.

William Henry Hall, ham and beef shop proprietor, of Victoria Street, Concord, was fined £30 at Burwood Police Court for having sold liquor without a license.

Albert Cook, police agent, said the defendant sold him two bottles of beer and later the marked purchase money was found near the premises.

Defendant said he had only lent the beer to Cook, who he thought was the husband of one of his customers. He had not taken any money.

"I do not believe that story," said Mr. Williams, S.M.

ZONIA CAFE LIQUOR.

Leslie Hoggins, 23, waiter, was fined £20 at the Central Court for having sold whisky and hock at the Zonia Cafe, Darlinghurst, without having held a license.

PUBLICAN UNLUCKY.

Reginald Walker, licensee of the Cronulla Beach Hotel, was fined £3 at Kogarah Court for having supplied liquor to a person, who was not a bona-fide traveller, on Sunday.

When informed that defendant was called away to the telephone while interrogating the person in question, and that the latter was served with a drink during his absence, Mr. Cohen, S.M., ordered that the conviction should not be recorded against the licensee.

Arthur Bertram was fined £5 and Frederick Lound, Oswald Kelly, and William Alfred Napier were each fined £2, with 8/- costs, for having obtained liquor on a Sunday by falsely representing themselves to be bona-fide travellers. For having been on the premises during prohibited hours, Peter White was fined 30/-, with court costs.

LIQUOR SOLD WITHOUT LICENSE.

For having sold liquor without a license, fines and costs totalling £57 were imposed on Richard Leyland at the Wauchope Police Court. The liquor was being sold to labourers in the construction camp on the new Oxley Highway.

MALTESE'S BREACH OF LIQUOR LAWS.

At the Casino Police Court, Charles Grech, a Maltese, was fined £30 for having carried about liquor suspected of being for sale. Oragio Attard, another Maltese, was charged with aiding and abetting him in the commission of the offence, and he also was fined £30, in default three months' imprisonment.

FINED £600 IN SIX MONTHS.

During the past two years William Atkins, 44, engineer, has paid fines amounting to over £600 for selling sly-grog. Police state that he has created a record in that regard.

At Central Court Mr. Perry, S.M., recorded Atkins' seventh conviction when he penalised him £100 and sentenced him to six months' imprisonment.

Atkins was out on appeal on a similar conviction, imposed two months ago.

ASSAULT ON CONSTABLE.

When he found that his confidence had been betrayed, and that he had sold two bottles of beer to a constable for 3/-, under the illusion that he was finding a new customer, Charles Morris, a labourer, aged 28, waxed indignant at the simple police ruse, and rained blows on the policeman.

He appeared before Mr. Shepherd, S.M., at the Central Police Court, to answer two charges instead of one. On the first charge, that of selling beer without being the holder of a liquor license, he was fined £30, in default three months' imprisonment; for assaulting the constable, he was fined £3, in default one month's imprisonment.

CONCORD BUSINESS MAN FINED.

William Henry Hall pleaded not guilty at the Burwood Police Court to a charge of selling two bottles of beer to a policeman at 27 Victoria Street, Concord, not being the holder of a license.

Sergeant Nicholls said that the defendant carried on business as a ham and beef merchant. Witness said he gave certain instructions to Constable Cook, who went to defendant's shop and purchased the beer, paying for it with "marked money."

Defendant, who is a J.P., and a member of the local Progress Association, and was at one time secretary of the Nationalist Association; denied that Cook gave him any money in payment for the beer.

Mr. Williams, S.M., imposed a fine of £30, in default four months.

LIQUOR AT CAFE. £60 In Fines.

A constable who visited Ciro's Cafe in Elizabeth Street ordered two bottles of beer, for which he paid 2/- each. As a result, Frederick Constantine, cafe proprietor, aged 28, and Jack Lershutti, waiter, aged 27, appeared at the Central Police Court on charges of having sold the liquor without holding a license.

It was stated that Lershutti received the order for the liquor, and Constantine supplied it. Each defendant, who pleaded guilty, was fined £30, in default four months' imprisonment.

AMBASSADORS RAID.

The licensing police raid on the Ambassadors at midnight had its sequel at the Central Police Court when four men were each fined £30 by Mr. Laidlaw, S.M.

Percy Stewart Dawson was charged that he appeared to be the person having control and management of unlicensed premises on which liquor was sold.

Joseph Castellani, manager, Angelo Angus and Vladimir Paskavitch, waiters, were each charged with selling liquor without a license.

The defendants pleaded guilty.

Sergeant Russell stated that Percy Stewart Dawson was the managing director of the Ambassadors. On Saturday Paskavitch sold a constable and a civilian three bottles of sparkling hock, charging 12/6 a bottle.

"A large amount of business is done at this place," added Sergeant Russell, "and they are hard to catch, owing to the class of people who go there. The premises are very well conducted."

In answer to the Bench, Sergeant Russell said that the police found 150 odd bottles of liquor on the premises, including champagne, whisky and gin.

Four months' hard labour was the alternative to paying the fines, but the defendants did not ask for time to pay.

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THE RING OF TRUTH.

CONVINCING TESTIMONY FROM THOSE WE CAN TRUST.

By Jack Creagh.

We have much news in the press of the failure of so-called Prohibition; we know that while much of it is frankly untrue or grossly exaggerated, some of it is true in fact, but not true in relationship to all the facts. The "Sun" has starred some sensational and transparently misleading anti-prohibition stuff lately, and the following important and convincing cable appeared in an unobtrusive way on January 28th:

**"PROHIBITION.
No Change In Sight.**

"WASHINGTON, Monday. "The unprecedented fury which has marked the Prohibition debates recently in Congress, shows how acute the issue stands, but there is really no chance as far as observers are able to judge, that the existing order of things relating to liquor will be overturned.

"Fully three-fourths of the members of both houses of Congress are politically 'dry,' and, assuming the renomination of President Hoover in 1932, the next Republican platform will be 'drier' than that of 1928."

I thought if the press would only be as candid in other aspects and facts concerning Prohibition it would be great, and lead to much good.

It is admitted on every hand, grudgingly in some places, that as a nation, U.S.A. is progressive, level-headed in government, and the leading nation in business. Undoubtedly that is so.

Then how does it come about that after ten years of National Prohibition, we find this nation not likely to make a change?

A great American, Henry Ward Beecher, gave a classic statement when one day he took up his pen and sent a message to the temperance workers of the world. Here is the statement:

"Suppose there is a precipice out by the schoolhouse, where many children are assembled. Suppose that halfway down the precipice there is a spring that I especially enjoy, and, strong man that I am, I can go down there safely by a narrow path, dangerous to many, but not to me. Suppose that the children are determined to go down there after me, and will not believe that the path is dangerous, since they see me tread it with impunity. Some of them that try it fall and break their necks, and others are maimed for life. Now, what sort of a man, much more, what sort of a Christian, should I be, if, under these circumstances, I persist in going down that dangerous path? Nay, verily, if I have one particle of magnanimity of soul, if I have been at all of Christ, I shall put a good, strong fence across that path, and never tread it any more. That is my position on the total abstinence question."

The citizens of U.S.A. have taken the alcohol problem more seriously than any other nation. That is why they have built the fence, "The 18th Amendment," across the path of those cursed by strong drink.

SOME REASONS WHY U.S.A. REMAINS DRY.

I am going to give you some reasons why U.S.A. remains, and is likely to remain Dry. Before doing so, let me give you the statement of Judge Webb, as recent as November, 1929:

"PROHIBITION CALLED MAGNIFICENT BLOW."

(Special to the Christian Science Monitor) CHARLOTTE, N.C.—Judge E. Yates Webb, of Shelby, presiding at the fall term of the United States Court, in his charge to the grand jury, denounced violators of the Eighteenth Amendment, and described the federal prohibition law as 'the most magnificent blow of civilisation for enlightenment and morality.'

"Judge Webb declared he was prepared to defend to the last ditch the laws designed to prevent the sale of liquor."

Let me repeat the Judge: "The most magnificent blow of civilisation for enlightenment and morality." Can you beat it, he said a mouthful, are some of the quaint terms that are now being given to such statements as Judge Webb made.

Let me give you the headlines of an article published in the Christian Science Monitor, 16-12-'29:

The article is a survey, and I feel prouder than ever of being a Prohibitionist.

"PRISON FIGURES SHOW DEEP CUT BY PROHIBITION.

"37 P.C. Less in Massachusetts at
Saving of \$6,640,552, According
To Survey.

"COLD FACTS PROVE DRY ERA A SUCCESS.

"Contrast Discloses Social, Financial,
Economic Benefits Beyond Possible
Dispute."

Sure, some headlines; here are some of the benefits mentioned in the survey:

"A prison population of 37 per cent. less than before the adoption of prohibition, representing a financial saving of \$6,640,552.45, is only one of the many benefits that have accrued to Massachusetts through the Eighteenth Amendment.

"This survey shows seven years before the passage of the Eighteenth Amendment in striking contrast to seven prohibition years. Public order, youth and family conditions, public health and economic activities, all reflect benefits, in many cases directly attributable to prohibition."

Briefly here are some reasons why U.S.A. easily holds to Prohibition.

Some Benefits To Women.
Arrests of women in Boston have fallen off:

Drunkenness 64.4%
All causes 37%

The number of women prisoners in State prisons has declined 48 per cent.

Fatalities amongst women "due to alcoholism" have been cut down from an average of 33 in the pre-prohibition years of 1913-18, to an average of 19 in the first seven years of prohibition. Alcoholic insanity is 58 per cent. lower under prohibition.

Children.

