

WAR, 1914-15.

A soul inflamed with bitter hate,
A kingdom made so desolate,
A lust of greed and passion loose;
And a great reeking charnel house
Where demons belch the poison breath;
And a grim shadow broods, called
death.

A darkened sky, yet often riven
With shafts unlike the bolt of heaven,
A goal for sport where children play,
And age and beauty end their day.
A raid with Neptune and a thrust
Beneath those billows that we trust.

A shattered liner in a day,
And fiendish gibes and mockery,
A scattered sea, remorseless, wild,
A long good-bye to parent, child.
A song of death and agony
And rich and poor together lie.

O, earth; O, sky, that this should be,
O, man that every day should see
The pale horse lurking everywhere.
That bitterness should turn our care,
Our hope our love, and everything
That gilds the life to which we cling
To desolation and despair.

Is this the lot, is this the share
For those at home who sit and wait
For love and duty to the state,
This roll of honour for the brave
At home, on battle-field, or wave?

O parents, brothers, sisters, all,
To save a nation from a fall,
Deny not those, in manhood's prime,
Who fain would seek that other clime,
Where martial music and the roar
Of battle deafens more and more.
Though language fails and hearts are
wrung,

And slow to utter with the tongue,
The sad assent, "Go, comrades, go
To vindicate a nation's woe."
Yet gird your souls with courage true,
The God of battles is with you,
And as they gather, one by one,
From city streets and cottage lone,
Let gladness beam from every eye
To cheer them all as they pass by.

Ye Spartan mother, weep those tears
O'er withered hopes of coming years,
Yours is a great, unselfish love,
That lives again—again to prove
It was for us you sent your boy
Responsive to a nation's cry.
And when at last the foe is driven,
And records of his deeds are given,
With the great phalanx 'twill be he
Who fought and won the victory.

—L. A. Griffin.

Morrinsville, Waikato,

May 22, 1915.

A REAL LIVE L.T.L.

The L.T.L. of Okoia, Superintendent, Mrs Duxfield, has just completed a splendid session's work. They opened their session last April, and held weekly meetings for six months. They have 60 members on the roll, and 17 honorary members, all pledged abstainers. An address or object lesson on alcohol is given every week, either by Superintendent or a friend. Interesting pieces from the "Vanguard" or "White Ribbon" are read. The children themselves provide the social part of the programme, which is always much appreciated by the adults, who regularly attend. An elocutionary contest was held during the session. A local paper says:—"It is questionable whether a finer band of children working under the banner of the L.T.L. can be found in New Zealand than that located at Okoia. By perseverance, this happy band, under the leadership of Mrs Duxfield, has reached a state of efficiency, and a great work in the cause of temperance is being accomplished in the district." Under the auspices of the Patriotic Committee and the Wanganui East W.C.T.U., the children journeyed to Wanganui East and gave a grand patriotic entertainment. The President, a boy of fifteen, presided, and opened the meeting, and at the close the children proposed votes of thanks, and the boy President put them to the meeting in a manner that amazed and delighted the audience. The sum of £4 10s 6d was taken at the door, and handed over to the Patriotic Fund.

At the final meeting, the residents of Okoia made a presentation to Mrs Duxfield as an acknowledgment of the interest she has taken in their children and the skill with which she has trained them.

The balance-sheet showed a credit balance of £3 4s 7½d, which was handed over to the Organising Fund of the W.C.T.U.

Every Union should have an L.T.L. and do work of this class for the rising generation.

BANQUET WITHOUT BOOZE.

At Philadelphia last July no liquor of any kind was supplied at their Independence Day banquet. A good sign of the times when Governments supply funds for banquets and provide no liquor.

THE ANTIS.

She was an anti-suffragist from somewhere up the State,
Who thought it was her duty to offset the coming fate.

So, although she was a spinster, she went lecturing here and there
On "Wife and Mother—Home and Child,

The Nursery and Prayer."

Another of the antis—a mother of thirteen—

Saw votes for women coming, and stepped boldly on the scene;

She packed her little carpet bag and went from Troy to Rome,

Just preaching to creation that "A Woman's place is Home!"

And there was still another—with a husband meek as sand—

She used to tell the neighbours "she could train him with one hand!"

She said "he didn't know as much as their old Texas mule,"

And the best of all her lectures was, "Wives, let your husbands rule!"

The next one was a widow who would gladly wed again;

To her the weighty question was not altogether plain;

But throughout her lengthy lecture all the subject matter ran

That she **wouldn't vote for women**, but she **would vote for a man**.

The last had done the housework and the farmwork all her life,

Although there was a farmer, and she was this farmer's wife,

She'd churned and hayed and garden-ed, paid the taxes—saved the farm—

But she lectured on "**The Comfort of a Man's Protecting Arm.**"

—By Laura W. Sheldon.

How can women care properly for the home unless they have something to say in the politics that affects the home in more ways than most people ever dream of? What keeps the streets filthy in the neighbourhood of the home? Politics. What puts the saloon on the corner near the home? Politics. What protects the nuisances of the streets? Politics. Who is it feels the affects of all these things in her home, and on the lives of the children? The women who have no say in politics.—Jennie Lietman.