



GRANNIE COSSIPS.

Do I believe in compensating the Liquor Trade? No, I don't, and that's straight, but we New Zealanders are not going to do anything so foolish as that. We are only going to pay for our own crass stupidity in the past. Now, just be sensible. This trade has no moral right to compensation, but we gave it a legal right. We allowed our politicians to say to this trade, "You must be voted out by a three-fifths majority, and then when that is done we are going to give you four years in which to pack up and clear." See my point! We gave them a legal right to stay four years after they were told they were not wanted. Now we want them to quit in a hurry. Our boys are coming home, the dear lads; we are so proud of them, and we want to guard even the weakest of them from destruction by strong drink. We are in a hurry, and we buy their four years' right. Now mark, the law gave them that four years' right, and we offer to buy it for anything up to 4½ millions. That's not compensating them any more than buying the right of a lease is compensation. And I reckon we're getting a mighty good bargain. Look at the millions it costs us to keep up our gaols, mental hospitals, and every institution, to look after the wrecks made by this trade. It's dirt cheap at 4½ millions. We put 4½ millions in the Referendum Pen to tempt the trade, and then we say, "Dilly, Dilly, come into this pen and be killed." We'd never have got the Referendum if the Efficiency Board had not recommended it, and they would not recommend that we

take away from the licensees the legal right to four years' trade unless we paid in hard cash for that right. How will the boys vote? Well, bless them, all my boys came back better prohibitionists than they left here, and they were good ones even then. And Judy's boys used to take a glass before they went away, but they tell me, "Grannie, we had to cut out booze as soon as we got over there." Yes! I know some good boys began to drink over there, and some came home drunkards. But keep a level head. Many a boy in khaki is going to help us "vote it out." True, some of them are young, and they hear so much talk about "liberty" that they want liberty to get drunk. Poor boys, they'll gain wisdom with the passing years, but in the meantime we'll lose their votes. But I get fairly angry when I hear them talk as if all our fine, straight boys were going to vote for liquor. Too many, alas! will so vote, but there's a number who'll line up beside their mothers and their wives, and don't you forget it. The publican poses as the friend of the boys. Fine friend he is! Why, when a troopship arrived at our port one Sunday the landlord of one hotel was up for sly-grog selling. Not much slyness about it—a constant stream poured in and out of his back door, and the police couldn't help seeing it. He was taken to Court, and he talked so nicely about just giving the poor thirsty boys a drink. Ha! he never told the Court that he charged the "poor boys" 25s and 30s a bottle for their whisky. Well, they fined him £10. What a farce, when his profits were more than ten times that amount. In Canada and U.S.A. they put the sly-grog seller in gaol for six months. Sensible people, but then they mean the law to be kept.

WHEN THE BOYS COME BACK.

When the boys come back from the battlefields,
Scarred and weary, and longing to rest;
What shall we have prepared for them,
We that have prayed and cared for them?
They surely deserve the very best
That we can find
For body and mind
And for the spirit so long distressed.

Shall we tempt to sin in their hours of leisure?
Shall we offer the cup of the world's false pleasure?
When they ask for bread, shall we give them a stone?
For a smile and a song, a sigh and a moan?

May God forbid. Nay! Nay!

When it comes, that glorious day
Of victory and peace, and welcome back
Of the heroes who have suffered and fought,
They shall certainly have of joy no lack;
But it must not be of the baser sort,
That spreadeth destruction with poisonous breath,
And withers the soul with the cyclone of death.

Let us put temptation out of their way—

Remove the thorns from the flowers,

And give them full measure
Of pure, true pleasure,

These glorious lads of ours.

—E. T. Wray.

Milk-drinking shipyard workers of Seattle are responsible for 26½ per cent. of all the ocean-going tonnage completed and delivered to the United States Shipping Board during the first five months of this year, despite the fact that this port is 3000 miles from the steel mills. No shipbuilding port on the Atlantic did even half as well as Seattle, though the Eastern yards are almost next door to the steel mills; Seattle, in fact, stands as the saviour of the Shipping Board programme during America's first year of the war. Milk-drinking Seattle, remote from the steel mills, was setting the pace for the entire world in cargo ship construction, when the old established beer-drinking ports of the Atlantic Coast were waddling around trying to get started. Seattle's record of 26½ per cent. of all the cargo tonnage delivered to Uncle Sam the first five months of the year is the answer to the argument that ships cannot be built in "dry" territory, according to the Seattle plants' men in overalls.—"Seattle Times."