In a British country, and all English-speaking nations, women and children come first when danger threatens them. Prohibition has done more for the safety of women and children than all other factors, here is how the children benefit: Juvenile delinquency has steadily waned under prohibition the survey reveals. There have been 53 per cent. fewer neglected children, 40 per cent. fewer wayward, and 25 per cent. fewer delinquent. A decrease of 25 per cent. in delinquencies means a yearly saving of 739 children 10 to 17 years of age to be brought before the court on this charge.

Sure, the fence mentioned by Henry Ward Beecher, is doing "grand."

Since I arrived back from U.S.A., after five years' sojourn, I have been disgusted with the power of the "Liquor Trade." The power is in motion again, for the N.S.W. State Government is about to alter the Liquor Act. Why? Just watch!

In, and out of, Parliament, it seems to hamstring any progressive movements. If a nation of 120,000,000 people can make a great success, how much easier should Australia find it, if they took up the banishment of alcoholic beverages seriously.

Next week I will give some more facts that are backed up by my own experiences.

Prohibition of anything bad is good; the general working of alcohol as a beverage in the community is a menace to the individual and the nation.

(To Be Continued.)

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N.S.W. PROHIBITION ALLIANCE.

STAFF CHANGES.

The resignation of Mr. Henry Macourt and of Rev. H. Putland from the Alliance staff leaves vacancies that will not for the present be filled, owing to the necessity for economies in the stressful times through which the State is passing. The work of the Alliance will not be allowed to suffer, for the remaining members of the staff will take on added duties. Indeed, the Educational work is rapidly expanding, but we are securing much voluntary help in this direction from Ministers. We should be glad to hear of more Ministers who are prepared to give the "Ten Simple Lessons" in the time allotted them in the public schools for religious instruction. More than 60 Ministers are already doing this fine service. Will Ministers who are not yet enlisted kindly communicate with the Alliance?

WIRELESS AND TEMPERANCE EDUCATION.

There is a probability of arrangements being shortly made for Temperance Educational talks to be given over the wireless. By this means many thousands of children and adults will be reached. The talks will be along strictly physiological lines, dealing with Physical Fitness, as taught in the English schools with the authority of the British Education Dept.

THE LIQUOR BILL.

"Kiteflying" is a pastime indulged in by the Chinese and by newspaper reporters. The Celestials fly real kites in the air; the reporters do their kiteflying in newspaper paragraphs. In connection with the Liquor Bill all sorts of "reliable" (?) information has been published. The "Labor Daily" asserted that the hours of trading would be curtailed in the morning but extended in the evening. This is a re-hash of what appeared in other papers weeks ago. We are able to assure our friends that there is no truth in this. The question of hours will not be dealt with in the Bill so far as hotels are concerned. It is recognised that the people have determined by vote for 6 o'clock closing, and only the people should alter that hour.

We are not yet able to state what are the Government intentions in relation to the whole measure. The forthcoming session is likely to be a very embittered one, with attention concentrated on the industrial issue. It is hardly the kind of atmosphere for the discussion of a great economic problem like the Liquor question, which should in no sense be a party matter.

THE REAL ISSUE.

"Most people have forgotten," says an article in the "Ladies' Home Journal" for January, that the Eighteenth Amendment was adopted by Congress during wartime as an economic measure." So far as Parliament approaches the Temperance question as an economic and industrial problem so far is it likely to succeed. But for Parliament to approach it mainly as a moral issue will be to court failure. Law as such knows nothing of morals, which come within the proper purview of the Church, not of the Legislature or of the Courts. As Professor Fairchild, of Yale, declares, "Laws against vice are not enacted because vice is immoral, but because

it is dangerous and destructive." Temperance laws are called for, not in order to make men good or sober by act of Parliament, but because the Liquor evil, in the words of Mr. Ramsay Macdonald, "has become a menace to the State." Professor Brigden's declaration that our earnings have been depleted by £60,000,000 a year through the fall in the price of wool and from other causes, is reflected in adverse exchange rates and in recent quotations of our 5 per cents. in London at the abnormally low figure of £87. Any Liquor Bill that is framed with the object of increasing our earning power and diverting wasteful expenditure to the channels of constructive business, will be worthy of consideration by Parliament. But any Bill which seeks merely to deal with what is termed the use and abuse of alcohol will be at best a futile gesture. No one but a fanatical wet can justify the expenditure on liquor in N.S.W. of £4,600,000 a year more than the total value of its normal coal production when 23,000 coal workers are fully employed. That Australia should have spent on alcoholic beverages in 1928-29, the total value of its wheat harvest and coal production combined reveals the big leakage in our national accounts. The "Ladies' Home Journal" declares that Prohibition has banished poverty, increased production by 10% (Mr. Hoover's figure and confirmed by Sir Josiah Stamp). "It is in short an economic success." And that must be the test of the value of any Liquor Bill.

THE SUNSHINE FAIR.

The dates for holding the Fair are fixed for May 1st, 2nd and 3rd. A general committee meeting will be held at the Sunshine Lunch Rooms, 140 Elizabeth Street, on Friday, 7th February.

Mrs. Harrison Lee-Cowie, so well known in Temperance circles in New Zealand, passed through Sydney on her way to help in the Victorian poll. She was entertained at lunch by members of the Alliance.

QUEER ADVERTISEMENTS.

Another Pedestrian?—

CARD OF THANKS.

I wish to thank all who so kindly assisted in any way in the death of my dear husband, also those who furnished flivvers.—Ad. in a Florida paper.

Fat, Fair and Bald-headed.—Wish to correspond with lady to early marriage, must be poor working lady. I am poor working man, but honest and the lady must be same, age 35, weight 210 lbs., 5ft. 8in., bald-headed, but good looking.—"Denver Post."

Comes When You Whistle?—A late model 1927 Buick 6 sedan. 7-passenger, in perfect condition, nearly new; clipped ears, bobbed tail; answers name Mr. Norman, 2-8386 or 2,5721.—Ad. in the "Dallas News."

New Problem for Henry.—Wanted—Man with car that can speak Spanish for collector.—"San Antonio Express."

Fruitful Bossies.—We have our own farm at Landover, Md., and on it a very fine herd of cows, from which much of the milk, pumpkins, fruit and other ingredients of our products are obtained.—Bakery ad. in the "Washington Star."

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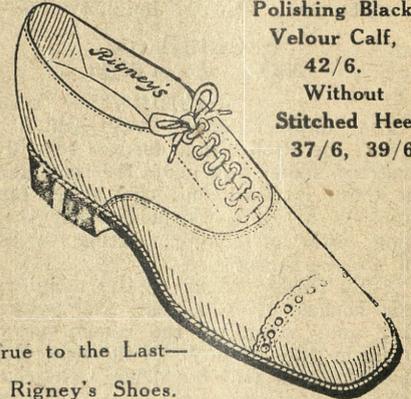
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"Little 'spots' of spirits, taken often, can—
Buy a ride for Horace in the prison van."

LIZZIES AND LIQUOR.

Good For Engines—Bad For Engineers.

The frequent and wholesale shootings of prohibition agents by bootleggers—and the "cowardly retaliation" of these folks in shooting back—are expounded by the bulk



of our press. Heavy tragedy stuff, folks? In the gloomy avalanche of this stuff it is refreshing to meet a little comedy. It was reported the other day that a means had been discovered to run motor vehicles on moonshine liquor seized from the bootleg person. And it was being utilised in this manner by army motor vehicles. This is as it should be. So far no reports are available in regard to the hangover, or morning after, effects of hooch upon the internal organs of a tin lizzie. We wait expectantly for some fertile newspaper man to discover for his paper—and blame upon prohibition—the swift, complete, and utter moral degradation of the tin lizzie following the internal use of bootleg liquor. We wait to be informed—with all solemnity—that since Lizzie took to hooch she has been running in circles, climbing trees, biting the hand which feeds her, refusing to park, and eating her young!

**ROZELLE RUMPUS,
Snorts and Snifters.**

At a meeting of the Balmain Council recently, Alderman McIntosh referred to a disturbance caused nightly by the use of a steam hammer at Overall's, in Buchanan Street, Rozelle. He said: "Personally, I get up and take a reviver when the noise commences." He said further that 5000 people were affected by the noise. The matter was referred to the Works Committee.

He gets up and takes a "reviver"—now just what does he mean by a reviver? And does he infer that the 5000 Rozelle people also take revivers? In the commonly accepted meaning of this term, a reviver is a snort, snifter, or a swallow or two of booze—the kicking, however, depending upon the necessity of the occasion, or upon the recuperative powers of the revivalist. We have tried to visualise as sympathetically as possible, Alderman McIntosh and the 5000 good folk in Rozelle hopping up and down all night, swallowing revivers, and we consider from the points of view of temperance and economy, to say nothing of wear and tear of pyjamas, that this steam hammer business, if it is as represented, constitutes a grave public scandal and a social menace, and should be stopped or minimised in some way. The Office Statistician, whose father keeps hens, offers as a suggestion that the hammer in present use be substituted for one of india rubber. At any rate, anything would be better than the volume of throaty gurgling caused by the urgent and continuous swallowings of "snorts" and "snifters" by the five thousand and one (counting the alderman) sleepless folk in Rozelle.

Folks, it's remarkable, this habit of taking revivers at the faintest glimmering of an excuse. The cemeteries of the world are stuffed full of strange old fish who had the reviver habit, and who eventually and prematurely arrived at their present condition, because the reviver failed to revive. In other words it stalled, or missed gears, or something. Are you listening, John Henry?

THE BREWER'S ROLLS-ROYCE.

A newspaper told us a few days ago that annual food relief payments by the Government for the whole of N.S.W. have increased from £6000 in 1922, to £266,000 last year. Relief to the Northern miners, from July 1st to December 31st, added £73,320 of this amount.

