

ate bars has been instrumental in increasing drinking among women."

The incident of Carlisle, a town with half the population of Christchurch, has been magnified out of all prospective for Liquor's ends. We Prohibitionists are not well-advised to bring accusations against either the Central Control Board or the Home Office. It is difficult to suggest what other course was open to the Board at the time, nor what line of wordly wisdom would be safer than quietly marking time as the Home Office is now doing. It may be granted that Carlisle is as yet outwardly respectable, or was so four years ago; it cannot be denied, on the other hand, that it has not headed England towards the right solution of the drink problem. Were Carlisle even in the van of sober boroughs, which it is not, State Control in the sleepy little Cumbrian town is neither here nor there, but State Control in Liverpool is unthinkable. If the Government attempted to extend the experiment, it knows that it would bring down more obloquy on itself than any Government dare face at such a critical moment. If it frankly confessed Carlisle a failure and reverted to License, it would invite the opening of a flood-gate of Prohibition energy just as infuriating to a drinking proletariat already suspected of being revolutionary. As long as Carlisle remains, it is the centre round which worthy clerics and well-intentioned society ladies blow off hopeful, futile steam without offending anybody. A really effective policy of liquor reform can well afford to let Carlisle go on slowly withering into disrepute.

It is a far cry from Carlisle to Moscow. Twelve years ago Russia was at the height of her dance of death, contingent on the Government having assumed the monopoly of making and selling vodka in 1895. Here was another futile "reform," blessed by the Church, lauded by fashionable ladies, and immediately a source of immense revenue to a Government already corrupt and undutiful. Soon the appetite of the people and the cupidity of the State took complete command. The priests had to leave off preaching temperance; the teachers had to leave off teaching it, and the reformers were bludgeoned into leaving off criticis-

ing the monopoly. With every restriction on sale loosened, every artifice and attraction provided to enhance business, a muzzled Press, a corrupt judiciary, and a vampire Government, Russia had achieved one of the most appalling liquor debacles in history. No wonder Europe went down before Asia in the first set encounter between East and West. State Control played it's, full part in Russia's fall at Port Arthur. Suffice it to say, that the Czar stopped the monopoly on the outbreak of war, and that last year the Bolshevik Government, under financial pressure restored it. Vodka will do for the Soviet what Kolchak, Denikin, and Wrangel failed to do.

East and West clashed again in that shadowed page of history, our fifty years of State Control in India before the new constitution was granted. It was about 1874 that the British Government began distilling a certain crude, fiery spirit for the natives, who were very unwilling to buy it. It was not sold to British soldiers. Licenses were sold to the highest bidders, and the trade thus forced on a helpless, weak and poverty-ridden people, brought us large revenues at last, as drunkenness spread among a race already in the clutch of vices other than drink. In 1909-1910, the Indian famine year—drink and drugs brought in a revenue of £6,717,000. This was not the least indictment brought against us by Gandhi and the Nationalist party. The Government is trying now to discourage liquor selling to the native, but the past cannot be undone. We at least tried to be more just to the Maoris.

EXTRACT OF LETTER RECEIVED FROM NIUE.

A Vice-Regal visit has been paid to the Island of Niue recently, by their Excellencies Lord and Lady Ferguson, they were most enthusiastically received, and one of the items on a very full programme was Her Excellency's address to the White Ribbon women of the Island. Mrs Beharel writes—The White Ribbon women were there in great numbers, and all who could get them, wore their white badges. All the women brought 'Takaalopas' or gifts; on consenting to speak, she asked that

only the women be allowed to remain at the meeting. Mr Beharel at once made this very clear, and slowly and very disappointedly the men filed out. The men are so keen on this White Ribbon Band, and proud of their women folk, they are begging Mr Beharel to start something similar for them. Mr Beharel acted as her interpreter, she went forward so sweetly and graciously, not a thought for any one save the women seated before her. She looked into their faces and spoke from her heart to theirs, she said, "I am so happy to meet you mothers to-day. I want to tell you how glad I am to hear that you have started a Women's Band here in Niue. I see that some of you are wearing the badge. For over twenty years, I have belonged to a similar movement to yours called the Mothers' Union. I, too, am a mother, I have four children, and I know just how hard it is for mothers to train children in the right way. It is not enough for us to love them, to clothe and feed them, but we must see to it that they are taught to do the things which are right—not just the things which they themselves wish to do.

We must keep our children with us, and we ourselves do the right things, so that they shall see **we mothers** doing the things which we want them to do.

Teach your children to obey, and teach them to pray. I want you to know, that when I go away, I shall think of you and shall be glad to know that your work grows. I want you to know that I shall think of you in my own prayers."

The women sat and just looked at her, they seemed to almost understand what she meant them to understand. Oh, what a wonderful power—a good woman of such standing has. Of Lady Ferguson, it can indeed be said, "she lost no opportunity of showing her colour." She spoke in simple unaffected language, just the right word for these women. Afterwards, they presented their gifts, and she received them **graciously**, I can use no other word, she stood with Sir Charles beside her, and allowed them to put beads round her neck and gifts into her hands. Lady Ferguson spoke her thanks, adding that she was going to take all these beautiful gifts right away to Scotland, to her home there.