

You draw on the wits of the nation  
To improve the barn and the pen;  
But what are you doing, my brother,  
To better the breed of men?

And what of your boy: have you  
measured

His needs for a growing year?  
Does your mark, as his sire, in his  
features  
Mean as much as your brand on a  
steer?

Thoroughbred—that is your watch-  
word

For stable and pasture and pen;  
What is your word for the home-  
stead?

Answer, you breeders of men.

Then there is the risk of the boy  
or girl becoming a drunkard. Al-  
ways the young ones grow up to take  
the place of the old drinkers who  
pass on.

Where does the Liquor Trade look  
for recruits when the drunkard  
passes on?

The British "Brewers' Journal,"  
February 15th, 1922, says:

"Yearly, tens of thousands of al-  
cohol drinkers die. With the rising  
generation, and whether or not they  
take to alcohol, rests the future of  
our trade politically, commercially,  
and economically."

Glasgow meeting of B.M.A., passed  
following resolution:—

"Alcohol, a narcotic drug. Ap-  
parent stimulation due to narcotic  
effects of alcohol on highest control-  
ling centres of the organ of the mind  
leading to a release from control of  
the evolutionary lower centres."

American Medical Association this  
one:

"The use of alcohol in medicine as  
a tonic, a stimulant, or for food, has  
no scientific value, and should be  
discouraged."

Why is such a trade allowed to  
flourish in our land? Partly custom,  
we have become used to its iniquities,  
partly appetite, people like it and  
refuse to give it up, and largely  
**Greed.** The people who make money  
by it, are keen to protect their trade  
and its monopoly and privileges.

Politicians fear the liquor vote;  
they are always thinking of the next  
election. The statesmen, who are  
thinking of the next generation are  
few.

Bad men are elected to Parlia-  
ment by the good people who stay  
at home on election day.

When you come to the end of election  
day,

When you sit all alone with your  
thoughts,

Will you heart be glad or bowed  
with shame

For the deeds that you have  
wrought?

Did you vote? Did you pray? Did  
you work all day?

Does your conscience say, well  
done?

When the sun goes down on election  
day,

Then your chance for work is done.

There is no use to kick when the  
deed is done,

There's no use to weep then, my  
friend.

This is the time when the race is won,  
Election day is the end.

Then work, work away till election  
day.

Oh work till the day is done.

When the sun goes down on election  
day,

Then your chance for work is done.

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#### TARANAKI SEAMEN'S REST.

The Taranaki Seamen's Rest Com-  
mittee acknowledges with thanks the  
following donations to the funds:—

Sefton W.C.T.U., 10s; Johnson-  
ville W.C.T.U., £1; Oxford, £1 1s;  
Otorohanga, 10s; Pahiatua, £1;  
Hamilton, 11s 6d; Winton, 10s;  
Pukehuia, £1; Opotiki, £2; Danne-  
virke, 5s; Wellington Central, £1 1s;  
Lower Hutt, 17s; Tua Marina, 10s.

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**Ladies visiting Auckland should  
patronise the**

**W.C.T.U. HOSTEL,  
UPPER QUEEN STREET.**

**Superior Accommodation for  
Permanents and Casuals.**

**Moderate tariff.**

#### FIRST WOMAN ON ELECTORAL ROLL.

Mrs. Phillips, Taranaki District  
President, told at their Convention  
how her name was the first woman's  
name upon the roll of their Electro-  
rate.

In her own inimitable style she  
told her story: "Mrs Chapman-  
Taylor came around our district to  
get signatures for a petition for  
Woman's Franchise. My father, one  
of the old school, told his family  
they were not to sign this petition.  
But my father had a strong-minded  
wife and four equally strong-minded  
daughters, and the five names went  
on that petition. As soon as the  
office of the Registrar of Electors  
was open, after the passing of the  
Franchise Bill, I mounted my pony  
and trotted off to the office. The  
Registrar laughed at me, and said:  
'Sure, you'll be the only woman to  
go on this Roll.'

'Oh! no I won't,' I replied, 'be-  
cause Mrs. Chapman-Taylor is on her  
way down, and I only got here first  
because I'm riding my pony and she's  
walking down.'

"And I'm proud that mine was the  
first woman's name on that roll."

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#### TO DOMINION SUPERINTENDENTS OF DEPARTMENTS.

Dear Sisters,

When sending out the usual  
Questionnaire at the end of the year,  
I would suggest that you do not send  
one to any "Y." Branch, unless you  
know for certain that a "Y." Branch  
is working your Department. The  
avalanche of Forms in past years has  
caused dismay to many young "Y."  
officers, and only a few of our  
Departments are, so far, being taken  
up by the "Y's." The "Y." Superin-  
tendent's Questionnaire asks for re-  
ports of Departments taken up, and  
these will be mentioned in her re-  
port.

I think this will eliminate much  
unnecessary work and expense, both  
to "Y." officers and Superintendents  
of Departments.

CATHERINE M. McLAY.

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**YOU CANNOT.**

"You cannot lose until you have  
quit fighting. You may lose trenches  
or cities or divisions, but you have  
not lost the battle until you have  
lost heart."—Joffre.