Now, apart from this contribution to the miners and their dependents, we wonder just how far old John Barleycorn is responsible for the pretty considerable balance? We have a gloomy feeling that the clutching hand of Booze is somewhere in the picture, and also that the sagging money bags of the ultra-patriotic brewery shareholders are

not very far away. It's a tough old world, my brothers and sisters, and though nobody grudges food to the hungry, a lot of us resent, very much, the idea of paying the fodder bill of the brewer's Rolls-Royce.

AND THAT IS THAT.

Replying for the Government to recent criticism regarding smuggler killings, Dr. Scott McBride, a "dry" leader, said: "Civil war over prohibition enforcement consists in deliberate and murderous assaults by bandits and outlaws upon organised government. It is not the friends of this cause who are breaking the law, shooting at public officers, or arming themselves with machine guns for use when arrest threatens, neither are liquor criminals recipients of large sums of money from friends of prohibition.



"Enemies of this law, by their support of the bootlegging element, have full responsibilities for their activities, including murder. When an opponent of the law refers to what he calls 'free shootings and killings by Government officers,' one wonders whether he believes that sworn defenders of the law of the nation have no obligations to protect the nation against one of the most criminal and murderous groups of which we have knowledge. One wonders also whether he believes that there is a permanent open season on Government officers, so that they may be shot, wounded or killed by liquor criminals without self-defence, which is one of the first laws of nature.

"Critics of the prohibition law are also quite mistaken when they refer to the increase of crime under prohibition. Outstanding authorities upon criminology in this country disagree with them on this point, just as the greatest authorities on economics and health all disagree with them in regard to the effect prohibition has had upon our national life."

Grit's Clown has several times rebuked the "Sun" for ignoring prohibition news which reflects at all favourably to prohibition. He takes this opportunity to thank the "Sun" for publishing the above a few weeks ago. It is of considerable interest to Australian prohibitionists and we pass it along.

SLAVERY, RELIGION AND "MODERATION."

BY E.H.T.

"Rum, Romance and Rebellion" is a 300 page volume by C. W. Taussig (published by Jarrolds (London) and sold at 19/-). It is the epic of rum, chiefly in America, and by "rum" the author means just that—not alcohol in general. Mr. Taussig does not appear to be a prohibitionist, but his work is unintentionally an arsenal for reformers to resort for arguments.

Several chapters deal with "Slavery and the Slave Trade," Africa and America, from the 16th century to modern times. Rum was a considerable part of the currency with which were laden the ghastly ships which sailed to the dark continent, returning with a shackled freight of negro passengers—in unbelievable misery. Captured by white raiders, packed into filthy ships, into dark holds within vessels manned by devils, and dogged by plague, the slaves died like flies on the voyage. Only a percentage survived, but still the trade earned great profits when its "cargo" reached the auction blocks of Virginia.

Was such a trade despised? It was not! The church of the era regarded slavery, slaves, raids and cruelty as part of the scriptural rewards of Ham. Clergymen owned slaves and publicly blessed the slave-ships. It is not surprising. (In 1929 a bishop spoke of alcoholic drink as "a good gift of God"!)

According to Taussig, generally speaking the slave traders and the clergy divided their attentions, just as the breweries and some others do now. At p. 109 we read:

"With a few notable exceptions, the merchants left most of the religious white-washing to the divines and judges, and gave their attention to the business in hand, although we find that the great and familiar Pecksniff had his progenitors at that day. . . . They rolled the whites of their eyes and uttered pious ejaculations, as they scanned their ledgers and wrote instructions for turning rum into 'slops' or human souls immaterially. After attending to such matters, these 'respectable' men take leave of their captain, and 'conclude with committing you to the Almighty Disposer of all events.' The profanity of sailors is grateful music to ears compelled to listen to the prayers of such damnable hypocrites."

Nowadays grave merchants and church officers have part of the shares in distilleries, the stock exchange quotes the activities of the same, and the press regards the trade as one to be tolerated—while not exactly praised. We shall grow beyond that dreadful toleration before long. Taussig says (p. 123):

"It must be remembered that in New England the triangular trade in molasses, rum, and slaves was the 'Big Business' of the eighteenth century. Many writers who opposed the evil did so with tongue in cheek, for 'Big Business' then, as now, was accorded delicate and gingerly treatment. Much was written of the 'daring voyages for slaves,' of the prosperous trips of the 'Guineamen,' and of the intrepid character of the traders themselves. It is even customary, when a hazardous rum-and-slave voyage was about to be embarked upon, that on the Sunday before sailing an elder of the church, often financially interested in the venture, should ask for divine aid for the enterprise, and it is recorded that one elder added the following prayer to

his benediction: "That an over-ruling Providence should be pleased to bring to this land of freedom another cargo of benighted heathens to enjoy the blessing of a gospel dispensation." The cloaking of insidious and inhuman practices with a white mantle of religion was not peculiar to colonial times. It has always been the very essence of Machiavellianism."

(It is eminently doubtful if slavery ever contributed to the world's pain like booze has done.)

Occasionally, down to the 18th century, even white men were sold into bondage. The Reverend M. Asinus Mule, who rates prohibitionists and rhapsodises over the virtues of Wine is comparable in this day (generation for generation) with that great American pietist Cotton Mather, who stood at the apex of New England austerity, and yet plotted to sell a shipful of white immigrants into perpetual servitude. The shipful included Penn and his noble Friends. Taussig (p. 147) quotes the Reverend Mather's letter on the subject thus:

"September, ye 15 1682.

"To Ye Aged and Beloved
Mr. John Higginson:

"There is now at sea a ship called the 'Welcome,' which has on board an hundred or more of the heretics and malignants called Quakers, with W. Penn who is the chief scamp, at the head of them.

"The general court has accordingly given secret orders to Master Malachi Huscott, of the brig 'Porpoise,' to waylay the said 'Welcome' slyly as near the Cape of Cod as may be, and make captive the said Penn and his ungodly crew, so that the Lord may be glorified, and not mocked, on the soil of this new country with the heathen worship of these people. Much spoil can be made by selling the whole lot to Barbados, where slaves fetch good prices in rum and sugar, and we shall not only do the Lord great service by punishing the wicked, but we shall make great good for his ministers and people.

"Master Huscott feels hopeful and I will set down the news when the ship comes back.

"Yours in ye bowels of Christ,"
"Cotton Mather."

So, temperance workers, be not astonished that some clergy of this year of grace can yet hold aloof, or can even bless the booze vendors!

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SOWING DRAGON'S TEETH.

Condensed from The Virginia Quarterly Review.

WILLIS J. ABBOTT.

A distinguished psychologist, Dr. Morton Prince, of Harvard, remarked to me recently while contemplating a newspaper, the first page of which was largely filled with reports of peace meetings, that if the constant discussion of peace could be maintained the thing itself would inevitably follow. For such educational discussions of something that the whole world undoubtedly wants tend to create a habit of mind which thinks of every international dispute in terms of peace instead of in terms of war.

In time of war, governments have always recognised this principle in its reverse application. They have always welded the press of their nations into one coherent whole, having for its single purpose the creation of mass hatred of the enemy and the stimulation of the warlike passions of the people. Up to the present moment no government, however peaceful its professions, has mobilised the press for peace, nor have newspapers recognised it as their patriotic duty to strive earnestly in times of peace to show the good and lovable traits in foreign peoples as in time of war they labour to portray a formerly friendly people as savages.

Let us consider the psychological effect of the ordinary international news published.

I happened to be in Berlin during the mark's deepest depreciation. Never was a city so plunged in apprehension and gloom. No workingman could tell whether his day's wages would buy even a breakfast on the morrow. Notes were actually being printed for ten billion marks, and, for the moment, were worth less than \$2.50. Established fortunes were swept away. It was an occasion on which a visitor from a more fortunate land naturally found his sympathies stirred to the depths.

I dropped in at the office of the correspondent of one of the best known American newspapers. That young gentleman took only a mild interest in the currency situation. "The chief told me," he said, "to cut out all this high brow stuff, reparations, stabilising the mark and so on. He says that with all this blotting out of old fortunes the aristocracy must be turning some sharp corners to get a living—women on the streets, men at the gaming tables, and the like. A good scandal in high society is what will get on the first page!"

What causes more mischief than sensational, exaggerated reporting of great international events is the steady flow of misleading news which emphasises the irritating phases of international relations. Just now, for example, it is difficult for the American newspaper reader to think of the French as anything save an immoral nation intent upon repudiating its just debts, and ready to plunge into a new series of wars. On the other hand the French, being schooled thereto by their own press, have come to regard the United States as "Uncle Shylock," believe implicitly that our statesmen and soldiers claim exclusive credit for the victory in the war, and regard our visiting legionnaires as persons who should be rigidly excluded from French homes, and left to riot in the resorts which attract them to Paris.

We can hardly blame English correspondents in the United States for informing their papers that the Mayor of Chicago has

detected a plot to annex the United States to the British Commonwealth! But there should also be some news value in the fact that Chicago is rebuilding itself at the cost of hundreds of millions of dollars merely to improve its aesthetic qualities. Even Mayor Thompson himself is accomplishing certain reforms despite his flamboyant demagoguery. The average English newspaper reader, however, is given no opportunity to doubt that all Chicago is made up of violent foes to his country under the leadership of a mayor eager to declare war at an instant's notice.

It is not as between America and the old world alone that newspapers tend to awaken misunderstandings. What in our country is a zest for sensationalism becomes on the continent almost an exact science. Politicians there employ the press as an agent provocateur. The news gathering agencies are often government agencies, brazenly employed for propaganda. In Paris you will hear of the scandalous way in which the Wolfe Agency distorts the utterances of French public men. In Berlin the Foreign Office responds, "But you ought to see what the Havas Agency does to news affecting Germany!" The trail of politics is everywhere, and neither writers nor readers abroad seem disquieted by it. But the importance of this situation to the American or English reader lies in the fact that much of the information sent home by correspondents in France, Germany, or Italy is derived from such polluted sources.

In the lamentable failure of the recent conference for the Limitation of Naval Armaments at Geneva, the attitude of the press played a large part. The voice of the press systematically treated this event as a fight rather than a peace conference. The obvious result of such reporting is that the people of the United States have no accurate idea of what the British position was, nor have the British any conception of the reasons behind the American attitude.

The conference not only failed. With the aid of the press, it has sown dragon's teeth. Each nation is profoundly convinced that the other strove to acquire for itself the mastery of the seas while hypocritically professing a desire for equality. Actually both nations were right, Britain desiring small cruisers for her far-flung police duties, the United States wanting 10,000 ton ships because smaller ones would have been of little use with her lack of naval bases. The error, the criminal blunder, was the action of the press in attributing to each a sinister purpose to over-reach the other. As a result public sentiment in the United States looks with complacency on the most costly naval programme ever presented to Congress, and the London press is full of gibes at a nation which preaches peace and proceeds to construct the most powerful fleet ever known.

Is there any remedy for such press methods? Primarily the situation would improve if newspapers generally would instruct their correspondents to avoid transmitting news which is merely irritating without having enough importance to make its publication necessary. Such items, for instance, as the story recently carried by many papers describing a duel fought by Mussolini in which Il Duce was "detected"

in wearing a coat of mail! Of course the story was untrue, and it was equally unimportant. Yet it was irritating to the Italian people.

To get a just estimate of the part played by news in creating or correcting misunderstandings between nations would require an investigation which could be conducted only with the co-operation of the press itself. Such an inquiry should not be confined to the methods used in Europe and America, but should consider the obvious irritation of the South American press with the policies of the United States, as reported to them, and to the news that comes out of China. An inquiry of this sort would prove enlightening to the public and might even result in correcting journalistic methods which too often imperil the harmony of nations.

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A Personal Chat with my readers

LIFE IN DAY-TIGHT COMPARTMENTS. We envy those whose well-ordered lives, apparent happiness, and undoubted success fill us with

longings. Newspapers are always seeking an explanation from such people—they are constantly asked, what is the secret? To most of us their explanation does not explain or their prescription is beyond us. I once heard the Rev. Watts Ditchfield, afterwards made a Bishop, give a lecture to clergy on his most successful work in the slums of London. I found it interesting but not helpful. He invited questions, most of which were trivial, and the answers unimportant. I finally asked him: "Having told us what a clerical Rolls-Royce had done, would he tell us what a clerical wheelbarrow could do?" He, being by nature and the Grace of God the "Rolls-Royce" was without understanding of the "wheelbarrows," and anyhow without any practical plan adaptable to such "wheelbarrows."

The fact is that the vast majority of us are as described by St. Paul in his first letter to the Corinthians, "those members of the body, which seem to be more feeble . . . uncomely parts . . . the part which lacked," to such he points the more excellent way in his famous love chapter. Such have their use, play an essential part and "must not presume to fret because it's little."

It is not easy, nor is it simple, but it is worthwhile to try and live your life in day-tight compartments. The following anonymous lines are from Sanskrit:

Listen to the Exhortation of the Dawn!
Look to this Day!
For it is Life, the very Life of Life.
In its brief course lie all the
Varieties and Realities of your Existence:
The Bliss of Growth,
The Glory of Action,
The Splendour of Beauty;
For Yesterday is but a Dream,
And To-morrow is only a Vision,
But To-day, well lived, makes
Every Yesterday a Dream of Happiness.
And every To-morrow a Vision of Hope.
Look well, therefore, to this Day!
Such is the Salutation of the Dawn.

It is folly to grieve over the past that is beyond control, or to worry over the future that is unknown, but it is the hallmark of sanity and the essence of Christian teaching to live intensely to-day.

Give me work to do,
Give me health.
Give me joy in simple things,
Give me an eye for beauty,
A tongue for truth,
A heart that loves,
A mind that reasons,
A sympathy that understands,
Give me neither envy nor malice,
But a true kindness,
And a noble common sense,
At the close of each day,
Give me a book,
And a friend with whom
I can be silent.
Above all, love for Him,
Who once died to be my Saviour,
And lives to be my friend.

ARE WE PREJUDICED AGAINST ROMAN CATHOLICS?

Easy-going people without convictions, of the "live and let live" type, reserve their mild indignation for the one they call "bigot," whom they describe as intolerant and narrow-minded. With "peace at any price" as their principle, they will find the way of least resistance means travelling in a circle and while they make no progress they create little friction.

On the other hand, those who see clearly, feel deeply, think vigorously and are ambitious to "get somewhere and do something," are heartily abused by the "let us alone" descendants of the devils in the Gadarine swine. I have often been urged to crusade against the dominance of Rome. The interview with a wealthy American lady reported in Grit a few weeks ago brought up the question, "Are we prejudiced against Roman Catholics?" I am not prejudiced against Roman Catholics because of their religion. I recognise the saintly Christian character of many Roman Catholics. Their benevolence and devotion are beyond question. I recognise that their sins, failures and theological inconsistencies can be well and truly matched among Protestants.

I recognise that their faith and mind has a common origin in the Lord Christ and the Bible, and that our different ways of expressing or practising our faith are largely due to idiosyncrasy, or the way we have been brought up.

There is, of course, such a thing as the intolerance of truth, by that I mean that two things that differ entirely cannot both

GRIT

A JOURNAL OF
NATIONAL EFFICIENCY
AND PROHIBITION

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

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SYDNEY, FEBRUARY 6, 1930.

be right, but, of course, they can both be wrong.

It will often temper your judgment to remember that.

While generally speaking it is true that summer is hot and winter is cold, yet there are cold days in summer and warm days in winter. The characteristic of a Christian is service and the characteristic of a non-Christian is selfishness, but these two are like summer and winter. Where there are moral convictions you will find positiveness and these qualities will sooner or later bring about a clash with those who differ. In the clash the one who maintains a right spirit—courtesy and a generous spirit of confidence in the other's sincerity will certainly commend their convictions.

While I can feel no animus or prejudice against Roman Catholics in the ordinary walk of life, yet I do look askance at many Roman Catholic candidates for public office. Why? First, the Popes, claiming infallibility, have left on record many disturbing statements as to the proper relation of Church and State; second, the Roman Catholic Church tries strenuously to keep its people apart from co-operation with other citizens.

In the education of children, in marriage, in benefit or fraternal societies, in endeavours for social betterment and special national religious services, they hold aloof and are socially indigestible. Thirdly they are neither religiously nor historically justified in their uncompromising refusal to recognise the Christian character of

(Continued on page 10.)

BEASTS AND HUMANITY.

"HALF BEDLAM AND HALF BROTHEL."
"RUM, ROMANCE AND REBELLION."
A BOOK TO HORRIFY THE WORLD.

By ALEXANDER BLOKE.

The Rev. R. B. S. Hammond has asked me to write a review of "Rum, Romance and Rebellion"—a book written by Charles William Taussig, and published by Jarrolds, in London. The very name of Taussig is, to discerning minds, a guarantee of high quality, and the father of the author, to whom this astoundingly frank and fearless book is dedicated, is described as "a man who did justly, loved mercy, and lived humbly."

The son and author, Charles William Taussig, is worthy of the sire. Few books, in modern times, have been so blazingly and so blisteringly frank; and, although the writer of the book in question is an American, he has been at no pains whatever to convey any flattering unction to the soul of the United States.

In brief, the object of this book of Taussig's is to show up the historic nature of the framework of unspeakable slavery upon which the modern liquor business rests. In order to do this honestly, relentlessly, and thoroughly, he has gone right back, in time, to the year 1442, when the brutal and most inhuman export trade in African slaves first began; and then, seriatim, and with the most horrible details, he has shown how Americans and Englishmen, for centuries thereafter, made vast fortunes out of dragging the unhappy native people of Africa across the seas. He then goes on, relentlessly, to show that the American bootleggers and "hijackers" of to-day are, in their murderously unspeakable methods, identical with the infamous slave traders of a by-gone age. His conclusion is, of course—and it is a sound and sane conclusion—that human slavery is as prevalent in the world, to-day, as ever it was; that the forces in finance, entrenched behind the liquor trade, are determined that it shall remain so; and that the veneered "romance" of Rum is merely another name, in the last analysis, for social anarchy, and flat rebellion.

"Rum and American colonial immorality," he says, "march together." There is a most extraordinary copy of a letter by the famous early American preacher, Cotton Mather, given, dated 1682, in which a Mr. John Higginson is informed that "Master Malachi Huscott, of the brig Porpoise, has been given secret orders to waylay the ship Welcome, slyly, as near the Cape of Cod as may be; since she hath on board an hundred or more of the heretics and malignants called Quakers, with William Penn—the future founder of the American State of Pennsylvania—as the chief scamp at the head of them."

Surely this is a magnificent touch of the grimmest kind of New England humor? But no. That letter from Boston was written by Cotton Mather, "Yours in ye bowels of Christ," as he signs himself, in the most deadly earnest. For, "so that the Lord may not be mocked with the heathen worship" of these poor, earnest Quaker people, the letter narrates that the said Master Malachi Huscott has been instructed to "make captive the said W. Penn and his ungodly crew," since "much spoil can be made, by

selling the whole lot to Barbados, where slaves fetch good prices in rum and sugar; and"—so this most extraordinary epistle from a New England early clergyman concludes—"we shall not only do the Lord great service, by punishing the wicked, but we shall make great good for his ministers and people!"

The author's whole object, of course, in exposing this tragically bitter side of early American religionism, is to show forth that the very spirit of "making money out of rum and slavery" has been ingrained, for hundreds of years past, in the hard New England nature. Thus he invites us to conclude, as we do indeed of necessity conclude, that the hideous and most immoral business of "bootlegging"—or illegal trafficking in alcoholic liquor—is being carried on in America now, by people whose very ancestors were so sunken in greed, malice, bigotry and superstition, that they even regarded innocent Quakers—surely the most peaceful and inoffensive people in the world?—as being incarnate monsters, only fit to be sold, at once, for rum and sugar, into slavery!

This is good psychology and still better history. If there were more Charles William Taussigs to interpret the real nature, historic and otherwise, of the half-hidden, malignant social forces, now at work in the illegal liquor trade of America, much greater international sympathy with the United States, in its struggle to maintain and carry out the national constitutional law of Prohibition, would be aroused. The author, himself, estimates the period of that coming, intense, anti-"bootlegger" struggle at not less than fifty years. It will take fully that time, he believes and asserts, to rescue the whole American people from those savagely-hostile elements which believe, as fervently as any Massachusetts Cotton Mather, that the said American people are a set of malignant heathen devils, and that the best thing to do with them all is to treat them as "white niggers," and to sell them into a rum-rotted slavery.

The President of the United States, therefore, in enforcing the national law of Prohibition, is doing, substantially, what Abraham Lincoln did in 1861-64. He is leading the great, rum-threatened American Commonwealth forward—and it cannot, must not, be to defeat—in another Civil War, against slavery. The sooner, indeed, for international purposes, that this more sinister and far more dreadful aspect of the anti-"bootlegger" struggle, in the United States is emphasised, the better. The battle is a titanic one. President Hoover—a former distinguished resident of Australia—is entitled to the moral support, and far more, indeed, than the moral support, of the entire world, in this tremendous Civil War against all the hereditary American forces making for evil.

Yes. No doubt whatever of that. It is only when we turn back a bit, and examine the monstrous and hellish conditions of the American slave-trade, as described by Taussig, that we can realise to what lengths the

forces of incarnate greed can go. One hesitates not a little, be it said, to quote the horrors that are unpacked from history, before our eyes, in the pages of such an uncompromising earthquake of a book.

But we cannot start better, any way, than by realising, very clearly, what an enormous part was played by English people—also for purposes of the most hideous and sordid gain—in carrying poor black slaves, by armed force, from the coasts of Africa to North America.

Forty years before this great Australian City of Sydney was first founded, the horrible English trade in slaves with America was in full swing. Human beasts and humanity were, at death-grips. As early, indeed, as 1752—and Sydney was first settled in January, 1789—Liverpool had eighty-seven ships engaged in the slave trade; Bristol had one hundred and fifty-seven; while London, itself—the alleged chief civilised centre of Christendom—had also one hundred and thirty-five.

No wonder that nothing at all was thought, then, in London, of the iniquity and horror of making Australia, itself, a dump for British convicts. Slave-ships for Africa, and from Africa, bound for the United States, whilst they were still the disunited colonies, fairly infested the high seas. And how the poor, miserable, wretched black slaves were packed, and treated, and murdered, and drowned and chopped to pieces, and their women outraged, upon those ships, as described by Charles William Taussig, with the most relentless fidelity, makes the most horrible kind of reading.

"They were packed so," he says (page 173), "that the head of one slave would rest between the thighs of another; and thus they would remain for weeks, during the voyage across the ocean. On one voyage, a number of negroes threw themselves into the sea. The captain, in order to stop this, thought of an expedient, viz., to cut off the heads of those who died, thus intimating to the slaves that, if they were determined to go back"—i.e., by swimming—"to their own country, they must return without their heads. The slaves were accordingly brought up to witness the operation. One of them, seeing the ship's carpenter standing, ready, with his axe, to strike off the head of a dead slave, burst the cords which bound him. Flying to the place where the nettings had been unloosed, in order to empty the tub, he darted into the sea, where he went down, and was seen no more."

All the pages that follow reek with blood and infamy. They are filled, too, with many quotations from the books and sermons of pious Christian clergymen—"leaders of civilisation," forsooth, who saw no harm whatever in the damnable slave trade of that epoch. So, too, there are thousands of equally pious "Christian" clergymen, so-called, in all lands, who see no harm whatever in the alcoholic slave trade of to-day. They almost faint at the very mention of Prohibition; whilst the bare idea of making a public stand against that beastly and most barbarous booze-trade, which owns one million white slaves, to-day, for every black slave that British hell-ships ever carted to America, almost makes them scream with pious indignation.

(Continued on page 10.)

PASS "GRIT" ON

Personal Chat—

(Continued from Page 8.)

other Churches and in declaring that Protestant Sacraments are not Sacraments at all, or Protestant clergy, clergy at all. Patriotically one cannot help being doubtful or even suspicious of those pledged to give loyal obedience and absolute first place to a foreign power, such as the Pope.

Dr. John Bassett, made widely known by the essay on his life written by Sir Osler, was not a religiously inclined man. In one of his letters he said he was disposed "to be an infidel when at home surrounded by Church-going people." When in Paris, the home of the famous infidels, Voltaire and Rousseau, he said: "I look on the evil side of infidelity and find it terrible. God save me from a country without religion, and from a government with it, and return me safe to a country with religion and a government without it. I am convinced that the evils of infidelity are worse—ay, much worse—than any religion whatever."

I am convinced that we need religion in politics, both its restraint and its inspiration, but we ought not to tolerate politics in religion and the Roman Catholic Church will remain under suspicion, even if it is not the object of prejudice, so long as it seeks temporal power and permits politics to dominate its religion.

The Editor

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The following are paid to 30/12/30: Rt. Rev. Bishop Armstrong, 20/-; Geo. Baker; W. G. Balfour, 21/-; J. W. Breckenridge, 22/-; A. Clayton; Mrs. J. Dawson; Mrs. Donald; Rev. A. C. Donaldson; Messrs. Ekin and Co.; Rev. W. W. Fritsch, 10/-; M. S. Gray, 22/-; Mrs. John Greene; H. M. Hawkins; D. S. Hotchkis; A. Johnston, 22/6; G. H. Jordan, 38/-; Mrs. R. Foster; Athol Arnett; W. Judd, 20/-; Rev. S. J. Kirkby, 22/-; Dr. W. L. Liggins; Mrs. I. S. Lupton; Miss E. A. Mayson; Mrs. J. C. McLachlan, 20/-; Rev. S. North; Rev. A. F. Pain; Rev. F. W. Reeve, 14/-; Mrs. Robb; Dr. Nelson Short; Mrs. Stafford; A. E. Tasker; J. R. Taylor; George Thompson, 22/-; Rev. G. Thompson; Mrs. Webb, 20/-; A. S. Wheatley; G. S. Whiteman; W. E. Wilson; Miss Dorothy Wilson; Sister Rasey; E. Keith Wilson; Ronald Wilson; F. C. Moore; Mrs. Howes; Mrs. I. Winn; Mrs. Henderson; G. H. Rutledge; E. B. Rutledge; Mrs. Law; J. S. Adam; Mrs. S. F. Allen, 33/-; Mark Andrews; R. A. Black; W. Brown; H. R. Carter, 21/-; Mrs. G. W. Dight; W. H. Dodd; A. V. Downie; Miss A. Eaton; Rev. C. H. Hain; Mrs. Hall; Chas. Hardy, 20/-; F. E. Heywood; Miss A. R. Hogg; Mrs. J. E. James; H. E. Jenyns; Mrs. E. Jones; E. E. Kennett; H. H. Kirton; S. Bardsley; Mrs. Tapson; Mrs. Bradley; V. Penfold, 22/-; Roy J. Brown; Miss Sarah Lockett; John G. Major, £2/2/-; Mrs. R. Malcolm, 22/-; N. S. Meek; J. D. Merson; Miss G. M. Norton; Mrs. N. New; Mrs. J. Nixon; E. H. Noble; Rev. R. C. Oakley; Mrs. G. H. Paine, 22/-; O. H. Parker; Mrs. L. M. Pattinson; A. R. Storey; Mrs. Roberts; Mrs. C. R. Pawsey; C. J. Pawsey; A. M. Penberthy, 13/6; J. A. I. Perry; E. F. Pfeiffer, 20/-; C. H. Pratt; A. Rothwell; Mrs. Roweth; F. J. Salisbury; Rawson Institute; Mrs. Steele, 22/-, two subs.; J. R. Taylor; Rev. J. B. Thorn, 15/2; Mrs. Vaughan; Mrs. W. A. Welsh; James Wenhams, 33/-; F. Wicks; J. F. Wood, 22/-; W. Woolcock; Mrs. W. Allen; W. V. Bartram; L. J. Brown; Mrs. S. Broome, 22/-; S. J. Brown; A. C. Coller, 24/-; Cyril Cooke; A. L. Elvery; Archd. Forster; R. Gillies; Miss F. E. Hickson; J. R. Knapp; Mrs. G. Manwaring; Rev. A. T. Newton, 22/-; P. B. Orton; H. R. Purse; G. E. Smith, 12/3; T. H. Stephens; F. H. Stewart; Joseph Vickery; W. J. Walton; A. Watson, 33/-; Rev. J. Waugh; Miss T. Weaver; Rev. P. R. Westley, 8/-; Mrs. F. G. White; R. G. White; E. Whitten; Mrs. E. W. Winchester; D. W. McCoy; Miss A. Douglass, 12/-; R. Lawrenson; Mrs. C. Schoe; Rev. S. W. McKibbin, 12/8.

Beasts and Humanity—

(Continued from Page 9.)

I have no patience with such "holy," sham-Christian, pietistic echoes of the Reverend Cotton Mather. There is far too much of the pious, "rum-and-slavery" spirit of the Boston of 1682 in too many of the unctuous prayer-leaders of to-day. All honour to the Reverend R. B. S. Hammond, and to all his intrepid Australian followers, that, through thick and through thin, they keep up the Prohibition fight.

The world of slavery that Charles William Taussig describes is a world "half bedlam and half brothel." What else is Sydney to-day? If the white slaves of alcohol, in this "great" Christian city, are not packed together quite as tightly as the poor, wretched, black victims of a bygone century, still, the results are, substantially, the same.

Look at the faces that are visible, alas, on every Sydney ferry boat and in every suburban tram. There, indeed, in dreadful, distorted, bloated, rum-rotten features, the tale of slavery most vile is told. There ride the poor, miserable "white niggers" of Australia.

We need a Charles William Taussig of our own, to unveil this monstrous liquor slavery. It is a job, indeed, that calls for one who "does justly, loves mercy, and lives humbly"—like the Rev. Robert B. S. Hammond—all his days.

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

Address all letters to Uncle B., Box 3690SS, G.P.O., Sydney.

WHAT'S YOUR HURRY?

I expect someone has told you that "the more hurry the less speed"? You have also been reminded of the hare and the tortoise.

Now, it is worth while when you are young to curb your impatience and to remember that he runs longest who runs steadily.

This is a hurry, hurry age. In olden times, if anyone missed a stage coach he was content to wait a few days for the next one. Now, we let out a squawk if we miss a tram car when the one following is in sight. We are in a tremendous hurry to get to some place that is of no consequence and then we are in just as big a hurry to get back to some place that never missed us. We do well not to loaf on the job and it is equally wise not to rush the job. If you want a job to have a lasting quality, and to have distinction, you will have to mix plenty of time with your skill.

Rushing things like a bull at a gate is never a success. You can grow a raddish in 21 days and it won't last five minutes, but it will take 100 years to grow an oak and then it will last in a house or furniture for a few more centuries. Think it over—keep going, but don't rush.

UNCLE B.

HOW THE MINER GOT HIS LAMP.

(By the O.R.)

One of the bravest journeys ever made by man was undertaken on January 9th, 1816, by the Rector of a parish near Newcastle, John Hodgson. It was this clergyman who first carried a lamp into a coal-mine.

Before that day miners had worked in the darkness of the pit with only a revolving disc of steel spluttering sparks from a flint at the edge. The black air of the mines, where the picks struck, was filled with streams of gas, which would burst into flame in the presence of a naked light and cause a terrible explosion.

It chanced one day that the famous Sir Humphry Davy was staying with friends in Northumberland. Some people there, including Mr. Hodgson, described to him the terrible conditions under which the miners worked. Sir Humphry thought over the matter and began to make experiments. He found that flame would not pass through the very tiny tubes. He came to the conclusion that wire gauze is only little tubes placed side by side. Sir Humphry Davy sent to Mr. Hodgson for a bottle of "fire-damp" out of the mines and tried it

on his invention. No explosion took place. He then gave orders for a rough safety-lamp to be made. This was the lamp that Mr. Hodgson bravely carried into Hebburn Pit on January 9th, 1816. The story is told how this dauntless clergyman walked with his lamp straight into the mine that was loaded with gas, but no explosion took place. On went the clergyman with his flaming lamp penetrating farther and farther into the mine. In the distance a lonely miner was swinging his pick. The solitary worker was in the midst of this deadly gas, safe so long as no one brought a flame near him. Suddenly he saw a bright light advancing toward him in the distance. "Put out that light," he shouted, in tones of horror.

That was the miner's first welcome of the Davy lamp: Put out that light—to the poor fellow's utter amazement the lamp advanced. The miner cried out again, "For God's sake put out that light."

Then his entreaty ceased. In a great sweat and a breathless silence he waited, and without a word from the man who held it the lamp came steadily on. At last it was close to the miner.

The lamp illumined the face of someone he knew: John Hodgson, the clergyman, the friend of many a poor miner in that black country. The miner could hardly speak. He saw this man, holding up in his sight, a lamp that shone in the midst of danger and he kept death away; and he readily forgave the clergyman the fright he had given him.

When Sir Humphry learnt of this triumphant success he was elated. Congratulations poured in from every side. A friend urged him to take out a patent immediately. "It will bring you in," said this friend, "£10,000 a year." But Davy would have none of this. He did not want money for saving lives.

OUR LETTER BAG.

A FINE COLLECTION.

Donald Thorn, "Thorndale," North Dandalup, West Australia, writes: Just a few lines to thank you for those stamps you sent me. I received them on Thursday and was delighted with them. We will be returning to school on February 3. On March 3 I will leave this school and attend the School of Agriculture, Narrogin. I have passed a certain standard and will have almost all expenses paid by the Gov-

ernment. I will spend part of my holidays at Mandurah, a small seaside town. On Boxing Day last year, 4,000 campers were assembled at this spot. How large a small town can be made in a few days! I believe you asked me how many stamps I had. Though I have not counted them, I think I must have over 2,000 stamps, but this is nothing to what a friend of mine has. I have only been collecting for about nine months. I started with an old stamp album which belonged to my uncle. To this was added a large number of stamps from various people, while an ex-stamp collector gave me about three hundred different stamps. We now have a few acres of ground irrigated from the small brook which flows through our farm. This ground will grow maize very well.

(Dear Donald: Your letter is most interesting. You have a fine lot of stamps. I am sending you some more. Many of them you won't want to keep but you can swap or give them away. Please tell us more about the college you are going to.—Uncle B.)

THE TRIALS OF A CAR.

Daphne Thorn, "Thorndale," North Dandalup, writes: I hope you had a happy Xmas, Uncle. I did. For Xmas I got a blue ribbon, a pencil case, two brooches, a walking stick with a kewpie, and a book. I hope you liked your Xmas card. Last Thursday we went to Mandurah. Violet is staying there for a week; then Gladys and I will go. On the way, the wheel came off but it did not break the axle. When we had gone a little further we had a puncture, but we arrived there all right, though it was nearly 5 o'clock, instead of 1. We reached home soon after 8 o'clock.

(Dear Daphne: You certainly were well remembered at Christmas. Your Christmas card was very nice. Thank you for it. I know something about punctures and breakdowns, but in spite of such things the motor car is really wonderful. It must make a lot of difference to hundreds of thousands of people.—Uncle B.)

A TRAVELLED NE.

Alex. Mallen, "Manse," Quarry Street, Ultimo, writes: I am afraid you will call me a scallywag, as I have not written for a long time. Please forgive me, as I have lived three years in U.S.A. Last time I wrote, you told me to tell more about America the next time I sent a letter. I liked California very much. My father and I spent a holiday at Lake Tahoe and all of us another holiday at Santa Cruz. The roads are beautiful and the cities very clean and neat. It is funny to see the little boys wearing long trousers. We had 3½ months' summer vacation. The churches hold daily vacation Bible schools. It was strange to see grocers' shops open Saturday afternoons and Sundays. We made some very good friends. They do not have horse racing in California. Prohibition is a fine thing. I only saw a few drunken people and I have seen a great many in Sydney and now where I live. Australia is my native land and I hope drink can be put away soon. We have a Band of Hope at (Continued on Page 12.)

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Seven to Seventeen—

(Continued from Page 11.)

our church here and my father is the leader. We have 23 on the roll. We are going to have a holiday soon. I noticed that you sent some stamps to one who wrote. I am collecting stamps and would be very pleased if you could send me some. I have 848.

(Dear Alex.: Your letter will be read with great interest by all your "cousins." They will envy you your visit to U.S.A. I hope the stamps I am sending will be of interest to you.—Uncle B.)

A BIT OF A COLLECTOR.

Frank Elliott, "Lemah," Peak Hill, writes: At last the drought has broken. We had 162 points on the 26th and on the 27th the Burrill Creek ran and filled all the dams on the creek. The men have finished stripping here now and are ploughing up some new ground and fallowing. Everybody around seems to be going in for cocky this year. They are all hoping for ten-bag crops. If they do I suppose wheat will be about 2/6 a bushel. That was a good letter from Malcka Kaplan in "Grit." I had to laugh when I read it. I am a bit of a stamp collector, so will you send me some stamps, please?

(Dear Frank: I am sending you some stamps, which I hope you will like. It is good to hear of the fine rain. I hope you wrote to Malcka Kaplan. You will get a reply and some interesting stamps.—Uncle B.)

IN HOSPITAL.

Norman Dyson, Ward 1, Coast Hospital, writes: Just a few lines to let you know that I am in the hospital, but I'm glad I am not in bed. I think it is bad enough not doing any work, one gets very lazy not doing anything. There are about 20 of us, who play cricket. We play with a piece of board and a tennis ball. We are very close to the rocks here. I also hope I am not on the scallywags' list. If there are any nephews who would like to exchange stamps with me I will be very glad. I won a stamp album in a race at Sunday School before I left Greystanes, so I have made up my mind to collect stamps. I have got Germany, New Zealand, Austria, Belgium, Italy, Holland, Hungary, Turkey. Could you send me some, please, Uncle? Last Sunday we had a few men and ladies out and we sang a few hymns and had a talk about the Lord Jesus. I have my brother Teddy with me. He is only 10 years of age, so I will have to say good-bye for a while, Uncle.

(Dear Norman: I am ashamed that I did not write sooner but I do not believe that there is a busier man in Sydney than your Uncle B. I hope the stamps please you and that some of your "cousins" will exchange some with you. Cheerio.—Uncle B.)

A GREAT LETTER.

William Henry McWilliams, 3 Dudley Street, West Marrickville, writes: On Christmas Day, before I arose from bed, I heard the faint sound of music sweet. It was the hymn "O, Come All Ye Faithful,"

being played by a band, which I supposed to be a Salvation Army Band. It was splendid to hear such music, faint though it be, and I wish I could hear such beautiful music on all the mornings in the year. Getting out of bed, I made my way straight to the bathroom and availed myself of God's great gift of water, by having a shower. I find it to be a great pleasure and comfort to have a shower, and I would advise my cousins to also have a shower every morning, if possible. As I was enjoying the shower, I heard again the hymn "O, Come All Ye Faithful," this time being played on the piano by my brother Walter. I started singing, or should I say "I was the means of producing sound to resemble that of singing"; so while I was enjoying the benefit of the shower, I also enjoyed hearing the piano and the "singing." I commenced to get ready for church. I put on my new suit. How fortunate I was to be able to put on a new suit, when hundreds, maybe, of poor people are fortunate if they can get an old pair of trousers. Before sitting down for breakfast, I remembered that a week before Christmas Mr. Arnold Ford, of Springwood, had given me a small parcel to give to my mother on Christmas Day. So I went and took this parcel from where it lay and brought it to mother. The parcel was opened. In it there were three smaller parcels and a note, with best wishes, and requesting mother to hand the parcels to her three sons. The parcels contained a small present for each of us. Well, it was a very pleasant joke of Mr. Arnold Ford's. I also admired several other presents given to me by my fellow-workers at the office where I work. I especially admired a "Moffat Translation of the New Testament," sent to me from "Grit's" Queen of the Scallywags." This, together with my Bible, and Twentieth Century, New Testament, will prove of great value in the future. I thank "Her Majesty" for the gift. After breakfast I went by train to Redfern, as I was going to your church for the Christmas Services. I felt a little uncomfortable walking through Redfern, as I beheld many things, which made me understand the poverty of the people generally. The "pubs" obviously cause most of this poverty. Although we had a hearty Christmas dinner, we found it quite unnecessary to make use of the castor oil. We were very fortunate in being able to have a special Christmas dinner, especially when many poor people probably found it hard to manage to secure an ordinary meal. I was very glad to attend your church on Christmas Night and hear your address on "The Wasted Gift." It was educating for me to see the crowd of men having supper that Christmas Night in the School Hall, and receiving a gift coming out. It was pitiable to see those men, and it is a great credit to the people of St. Barnabas, for the way they have faithfully rendered service to God, and to the relieving of suffering humanity. Time, money and expense should not be held back when the need is so great. God bless you in your great work. After the evening service, Mr. Creagh

kindly showed Percy and me over "Hammond's Hotel." It was very good of him to do this, and I thank him very much. On the way to the "hotel" we passed a pub called the "Australian Youth Hotel." I wonder if that is supposed to be a joke, but yet it is no joke, for it is true. All hotels catch the Australian youth.

(Dear William: Your letter is splendid and while it is a little long, I do not like to cut it down, because it is all so interesting. The Queen of the Scallywags is a great little lady and I was glad to hear of her very wise and useful present.—Uncle B.)

PASS "GRIT" ON!

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PROHIBITION IN AMERICA.

TENTH ANNIVERSARY.

A largely attended and very representative convention of Prohibition workers was held in the Rechabite Hall, Sydney, on Friday evening, January 17th. Mr. W. J. Green, G.C.T., I.O.G.T., presided, and most of the leading officials of the different Total Abstinence Organisations were present.

The chairman, in opening the proceedings, stated that the object of the Convention was twofold: (1) "To convey to Prohibitionists in America hearty congratulations upon their wonderful achievement in completing ten years of National Prohibition," and (2) "To resolve upon increased Prohibition activity in this State, with a view of securing a similar result for Australia."

Mr. G. D. Clark, Gen. Sec., I.O.G.T., moved the following resolution:

"That this convention of representative Prohibition Workers and other citizens of Sydney, New South Wales, held on 17th January, 1930, resolves:

"(a) To convey hearty congratulations to the Prohibition Party of the United States of America on its wonderful achievement in securing National Prohibition in January, 1920, and upon the magnificent effects of the 'Dry' law on the economic, social and church life of the Nation.

"(b) It rejoices in the fact that during the ten years of Liquor Prohibition in America there has been a marked and constant growth of anti-liquor sentiment in that country, as shown by the largely increased number of avowed Prohibitionists who have been returned to the National and State Legislatures at each succeeding election.

"(c) That in as much as the Liquor Traffic in Australia is a huge economic burden, a cause of widespread domestic and social disturbance, and a prolific source of immorality and crime, this convention pledges itself to increased activity in the interests of Prohibition and calls upon the Churches, Temperance Organisations and all patriotic citizens in every State to unite in a sustained effort to secure a 'Dry' Australia within the next ten years."

The resolution was seconded by Mr. G. W. Sherar, G.S.L.W., I.O.G.T., and supported by Mr. W. S. Johns, M.W.P., Sons of Temperance, Mr. W. H. W. Jack, P.G.C.T., Lismore, and Mr. Irvine Greenstreet, W.C.T., I.O. Rechabites, and carried unanimously.

On the motion of Mr. W. J. Walker, Gen. Secretary, Sons of Temperance, and Mr. J. A. Shaw, D.C.T., I.O.G.T., a provisional committee was appointed to prepare a draft constitution, rules and conditions of membership for a National Prohibition Party, and submit the same to another convention to be held on Friday evening, 21st March, 1930.

The proceedings, which were most enthusiastic throughout, closed with cheers for Commonwealth Prohibition.

ALLIANCE ACTIVITY.

In view of the State elections this year, the Alliance is planning a State-wide organising campaign. Our country friends who did so much to secure the big vote of 360,000 for Prohibition, despite compensation, in 1928, are most earnestly urged to get together for the fight in 1930. The Liquor Question is certain to be an issue in the elections and may indeed be one of the leading issues.

It is believed that the question of closing the Liquor Bars at 1 p.m. on Saturdays will be submitted to the electors of South Australia this year. If that be done it will almost assuredly be carried, and the movement will spread throughout Australia as was the case with Six O'Clock Closing, which South Australia pioneered.

Educationally and politically 1930 is likely to figure as a vital year in the Temperance Movement, more especially as the poll in Victoria will be taken—although, in this latter case, the Temperance Cause is subjected to posterous handicaps.

I.O.G.T.

That this convention of representative Prohibition workers and other citizens of Sydney, N.S.W., held on 17th January, 1930, resolves:—

(a) To convey hearty congratulations to the Prohibition Party of the United States of America on its wonderful achievement in securing National Prohibition in January, 1920, and upon the magnificent effects of the "Dry" law on the economic, social, and church life of the Nation.

(b) It rejoices in the fact that during the ten years of liquor Prohibition in America there has been a marked and constant growth of anti-liquor sentiment in that country, as shown by the largely increased number of avowed Prohibitionists who have been returned to the National and State Legislatures at each succeeding election.

(c) That inasmuch as the Liquor Traffic in Australia is a huge economic burden, a cause of widespread domestic and social disturbance and a prolific source of immorality and crime, this convention pledges itself to increased activity in the interests of Prohibition and calls upon the churches, temperance organisations and all patriotic citizens in every State to unite in a sustained effort to secure a "Dry" Australia within the next ten years.

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AVOIDING INFLUENZA.

The following advice has been issued by the Health Department of Victoria, Australia:—

Secure adequate sleep (eight—ten hours), with warm covering, and in a well-ventilated room.

Eat a moderate diet. Drink water freely—six to eight glasses daily.

Wear clothing which prevents chilling of the body.

Avoid people with colds, especially those who cough or sneeze.

Avoid crowds, and the use of common towels. Wash hands before eating.

Avoid so-called preventatives; vaccines, serums and advertised preventatives have not been proved to be of value, and in certain cases are harmful.

AVOID ALCOHOL AND STIMULANTS OF ALL SORTS.

(N.B.—The "caps" are ours, but the advice is the Health Department's.)



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SUNDAY.

"Go in peace" Luke 7:30.

If any of you are conscious of great sin, and have received great forgiveness, and wish to show your love to Jesus, do what is in your heart, but at the same time remember that He would have you go in peace. Let a holy calm abide in your hearts. Do not enter into the vain janglings and endless controversies of the hour. Do not worry yourselves with the battles of the newspapers and magazines that are everlastingly worrying poor souls with modern notions. Go in peace. You know what you do know; keep to that. You know your sin, and you know Christ your Saviour; keep to Him, and live for Him. Go home into your family circle, and do everything you can to make home happy, and to bring your sisters and brothers to Christ, and to encourage your father and mother, if they have not yet found the Saviour.—Spurgeon.

MONDAY.

"Go and sin no more" John 8:3.

"Go," He saith, "in peace, thy sins are pardoned,
Great and grievous though those sins have been."
For to tears His heart was never hardened,
When those tears were shed in grief for sin.

Nay, He never turned away in anger,
Never spurned a sinner from His side.
Always welcoming the weary stranger,
In Him e'en the doubter could confide.
And He sees each child of His now straying
In this land of sin afar from home,
And to each His tender voice is saying,
"All thy sins are pardoned, wherefore roam?"

And when'er He sees a heart just yearning
For His love, and longing to be free,
Thus He speaks, His gaze on that heart turning,
"All thy sins are pardoned, rest in Me."
—F.T.

TUESDAY.

"Let them first learn to shew piety at home and to requite their parents, for that is good and acceptable before God" 1 Tim. 5:4.

Home is especially a woman's sphere. There she reigns as queen; let her reign well. Around the hearth and at the table, in the sweets of domestic relationships and quiet friendships, a woman will do more for the glory of the Lord Jesus Christ than by getting up to preach. In the cases of men also, many who long to flash in public had better by far shine at home. Go home in peace, and by a happy holy life, show to others what saints God can make out of sinners. You have seen what sin and the devil can do to degrade, go and prove what grace and the Holy Spirit can do to elevate, and may many cheered by your example, come to trust your Lord.—Spurgeon.

WEDNESDAY.

"Bear ye one another's burdens and so fulfil the law of Christ" Gal. 6:2.

Bear ye one another's burdens, thus the Saviour's law fulfil.
Jesus trod this very pathway, and we too must tread it still.
Sharing other people's sorrows, soothing other people's smarts,
Lifting loads from weaker shoulders, heal-

ing wounded broken hearts.

Bear ye one another's burdens; self-forgetting every day,
Thinking what to ease another we can do or we can say.
Cheering sometimes by our presence those who seem a friend to need,
By some little self-denial we may prove a friend indeed.

Bear ye one another's burdens; help your home folk on the road,
And you'll find your own heart lightened, and forget your own hard load.
For the heart can ne'er be heavy if it help one heavier still,
Bear ye one another's burdens, thus the Saviour's law fulfil.

—Fairelie Thornton.

THURSDAY.

"As an eagle stirreth up her nest, fluttereth over her young, spreadeth abroad her wings, taketh them, beareth them on her wings, so the Lord alone did lead him, and there was no strange god with him" Deut. 32:11-12.

You say, "Everything has gone wrong with me; I cannot understand God's dealings." The nest has been disturbed, and you feel the drop. I know the feeling. But remember that "underneath are the everlasting arms." You cannot get past that. Whatever happens Somebody loves you. The Divine Sovereign is a patient God. "The Lord God spake unto us in Horeb, saying, 'Ye have dwelt long enough in this mountain, turn you, and take your journey, and go unto the Mount of the Amorites, and unto all the places nigh thereunto.'"—Douglas Brown.

FRIDAY.

"Arise ye and depart, for this is not your rest" Micah 2:10.
Arise! the Master calls you; He bids you take your way
Through paths as yet untraversed; you must not longer stay.
The road leads ever onward, rest not on earth below:
He bids you now go forward, and He the way will show.
Oh, but this pleasant valley has been so sweet to thee,
Here you would rest for ever, here you

would always be.

The heart shrinks from the future, and dreads the path untried;
But would you linger longer, and stay without your Guide?

See, how the road leads onward through pleasant paths of shade,
While the Master walks beside you no need to be dismayed.
See, through the vales and mountains the paths as yet untrod,
Lead onward, ever onward, right to the Throne of God.

This life is swiftly passing, here we may not abide,
Our home is over yonder, our rest is by Christ's side.
Then rise and take this pathway, steep though it be and rough;
His presence will be with Thee, and that will be enough.

—Fairelie Thornton.

SATURDAY.

"Fear not, for I have redeemed thee. I have called thee by thy name, thou art Mine" Isa. 43:1.

"God hath not given us the spirit of fear; but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind" 1 Tim. 1:7.

To be HIS means deliverance from fear. From all sorts of fear, at all times, in all places, deliverance NOW. It matters not from whence the fear may come; IF WE ARE RIGHT WITH GOD it is our privilege to master and dispel it. Christ has made it abundantly and unquestionably plain that HIS shall be for ever free from fear. Then refuse to have it. Here is His Word: "God hath not given us the spirit of fear, but of power, and of love, and of a sound mind."

Fear, then, is not from God. Acknowledge this fact, and refuse to take it from the Devil, whose object is to destroy us by its power. Instantly and absolutely reject it. In simplicity of faith appropriate and submit to Christ, and find deliverance in HIM.

—Mc'Al Barbour.

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Conducted by Rev. R. B. S. Hammond and Mr. Cairo Bradley.

DR. NORTHCOTE DECK'S ADDRESS ON "TWO CHOICES."

1 KINGS 3:5—"ASK WHAT I SHALL GIVE THEE."

Reported by Helen Graham.

There was an inspiring audience at the Wednesday Prayer Meeting to hear the message delivered by Dr. Deck, medical missionary, who laboured for years in the Solomons, and later in London, and who is visiting Australia after an absence of four years. His address was characterised by intensity of conviction and an inspiration that was arresting.

The following is a brief summary of the message:

"God's Proclamation and Invitation." In Gideon, at the beginning of Solomon's reign, God offered him this great blank cheque on Heaven. Centuries afterwards in old Jerusalem, Christ offered His hearers "life, and life more abundantly." To-day at the beginning of the New Year, God says to the children of men, "Ask what I shall give thee."

"Solomon's Position." He was young, well favoured, was God's anointed and God's appointed, was king of a kingdom growing rapidly towards its zenith, was equipped with manly attributes. He seemed to have all, yet more was needed. So God appeared to him with the wonderful invitation.

"Solomon's Choice." He did not consider gold as the great objective, though the worldling of to-day, and even some who profess the Name of Jesus, are lured by its glitter. He did not ask for the life of his enemies, though God had planted his kingdom between the two great powers of Egypt and Assyria. He knew God was able to protect His chosen people. To-day the Christian has to meet the world, the flesh and the devil. God promises sufficient grace to overcome these enemies of the soul. He did not ask for length of days. Sometimes lengthened life is not God's choicest gift. He asked for an understanding heart, for wisdom to govern as a ruler and as a king, and because there was no selfishness in the request, God was pleased, and added riches, honour, pre-eminence among the kings.

"The Nature of our Petitions." If God presented this blank cheque to us to-day how should we fill it in? Would the record read: "Success in business, increase in salary, a huge fortune?" Would it read a request for the material things of time and sense, for gifts betraying selfishness, meanness, avarice? Or would it be for a new heart, a deeper realisation of God's Presence, a fuller knowledge of His will, a greater yearning for the souls of others?

"Solomon's Choice Analysed." Surely it was a good choice—wisdom to govern as a king, wisdom to discern between good and bad, wisdom to discern judgment. Yet was it the very best he could ask? Did he make the wisest choice? Was he a happy man? He was marvellously helped till his kingdom became strong and great. His knowledge of God increased till in his young manhood he wrote the "Song of Solomon," which sets forth the most intimate relationship between the soul and God. Yet this was followed in later life by Ecclesiastes, which in parts reads like a dirge of despair, the minor tone throughout being "Vanity of vanities, all is vanity." What was the cause of this changed attitude?

"The Reason for the Failure." Solomon asked for the wisdom of the head, for brain

development, for gifts, rather than for rightness of heart, for spiritual discernments for the graces of the soul, for the blessing of God. Solomon could undoubtedly discern between good and evil. His gifts were legion, but he was so deficient in graces, he could not refrain from the evil. His head failed to control his fleshly desires, till Pharaoh's daughter and strange women turned his heart to other gods.

"David's Choice." Though Solomon was a thousand times wiser than his father, yet David's choice was wiser, better, more pleasing to God. He prayed, "Let it please Thee, O Lord, to bless the house of Thy servant, that it may be before Thee for ever. For Thou blessest, O Lord, and it shall be blessed for ever." David realised the blessing of the Lord was the best gift. He added the graces of the heart, the fruits of the spirit to his experience. His Psalms ring joyously in spite of trouble. There is no vanity of vanities in his songs. His testimony is ever characterised by conviction. In life, in death, he was victorious.

"A Warning in Desires." Surely the choices made by father and son should teach the lessons that gifts, talents, unaccompanied by graces, can never attain to perfection, never satisfy, never achieve God's purpose, never be channels of blessing to others.

Our Church. Surely the Christian should

exercise himself daily in the fruits of the spirit, surely he should get a right perspective of the value of character, personality, spiritual growth. Surely he should make a big demand on the resources of God and claim the blessings of heart, and the power to grow in grace; then will he be made a channel of blessing, a help and inspiration to many. So may this year be the best in Christian experience, the finest in spiritual attainment, because when God said, "Ask what I shall give thee," the request was, "Let it please Thee, O Lord, to bless the house of Thy servant. For Thou blessest, O Lord, and it shall be blessed for ever."

Among the hundreds of praise notes and prayer requests read at the meeting were the following:

"Some weeks ago I came to Sydney as a stranger, and prayed I might get to know some Christian friends. The Lord has wonderfully answered this prayer. Thank God for delivering me from a great temptation. Thank God for the success of my nephew in his examinations. Ask the Lord to help me obtain work. Thank God for the conversion of three men. Pray that the girls attending the Bible Class may realise Christ as their Saviour. Thank God for much needed rain. Mr. Bradley's letter was a great source of comfort to us in our deep sorrow. Pray that a friend may recover from a nervous breakdown. Thank God for a successful operation. Pray that the operation I have to face may be successful, if it is God's will. Prayers are asked on behalf of a friend dying of cancer. If it is God's will pray I may be cured of rheumatism. Praise God for wonderful blessings, truly He is good to those who trust Him."

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(By Dr. J. C. Demarquette, a noted French writer.)

In all the hospitals of the French Army the surgeons very quickly found that the soldiers from the North African Troops, who were Mahometans, and drank no alcohol, healed their wounds much more quickly than the white soldiers, who absorbed "anything that came their way."

A chest wound, or a limb wound, which would take anywhere from a month to two months to heal with a white man, would be quite right again in a fortnight with a water-drinking Mahometan.

A DOUBLE PROOF.

The fact that these splendid recuperative powers were not due to the racial factors, but only to temperance, was further demonstrated by the black regiments from Senegal, where the men were partly Mahometans and partly Fetichists. They were all of the same race, but the Fetichists drank alcohol, and their wounds took much more time to heal than those of the Mahometans.

HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF TEST CASES.

As, unfortunately, it was by hundreds of thousands of cases that these facts were verified during the war, we can attribute a great importance to them, as showing conclusively how detrimental is alcohol to the natural defences of the human system, and how carefully men should avoid it in order to give themselves a fair chance in life.

THE INEVITABLE CONCLUSION.

"It's an ill wind that blows nobody good," says the old English proverb. May this lesson arising out of the sufferings of the Great War, help us to combat and put an end to the sufferings and miseries of the victims in the war that alcoholism is waging on mankind.

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